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WHEN CASEY KILLED THE BULLETIN'S EDITOR

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

VOL. XV. No. 727. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 4, 1906 PRICE 10 CENTS

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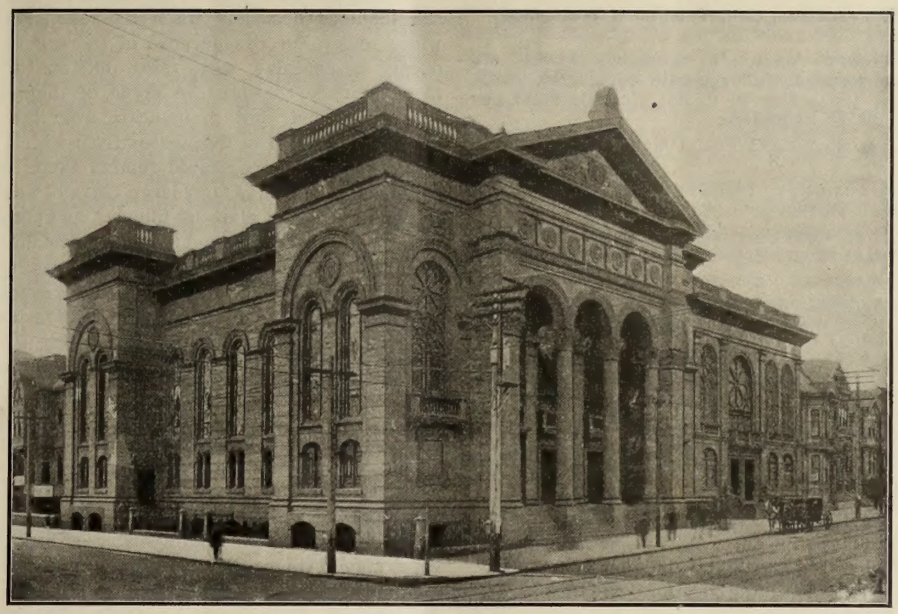
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TOWN TALK

VOL. XV. No. 727 San Francisco, August 4, 1906 Price, 10 Cents



Calvary Presbyterian Church Suffered No Damage from the Double Disaster



The Police Headquarter Tents on Portsmouth Square Beside the Stevenson Monument
Ruins of Chinatown, Hotel Fairmont, and Grace Church in Background

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TOWN TALK

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Fireman's Fund Scandal

The collapse of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company is no small catastrophe. It is far-reaching in its deplorable effects. As serious as the consequent loss may be to the policy-holders it will scarcely be greater than that which the stockholders seem destined to sustain. The policy-holders will suffer a financial loss, but that is less to be deplored than the character damage which the stockholders may suffer. The collapse of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company was attended by many circumstances that impart an ugly aspect to the affair. Some of these circumstances were susceptible of plausible explanation up to the time of the announcement of the company's purpose to act as an insolvent. Even now they do not compel adverse judgment, but pondered collectively in the light of the company's present attitude they at least warrant very grave suspicions. It is to be hoped, however, that whatever in them tends to reflect discredit on the directors and principal stockholders will in time be dissipated. And in this connection it is only proper to suggest that any attempt to conceal the names of the principal stockholders will only serve to confirm the suspicion that from the beginning the company had no intention of dealing honorably with its creditors and that the periphrastic announcements of the company's spokesmen were by way of beguilement of the policy-holders to facilitate the safeguarding of the stockholders against the subsequent liability imposed by the laws of the state. If those stockholders have not taken the precaution either to sequester their property or to render proof of their connection with the company impossible, then it is most remarkable that they should have proposed the insolvency proceedings, for we believe it is generally admitted that they are liable under the laws of the state for the amount of the deficit. And such being the case it is not likely that the stockholders expect the policy-holders to be satisfied with the inadequate funds of the corporation. Therefore it is not unreasonable to assume that they have, in their opinion, left the policy-holders with no alternative. We sincerely hope this assumption will not be borne out by the conduct of the directors. We entertain this amiable hope not merely because of our interest in the affairs of the policy-holders. We know that connected with the Fireman's Fund company are some of the most eminently respectable men and women of this community, and it would pain us to see their reputations blasted and their family names besmirched. Their mere failure to weather the unprecedented storm on the corporate resources of the company would be no disgrace. While commercial genius commands admiration it is character that commands respect. One is the product of brain-power, the other springs from the heart. Financial genius is so rare that few men become wealthy, but each man can act his part honestly and honorably and to the best of his ability.

Gouging and Gougers

From current happenings in San Francisco it appears that gouging is of several grades and that it becomes intolerable only when it reaches the lowest, which is that to which the landlord descends when he substitutes a brown for a white tenant for the purpose of increasing his income. We deeply sympathize with those citizens who have suffered inconvenience through the greed of their landlords, and we appreciate their hot indignation over the establishment of Japanese colonies in the houses from which they were ousted, but we feel that we should remind them that the rent-raiser is generically related to a large class of gougers. It is unfair to assign him to a class by himself, as unfair as was Demades the Athenian for condemning an undertaker because his profits could not accrue except by the death of people, for as Montaigne points out no man profits except at the expense of another, and if every one should dive into his own bosom he would find his private wishes spring from and his secret hopes grown up at the expense of another. Gouging has become the practice of the hour in San Francisco. The rent-raiser is no worse than the lumber merchant who raises the price of lumber that is so urgently needed for homes. He is moved by the very same principle that actuates the mechanic who exacts higher wages than he received before the fire. It is the principle of charging all that the traffic will bear, a time-honored principle universally endorsed by captains of industry. Why should there be discrimination against the landlord? Assuredly not because the Japanese are able to pay more than the whites. That is not his fault. The lumber trust would send every foot of timber in the market to Japan if it could get a higher price than is paid in San Francisco. Union labor would accept wages from Japanese builders in preference to white builders if the wages were higher and the hours were shorter than they are under white capital. Perhaps among the howlers against the rapacity of landlords are to be found a few cits who have been doing a little gouging on their own account since the fire.

Our Thriftiest Plutocrat

Russell Sage, the most distinguished of money-hoarders, is gone, and now the moralists are moralizing on the meanness and worthlessness of his life. We do not agree with all that is said in reprobation of Sage. He had some good qualities. Though he may be pointed to as a type of citizen to be discouraged he was not devoid of redeeming traits. Contrast him with most of the rich men in his class and it will be found that he cuts almost an edifying figure. He is not an embodiment of that viciousness for which John D. Rockefeller, the canonized of some of our perverted Christian sects, stands. He did not devote himself to the corruption of government, to the demoralization of trusted officials, to the perversion of justice, to the crushing of competition or the impoverishment of rivals. Russell Sage was a money-lender and a speculator. He did not practice usury among the poor, but exacted his interest from the rich. He was not in the business of granting rebates or profiting off special privileges. His great passion was the accumulation of money and he hoarded his nickels frankly. If he had no sympathy for mankind, he at least refrained from playing the hypocrite by contributing vast sums to churches and schools which he knew would survive without his assistance. He never posed as a public-spirited citizen by building libraries, for he was never afflicted with that peculiar conceit with which we of San Francisco were made familiar many years ago when Dr. Cogswell, morbidly eager to perpetuate his memory, went about raising junk effigies to himself under pretense of supplying water to

the thirsty so that they should not be tempted to buy beer. The worst that may be said of Russell Sage is that he was parsimonious. So was the elder Cato, who, when returning from Spain, sold his war-horse to save the cost of bringing him back to Italy by water; who bragged that he never wore a gown that cost above ten crowns, nor spent more than tenpence in the market for one day's provisions. Plato boasted that he never had more than three servants. Zeno, the founder of the Stoic School, had none. Some men find pleasure in the simplicities of life and for that they should not be reproached. According to their philosophy the felicity of life depends on the tranquility and contentment that come from an easy conscience. Russell Sage practiced a form of ascetism, that form which repudiates the great mass of human joys because of the supreme joyfulness of the one joy of making money. Essentially it is not any more selfish than the religious ascetism which asserts that preparation for the next world is all that is satisfying in this, or amatory ascetism which asserts that love alone is satisfying, or intellectual ascetism which repudiates all companionship save that of books. We all have some special joy that absorbs much of our attention and we find it difficult to understand the passions of others. Russell Sage was scoffed at when he said that nobody needed a vacation. He explained that if we made work a pastime and went at it joyfully it would afford us perpetual recreation, and he spoke the truth. It was great fun to him to make money and there was no pleasure for him in spending it. It does not follow, necessarily, that he hoarded it because it pained him to part from it. We spend money for the pleasure it brings. Perhaps Sage hoarded money because of the pleasure born of his consciousness of its power. He was a great exponent of the simple life, a man devoid of the noblest of impulses, a character not to be envied, and he died without knowing how much he missed.

A Tip From Uncle Joe

Uncle Joe Cannon thinks it is absurd to discuss the presidential campaign before the election of the new House of Representatives. Uncle Joe is a sage in the science of politics, and when he opes his mouth to discuss his specialty he invariably utters words of wisdom. He has learned from experience that many changes come o'er the spirit of the people in the period that elapses between a congressional election and the meeting of the national conventions. He has seen new candidates bob up at the eleventh hour and old ones fall by the wayside ere they had made themselves felt as factors in the race. So instructive has Uncle Joe's experience been that he discerns portents with the naked eye which are invisible to younger men with field glasses. And doubtless Uncle Joe is convinced that the people are in a very fickle and capricious mood at this time. He has probably come to the conclusion that it is well to be prepared for all sorts of surprises this fall, for he knows that voters are not in a partisan temper. To one of his ripe experience it must be clear that personality has became of greater importance than principle, that since the spread of the Missouri sentiment the pee-pul are no longer to be successfully baited with glittering platform resolutions. Looking back over recent political history we see much that is significant, especially to a shrewd politician of the Cannon type. New lines of political demarcation have been defined not only in the Democratic but in the Republican party. There is not any greater or more irreconcilable difference between the Parker and the Hearst Democrats than there is between the followers of La Follette and the followers of Spooner and Aldrich. If we look at state records we shall find evidence of a revolution of sentiment. Missouri deserted the Democratic column in 1904. Last year Ohio elected a Democratic governor, and even in Pennsylvania a Democrat was elected on the state ticket. In New Jersey there is revolt against Republican rule, and in New York, we learn from the "Sun," no wise man wants the Republican nomination for governor. So it is no wonder that Uncle Joe pronounces it absurd to speculate on presidential candidates at this time.

Our Tenacious Teachers

On the presumption that the enrollment of pupils would show a considerable falling off and that there would be fewer classes for teachers than formerly, the board of education called upon those not dependent on their salaries for their means of maintenance to hand in their resignations and thus provide vacancies for those who will otherwise be crowded out. The proposition is in the nature of a suggestion rather than a request, for the board of education is not in a position to dictate to employees. It has been demonstrated in innumerable suits at law that teachers cannot be legally dropped because services are not needed, or because a special fad or fancy which was the excuse for a fat salary is discarded, or because the number of pupils in any section of the city does not justify the maintenance of a class. The courts have invariably upheld the teachers in their suits. Time was when cooking teachers could have been dropped when it was shown that there was nothing to cook and nowhere to cook it; when sewing teachers could be set aside because there were other branches of more immediate importance than Battenberg embroidery and drawn work, but some legal luminary discovered that if armed with a general certificate the special teachers had but to declare themselves regular teachers on special assignments and dynamite itself could not detach them. Teachers can be removed only if they can be shown not to possess the legislative requirements, or if they can be successfully accused of unprofessional conduct. Surely there is nothing unprofessional in a display of thrift which enables women to add from seventy-five to a few hundred dollars a month to their incomes, even though they neglect their households and turn their children over to the tender mercies of nursemaids. There have been instances of teachers, actually senile and decrepit, holding on to their positions as long as they were able to reach the school buildings by the opening hour and remain through the session, and there are some today drawing stipends from the retirement fund, badly depleted as it is, not because they have the slightest need of the money but because they are legally entitled to it. Perhaps, like some of the wealthy pensioners of the Grand Army, they excuse their attitude by saying that they use the full amount for charity, but that does not alter the fact that by exacting their pound of flesh they deprive others in distress. There will not be any alarming increase in the number of resignations from the school department, and such as may come will not represent principals drawing salaries in three figures, nor those whose rents and interest foot up to more than their monthly warrants. And the board of education has its hands tied.

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The chances are that even where teachers are crowded out for lack of classes the courts will decide that they are still to be paid.

Another Suggestion From Chicago

The freak theories that spring up in the minds of Chicago professors follow so rapidly, one after the other, that they recall the ancient iteration, "and another locust went in and took another grain of corn." This time it is one Charles Zeublein, who advocates a system of probationary marriage, six months' trial before the transaction is closed. This is an improvement on George Meredith's suggestion of a limited marriage terminating automatically at the end of five years. With our easy-going divorce laws a further loosening of the marriage tie would be a practical abandonment of it entirely, and the open adoption of free love. What is called for is not more encouragement in the matter of legal sanction and social recognition in the severance of self-assumed bonds, but an enlightened sentiment which will regard marriage as something more than the whim of a moment. We want to get back to the old ideal, when matrimony meant the establishment of a new household and the planting of a new slip of the family tree. It is because the old idea of a home life has departed that we have reached the present condition when one marriage in every five ends in the divorce court and men and women still on the sunny side of their fourth decade, have discarded successively two and three mates apiece without losing caste. When people took the marriage vows seriously and meant what they said when they promised "for better, for worse, until death do us part," they entered into the compact with an intention to make the best of things. They planned homes of their own, and the young girls sewed and quilted, and learned all the intricacies of jam and pickle making in order that their chests and closets should show a goodly array of contents. The men looked forward to fireside ease after the day's work, and both expected that time would surround them with numerous little replicas of themselves to be provided for by mutual labor. Now, it is the exceptional time when home enters at all into the calculation. Many deliberately elect to board at first, or at most, to take an apartment for a while, so that, in case they decide on a separation at the end of a brief time, there will be no bother in breaking up the housekeeping. The woman, if she has been a wage earner, either decides to continue in her employment in order to have more to spend on herself, or else looks forward to a period of leisure, during which she has no desire to spoil her hands and ruin her complexion by dishwashing and cooking. The young lady of society counts on continuing the life she has always led, and the idea of a home is foreign to both. It does not seem to occur to either that marriage was not instituted in order that any one pair should be supremely happy, yet, in the majority of suits for annulment, the complaint, when stripped of legal verbiage and put into plain English, amounts simply to a lamentation that the fair Imogene has been disappointed in that her husband has not constituted himself a perpetual lover; that his time and attention are taken up by his daily employment, and that despite his absence from her side he does not bring home enough money to satisfy all her desires. Professor Zueblin cites the Gorky menage in support of his suggestion and says that "Gorky is more married than many Americans." Doubtless, since he has two wives, one married by all the laws of church and state and the other by that higher law which is invariably invoked by those who have kicked over the traces, but after all it amounts only to admitting that second choice is sometimes best. There is nothing wrong with marriage, though there often is with the people who have married. There is just as little reason in abandoning the institution because there are those who are dissatisfied with their own experiences as there would be in abolishing property rights because there are people who will steal. The theory that it is wrong to urge obedience of laws upon them because they do not like to conform and will transgress to the violation of their consciences is arrived at from a wrong point of view. Those who clamor for a six months' probationary marriage would, if they had it, be tired of their mates in six days.

Flag Desecration

A riot on a small scale was started in New York the other day because some patriotic citizens discovered that the cleaning-rags in use by a group of workmen employed in polishing windows and brasswork at a Sixth Avenue hotel were relics of a patriotic decoration. Threats to demolish the building and lynch the men were made, and when the police found they could not cope with the mob which grew larger and more threatening every minute, they attempted to settle the difficulty by intimating to the workers that unless they desisted from their outrageous vandalism they would be placed behind bars. The newspapers gave prominence to the telegraphic information, and doubtless a wave of patriotic exultation has passed over the land. It did not happen to occur to any of the belligerent protestants that the encouraging of mob violence was also unpatriotic, nor to the police that the interruption of peaceable citizens engaged in a necessary and useful occupation constituted a misdemeanor. The two window cleaners had been hired for the job and supplied by the proprietor of the place with the old cotton flags which had served their purpose as Fourth of July decorations. They simply made use of the tools thus put into their hands, and it is probable that the first intimation of their infraction of taste was given to them when the rocks began to fly. It is surprising how much reverence the citizen of a certain type can display for bits of striped rag, while he feels so little regard for what the colors represent. It would be interesting to know how many of those angry gentlemen shirk their jury duty and swear off their taxes; how many of them vote honestly, according to conviction, for the candidate they believe to be the best man to fill the office and how many are actuated by the expectation of fat offices, rake-offs and special privileges for themselves and theirs. People who do not respect what the American flag stands for stultify themselves in professing to respect the printed sign. Virtually their case is parallel with that of the zealous Christian of fable who, hearing for the first time the story of the crucifixion, went abroad in the street and killed a Jew by way of proving his abhorrence of the crime.

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Echo

Love said farwell—yet not with moan or tears
Did he recall the gladness of the years
We walked together. With a little laugh,
Than which no weeping might contain the half
Of sadness, from my open door he went,
His bowed wings torn, his breathing slow and spent;
And, though I know not whither he is gone,
I hear his laughter from the dusk till dawn!

—The Inconsolable.

Perspective Impressions

It is quite evident that the Circumlocution Office is now at the headquarters of the Relief Committee.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to turn over all the Relief funds to Father Crowley? We could at least depend on him to get a move on.

A New York millionaire's son has been female impersonating at Newport dances. He is either very innocent or a menace to innocence.

We are willing to give Mayor Schmitz leave to amend by striking out "April eighteenth" and substituting the words, "The day on which the Police Commission was reorganized."

Says "The Outlook" of London: "The United States is in grave danger of a political and social upheaval." Will our London contemporary please tell us the nature of the upheaval we are having?

President Dutton says he will go into his own pockets to help pay the debts of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company. Good! Now let us hear from some of the other high-minded stockholders. Whose pockets do they purpose going into?

Tom Johnson has bought a theatre for the purpose of exploiting his own daughter. This is probably the first case on record of a stage-struck girl's having her own papa for an angel.

The German Emperor appears to be, among other things, a hot air artist. He has been striving recently to increase his influence in Norway, and in a visit to that country he said, in responding to a toast, at a banquet, "I have just been praying for King Haakon in the Cathedral at Trondhjem." But that sort of thing would be pronounced raw work in this country.

Nance O'Neil is the latest actress reported to be the possessor of a country home. It's somewhere in Massachusetts. It would be a shame to reveal the exact location; Nance has so many creditors in San Francisco. Her last voyage through the Golden Gate was made after evading service of a summons in a suit brought by one of the many persons to whom she owed money.

One way to beat the Lumber Trust, it is suggested, is to build our houses of brick. And then we shall have to find some way of beating the bricklayers' trust. However, there's nothing like a change even though it be from the frying pan to the fire.



Can They Get Him?
—Evans in the Cleveland "Leader"



The Political Alphonse and Gaston
The Democratic outfit like a Hearst comic supplement.
—Bartholomew in the Minneapolis "Journal"

The Earthquake Clause

[A Duologue.]

By Theodore Bonnet

[illegible] you poor people can shouldn't raise your prices. I know it's unreasonable to be swindled by a lot of [illegible] landlords, but [illegible] you shouldn't be a set of [illegible] because [illegible] of course a landlord has to pay it [illegible] prevents poor tenants [illegible] by preventing the city [illegible] in houses [illegible] while putting your packers, but don't blame the lawyers.

[illegible] Don't mention the lawyers! Why shouldn't I blame the lawyers? Aren't those fellows that get up at fifteen-hundred-dollar luncheons, [illegible] and go [illegible] the lawyers to [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] the heads of the [illegible] possessing of reputation and things?

[illegible] Now, there you go again. Sit down, man, you will [illegible] upset and we'll all be over.

[illegible] Oh, let them! It isn't in that small [illegible] isn't [illegible] the [illegible]. I'd like to see how much you'll be if an [illegible] [illegible] two hundred thousand [illegible] of your [illegible] that you have to [illegible].

[illegible] [illegible] I've schooled myself to repression and [illegible] a hand on [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible]. I'm not [illegible], [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

In Old San Francisco

By R. Francis Logan

CHAPTER V.

(Being a recital of the circumstances surrounding the murder of James King of William.)

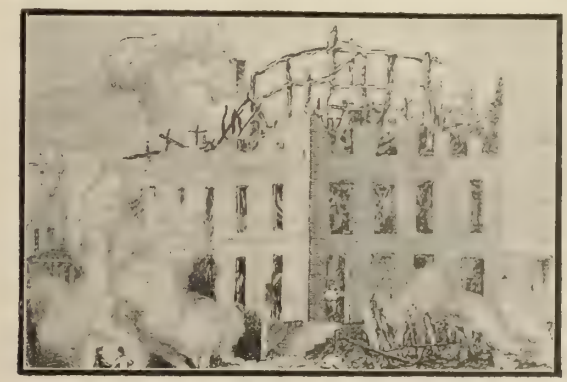
As I remarked in an earlier chapter it was during the spring of 1856 that the killing of James King of William, editor and founder of the "Bulletin," by James P. Casey, occasioned the revival of the Vigilance Committee. There has been some confusion in the minds of people in recent years respecting those two committees. So far as personnel was concerned there was not a great difference between them, but in motive and performance they differed greatly: the purpose of the first was solely to ensure public tranquility; the second was moved largely by political passions and prejudices. The latter came into existence in the midst of great political excitement incident to the rivalry of Dr. Gwin and David Broderick, and though both those gentlemen condemned the infringement of civil rights, the latter's enemies in the committee were exceedingly active and rendered great service to the Gwin faction. In the history of this committee there is an excellent field for that most important of all studies which has for its object man and society, for though on a small scale it was a revolutionary movement subversive of the principles of government, and as such it teaches the danger of arousing passion without first convincing reason. Though posterity has greatly lauded the performance of the committee of '56, it was an organization that was responsible for much injustice, and the best that may be said of it is that its many blemishes were lost in the general blaze of its virtues. In many members the desire for reform was a righteous desire, but in others it was inspired by evil intentions; in other words the specious name of reform concealed the real intention of many to gain political ascendancy. And even with the pure in principle, their zeal carried them to imprudence and ill-regulated ardor. The committee of '51, as I have shown, rendered excellent service to the community, but a large element of the committee of '56 was dominated by a spirit quite different from that which prompted the banding together of courageous men to restore peace and quiet and safeguard life and property in a city governed by corrupt officials and a prey to thieves and murderers.



St. Francis Hotel, corner of Dupont and Clay Streets

Between 1851 and 1856 San Francisco grew into a commercial centre of some importance. Many large business blocks and many handsome residences had come into existence. Large fortunes had already been made and the possessors of them were devoting some thought to the higher aims of existence. The founders of the city were beginning to take pride in their achievement and even at that remote period civic pride was asserting itself and there were enthusiastic predictions of a glorious future. And there was extraordinary activity in the political field. The partisian feeling that in later years found expression in civil war was influencing men in their social relations, and the animosities growing out of the Broderick-Gwin factional fight were every day becoming more intense. Politics absorbed a deal of every man's attention, and the scramble for public office was characterized by that impetuosity which seemed to be imbedded in the nature of most of the adventurous spirits that defied the perils and hardships of the argonautic expeditions to the land of gold. On every election-day the town was in a state of great excitement and brawls were of common occurrence. The newspapers were intensely partisan and recklessly personal, and the most hysterical of them was the "Bulletin," under the ownership and editorship of James King of William. The killing of that distinguished journalist was the result of his ardent espousal of the political interests of his friends, and though the Vigilance Committee was called into existence to punish summarily the man by whom he was killed, many of the members of that committee deliberately availed themselves of the homicide as a pretext for ridding the town of their political adversaries. So the Vigilance Committee of '56 was not purely a law and order organization. Its energies were principally directed against professional politicians, and though it drove many a ballot-box stuffer out of town it also inflicted great cruelty and injustice on innocent men, the most distinguished of whom were David Broderick and Colonel E. D. Baker. Both those gentlemen found it advisable to spend many weeks in the interior of the state while the vigilantes were holding sway in San Francisco.

Day after day for many weeks preceding the King tragedy, that gentleman who had no previous experience in journalism but who was a banker in San Francisco, and who had become bankrupt, was engaged in fulminating abuse against professional politicians and corrupt office-holders. His zeal in the cause of reform prompted him to make some very intemperate attacks on men of pretty high standing, and his style of detraction stirred the resentment of many citizens who were far from disreputable. At that time James P. Casey was publishing a paper called the "Sunday Times," and one day there appeared in his journal a communication signed Caliban, calling attention to the "Bulletin" editor's inconsistency in excoriating the governor of the state and the President of the United States for making certain appointments which he deemed discreditable, while only mildly taking Collector



St. Francis Hotel Immediately After the Fire

(Continued on Page 30.)

The Spectator

McCaleb's Pyrotechnic Past

Tom McCaleb, secretary of San Francisco's City Beautiful Association, has been an object of great interest, since the shooting of Stanford White, through the unfortunate circumstance of his having been with the Thaws at the time. He was at first written up in the New York papers as a native of San Francisco, and that error supplied a Gotham writer with a pretext for airing his knowledge of McCaleb's past which he did in a way to prove that he knew much less than he imagined. He referred to McCaleb as "Thomas Howard McCaleb," thus supplying the popular clubman with a middle name for which he never expressed a craving. After reproaching New York for its short memory the writer informed his readers that McCaleb was an old resident of the city, a member of the Union, Metropolitan and a score of clubs. "At Newport," wrote the enlightened journalist, "he created such a dash with his equipages, his cottage and his entertainments that columns of daily Newport correspondence were exploited concerning his movements. He is rather a quiet young man, of much social ambition and indeed, one summer he was a devoted cavalier of no less a personage than Mrs. Ogden Mills, and entertained her and the Mills girls just before their coming out, and the Cavendish Bentincks in New York and Paris in a most lavish style. Certain dinners given one summer at Joseph's in the Place Boildieu to the members of the Newport set, were said to have cost many thousands and afterwards it was rumored there was some difficulty in collecting for them, as Mr. McCaleb had 'blown in' his entire patrimony."

His Pedigree

Continuing the New York writer tells us that McCaleb came from New Orleans where his father was a lawyer and his grandfather was a judge of the Supreme Court; also, that when he was splurging in Newport it was in the hope of winning the hand and heart of Birdie Fair, who then was an object of rivalry between Maitland Kersey, one of the Bryce boys and Baron de Perigord. Later we are told he went west with a party in which were Mrs. Herman Oelrichs. The New York writer has evidently confounded "Our Tom" with his cousin, Howard McCaleb, who did some splurging in Newport a few years ago. Ten years ago the Mills girls were mere children so it isn't likely that Tom was entertaining them. Tom McCaleb never was an aspirant for the hand of Birdie Fair. Indeed, he hardly knows her. He first met Mrs. Herman Oelrichs in San Francisco on a trip he made around the world. His father was not a lawyer, nor his grandfather a judge. His uncle, however, was a very distinguished lawyer in New Orleans, and his grandfather belonged to the old slave-owning class of Southern planters. His fortune, most of which he lost in unfortunate speculation and not in dissipation came from his grandfather on his mother's side of the house. She was French, the granddaughter of the Count de Milbron, who had large estates in Louisiana. Tom McCaleb never spent much time in New Orleans. Since childhood he spent his winters in New York and Paris and his summers in Newport until coming to this city.

Our Best Booster

Judge Goodwin, of Salt Lake, has been giving San Francisco another boost. Judge Goodwin has been our most enthusiastic booster since the catastrophe, for he has lost none of his sentimental interest in San Francisco despite his long residence in the Mormon capital. Like all of the old Comstockers who were identified with the romantic development of this coast, Judge Goodwin has a fondness for the metropolis that time cannot wither. Here it was that he formed strong attachments and spent many pleasant hours, participating in scenes that shall never be effaced from memory's page. The glamour of those days had a mystic influence that appears to be most acutely felt by those who have wandered afar. Judge Goodwin's loyalty is so strong that he seems to take it as a personal affront when any one takes a cynical view of the future of his old home. For example: "Some people look upon the wreck of San Francisco, and, shaking their heads, say: 'It cannot be restored—not, at least, for this generation to see.' Such people forget a great many things. San Francisco was built before in fifty-seven years. That was a magical growth. London, when the great plague of 1349 struck the city, had 90,000 souls. Three hundred and fifty years later it contained only one-half the population that San Francisco had on the 17th of last April, nor had it half the wealth. Of course, when the early placers were worked a great deal of their gold clung to San Francisco. With the discoveries of gold and silver in Nevada and Idaho, the national clearing house for those states was San Francisco. The wealth of the builders of the old Central Pacific road centered there. Without the treasures from the mines the city might have grown to possess 100,000 people, but hardly more, for until the past decade San Francisco had not much foreign trade. Very well. What are her chances now? When she began before, California had no agriculture, no horticulture. She has enough now to found a great city on, and the cultivation of the soil is expanding all the time. Her shallow placers are about exhausted, but the dredgers are at work, and with every year new quartz veins are giving up their wealth. And now Nevada has re-awakened, and her mines are giving promise of a greater and more sustained yield than ever before, and the bulk of her treasures will gravitate to the golden city. Then there is a concentration of railroads there which make the whole nation contribute to the city's wealth, people and power. It was twenty years after San Francisco was founded before there was any connection with the East, except by the weary trip by wagon; the twenty-five days' journey by the Isthmus, or the 13,000-mile voyage around the Horn, and all the trade off across the Pacific was by sailing vessels. Every element that caused the first creation of San

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Francisco is in force today, with the single exception of that class of placer miners who, working independently, were given to the personal distribution of their wealth when once a year they 'went down to the bay.'"

Our Unique Assets

In all Judge Goodwin's utterances he makes it clear that, in his opinion, San Francisco has something greater than her unparalleled commercial potentialities. Thus does our champion booster enthuse: "Then there is the old San Francisco air, which is a perpetual tonic, where men can work every day of the year out of doors, and where they have always had the habit of keeping up late at night. And food tastes better there than anywhere else; a person can eat more than anywhere else and pay less for it. But some people shake their heads and say, 'There is so much made land.' The truth is that London is built mostly on made land and on what was once a swamp. The new city cannot be held back so long as her bay in its beauty opens out through the Golden Gate. We anticipate that the new city will be more beautiful than the old one, and that the structures will be vastly stronger. We believe that within a year such changes will be made in the structure and cost of steel that every man may have his steel house. We hope that the authorities will limit the buildings to five or six stories, and see to it that every foundation put in shall be solid. The building will be slow at first, but it will gather momentum as it progresses; it will begin to take form by another year, and five years hence nearly every scar left by the earthquake and fire will be obliterated. Nothing can stop the progress less than a series of great earthquakes, and our belief is that there is no more liability of another earthquake there than there is at any other point on the coast."

Goodwin's Comstock Days

To comparatively few San Franciscans of today is Judge Goodwin known, but he is well remembered by many of the old timers. He was many years ago associated with Joseph T. Goodman in the management of the famous Territorial Enterprise of Virginia City. The files of that paper were rich with the lucubrations of Mark Twain long before he became famous. It was Goodman who discovered Twain. The latter was a miner at Aurora and sent in items occasionally. He seemed to have humor in him and Goodman offered him a salary to come over and assist Dan de Quille as a reporter, and he accepted the offer. Judge Goodwin managed and edited the "Enterprise" from 1874 to 1880 and maintained its prestige during that period. He later became editor and proprietor of the Salt Lake "Tribune," and it is said that he did more than any other man in combating and reducing the power of the Mormons in Utah. After leaving this state he published a book entitled "The Comstock Club." It is a story of seven miners of the Comstock lode who keep house, with Yap Sing for a cook.

Back to the Ministry

It is quite possible that hereditary influence is in a measure responsible for the engagement of Dorothy Eells, daughter of Charles Parmelee Eells, and Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, pastor of the Madison avenue Presbyterian Church of New York. Nearly forty years ago the Rev. James Eells, the grandfather of the fair Dorothy, left his Eastern pulpit to become the pastor of the First Presbyterian church of San Francisco, then on Stockton street near Clay, the wealthiest and most fashionable congregation of the Presbyterian denomination on the Coast. The wife of Rev. Dr. Eells was never enthusiastic over her husband's profession. She felt that he sacrificed most brilliant prospects when he forsook the bar for the pulpit. The duties of a minister's wife were somewhat irksome to a woman who had been a popular society belle, and to all comments on her lack of interest in church work she would make this rejoinder: "I tell my husband that I married James Eells, the lawyer, not James Eells, the minister." The members of the First Presbyterian church loved their pastor dearly, but as Mrs. Eells preferred Oakland to San Francisco as a place of residence, her husband



Miss Constance James of Vancouver
(Portrait by Walter Cox)

was persuaded to sever his connection with the church. Later the family went East, but soon returned and Dr. Eells then became pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Oakland. It was in Oakland that his interesting family grew up. His daughter, a beautiful girl, became the wife of Horatio Livermore, and his handsome son, Charley, married sweet Gertie Shepherd. It is the daughter of Charley Eells, one of the few San Francisco girls so fortunate as to have possessed a grandfather, who is to marry into the ministry.

An Interview With Pardee

The labor unions of Alameda county have organized for political purposes in deference to the wishes of Mr. Gompers. More hard luck for Governor Pardee! It seems as if some malign and malefic influence were at work for the undoing of Alameda's favorite son. For with the rounding up of union men on the other side of the bay, I am informed,

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somebody has become possessed of a newspaper clipping containing the report of an interview with our Governor which took place once upon a time when he was visiting Colorado. He is reported to have said: "Colorado is to be congratulated upon the manner in which her Governor has handled the labor troubles here during the past year. This state is indeed fortunate, and its officials who were elected to preserve good government have done their duty in a straightforward way. The execution of the law and the preservation of law and order is the stability of our government; if the laws are not enforced the whole fabric falls." Now those are noble sentiments, and are never too hackneyed for repetition, but union labor does not approve the manner in which the Governor of Colorado enforced the law. To eulogize the Governor of Colorado is to affront union labor, but Governor Pardee stands for enforcement of the law, as we know, even though the exponents of the law find it necessary to employ pickhandles in the performance of their duties. But at this moment, on the eve of a state convention, pickhandle talk is inopportune.

That Wonderful Statement

It is generally admitted by competent critics that fire insurance illiterature has been greatly enriched by the masterpiece of equivocation that emanated last week from the law offices of Mr. T. C. Van Ness and his erudite partner, Mr. William Denman, son of James Denman. As a piece of disingenuous ambiguity it would be entitled to high rank if it were not for certain imperfections. Some of the minor blemishes are: lack of spontaneity, the odor of the midnight lamp and a deftless incoherence suggestive of brain-fag. It is open to the criticism that the collaborators could have accomplished their purpose of saying nothing in sentences more graceful and less ponderous; and that in employing language to conceal the thoughts of their employers they need not have exposed themselves to the charge of having distorted the law. For instance, they assert that the payment of money to their policy-holders for losses of which the earthquake was directly or indirectly the cause, would make the directors of the company pecuniarily answerable to the stockholders of the corporation. Now that assertion is damaging to the reputation for legal ability of Messrs. Denman and Van Ness. It is damaging because it justifies the assumption that those gentlemen don't know any better. If they don't their knowledge of law is not very sound. Every novice at the law knows that the directors of those earthquake companies are not pecuniarily answerable for paying out the money of the corporations in settlement of disputed claims. They would be pecuniarily answerable were they to take money out of the treasury to give it away to a friend, but it is their duty as directors to settle claims based on policies, and when in their judgment it is better to settle with cash than to go to law they are not pecuniarily answerable. Will Messrs. Van Ness and Denman stake their reputations as lawyers on the soundness of the principle which they have set forth?

An Impertinent Paragraph

It is clearly unfortunate that the lawyers for the earthquake companies, high-priced as they are, could not have evolved from their massive brains something rational as a pretext for the position which they have assumed. But the setting up of a false principle is not the only bad feature of the literary rodent that came from the mountain of labor. There is another that is reminiscent of a certain pestiferous lawyer who was disbarred some years ago, and who went about denouncing every judge before whom he tried a case as a crook. Not only that, before entering upon the trial of his case, he would intimate that there was no question as to the justice of his cause and that if he didn't win it was fair for everybody to assume that the judge was a crook. He became worse than a joke in the profession; he became a bore. In the Van Ness-Denman statement we are informed that the companies have been advised that "the only answer to the contention that the conflagration which destroyed San Francisco was caused either directly or indirectly by the earthquake and that therefore the companies are not liable, is that, although it is generally understood that if there had been no earthquake the city would not have been destroyed, yet the conditions here are such that San Francisco juries, to whom the question will be submitted, will, with the approval of the courts, find otherwise." And then follows the statement: "This may be so, but until it so happens, the companies and their counsel will continue to believe that what is generally understood to be the truth, can be proven." In other words they must win unless the courts and juries are crooked. That sort of thing has become known in the legal profession as philbrooking.

If They Were Candid

But probably Messrs. Van Ness and Denman did not mean what they wrote. Indeed, there is, I fancy, a great deal in that masterpiece of circumlocutionary equivocation which should be attributed to inadvertence. And if it were in my power, glad would I be to recall for them the whole long-winded pronunciamento just to let them try it over again. And then I'd admonish them to be candid and explain that the earthquake clause was merely to be used as a club to coerce policy-holders into accepting less than the face of their policies. I am inclined to the opinion that the English companies intend to deal more fairly with their policy-holders than their attorneys' have led people to believe.

Some Artful Dodgers

Far more remarkable than the labored effusion of Messrs. Van Ness and Denman was the statement of the directors of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company to the effect that the corporation was insolvent and was prepared to settle for something less than seventy cents on the dollar. There is only one thing that I know of comparable with it and that is the silence of the Insurance Commissioner, who, a few weeks ago, was threatening dire consequences to welching foreign companies. Here's the worst welcher of the lot and nobody saying a word! Here's the great California company giving an

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example of barefaced indifference to legal responsibility that is little short of appalling, and our insurance commissioner giving an imitation of an inmate of the deaf and dumb asylum. A short while ago the insolvent company transferred its business to a new company at an outrageously depressed valuation, and nobody uttered a protest. Why? Because the directors said they were going to pay dollar for dollar. Now, we are told, they are not, and yet our Insurance Commissioner has nothing to say in reference to what he intends doing about it and policy-holders are getting together in an association organized for the purpose of settling on the basis of the corporation assets. It may be worth while inquiring into the motives of some of the organizers of that association. Are they more interested in the welfare of the stockholders than in that of the policy-holders? If not, why don't they demand a list of the stockholders before talking about a division of the assets?

A Flawless Appointment

In appointing Harry T. Creswell to the Board of Police Commissioners Mayor Schmitz has given what I regard as incontrovertible evidence of a desire to remove the Police Department from the domain of graft. Harry Creswell is a man whose reputation for inflexible devotion to the civic welfare is so well established that it would be supererogatory to dwell thereon. Harry Creswell came to San Francisco from Nevada with a brilliant record as a public servant. When the Southern Pacific company refused to pay taxes in the county of which he was District Attorney, he impounded an engine and held it until the corporation settled with the Tax Collector. That incident was characteristic of the man. Coming to this city Creswell was elected to the office of City Attorney, and in all probability he would have held it until today if he had not preferred to resume private practice. He is not a reformer but he is prejudiced against corruption in public office. His suspicions are not quickly aroused, his inclination being to give every man the benefit of a doubt, but grafters will find that he is not to be trifled with.

The Skeptical Drama

A dramatization of the book of Job having been made in England a magazine writer scoffs at the idea of producing it on the modern stage. And yet the Book of Job is one of the greatest dramas ever written. Indeed it needs but little alteration to make it acceptable to the modern stage. The dramatic character of the Book of Job is conceded by all Biblical commentators who know anything about drama. It contains all the essential constituents of drama even to characters and dialogue. It has a plot and the plot is logically developed and brought to a dramatic close. The Book of Job has long been regarded as the greatest of the skeptical dramas, and critics have noticed a very strong resemblance between it and the Prometheus Vinctus of Aeschylus, sharing as they do the same motive, and bristling as they are with powerful invective and brilliant defiance of the deity. Strong similarities have also been noticed between the Book of Job and Goethe's Faust, and it has been said that the German writer permeated his mind with the Jobian spirit and ideas while building his great tragedy. If Faust, why not Job? The great Hebrew Classic contains much that is worth pondering especially by our modern divines. It teaches as Prometheus does that speculation as to the ways of the divinity is vain, and it impresses upon us the drawbacks and limitations of human knowledge. Prometheus, Job and Faust give expression to the same sentiments and symbolize the same ideas. The critics may urge against the Book of Job that it does not solve the problem to their satisfaction, but the same may be said of Ibsen and of Shaw. Even Shakespeare in that greatest of modern skeptical dramas, Hamlet, leaves us somewhat in doubt.

Price Heads the Syndicate

Mr. E. D. Price, late of the Alcazar Theatre, was not very long in getting on his feet after reaching New York, yet he is not pleased that the catastrophe made it imperative for him to withdraw from San Francisco. There was recently organized in New York the Interstate Amusement Company, the directors of which are the Frohmans, Al Hayman, Klaw & Erlanger, Frank McKee, William Harris, Henry W. Savage, William A. Brady, and other representatives of the syndicate. There were two score applicants for the position of general business manager of this powerful institution, and the friends of Mr. Price will be pleased to learn that he was the man chosen. So he is now in one of the most important positions in the theatrical business. Several of the New York papers pronounced him "the right man in the right place." He will enter upon his new duties in September with headquarters at the Savoy Theatre. Mr. Price is a remarkably versatile individual. He is a lawyer, a writer, and an exceptional astute theatrical manager. For years John McCullough had the benefit of his guidance, and he was manager for a time for Richard Mansfield and also for Mrs. Leslie Carter.

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Suppression and Exploitation

The newspapers cut more figure than most people imagine in the matter of bringing occurrences in which the government is concerned to the attention of the powers that be at Washington. Take, for instance, the encounter that took place recently between Lieutenant F. G. Dodge, commander of the revenue cutter Golden Gate, and William Clendenning, an inspector in the local immigration bureau. It grew out of the action of the Inspector in removing some of the Lieutenant's papers on board the cutter to make room for some of his own. The Lieutenant not only objected to this, but in the presence of a large crowd assembled on the wharf, called the Inspector down in language that the latter considered harsh and insulting. The Inspector informed Hart North, Commissioner of Immigration, of what had taken place, and said he intended to lodge with him an official complaint for transmission to Washington. News of the affair came to the ears of William Hamilton, acting Collector of the Port in the absence of Frederick Stratton. Now both Stratton and Hamilton are guardians of the prestige of the navy, and exercise especial care that nothing tending to injure it shall emanate from their office. So when Hamilton heard of the Golden Gate affair he went to Hart North and asked that the affair be suppressed if possible. What contributed more than anything else to this desire was that Clendenning's report recited that the Golden Gate had on board at the time of the episode a party of excursionists. I do not know whether the regulations forbid the use of revenue cutters for such purposes, but I know that when Joseph Spear was Surveyor of the Port he frequently entertained friends by giving them bay excursions on the revenue cutter. When Stratton became Collector of the Port he put a stop to this practice—on the part of the Surveyor. So the local authorities were very anxious that nothing should go to Washington about a row on the Golden Gate "on her return from a bay excursion." Consequently North acted as peacemaker, and persuaded Clendenning not to report what had happened. Therefore no account of the quarrel will reach Washington through official channels. But an "Examiner" reporter was on the wharf when the trouble occurred, and wrote a vivid account of it. To make sure that the Washington authorities will hear of what has happened, interested parties have clipped the account and mailed it to them. We may expect to hear very soon that inquiry has come from Washington as to why no report was made of the quarrel. There will be some explanationing required.

Two Federal Heroes

A similar thing happened after the fire through newspaper publicity. On the day of the fire Surveyor of the Port Woodward and his chief deputy, Chauncey M. St. John, were the only Federal officers who remained on duty through it all. Under their directions their inspectors and deputies were sent on their regular business and on matters connected with the day's events, reporting to their superiors as though nothing out of the ordinary were happening. Fire raged all around the Appraiser's Building, and a squad of men inside it fought all day, successfully, to preserve it. And Woodward and St. John remained calmly through it all, leaving at the regular closing time. News of this, with emphasis laid on the fact that they were the only Federal officials on duty all day, was sent out by the Associated Press, and was published in hundreds of newspapers. It attracted attention at Washington, and resulted in Collector Stratton receiving a letter asking if he thought it would be a good thing to have Congress give a vote of thanks to the surveyor and his deputy. Stratton could hardly be expected to enthuse over the proposal. The matter came to the attention of President Roosevelt, and for a while the mail was burdened with inquiries as to why only two officials remained at the post of duty.

A Lone Hero

There is one hero of the fire who has not yet been given credit for his work, and who has modestly kept silent as to his part in the great day's doings. That is Deputy Collector N. S. Farley, who was of great assistance in directing the men who were fighting fire outside the Appraiser's Building. He was largely instrumental in saving the block to the west of that building. The soldiers, growing weary, maintained that it didn't matter much whether the block was saved or not. Farley insisted that if it caught on fire the Appraiser's Building would be in great danger. He carried his point, but before the dispute was settled threats of putting him in irons were freely uttered.

He Had Californian Interests

Alfred Beit, the so-called billionaire bachelor who died in London last week, was heralded far and wide as a "South African Diamond King." So he was, but South African diamonds were not the sole source of his enormous wealth. He had one finger on a little corner of our own state, for he owned interests in the mines of Mariposa county, a small penny's worth to him, but a substantial fortune for all that. He also had a share of the Anaconda copper mine, and he owned gold and silver mines in Siberia and Korea, interests in South America, and owned a controlling interest in the electrical railroads of Mexico, Chile, and Portugal. He was a small, insignificant, quiet-spoken man, shy and diffident in manner, and his appearance gave no indication of his colossal business capacity and resourcefulness. His private fad was

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art, and his picture gallery is one of the finest in the world. He had a collection of Louis Seize furniture that was unequalled. Beit was the son of a Hamburg shipping merchant and with a view to learning the business in detail, he was put into a clerkship in the home office. When he was twenty-two he was sent to the Cape to look into the affairs of the company at that end and return to report. He arrived there just as the first diamonds were being thrown on the market, and treked by ox-team into the interior to see things for himself. He was the first to realize that the market must be organized, and set himself to work to that end. Cecil Rhodes came into prominence at the same time, and at first the two were rivals, but afterwards they joined forces, and with Barney Barnato, formed the greater part of the De Beers Syndicate, but having made their fortunes, they drifted apart again. It was not the Boer War that made Beit's fortune, but he was in a position to profit by it as no one else was. His estate is variously estimated to be worth from fifty millions to two billions.

Dunraven In Colorado

Lord Dunraven, the despatches tell us, has sold his Colorado ranch and shaken the dust of America from his feet. I recall something of the history of Dunraven's Colorado experience. When he purchased Estes' Park, about eighty miles from Denver, it was his intention to convert the whole valley in which it lay into a counterpart of a great English estate, with hunting preserves, herds of cattle and pleasure grounds. It was in 1873 when out on an expedition after big game, that a guide led his lordship into the region, and he was immediately fascinated and then and there determined on possession. There were others with their eyes on the same section, and already there were a number of squatters only waiting until the land could be thrown open to settlement, and not unnaturally they resented the idea that the whole fertile region should be "hogged" by a foreigner. Lord Dunraven purchased ten thousand acres from the government, and was negotiating for further sales when the land was thrown open and his scheme spoiled. Both the old settlers on the ground and the new ones proved stubborn. They would not be driven out, and they made things as disagreeable as possible for the British owner. He, too, proved to be something of a bulldog. If he could not have a hunting estate, at least he would have a ranch, so he sent to England and imported herds of fine cattle. He owned thousands of acres, to the hundreds of the homesteaders, and more cattle than all the others combined, so that there was constant quarreling over the high pastures, fences and water rights. Three years after taking possession the lordly owner built a hotel on the grounds, but beyond giving him a place to entertain his guests it served no other purpose. Expensive vehicles of all sorts were brought in only to be wrecked on the bad lands, fine racing stock was added but to deteriorate, and though at one time there was a joint stock company formed to put the ranch on a profit-making basis with a capitalization of three hundred and eighty thousand dollars, it never paid a cent, and it has been disposed of for fifty thousand dollars.

Marquis de Mores In Montana

Somewhat similar to Dunraven's experience was that of the Marquis de Mores who, in 1880, conceived the idea of establishing a stock ranch and packing plant on the plains and entering into competition with Chicago and Kansas City, with the advantage of not having to ship the live stock. Unlike Lord Dunraven it was not the sight of the fertile west which tempted the French nobleman. On the contrary he closed a deal with an agent by which he paid for twenty thousand acres of railroad land warranted to be as fertile as the valley of the Nile, and was first introduced to his domain when he stepped off the train at the deserted station of Little Missouri in North Dakota well up toward the boundary of Montana, and found himself monarch of what was principally an alkali flat. But if he was disappointed in his purchase he never admitted it, for despite his bombastic quixotism the Marquis de Mores was a game man. The country was then infested with cattle rustlers, and he had many a hand to hand encounter with them and commanded their respect by sheer force of courage. The Marquis was a contemporary of President Roosevelt in his ranching days, and indeed their holdings were but thirty miles apart. Mr. Roosevelt was a deputy sheriff and was instrumental in putting down some of the lawlessness. A graphic chapter in "The Virginian" relates to the drastic measures it was felt necessary to use. The "markee," as he was commonly called, though it is doubtful if any of his neighbors had a very definite idea what that was, was the son-in-law of Banker Von Hoffman of New York, and one of his first acts was to change the name of the station on the railroad from Little Missouri to Medora in honor of his wife. It is this same little village which one of the Rooseveltian herdsmen was once heard to describe to an inquisitive stranger bent on collecting statistics, in answer to an inquiry as to the number of inhabitants: "Eleven—counting the chickens—when they're all home." The new settler speedily put himself at odds with his neighbors by fencing in his land; an unheard of proceeding in those parts. A force of masons was brought in and a house—a mansion for that locality—was erected at a cost of ten thousand dollars, and soon afterwards a tiny chapel, to which came, once a month, a priest to say mass for one worshipper—"the madame"—as she was invariably called. She was a tall, pale, beautiful woman, who must have lived an agonizing life, for she knew as well and understood better the dangers to which her husband was exposed as he watched his cattle and fences by night. On one occasion, indeed, she was sitting in meditation in her chapel and overheard in detail the plot of a gang of bad men to murder the marquis, they having chosen for their place of consultation the shade cast by the edifice in a treeless land. The "Big Four," the cattle barons of Chicago, proved too much for the packing industry, and that part of the scheme was soon abandoned, but the Marquis could not be induced to give up his plans entirely. He had learned that the west hates a "quitter" and he held his ground until he could no longer ignore the fact that the anxiety and suspense were killing his wife; and today the wind whistles through the decaying rem-

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nants of abbatoirs and packing houses, and the rusty shreds of the barbed wires cling to the posts that once marked the boundaries. The lands still bear his name; and the stories of his courage will long survive. It is said that had he cast all the gold bricks he was induced to buy into a well he could have filled the deepest artesian in the region. The Marquis was killed about four years after abandoning his ranch experiment while leading a French military expedition through Tunis, and it was owing to the untiring efforts of his wife that the murderers were brought to justice.

Zeigler's Story

Most of us San Franciscans are beginning to consider the advisability of selecting some souvenir of our adventurous past to be saved for future reference and for the benefit of coming generations. I do not think there is anything better to be had than "The Story of the Great Disaster," the account written by Wilbur G. Zeigler, one of our local attorneys. Mr. Zeigler was one of the few awake and abroad at the ungodly hour of five on the morning of the eighteenth of April, and saw the beginning and the end of many things. He has written a simple narrative, with no effort at fine writing, and has displayed an admirable restraint where the general practice has been to exaggerate. The "local color" which others have dashed on by the bucketful has been omitted and readers who are familiar with the topography of the city are not bewildered by trying to figure out how any but the argus-eyed could see what was occurring at North Beach, the Mission, lower Market street and the Potrero simultaneously. There are ninety full page pictures which include views of all sections, besides several of out of town ruins, and three double-page panoramic views, besides maps and charts. Mr. Zeigler, who is the author of "It was Marlowe," a book which attracted the attention not only of general readers, but of scientific investigators into Shakespearean lore, has now, nearing completion, a novel dealing with a subject peculiarly Californian—the exploitation of millionaire estates by disgruntled heirs. The bogus will and missing heir industry has furnished so many romances that it is surprising no one has made use of it before. Hoewver, better late than never and the present case is in good hands.

Petticoat Influence

Pestiferous petticoat influence is once more being felt in navy circles, and it has broken out right here in San Francisco. Many years ago, when William H. Hunt was Secretary of the Navy, petticoat interference was frowned upon. It had become an awful nuisance and the Secretary issued his famous general order prohibiting women from living aboard war vessels. It had been the practice of commanding officers to take their families with them on long cruises, and occasionally they were accompanied by women to whom they bore no blood relationship. The results were both pinaforish and painful. It was not unusual for a wife or mother-in-law to issue orders to officers and crew. Officer's messes were disrupted by complications arising out of female colonies. Infants' underwear and women's linen garments were frequently found decorating conspicuous parts of the ship. It was to abate all these improprieties that Secretary Hunt issued his famous order, and he brought down on his head the imprecations of the whole female element. But while it effected a good measure of reform it did not put an end to petticoat influence in the navy. That influence flourishes on this coast today and rumblings of dissatisfaction have reached my ear. A cruiser is now approaching completion in the Union Iron Works. The Navy Department has designated the commanding and executive officers, and the fitness of the selections has been generally acknowledged, but the female relatives of other

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ambitious officers are exerting their influence to have the appointments reconsidered. Great is the uproar that has been raised by the skirted brigade, and the outcome is awaited with breathless interest. There are ladies on both sides of the fight and they are keeping the wires hot. Meanwhile there is much irritation in local naval circles in consequence of the prevailing sentiment of some women that they have acquired the military ranks of their husbands, and that they must be shown the deference due. The situation is growing more amusing every day.

Why Should William Interfere?

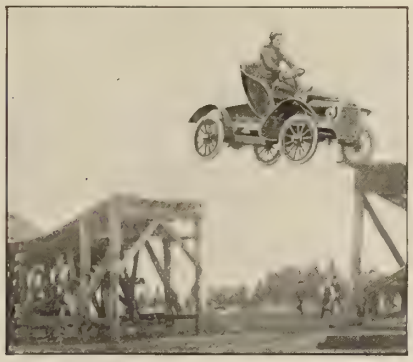
The German Consul of this city thinks it strange that anybody should expect Emperor Willliam to take a hand in the insurance game for the purpose of persuading the Prussian companies to vindicate Teutonic honor abroad. Is it possible that the German consul doesn't know his own Emperor? Such appears to be the case. Emperor William is the most versatile of all rulers, not barring our own accomplished and active Teddy. In the matter of strenuosity there is little difference between them. Their energies find expression along similar lines. They are equally adept in war and in peace with tongue, pen or other weapon. Very little there is beneath the sun not dreamt of in their comprehensive philosophy. Nothing in statesmanship is beyond their capacity, nothing in purely domestic affairs is too trivial to engage their attention. If there is a field of human endeavor whose technical intricacies are beyond the ken of Wilhelm or Teddy we have yet to learn of its whereabouts. We seriously doubt that there is any department of human activity which they would scorn to uplift. If Mr. Roosevelt saw fit to interfere between the coal barons and their employees, between the Chicago sausage-makers and their consumers; if Emperior William feels it to be his duty to design his wife's dresses and his country's battleships while exacting in behalf of his empire the respect of all the world; if, in short, these monarchs of all they survey insist upon regulating everything in reach of the Executive hand, surely then Mr. Bopp's august master will not think it beneath his dignity to demand that German institutions, enjoying the protection of the German throne, shall fulfill their obligations and behave in no way prejudicial to the commercial prestige of the German nation.

Merchant Hartman

Ferris Hartman has embarked in the wholesale liquor business in San Rafael, not that he intends to quit the stage-centre of Idora Park where he is once more experiencing the delightful thrill borne on the waves of laughter that bespeak successful comic achievement, but because he wishes to be prepared for an emergency. Ferris has learned something of the fickleness of the public, and besides he knows that there is nothing more lasting than the public thirst to which he catered in San Francisco after retiring from the Tivoli. Hartman was as great a success commercially as he was artistically, but he need never retire from the stage, for though his ways may grow stale and unprofitable in one city, as inevitably must the ways of the most versatile of comedians, there are always fresh fields and new. Hartman found one of them just over the bay.

The Incomprehensibles of Literature

A friend one day, discussing Ibsen's plays with Tolstoi, said: "I have seen a good many of Ibsen's plays, but I cannot say that I understand them, do you?" Tolstoi's reply was: "Ibsen doesn't understand them himself. He just writes them and sits down and waits. After a while his expounders and explainers come and tell him what he meant." Something of the same kind happens in Tolstoi's own case, and, indeed, in that of a good many other profundities. There is a story to the effect that a Browning society once sent a deputy to that master to ask him the meaning of a certain line in one of his poems. Looking at it quizically, the author made reply: "When I wrote that line God and I knew what I meant. Now I have forgotten." It is said that when Edward Bellamy wrote and published "Looking Backward," he had not an idea of doing more than producing a story which he hoped would sell profitably. It did not attract any special attention on its first appearance, but when some Socialist took it up and saw in it a gospel of universal prosperity according to his cult, he called the attention of others to it, and Bellamy became a prophet. It is wonderful what a little flattery will do for some people. They are all ready to take the "Little Jack Horner" view of themselves, and whether it be establishing a new religion or setting themselves up as literary lights, or political prophets, the slightest sign of worshipful attention is all that they need. Tolstoi is himself a perfect type of the literary fakir. He has no settled views on any subject except his own importance, but he has been so long humored by having all he says and does set forth as heavenly counsels, that he cannot be satisfied unless he is uttering oracles. One of the London papers recently voiced a long-felt truth in saying that he is fast reaching the point when we will pay him every compliment but that of reading him.



That the structural strength of the Cadillac is much greater than ordinary service requires is shown in the fact that this machine was the only one found to stand the strain of "Leaping the Gap," as pictured above. Either the axles or frame of all other machines tried bent under the heavy impact. With the Runabout shown (a regular stock car) the performer is making repeated trips without the slightest damage to his machine.

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A Shortage of Clerks and Carriers

The San Francisco postoffice faces an embarrassing shortage of mail clerks and letter carriers. The substitute list, from which it draws clerks and carriers, is about exhausted. The eligible list, from which men are taken to recruit the substitute ranks, does not exist. In order to gain more eligibles, a civil service examination is to be held on August 15th; but for this examination there are so few applications as to cause worry. In short, in these piping good times enjoyed by San Franciscans who work for their living they do not care to go to work for Uncle Sam at the niggardly pay he gives for postoffice work. One should think that clerks and others who had light employment before the fire would be clamoring for such a position, but many of these have gone into business for themselves or are doing outdoor work that pays them well. I heard of one clerk who had a high-salaried position in a Kearny-street store. Thrown out of work he invested his small savings in a horse and a light wagon. Now he is making far more in the express business than he earned behind the counter. The hard work is more than compensated by recuperated health.

Parsimonious Uncle Sam

A man who goes to work in the postoffice as a clerk or a carrier must be contented with a salary, to begin on, of $50 a month. By diligent and faithful service he will rise to a position of $1,000 a year. There are $1,200 salaries, but they are scarce. An inspector, who must be a good detective and have quite a smattering of law in order that he may help prosecute a case, gets only $1200 a year for a long time after receiving his appointment. In time he will get up to $1,600. In defense of the small salaries paid to carriers, some point out the fact that a carrier in the business district receives during the holidays large amounts in tips. Instead of a defense, that is as strong a condemnation as could be advanced. That Uncle Sam should put his employees in such a menial position, should force them to a level with flunkeys, is an everlasting disgrace. Our democracy is an idle boast when the government assumes the attitude of a swindling inn-keeper—not only allows but practically forces its employees to crook their knees and doff their caps in order that the tips shall be liberal. It is humiliating and degrading for Americans put in such a position. The yearly postal deficit cannot be urged as a defense of this stingy policy toward clerks and carriers—for if the railroads received only what they earn for carrying mail there would be an immense surplus. Uncle Sam builds his own mail cars, and mans them. Then he not only pays mileage for hauling them, but pays a stiff rate per pound for hauling the mail. And it is a notorious fact that when the contracts are to be given out the mails are padded by obliging congressmen, and the average for the ensuing four years calculated on this basis.

His First Sugar Tip

On Wednesday, at the Custom House, $210,000 was paid in as duty on a cargo of sugar brought from Java for the Western Sugar Refining Company, which, as everybody knows, is controlled by Claus Spreckels. The circumstance reminded a Federal official that when Claus Spreckels arrived in this country from Germany he had forty cents in his pocket. That official is authority for the story that it was through overhearing a conversation in a saloon that Spreckels became a sugar man. He was first a grocer and next brewer, but he was after bigger game. One day while in a saloon collecting he overheard a conversation between two employees of the local sugar refinery. One of them was telling that in the refinery so much sugar was wasted that in some of the rooms it was a foot deep on the floors. This set Spreckels thinking. He reflected that if, at the then high price of sugar, the refiners could afford to waste so much, there must be money in the business. With his usual directness of purpose he went to Germany where he became a porter in a sugar refinery. He remained there two years, working up into one responsible position after another, until at last he knew the business well enough to come back to San Francisco, start in business, and prosper until he became known as the sugar king.

Symphony Concerts

While not thronged the summer series of concerts at the Greek Theatre have called out a very gratifying attendance. With a diminished orchestra one does not look for big effects, but in shading and finish the work has been quite up to the top notch. The Dvorak Symphony "From the New World," had a place on Thursday's program of last week and received a most satisfactory rendition. The largo with its many solos for the different instruments and the odd rhythms and swift changes of the sherzo tested the mastership of Dr. Wolle's musicians. If it were put to the audience, however, the Grieg "Elegiac Melodies" would have carried off the palm. Something in the appealing melancholy of "Heart Wounds" and "Last Spring" struck a particularly responsive chord. After a somewhat unsatisfactory "Faust Overture" a particularly well given "Slavic March" by Tschaikowsky ended the program. With this concert the series ended, but a new series of six begins on September thirteenth, to be given on alternate weeks. The last of three concerts by the Minetti String Quartette took place on Thursday, August second. The program consisted of Beethoven's Quartette in F major, the Lento from Dvorak's American Quartette, "Canzonelta," by Mendelssohn, and the Smetana "Ans Meinem Leben." Giulio Minetti is first violin; Hans Krenig, second violin; Andre Verdier, viola; and Arthur Weiss, 'cellist. The two previous concerts of the series enjoyed a good attendance and the

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programs have been rendered with the polish which has always charactrized the playing of Mr. Minetti and his associates.

Guelph-Norman Renounces His Father

John Rex Guelph-Norman has filed a declaration of his intention to become a citizen of the United States. In his declaration he promises to renounce his allegiance to all foreign potentates, rulers and princes. According to his own statement, he is renouncing his fealty to his own father, King Edward, of Great Britain—for it was only a few weeks ago that he gave out in a Berkeley interview that he was a son of England's ruler, by a morganatic marriage. It is considered strange by some that Guelph-Norman, in his travels through this country, did not spring his claims to distinguished ancestry in communities of more importance than Berkeley. In New York, for instance, he could have had the great of the land at his feet with such an announcement—that is, had he substantiated it. It may be, though, that when in New York he was not engineering a scheme to spend several millions in factories and other developments, as he is in Berkeley. In his declaration of intention, this man with a mixed name, signs D. D. to his signature. He wanted also to tack LL. D. to it, but was told that it would not be at all necessary. Several weeks ago I told how a man bearing a strong resemblance in name and other things to the Berkeleyan, once operated in San Francisco.

Concerts in Marin

A very enjoyable concert was given by the Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood at the Hotel Belvedere, Thursday evening, July twelfth. The programme was as follows: Mandolin and guitar duet, "Caprice Heroique" (De Konski), Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood. Soprano solo: a, "The Green is on the Grass Again"; b, "She Wears a Rose in Her Hair," Miss Alice J. Andrews. Tenor solo, "Queen of the Earth," Mr. Alfred Wilkie. Mandolin and guitar duet, "Lucia di Lammermoor," the Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood. Soprano solo, "Daffadils-a-blowing," Miss Alice J. Andrews. Tenor solo, "Loves Old Sweet Song," Mr. Alfred Wilkie. Mandolin and guitar solo: a, "Songs of the South". b, Minuet (Boccherini), The Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood. The Misses Sherwood also gave a concert at the Hotel Blithedale, Mill Valley, Thursday evening, assisted by Miss Andrews and Horatio Cogswell.

Howe Club Rehearsals

Professor and Mr. James Hamilton Howe, after a sojourn at Berkeley of more than two months, are now at 841 Fulton street. This is the Meyer mansion, formerly occupied by the von Meyerinck School of Music. Professor Howe is now the organist of the First Unitarian Church in Berkeley, and at the invitation of the pastor will hold the rehearsals of the Howe Club. The first rehearsal is set for Tuesday evening, August seventh. The members and those who wish to join are requested to send their addresses to 841 Fulton street.

Organized Charity

I.

Cheques drawn by hunger should be promptly cashed,
Wherever charity makes distributions;
The payees ne'er be made to stand abashed
For judgment on their moral constitutions.
'Twas thus I saw two daughters of disaster,
One hungry-good, the other hungry-bad.
The former had a letter from her pastor,
The latter neither line nor pastor had.

II.

And so the hungry-bad, with mind dejected,
Turned slowly to the throbbing thoroughfare,
Wherein, as may be readily suspected,
She had not walked the distance of a square
Ere she a Christian gentleman did meet,
Who, after long and pious meditation,
Becoming much more generous than discreet,
Relieved her want and shared her degradation.

III.

The hungry-bad I saw but once again—
The silent, focal object of a curious crowd—
Her eyes were glazed, the acid's searing stain
Was on her lips; her soul to death had bowed.
The moral is, I think, conspicuous—
So plain, in fact, that all who run may read—
That goodness ought to be ubiquitous,
And charity is what all people need.

—The Samaritan.

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Mar. 3, '02	$ 387,728 70
Sept. 15, '02	1,374,983 43
Mar. 15, '03	2,232,582 94
Sept. 15, '03	2,629,113 39
Mar. 15, '04	3,586,912 31
Sept. 15, '04	3,825,471 71
Mar. 15, '05	4,349,427 92
Sept. 15, '05	4,938,629 05
Mar. 15, '06	5,998,431 52
June 18, '06	6,650,555 84

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The Heritage

Three vagrants to my threshold came
With careless steps and slow;
And one was young, and one was old,
And one had far to go.

I bade them welcome at my hearth,
And gave them food and wine.
"Now, prithee, tell to me," I said,
"Thy will with me and mine?"

Then she whose face was young and fair
Made answer, "We are three
Whose gifts are each man's heritage,
Beggar or king be he.

"And I am she whom men call Joy,
This graybeard's name is Grief,
And he whose way is far to go
Is Love, whose time is brief!

"When once we enter at man's door,
And share his wine and bread,
He may not drive us from his heart
Till his hearth fires be dead!"

. . . . . .

The years have come, the years have gone,
And still Grief lingers near,
And Joy her potent memories
Still whispers in my ear.

But Love, alas, has journeyed on—
Yet he, too, holds his sway,
For nightly through my dreams he goes
And mocks at me alway!

—The Sage.

Over the Back Fence.

Mrs. Murphy: Mrs. McCarthy sez she makes it very aisy f'r her husband to get along with her.

Mrs. Mulligan: Indade! And how does she do it?

Mrs. Murphy: With a club, I think.

—The Neighbor.

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Tailoring Department

Two views of the beautiful Haberdashery and Tailoring Establishment of J. M. Jacobi & Co., on Fillmore Street.

One of the most interesting establishments opened in San Francisco since the fire is that of J. M. Jacobi & Co. They make to order a particularly fine line of clothing and also carry a carefully selected line of ready-to-wear garments and smart haberdashery. Their clothing is kept in dust-proof cases the doors of which are made of cathedral glass and which open and close by pressing an electric button. The entire store is fitted in French plate-glass and quarter-sawed oak. A novelty is found in a recess in the wall lined with black walnut on the top of which is an electric light tube. In this recess is displayed fancy haberdashery and the colors are shown with great brilliancy. Although Mr. Jacobi has added many original features I understand the store in part was patterned from a shop of similar character in London.

Mr. H. J. Curtaz has opened a store on Van Ness avenue for the sale of the famous pianos of which he has the agency. He states that he has a complete stock of Chickering and Vose pianos and that his sheet music department has been carefully selected.

Varney W. Gaskill has just been appointed Pacific Coast manager for James Buchanan & Co., Ltd., of London. He will be the sole representative for the Pacific Coast for "Black and White" Scotch whisky, Coates Plymouth gin and Perrier-Jouet (special and brut) champagne. These goods are absolutely first in their class. James Buchanan & Co. are to be congratulated on being able to secure the services of a representative so well and favorably known as Mr. Gaskill.

Wickham Havens has opened an office on Sutter street, near Van Ness avenue, for the sale of Piedmont properties. The office has been fitted and furnished with taste and is in charge of Mr. Steve Penberthy. Mr. Penberthy has been in the Oakland office for some years and has a thorough knowledge of the values of properties in Piedmont.

Homer Boushey, who for many years was connected with Pragers and lately was with the "Bulletin," returned from the East this week. While there he secured the agency for the Pope Toledo, the Pope Tribune, and the Pope Mfg. Co. Mr. Boushey has got a fine corner lease on Golden Gate avenue and will soon be pushing the sale of these well-known motor cars.

—The Rounder.

Give and Take

"Baron," she said, laughing, "you appear to be of such an ambiguous age! Tell me, I pray you (I'll promise to keep the secret)—how old you really are."

"Milady," he answered, bending to whisper, "I am just old enough to know enough to stop at that which one may not say to a married woman!"

"So!" she said, laughing still; and then she closed her fan, and then she opened her fan.

"And you, milady," he went on, after a minute's contemplation of the evident agitation of her fan—"you appear so very young! Tell me, I pray you (I'll promise to keep the secret)—how long have you been married?"

"How long!" she said, flashing her eyes suddenly upward into his; "oh, just long enough to beg you not to know enough to stop at that which one may not say to a married woman!"

—La Mariee.

GERMEA

FOR

BREAKFAST

Stage

Good Plays Hard to Get

Even in London there is a dearth of good drama. This is what Max Beerbohm, the foremost British dramatic critic has to say on the subject: "I wonder, with gentle melancholy, what is the future of our drama. Throughout the past year there has been, indeed, no lack of plays. Play has succeeded play, frantically, stumbling over the prostrate body of its predecessor, quite unheeded by the public. Failure has been piled on failure, and most of the failures have been well-merited. It would be cheering to suppose that the public has been educated above the kind of thing which managers offer to it, and that success awaits any manager who shall offer it something good. The success of Mr. Shaw's sequence of plays at the Court Theatre give some plausibility to this supposition. But, even if there is a large enough intelligent public to support half a dozen theatres devoted to good contemporary drama, the outlook is not, I think, rosy. Where is the good contemporary drama to come from? About a year ago, the sanguine and ingenious Playgoers' Club instituted a competition for hitherto unrevealed dramatists. Complaints had often been made about the indifference of managers to any work not signed by a practiced playwright. It had often been suggested that masterpieces were flying around, merely unable to find an inlet to the stage. Having regard to the enormous number of people who do write plays, and do send them to managers, it seemed quite reasonable to suppose that some of these plays might happen to have merit. They might not be technically good. They might, moreover, have no chance of commercial success. But the especial object of the Playgoers' Club was to discover, and hand over to Mr. Philip Carr for production, a play that had, at any rate, the savour of life in it. I myself was a member of the reading committee; and, soon enough, huge parcels began to be delivered at my door. I remember the agreeable tremor with which I broached the first one that came, and gazed at the six or seven plays that it contained. Was there a masterpiece among them? It was presently plain that not one of them came nearly up to mediocrity. The other parcels that followed were no more inspiriting. I waded, waded, ever so conscientiously, through them; yet found not one scene, not one character, that was not a weak imitation of this or that current theatrical convention. I thought it rather hard that I should have such bad luck. But subsequently it appeared that I was no exception on that reading committee. Some of the members had, indeed, thought it worth while to pass on to others a few of the plays received, but without hearty commendation, and rather in the spirit of men wishing to be confirmed in their judgment that the thing wasn't good enough. The whole affair, so promising in its inception, ended with the committee's lugubrious announcement that they had nothing to place in Mr. Philip Carr's hands. As there is, apparently, no chance of a crop of interesting plays, it is perhaps superfluous to speculate as to whether the public's taste is improving. Personally, I mistrust the evidence of Mr. Shaw's success. It is heart-breaking to hear the whole audience at the Court Theatre laughing from the rise to the fall of the curtain—laughing without any discrimination at all. Mr. Shaw has been industriously boomed, no one more industriously than by myself; and it is pleasant to have helped him to his well-deserved success. But the reality of his success is more than doubtful. He is fashionable; but he is not, so far as I can see, appreciated. The echoes of the boom will die away, the fashion will pass, the cult will dwindle back to its old proportions, and the public will be found wallowing in—what?"

Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller are still enjoying close professional relations. Miss Anglin is to appear next season under Mr. Miller's management in "Miss Dane's Defense" and "The School for Scandal."

John J. Barrett
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Katherine Grey's "Camille" will stand the test of comparison which is bound to be made whenever that grand emotional role is given interpretation by a new exponent. Miss Grey makes no attempt to depart from tradition, but gives a highly effective impersonation of the pathetic heroine. The patrons of Ye Liberty Playhouse have warmly approved her performances, and they have made it clear that she is a woman of great magnetism for they have shown a most sympathetic interest in the development of the familiar plot. Miss Grey is to be succeeded as leading lady of the Oakland Stock Company by Isabelle Fletcher, a woman who has won high encomiums in the East.

Alice Nielsen Down South

Miss Alice Nielsen, for whom many of the local critics predicted a brilliant future in grand opera at the time that she was demonstrating her fatal shortcomings in this city, is now with the San Carlo Opera Company, an obscure, second-rate organization with which her shrewd London manager is beguiling the music lovers of New Orleans.

"Pinafore" at Idora

Arthur Sullivan's tuneful melodies, nor W. S. Gilbert's gentle satire, were never more heartily enjoyed than they are by the audiences nightly thronging the pretty Idora Park Theatre in Oakland. That old favorite, "Pinafore," is given in a manner that reflects the highest credit on the company. Sybil Page is a very charming Josephine, and Hope Mayne is an ideal Buttercup. Cunningham, Weiner and Hartman are all that could be desired in their respective roles. "Girofle-Girofla" is the coming attraction.

Next Week's Vaudeville Bill

A distinct novelty is promised at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon in the polite juvenile comedian, Edward Clark, and his "six winning widows," the very latest sensation in vaudeville. They will present a miniature racing musical comedy, introducing Mr. Clark's original creation, "The Piker." Mr. Clark is said to be a host in himself and his fair assistants are graceful and clever. The mere announcement that the only Billy Van, renowned as "the assassin of sorrow," will be on the program, is sufficient to pack the Orpheum at every performance. No black-faced comedian was ever a greater favorite in San Francisco. He promises to serve up a lot of songs and anecdotes in his own peculiar mirth-provoking style. Carter and Bluford, who offer what they call "the act beautiful," will make their first appearance in this city, and if eastern reports are to be credited they will make an immense hit. They are singers and carry a wealth of costumes and scenery. The Lucania trio, Cuban acrobats, direct from the New York Hippodrome, will present an equilibristic combination act. They are said to be marvels of agility, suppleness and daring. The Basque Quartet, French operatic vocalists, will change their selections; the Hickman brothers, singing, dancing and talking comedians, will vary their amusing specialty, and Ida O'Day, the dainty singing comedienne and banjoist, will be heard in new numbers. There are a lot of new attractions on the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, and the zoo is constantly in receipt of rare and interesting animals. The "home of the happy family" is a capital place to spend half an hour. —The Playgoer.

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The Queen's Favorite

By L. T.

There was probably no court in Europe more rigidly exclusive than that of H. M. King Heinrich, of Dochenburg; nor was any metropolis in Europe more intensely respectable than his sleepy, mediaeval capital of Luchsdam.

A few weeks residence in the city had impressed these points on the mind of Gabriel J. Jenkins.

Now you may wonder who Gabriel J. Jenkins was, and what a man with so obviously an Anglo-Saxon patronymic was doing in this stronghold of Teutonism.

Let me explain. Gabriel was a retired pork-packer and bacon-curer from Chicago. He quit Chicago after the big scandal over unclean packing houses. He lost interest in Chicago when the Federal Government decided to put a finger in the pork and regulate things. So he went abroad for his health.

Gabriel Jenkins had been a leader of Chicago aristocracy and when he reached Dochenburg he resolved to join the smart set. But how?

Let me explain how he went about it. He bought a small schloss and proceeded to splurge Chicago fashion. He made the acquaintance of the King's Lord Chamberlain and offered him 20,000 marks to get his name on his Majesty's levee list. But the king got hot under his crown.

"Pooh! Damn!" said the King of Dorchenburg. "Shall I then receive at my court, a man whose bacon I wont let into my kingdom?"

"He is a decent person, your Majesty," said the Lord Chamberlain. "Luchsdam society generally has opened its arms to him."

"Ha! God's thunder! Nix for me!" said his Majesty. And he added 23 in German.

And the Lord Chamberlain drew his pen through the name of Gabriel J. Jenkins.

When Gabriel heard the sad news he was so much mortified that he looked like one of the fifty-seven varieties of porcine candidates for admission to his own slaughter house, and he swore and talked about buying the whole kingdom.

"His Majesty is a great stickler for blue blood," said the Lord Chamberlain. "He has the pestilential habit of looking always into a man's veins, and not into his purse. It is very unfortunate," he added, thinking regretfully of that 20,000 marks. "But so it is. Between you and me there is no moving the King once he has set his face in a certain direction. Pigs—I beg your pardon, Herr Jenkins, nothing personal—are less obstinate than his Majesty."

"In short, you reckon there's no chance of my getting what I want?" demanded Gabriel, sulkily.

The Lord Chamberlain did not reply immediately. He appeared to be reflecting. He was really anxious to do what he could for this Jenkins. His palm itched for those 20,000 marks.

"Let us not despair," he said at length, in his stolid, deliberate way. "I must think things over. By the way, does that little matter of the 20,000 marks still hold good?"

Gabriel replied in the affirmative.

"Then we must see what can be done," answered the Lord Chamberlain, thoughtfully. "Possibly I may have a communication to make to you in the course of a few days. In the meanwhile, let the affair sleep. I will call upon you again, when I have something to say."

On his way back from the schloss, the Lord Chamberlain put his head out of the carriage window, and said to his coachman:

"Fritz, stop at Fraulein Heinschmidt's, No. 17, Blucher-

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strasse, will you?"

"Very well, my lord," answered the coachman, and ten minutes later the Lord Chamberlain's carriage drew up at the door of an unpretentious, but well-kept little house in the Blucher-strasse.

The Lord Chamberlain alighted, and rang the bell. It was answered by a spruce maidservant.

"Fraulein within?" he inquired.

"She is so, my lord. Will you walk in?"

The Lord Chamberlain entered, and was ushered into the prettily-furnished boudoir where Fraulein was wont to receive her more distinguished visitors.

In a few moments, Fraulein Heinschmidt herself appeared. She was a woman in young middle life, hovering, as it would seem, somewhere on the brink of the forties, with a smug, placid countenance, and a self-possessed air. To beauty she possessed no claims whatever. But she had a certain air of distinction, and her tone and manner were those of one accustomed to rub shoulders with the best people.

"Good morning, friend," said she to the Lord Chamberlain, addressing him quite as an equal and an intimate.

"Good morning, my dear Fraulein," he replied. "Can I have a little chat with you?"

"To be sure. I am expecting a call from the Queen at about one o'clock. But till then I am free, and my time is at your disposal. Pray be seated. Now, then, what is it?"

"You have heard," began the Lord Chamberlain, "of that American fellow, Gabriel J. Jenkins?"

"Yes, I have heard of him," said Fraulein. "What about him?"

"He is immensely rich. He has 250,000 marks a year," answered the Lord Chamberlain.

"Ach!" said Fraulein.

"It is the aim of his life to get an introduction to the Court, and ultimately to entertain Royalty at his schloss. He has solicited my services. I have tried to smuggle his name into the King's Levee lists, and I have failed. His Majesty was very angry and desired to know whether his Court was being taken for a pig-sty. You see, my Royal master cannot overlook the fact that this Jenkins made his pile in bacon. Of course, what I am telling you is in strict confidence."

"Of course," said Fraulein.

"Yet I am anxious to oblige the man—bacon or no bacon," pursued the Lord Chamberlain. "And to that end I desire your assistance. I have failed with the King. Will you use your influence with the Queen?"

"It is difficult," replied Fraulein. "Her Majesty, as you are aware, is even more fastidious in these matters than the King himself."

"I know it. Still, you are so much in her confidence, and she has so high an opinion of you ——"

"True. Yet if I presume on my intimacy, I shall certainly offend her," interposed Fraulein. "Between ourselves, my friend, the Queen is exceedingly touchy. It is a ticklish matter to tread on her Majestys' toes."

"Such little toes, too," smiled the Lord Chamberlain, venturing upon a ponderous joke. (He was alluding to the fact that the Queen-Consort of Dochenburg was extremely proud of her small feet, and made it her true boast that she was the only lady at Court that could wear 3½ shoes.)

"So! They are the toes of a little girl of ten," said Fraulein. "I would that mine were as elegant," she added, with a sigh, glancing down, rather ruefully, at her own serviceable members, encased in stout, double-soled sixes. "But there, there! We are all as the good God made us. I must not complain."

"No," said the Lord Chamberlain, piously; "for which of us, by taking thought, can subtract from his shoes a single size?"

"Fie! How dare you misquote Scripture, you wicked man?" answered Fraulein, playfully, holding up a reproving finger.

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"Let us," said the Lord Chamberlain, dropping his jocular tone, "resume our original subject—the case of this bacon fellow, Jenkins. You cannot, then, ask the Queen to get him received at Court?"

"Alack! I fear not," answered Fraulein Heinschmidt, shaking her head. "To do so would be merely to subject myself to a useless snub."

"Ach!" said the Lord Chamberlain.

Then he looked up, thoughtfully, at the ceiling, and, with his eyes fixed thereon, remarked, in an abstracted manner:—

"You now enjoy the Queen's friendship, Fraulein. She even honours you at your own house with personal visits. The sight of her carriage, standing at your door so frequently, arouses the furious jealousy of half the women in Luchsdam. Is it not so?"

"I fear you speak the truth," she replied. "They are mad that her Majesty should thus distinguish me above them all. But I do not care. Why should I? Secure in the favour of my gracious mistress, I simply laugh at their jealous spite."

"You can afford to do so. But I wish to ask," said he, his eyes still fixed upon the ceiling, "supposing now—I put a hypothetical case—suppose you were to take to yourself a husband ——"

"A husband! I have no thought of any such thing!" interrupted Fraulein, energetically.

"I am merely supposing," he replied. "Suppose, I repeat, you were to take to yourself a husband, would that, do you think, affect the Queen's attitude towards you, or would she still distinguish you by her personal visits, as heretofore?"

"What a strange question! You are joking with me, of course. Well, I do not know. But I think that her Majesty would still come to see me, though it is more than likely she would have nothing to say to my husband. However, need we go into the matter, when the question does not arise?"

"I am not so sure," rejoined the Lord Chamberlain. Fraulein, how should you like to live in a schloss and enjoy an income of 250,000 marks a year?"

"Ach!" cried she, starting, and fixing her eyes upon him keenly. "You speak with some motive. Explain; what do you mean?"

"This Jenkins is a widower. He has no encumbrances, and his income is as I have stated. Really, my dear Fraulein, you might do worse."

"What! When I do not even know him!" ejaculated Fraulein Heinschmidt.

"That is easily rectified," answered the Lord Chamberlain.

"Probably, I should find him an objectionable, underbred brute, too," said the lady.

"You cannot, my dear, expect to have everything in a husband," rejoined the Lord Chamberlain, philosophically.

"Besides, is it in the least likely that he should wish to marry me? I know my limitations. I am middle-aged, my face is plain, I am not attractive. I do not set up to be ——"

"Ach, my dear Fraulein, you are by no means so devoid of charms as your modesty leads you to imagine. But let us put that aspect of the affair on one side, since it is quite immaterial. This Jenkins is not the one to marry for sentimental reasons, in any event, and he would find in you a source of attraction far more potent than any mere ephemeral youth and beauty. I refer to your intimacy with her Majesty the Queen."

"Ach! so? But I have already told you that I am not going to risk that friendship by trying to cram Jenkins down my Royal mistress's throat," answered Fraulein, with decision.

Well, to make a long story short the Fraulein was persuaded to look favorably on the prospect of a marriage with the American, and also agreed to pay the Lord Chamberlain a commission of 20,000 marks.

When Gabriel J. Jenkins was introduced to Fraulein by the Lord Chamberlain, a few days later, he treated that lady with marked deference. He knew what a favourite she was

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with the Queen. He had often seen her Majesty's victoria standing at Fraulein's front door. And he had envied her beyond words.

Now that he had been accorded the privilege of her acquaintance, he felt that here was the woman, above all others, to help him in his social ambitions. He was not a shy nor a backward man, by any means, and he lost no time in confessing his hopes to the lady, and asking her, straight out, to use her influence with the Queen in his behalf.

Whereupon she proceeded to suggestionize the man from Chicago. She caused it to occur to him that it might be to his social advantage to marry her and marry her he did.

They had not returned from their honeymoon many days when her Majesty the Queen's victoria drove up to the door of Gabriel J. Jenkins' schloss.

Gabriel happened to see it approaching, and he flew in great excitement to tell his wife.

That lady received the intelligence phlegmatically.

"Ach! I knew it would be so," she said. "I must ask you now to make yourself scarce, my good Jenkins."

"Nonsense. I will remain. And you must introduce me to her Majesty," retorted Gabriel.

"Impossible," she said. "The Queen comes to see me—me alone. If you try to force your acquaintance upon her, you will spoil everything. Ach! Get out, now—get out, I say. When her Majesty has gone away, I will explain to you the wherefore. In the meanwhile, as you value your social credit, seek the retirement of your smoking-room until my Royal mistress has departed."

Gabriel, sulky and mortified, obeyed these instructions. What had been said about valuing his social credit alarmed him into compliance. But he determined to have it out with his wife after the Queen had gone. If she thought that he was going to be treated as a cipher, she should find herself woefully mistaken.

At the end of about an hour, he heard the Queen's carriage drive away. Full of wrath, he went to seek his wife.

"Now madam," he said, scowling, "perhaps you will be good enough to explain."

"Ach! certainly," she said coolly. "The explanation must come, and as well now as later on. There is a secret here, my good Jenkins—a State secret—in which only two of her Majesty's subjects, the Lord Chamberlain and myself, participate. I am now about to do you the honor of confiding it to you. Do you know why her Majesty distinguishes me by these periodical visits? It is because—ah! do not have a fainting fit, my Jenkins—it is because I am the only lady in Dochenburg who can be trusted to—cut the Queen's corns!"

"Damnation!" roared Gabriel, starting up in a black fury. "Do you mean to tell me, then, that I have been inveigled into marrying a—a—confounded chiropodist?"

"Keep calm," said she. "Do not excite yourself, my dear man."

"Calm?" he stormed, beside himself with passion. "I'll show you up! I'll expose you! I ——"

"Don't be a fool, Jenkins," she interrupted. "Can't you understand your own interests? Her Majesty, who values herself so upon her exquisite feet, won't let even the King know that she suffers from corns, or why she pays me such frequent visits. As long as this secret is kept, she will continue to visit me, and you will continue to enjoy the prestige of her Majesty's carriage standing outside your schloss. But give away the secret, and the shadow of the Royal victoria will never darken your doorsteps again."

"But if she comes merely to have her corns cut——"

"Stupid! No one is aware of that. They all think that her visits to me are of a social character, and are mad with jealousy in consequence. Be sensible, then. Do not cut off your nose to spite your face. But acquiesce in the status quo, and make the most of your reputation as husband to the Queen of Dochenburg's bosom friend."

On thinking the matter over calmly, Gabriel had the discretion to act upon this sound advice. And the Queen's victoria may still be seen standing at his front door, on an average of once a week in dry weather, and more often than that in wet, to the mortal envy of all his less fortunate neighbors.



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In Old San Francisco

(Continued from Page 9.)

Latham to task for putting into the Custom House men of inferior social standing. The writer explained that Thomas King, a brother of James King of William and one of the proprietors of the "Bulletin," was employed in the Custom House, and he added that as Thomas King was beaten for office by United States Marshal McDuffie that was probably the reason for the "Bulletin's" "bitter unrelenting and malicious persecution of that gentleman." Thomas King called on Casey and demanded the real name of Caliban. Casey refused to give it. King told him he would give him until the next day to reveal the name. Casey replied that he did not desire another minute; that he was himself the author. The following day the "Bulletin" charged that Casey had been an inmate of Sing Sing. Casey visited James King of William and objected to the raking up of the events of his past life in New York, saying that he was perfectly willing to have his conduct in California scrutinized, but that as he was very young when he transgressed in New York, he felt that he should be spared the humiliation of exposure. It is reported that King ordered him out of the office and threatened to kick him out, and that Casey told him to be prepared to defend himself on the street. The news soon spread through the town and people gathered on the street corners to see the fight. Nobody had the slightest doubt that there would be a fight, for the "Bulletin's" editor had often expressed in print his willingness to fight. For example he expressed himself in this fashion: "Mr. Selover, it is said, carries a knife. We carry a pistol. We hope neither will be required, but if this rencontre cannot be avoided, why will Mr. Selover persist in periling the lives of others? We pass every afternoon about half past four to five o'clock along Market street, from Fourth to Fifth street. The road is wide and not so much frequented as those streets further in town. If we are to be shot or cut to pieces for heaven's sake let it be done there. Others will not be injured, and in case we fall, our house is but a few hundred yards beyond, and the cemetery not much farther."

From that it is evident that James King of William, who is so often held up as a martyr to the cause of freedom of the press, was indeed a fighting editor and that it could hardly be called assassination to shoot him except from behind. That he was constantly on the qui vive for trouble is evident from this:

"If these fellows are really determined to attack the editor of the 'Bulletin' why don't they do it at once and be done with it? Why keep everybody in suspense? Here we have been carrying a pistol nearly three months because of the braggadocio bullying of this crowd until we are heartily tired of it."

The fatal encounter between Casey and King occurred on the evening of May 14, 1856. It was witnessed by many people, one of whom was General James M. Estell, by whom it was described under oath as follows:

"I was on Montgomery street in front of my office on the opposite side of the Pacific Express Office, five or six doors to the north; office fifteen feet from Washington street. I heard Mr. Casey's voice speaking in a short and excited tone near the door of the Metropolitan saloon; heard his angry voice in front of the Metropolitan saloon saying 'Come on, come on,' sharply; looked south and saw King about the centre of the street facing Casey—both standing in rather a defiant attitude as I conceived. King was looking toward Casey with his arms folded and his right hand inside of his left breast; the parties were one hundred feet apart at that time; both had on talmas or short cloaks. Casey approached rapidly, asking in a sharp, excited voice, 'Are you armed?' Immediately following he said, 'Defend yourself,' or 'Prepare to defend yourself.' Mr. King made no reply that I heard. As Casey spoke he let his talma fall and raised his right

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arm which held a revolver which must have been cocked at the time the cloak fell, and he immediately fired at Mr. King. Whilst Mr. Casey was in the act of firing Mr. King turned his face slightly toward the west, shoving his arm down in his vest—rather in a defensive position. When the ball struck him he cried out 'Oh, Lord!' several times and walked to the Pacific Express office. On his way I heard him say, 'Oh! my arm' several times. Casey immediately after firing threw his arm across his knee and used both hands in cocking it, walked some steps forward in the direction of King, who was at this time passing obliquely into the express office, and behind an express wagon. A moment later Casey was arrested. King had ample time to fire accurately a five barrel pistol after Casey first called out."

James W. Stillman assisted King into the express office where he was put on a mattress and disrobed. In unbuttoning King's coat Stillman found a revolver in his breast pocket.

On Tuesday, the twentieth of May, the tolling of bells throughout the city announced the death of James King of William. Meanwhile, or immediately after the shooting of King, the work of reorganizing the Vigilance Committee was begun, and the next day Casey was taken from the jail and removed to the rooms of the committee—the upper floor of the store of Henry B. and Myer T. Truett, at the corner of Sacramento and Front streets, known later on as Fort Gunnybags. When King died Casey was hanged by the committee. And then the task of banishing toughs and all evil characters from the city was prosecuted with vigor. "Yankee" Sullivan the prize fighter was taken in custody and he opened a vein in his arm and bled to death. Among those banished from the city were Charley Duane, ex-chief of the fire department, Billy Mulligan, and Bill Lewis, notorious bullies. But the most picturesque of the local celebrities to take to flight was Judge Ned McGowan, the man who presided over Senator Broderick's wing of the bizarre convention held in the Baptist church at Sacramento. McGowan was a lawyer from Philadelphia, a man of some learning, but a typical politician of the Tammany school. He held numerous political positions in Pennsylvania and was once a member of the Legislature of that state. He was also a superintendent of police in one of the districts of Philadelphia. He came to California in 1849 and was a deputy in the office of the state treasurer and afterwards a police magistrate in this city. He was an intimate friend of Editor Casey, and he hated Editor King. He was suspected of being the author of the Caliban letter and after the shooting of King it was rumored that he and Casey had drawn lots to determine which should fire the fatal shot. It was also said that the shooting was done with McGowan's pistol. Public sentiment, or, at least, the sentiment of the Vigilance Committee, was that McGowan was Casey's accomplice and immediately after the seizure of the murderer McGowan was warned by friends that he was a marked man. So he quickly went into hiding and it was fortunate for him that he did so, for the committee was on his trail long before King's death, and then was prosecuted one of the most remarkable and romantic man-hunts of which I have ever read in history or fiction. Beginning in the month of May, 1856, it continued until March of the following year, and during all that period McGowan was kept busy evading his pursuers. At the end of the chase he published in pamphlet form the narrative of his adventures, and it is a tale as thrilling as some of the masterpieces of romantic fiction. It was also a bitter arraignment of the Vigilantes, the author explaining that the idea of the work was to turn to some account, in the way of a lesson to unthinking fanatics, the history of the sufferings which fanaticism had inflicted on him. "Conscious," he wrote, "that I did not merit, at the hands of my prosecutors, their cruel treatment, and equally conscious that I had, nevertheless, been the recipient of it, I, for the first time in my life, became painfully aware to what extent injustice may be carried, even by men with tolerably good intention." And he added this philosophical sentiment: "Nothing can so readily awaken the human understanding to an appreciation of the horrors into which men may be led by fanaticism, and the facility with which badly balanced minds may become victims to that moral disease, than a calm, true and, as far as may be, dispassionate recital of a great wrong which actually has been committed, in the name and under the garb of virtue."

The McGowan recital, aside from its romantic interest, is worthy of more than passing comment because of the light that it throws on historic incidents of early days and the colorful pictures it presents of conditions existing in interior counties just at the time when the Gringo was beginning to Americanize the old Spanish missions. From the narrative of the hunted San Francisco politician much is to be learned of primitive manners and customs of interior California, and from no other source that I know of is the information accessible which is to be found in the ephemeral pamphlet depicting McGowan's sufferings and adventures during the months of his wanderings from San Francisco to Santa Barbara.

(To be continued.)

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Letters

Hardy's Best to Come

Thomas Hardy, the English novelist, is reported to have said in the course of a recent interview that he considers "Jude the Obscure" the only one of his books which will live, though he believes his best is yet to come. This is good news to his admirers, since it gives a hint that he has reconsidered his decision to write no more novels. As to "Jude," there is no way to forecast the future. Later generations may pass it by unheeded, or it may be simply buried beneath the debris of the press, but how any one can have read one of Hardy's stories, it matters not which, and not desire to read and re-read them all, is something not easily explainable. It is said that the first book by this author has never been published. It contained some strong revolutionary principles and it was on the advice of George Meredith that it was suppressed. "Under the Greenwood Tree," in its first edition, fell unheeded before the British public. Frederick Greenwood, an authority, picked up a copy at a cheap sale, attracted only because his own name was embodied in the title, and he was willing to pay the small sum to satisfy his curiosity. He found himself in possession of a book worth having, and it is owing to his timely encouragement that the author was encouraged



Miss Marie Van Vorst
(Author of "The Sin of George Warrener," published by the Macmillan Company)

to go on. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," being identified with Mrs. Fiske in the dramatic version, is perhaps the most widely known of Hardy's books. Its author was taking one of his characteristic walks down an English lane when a farmer's cart rumbled past him, in which was seated a girl. Her face impressed the author, and though he never saw her again he wove his romance about her. The final chapter, that concerning the execution of the heroine, had, however, an earlier origin. When Thomas Hardy was a boy he attended school in Dorchester. He made the acquaintance of the wife of an inn-keeper, who was brutal and unkind to her, though she is described as being both beautiful and good. Some action on his part finally aroused her to such a pitch that she stabbed him with a knife and he died of the wound. The woman was put on trial, convicted and condemned to be hanged, and on the day of the execution young Hardy and his school chum walked into Dorchester and climbed a tree overlooking the gallows yard, from which they witnessed the gruesome scene. It was a cold, dismal day, and a penetrating rain was falling, so that the thin black gown which the woman was wearing was wet through, and the white cap which was put over her

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head clung to her features. The noose appeared to be adjusted about the neck of a statue. Young Hardy gazed fascinated on a scene which to him was more illusion than reality, but was brought to his senses when the drop fell and his companion, on a lower branch, fainted and fell to the ground. Mr. Hardy is a short man, trimly built. His expression is intellectual but very sad when in repose. He cares nothing for society, and is too grave and distant to be at home in a large gathering of smart society, though at small literary dinners he is at his ease, and can be both sympathetic and interesting. He is not pessimistic, unless as he says himself, in the sense that perhaps it would be better not to have been born at all, but his attitude toward life is that it is a great mystery wherein we are helpless. He walks slowly, with head bent and hands clasped behind him, a shambling walk, like one prematurely aged and preoccupied, yet it is manifest that there is little of the processes of nature which escape his observation.

There died in New Haven, June 20th, a literary character of some prominence, Edgewood-Cold-Steel, the dog which, as Champion-Royal Regent figured as the hero of Richard Harding Davis' story, "The Bar Sinister." It had taken forty first prizes at bench shows. If the dog happens to meet Will Irwin's deceased black cat Picaroon there will be something besides joy in their particular heaven.

When Mrs. Ward Was Young

M. Taine, writing to his wife in 1871, gave this description of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Miss Mary Arnold, as she was then: "The rest of the evening was spent with young ladies to whom I was introduced, among others Miss Arnold, near whom I was seated at dinner. A very clever girl Mr. Jewett told me while taking me to her. About twenty years of age, very pleasing, tastefully dressed (a rare thing here) born in Australia and brought up there until five years old. Knows French, German, Italian, and has been studying for a year the old Spanish of 'The Cid' period and Latin in order to understand the mediaeval chronicles. Spends her mornings in the Bodleian Library, very learned and simple and yet girlish; finally, I, always showing my softest side in order to draw something out of her, she let me know that she was writing for Macmillan's Magazine an article (maiden article) upon the oldest poems of the 'Romancero.' As an apology for her article Miss Arnold told me, 'What shall I do? Everybody here reads or writes or delivers lectures; one has to follow the current; moreover, it fills one's time, and the library is so beautiful, so commodious.' Not a bit pedantic; it is the overflow of her youthful spirits and intellectual force."

Some impertinent smarty once wrote to Rudyard Kipling: "Hearing that you are retailing literature at a dollar a word, I enclose a dollar for a sample." He got it, for, in due course of time, the reply was received, "Thanks." If the intention of the applicant was to obtain an autograph, and the answer was signed by the author, he was slightly to the good, since Mr. Kipling exacts a signed receipt for $2.50 from some established charity enclosed with such requests before he complies with them.

"Little Prudy"

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, who make a specialty of children's books, are about to bring out a new edition of the immortal "Little Prudy." This would be a joyful announcement to little girls of ten years and under, if they knew what it meant. Let us hope that the mammas and aunties who remember the little Parlin and Clifford children who, despite their liveliness and occasional mischief, were always polite and well-bred, will substitute these wholesome realistic stories for the mawkish Elsies and the rude, flippant, "cheeky" youngsters who have crowded them out of late years. There are

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some of the old juveniles that never go out of fashion or get behind the times. Amongst them may be noted the "Prudy" books, including the "Dotties," the "Gypsies," and the "Peterkins." Successive generations of little people revel in them whenever they come across a stray volume, and so far from craving whole generations, strung out like the tiresome Elsies, and some others, they anxiously inquire whether Prudy grew up into a big girl, and whether the amusing "little boys" with their rubber boots did not "stay little till the very end."

From the reports of the Eastern publishing houses, we should be justified in assuming that every scribbler in San Francisco has prepared some kind of book dealing with the earthquake and fire. There is just one consolation for us—not five per cent of the manuscripts submitted ever reach the stage of print, and of those only a small portion are sold to readers. The very name San Francisco now produces a mental ague, and if the premonitary shivering is justified by a reference to the disaster, it needs must be an exceptionally good piece of literary work which will receive any attention at all. The publishing world is beginning to think that its troubles begin where ours ended.

—The Bookworm.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Many automobilists are making the run from Oakland to Byron Hot Springs. The roads are in excellent condition and the run can be easily made in from two and one-half to three hours. Among those who made the trip last week are: Mr. and Mrs. R. L. McCabe, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Varney Gaskell in Mr. McCabe's Winton; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Knapp and party in a Reo; Mr. M. Schimetschel, accompanied by Mrs. E. Driscoll and party in a Winton; Miss Talbot, Miss McCarthy, Miss Sylvia Talbot, Miss Alice Barre and Mr. Herbert Ricker, in a Pierce Arrow; Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Harris and Mr. Russell Harris in a Pope-Toledo; J. B. Peterson, E. E. Holton, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Holton, and W. L. Elliott in a Panhard; Col. A. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bliss, H. M. Calkins, Judge and Mrs. Hyland of San Jose, Capt. A. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Stern.

AT DEL MONTE

Recent arrivals at Hotel Del Monte were: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Deming, Mr. Edw. F. Schneider and wife, J. H. Case, Mrs. J. C. Chalmers, W. F. Voges, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Giannini, Mrs. W. B.Hunt, Mrs. O. E. Rieser, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. A. Rienhart, Max Loeb, W. F. Porter, E. W. Runyan, C. B. Morgan, Mrs. M. A. Swan, Florence Poper, Lilly K. Piper, Miss M. M. Pearce, M. G. Pfoff, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Faull, W. E. Loucks, Mrs. E. K. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Singleton, E. K. Lunzooder, E. J. Calley, C. K. Brooks, H. J. Zechlin, Miss Abenheim, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Brown, T. B. Fitzpatrick, Dr. L. J. McMahon, Louis Ferrari, S. S. Nordell, H. C. Breeden, Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Frasier, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Livingston L. Baker, Jas. T. Casey, San rFancisco; Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Brigham, Miss Brigham, Miss Gladys Brigham, H. G. Hinckley, Miss Rickard, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Butler, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Woodside, Alameda; Mrs. Harry C. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Norton, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Robinson, H. C. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Brand, Miss A. Genge, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Morlan, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Holliday, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bayer, Los Angeles; Rear Admiral and Mrs. Brownson, Miss Brownson.

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SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

ANNIE E. GEIL, Plaintiff, vs. HERMAN GEIL, Defendant. | Dept. No. 7. No. 994. Roland Becsey, Attorney for Plff., 235 Devisadero St., San Francisco.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the Office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO HERMAN GEIL, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county, or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and the defendant, upon the ground of defendants' extreme cruelty to the plaintiff above, plaintiff asking for judgment that the bond of matrimony between herself and the defendant herein be dissolved and the custody of their minor child Laroy Harvey Geil; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein, to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND AND SEAL of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 9th day of July, A. D. 1906.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

ANE KIRSTINE DAMGAARD, Plaintiff, vs. NIELS FREDERIKSEN DAMGAARD, Defendant. | Department No. — No. 735. Bishop & Hoefler, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO NIELS FREDERIKSEN DAMGAARD, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or she will apply to the Court for any further relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 27th day of June, A. D. 1906.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. No. 100,519.

Jane A. Walker, Plaintiff, vs. George F. Walker, Defendant. | Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California, send Greeting to George F. Walker, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion and wilful neglect also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 28th day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and six.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,

[Seal] By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

COSTELLO & COSTELLO,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.

WE RECOMMEND

GEORGE MAYERLE

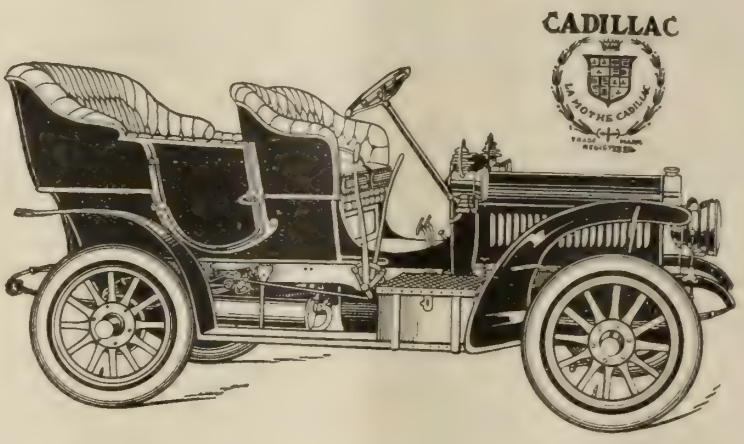
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TOWN TALK

VOL. XV. No. 728 San Francisco, August 11, 1906 Price, 10 Cents



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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Our Heritage of Shame

In a letter to the "Bulletin" Mr. Martin O'Connell solemnly avers that the City Hall, during the course of its construction, was free from graft. Mr. O'Connell is very much displeased with those commentators who have pointed to the City Hall as a monumental sample of the awful effects of graft, and he urges the restoration of the building because it is famous, informing us at the same time that the plans of the building, made by one Augustus Laver, were accepted in a competition because they were better than all others. We do not know Mr. O'Connell. We assume that he is one of our oldest inhabitants because his dicta are uttered in the tone and style of one who was on the spot during all the happenings to which he refers. He would be unlikely to assume such an authoritative air were he not convinced that as a witness to the history which he recites he was competent to furnish incontrovertible evidence in support of his utterances. Mr. O'Connell writes as one who would defy contradiction, and it is with considerable trepidation that we dissent not only from some of his premises but from most of his conclusions. The City Hall, as it was known during the quarter of a century occupied in its construction, had its inception in graft, was built on a foundation of graft, was reared in graft and was never free from graft until Harry T. Creswell became City Attorney and William Broderick became Auditor, and then the building was approaching completion. The first note of graft was sounded when the lots in the public domain fronting on Market street were sold ostensibly for the purpose of increasing the City Hall fund. Augustus Laver, the Canadian architect, whose plans were accepted, was one of the shrewdest politicians that ever came to town. Toward the close of his career in this city he was the intimate friend of Chris Buckley, and his personal representative on the City Hall Commission for awhile was Buckley's favorite, Fleet F. Strother, who had a row with Mayor Pond at every meeting of the commission because of the letter's efforts to circumvent Mr. Laver. Laver was the architect of the New York State Capitol, at Albany, the scandalous history of which paralleled the slightly more scandalous history of our City Hall. When Mr. Laver submitted his plans for the City Hall he also submitted an estimate of the cost which was taken into consideration as a factor in the competition. When the concrete foundation of the building was finished it was found that it had cost within about a million dollars of the architects estimated cost of the whole building. Mr. O'Connell tells us that our City Hall is famous. Though we do not profess to be more familiar than Mr. O'Connell with this mongrel language of ours nor more learned in the peerage of words, yet we beg leave to suggest that it would be more accurate to say that our City Hall is notorious. It was surely that even as late as Michael Joseph Kelly's connection with it and it was that slippery contractor by whom was built the southern Larkin street wing, the classic pillars of which excited the rapture of beauty lovers after the fire. Michael Joseph was a City Hall contractor in the days of Mayor Washington Bartlett and how much crooked work he managed to do under that sleepy old gentleman's eyes we do not know, but we do know that the Larkin street wing was completed under Mayor Pond's administration, and that after the canny Michael Joseph, the only man that ever outwitted Dennis Kearny in a financial transaction, removed all the scaffolding and was just about to cash his final demand somebody discovered that the windows were immovable! Michael Joseph very nearly got away with the price of the window-weights. It was in later years that, through a spirit of revenge, a bricklayer created a big sensation by exposing the stuffed walls of the northern Larkin street wing. Who is able to swear at this late day that there were no stuffed walls that escaped detection? Mr. O'Connell tells us that there was no graft because, fortunately, San Francisco always managed to elect an honest mayor and an honest auditor. This is news indeed! We are reluctant to dispute it because the dishonest auditors we have known are dead and we are not informed as to whether their descendants are alive. It would subserve no good purpose to enlighten Mr. O'Connell, but it might cause sorrow and humiliation. However we may safely tell a story. Some years ago San Francisco had an honest but sadly incompetent mayor. The auditor of that administration was one of the foxiest politicians that ever stuffed a ballot box. The City Hall Commission called for bids on a contract for certain fixtures for a certain office. In this instance the commission was not obliged to award the contract to the lowest bidder because there were numerous patents of this particular device, and it was in the discretion of the commission to select from samples the one deemed most suitable. Through one of the Republican bosses a deal was made with the auditor whereby he was to receive several thousand dollars for his vote. Then the auditor went to the simple minded mayor and a tale unfolded. He said that the city attorney had made a corrupt deal with one of the bidders and expected to put it through with the assistance of the mayor's vote. The mayor grew wildly indignant. The auditor suggested that they fool the grafting attorney. The mayor gladly agreed to do so. And he voted with the auditor and never knew how he had been duped. It is not pleasant to disillusion those who are disposed to find virtue where there is none, but we consider it a duty to protect history from distortion. Besides we feel that there is an important lesson to be read in the ruins of the City Hall, and we think it should not be perverted.

Hostility to the Rich

In the June number of the "North American Review" was an article, signed with the initial "X," and entitled "An Appeal to Our Millionaires," which commanded attention because of the sober and conservative character of the medium of publication. The editor assured us that the anonymous author is one of the most profound philosophers in America; but he writes, does this philosopher, very much like a yellow journalist. He sees ominous portents in the hostility of the American people to their plutocrats, and predicts that before long vested rights will no longer avail; in the near future American millionaires will be unable to hold their property unless they have some "moral title" to show. His fears are largely inspired by the advancing tide of socialism. The "Current Literature" for August follows up this warning to our millionaires by asking, "Does it pay to be a rich man in America in these troublous days?" and calls attention to the fact that our captains of industry are being hotly pursued by the servants

of the people. We are told that five of the "most prominent citizens" of Toledo are under sentence to the workhouse for one year because of a conspiracy in restraint of trade through the formation of an ice trust; that in Kansas City two railroad men have been sentenced by a Federal court to terms of four and three months in the penitentiary for giving rebates; that four meat-packers have been fined fifteen thousand dollars each for receiving rebates; that a warrant was issued for the arrest of John D. Rockefeller; that the sugar trust magnates have just escaped imprisonment, but not fines, for receiving rebates; that the United States Steel Company is about to be investigated, and that in several states warfare is being waged against the immoral rich. All of which, in our opinion, merely indicates that there is a pretty strong prejudice in the country against graft. We see no encouragement for socialism in the signs of the times. Because the country is asserting in unmistakable tones its determination that trust funds shall be protected, that common carriers shall not discriminate, that all men shall have an equal chance to do business fairly and squarely, it does not follow that vested rights are to be menaced or that legal title to property is to be disregarded. All that is to be reasonably inferred from current phenomena is that there is popular demand for a day of rigid accounting for evildoers. And that demand should assure the world of our stability and integrity. Unquestionably the nation is entering on a new epoch but the transition from an easy tolerence of special privileges to open hostility to the tyranny of avarice should not enthuse the aimless visionaries of the innumerable socialistic sects that have but one article of faith in common—the futility of government as at present constituted. We have not yet ceased mocking Heaven by affecting reverence for the revelation which asserts that love of money is the root of all evil, and permitting, at the same time, that love to inspire our national policy, but we are gradually abandoning the worship of our millionaires and coming to a realization of their imperfections and their vices. The hostility to wealth, however, is not the hostility of frenzied passion such as mobs exhibit when they think by infection. It is the hostility of sober judgment, directed by a sane and healthy determination to institute the reforms demanded by a righteous public sentiment.

Our Isolated Register

It is a notable fact that twenty-two thousand voters registered for the primary election. It is notable for several reasons, the main one being that most persons have been so industriously attending to matters of more vital interest to themselves that it involved no small sacrifice to spend time in the journey to the Registrar's office. And when we consider the remoteness of that office from the homes of more than half the residents of the city and the meagre facilities for reaching it, we marvel that so large a number of citizens yielded to the promptings of civic zeal. As, under normal conditions it is seldom that more than one-half the voters of the city register for a primary, the probability is that not more than one-third journeyed out to the Mission fastnesses to qualify for the privilege of participating in the selection of delegates to the state conventions. But it is to be earnestly hoped that a better showing will be made before the general election. It is of some importance that a big vote be polled. The population of a city may be pretty accurately estimated on the basis of the vote cast at a general election, and as there have been many false reports published respecting the extent of the hegira from San Francisco, we should avail ourselves of the opportunity to prove that the metropolis of the coast has not fallen into the village class. But we are likely to make a very poor showing if the Registrar's office be kept in the neighborhood of Twin Peaks. Therefore we beg leave to suggest to Mayor Schmitz that he bring it in out of the fog. Its remoteness has subserved Mr. Ruef's purpose to the extent of discouraging his enemies and putting obstacles in their way and now he should be willing to give the city a chance. The mere fact that by keeping the Registrar's office out in the Mission he may reduce the strength of San Francisco in the state conventions below that of Los Angeles does not concern us half so much as the prospect of his giving impetus to the development of a certain coast city at our expense. If Mr. Ruef doesn't care a tinker's imprecation we hope that our commercial bodies will hold communication with the Mayor on the subject. They are, we think, not insensible of its importance.

Our Industrial Strife

These are piping times of strikes and rumors of strikes and threats of more strikes. San Francisco is in the grasp of the labor trust. And yet we see no reason to be greatly alarmed. The labor trust may be a blessing in disguise. If capital is being gouged it will seek a remedy, and the remedy in this instance is more labor, and more labor means an increase of population. The employers of concrete workers and cement finishers being threatened with a strike have combined for the purpose of importing non-union men, and wages being high even though they are below what the unions wish to exact, it will not be difficult to increase the supply of skilled brawn. We are told that union men are justified in demanding higher wages because of the great increase in the cost of living. That is to some extent true, but in some instances the raise demanded is out of proportion with the increase in living expenses. Union men would be content with the ruling rate of wages were they not of the opinion that conditions in the industrial market make the time propitious for a little gouging. They are perhaps justified, however, in applying the law of supply and demand to their case, but when men are found to take their places they must not assume to coerce them into quitting their jobs. Of course if men are to be found willing to work for wages scorned by the unions the circumstance in a measure proves that it was foolish to strike, but the strikers have no right to interfere with the non-union workers as they did last week when some laborers employed by the United Railroads were put to flight. If they can get higher wages without infringing on the rights of others, let them do so, but let it be understood that bullying is tabued. The United Railroads company has been censured for employing armed guards to protect non-union men, but it has been clearly shown that the company would have been guilty of criminal negligence if it had employed non-union men without taking precaution against lawless strikers.

The Hub.
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Correct Autumn Models, positively exclusive, by skilled designers. Notions that please particular dressers. Garments of class. Quite conservative, yet a little different, and difficult to ape.

We can look every one who trades in this shop straight in the face, because we sell quality. That's the only kind of clothes we offer. Count us out on the doctored kind. We're not in the game.

King Solomon's Hall

Fillmore Street, Near Sutter San Francisco

Some Rare Sophistry

Mr. Arthur Brisbane in one of his megaphonic editorials couched in stentorian capitals for which Mr. Hearst pays him one hundred thousand dollars a year, assures us that the country is not prosperous. The mere circumstance that we export many millions of dollars worth of our products every month, he tells us, is not proof of national prosperity. We shall not be prosperous until everybody is well fed and well clad. According to Mr. Brisbane the country that exports its products leaving some of its people in need of clothing and food is like the farmer who does not feed his family, preferring to market his produce. In such reasoning Mr. Brisbane is hardly to be deemed subtly fallacious. We submit that the price of his sophistry is exorbitant. There is no style of type or system of freakish distribution of capitals by which it can be made specious. Even a Brisbane nods. It is hardly necessary to deny that Mr. Brisbane has employed accurate analogy from which to draw the conclusion that the nation is not prosperous. A citizen may, in consequence of bad habits, or a thriftless nature, or through a repellant manner which makes it difficult for him to obtain employment, find himself without sufficient clothing or food; there are many citizens, who from one or all of those causes, are in some measure of distress, but their condition does not indicate that the country is not prosperous. Nor is it possible to conceive of the attainment of such heights of national prosperity as will ensure every person plenty of food and plenty of clothing at all times. Because there are people in need it does not follow that we export too much and that we should keep some at home to assist those in distress. If a farmer kept the market well supplied with produce and didn't feed his family, that circumstance would not be conclusive of his poverty. It would merely indicate that he was hoarding his profits and growing rich. But the nation that does not feed and clothe every citizen in distress may not be justly charged with being like the mean farmer. It is as absurd to deny that this country is prosperous as to assert that our economic or political system is responsible for the little distress that exists. In the United States the wages, opportunities and environment of the laboring class are better than in any other country on the globe. In San Francisco wages are so high that wage-earners employ wage-earners during brief periods of the eight-hour day so that they may be able to spend a little time and money in saloons. Yet we are having strikes every few minutes.

The Scalpel Treatment

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in Philadelphia has started the fashion of having surgical operations performed upon its charges who exhibit criminal tendencies. The idea is not new. The practice was common up to the present generation, but the application of the instrument was at the other end of the body, and parents were expected to be expert operators. A good strap, a slipper sole, or even the tender sprouts of peach and willow were called into requisition, and the necessary seclusion was found in attic, barn or wood shed. Most fathers and mothers found ample opportunity to perfect themselves, and where they failed the school masters were able supplementary agents. No doubt the operations were sometimes too frequent, and less drastic measures would often have sufficed, but the same can be said of all surgical fads. It is generally admitted now that the appendicitis craze was a passing fashion, that many of the operations were unnecessary, and many of the patients operated on were not suffering from the disease. Just now it is the freak of the hour to regard all bad conduct as the effect of brain disease, and everything, from baldness to corns, is to be cured by lifting the lid, as the cook prevents the kettle from boiling over. It is doubtful if there is a really authentic example of the rehabilitation of character by the removing of brain pressure. We had a recent case of experiment in the southern part of this state, where it was expected that a negro youth, a confirmed thief, would be made honest by taking out the bad part, but either there was some mistake about what was done or else the affected area was considerably greater than the experts believed, for as soon as the lad was able to be abroad he was as light-fingered as before. Now he thinks he is entitled to damages because he was not cured. There is only one way to cure bad habits, whether they take the form of criminal acts, breaches of good manners or mere carelessness, and that is by making punishment inevitable. It need not be severe, but it must be certain, and often the more trivial the penalty the sooner the culprit will become tired of having to comply. Many punishments that children regard as a new kind of play when they are first inflicted become most wearisome in their monotonous recurrence, and to escape them, the little recalcitrants will even behave themselves, whereas, severe but spasmodic penalties are disregarded because there is always the possibility that the lightning will not strike, or that the parental heart may be softened by tears or coaxing. The time to begin to train children is with their earliest consciousness, and the inevitability of their punishments should be like that of the burn after the fire or the bruise after a fall—there every time. It is true that whipping did not transform children into angels and that hanging has not exterminated the murderous instinct, but both have done their share toward holding the human animal in check. Surgical operations will not be any more successful and it is doubtful if the day will ever come when we can leave a purse of gold in the road without danger of having it stolen. But the thrashing which came within an hour or so of the malicious mischief or theft was a far more efficacious remedy than the present day coddling and polite lecturing. All children are born lawless, selfish little egotists, and have to have such qualities trained out of them to some extent. Some may be treated in one way and some in another, but the old-fashioned family remedies have never been surpassed.

Easy Compensation

Bride (whispering): Shall I kiss the preacher?
Groom: Yes; let's begin economizing right here.

—The Deacon.

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Clothiers.

Love Lost His Way

Love lost his way one Summer noon,
And at my threshold craved the boon
Of rest and shelter, food and wine.
I bade him share whate'er was mine,
And cheered him with a merry tune.

Content, through all the fragrant June,
He taught me 'neath the golden moon
Forgetfulness of any sign.
Love lost his way.

But when the last late rose was strewn,
And fiercer grew the wind's low croon,
He wearied of my heart's confine,
And vanished where the cross-roads shine;
Then I remembered all too soon.
Love lost his way!

—The Forlorn One.

Perspective Impressions

The true gentleman is quick to apologize to a lady when she is in the wrong.

There are angry wives that may be pacified by even so small a peace offering as an oyster loaf taken home with proper meekness in the small hours of the morning.

To add to our troubles the blackmailing land-grabber has come to the front. One of the purposes of the Vigilance Committee of 1856 was to abate that nuisance.

The law of libel and slander appears to have fallen into innocuous desuetude in San Francisco. It seems to be absolutely impossible to persuade a public official to pursue a detractor in the courts. The Mayor treats the slanderer with contempt. When the Chief of Police is accused he dares the accuser to produce proof. When a Supervisor is charged with being a grafter his stereotyped rejoinder is "You're a liar."

Not satisfied with imitating the Caucasian in industrial matters, the Japs are coming to the front as exponents of our forbidden pastimes. A Japanese masher was arrested in Oakland this week.

A London detractor of Luther Burbank dubs him a beginner and after condemning all his creations tauntingly asks, "Where are his potatoes?" A question much more difficult to answer is, "Where aren't they?"

After a brief experience in the Senate La Follette has come to the conclusion that the Upper House is all right. In his opinion it's the Lower House that doesn't represent the people, being under the dominion of one man.

John D. Rockefeller says that all the hard things that have been said of him have not affected his love of home and country. We believe him. There is no man who can more truthfully say, "This is my own, my native land."



For I am the cook, and the captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig;
And the bo'sun tight and the midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

Warren in Boston "Herald."



DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT

Bryan—The dear old party—she wouldn't have missed me if I had stayed at home.

Dart in the Minneapolis "Journal."

Earthquake Guessing

[A Dialogue.]

By Theodore Bonnet.

Arnold: Speaking about Japs, I see that Professor Omori, en route to the classic shades of the Imperial University of Tokio, vouchsafes the parting information that earthquakes which remove a great unstability of the earth's crust never occur successively at one and the same place.

Milton: Where did you see that?

Arnold: Right here in the morning paper. They say that Omori is a great authority on earthquakes.

Milton: They say so, do they—who are they?

Arnold: Why, everybody. I've read a great deal about him lately. They are quoting him all over the country.

Milton: Professor Omori has been taken somewhat more seriously than he should be on the strength of his seismic lore. And the same is true of most of the scientific gentlemen who, since the recent disturbance, have been disseminating their guesses on the subject of earthquakes. Their guesses are as interesting as most scientific speculation respecting phenomena of the nature of which science is profoundly ignorant.

Arnold: Say, Milton, I know you're a pretty bright fellow. I'm willing to listen to you discourse on some topics—flowers and art, for instance, but I'll draw the line at science. I hope you don't pretend to know more than the scientists about earthquakes.

Milton: Not exactly. I pretend to know only as much as some of them. I am convinced that I know more than some, because I have lived here all my life and I've felt a few earthquakes in my time.

Arnold: Oh, pshaw! But there are men that have made scientific investigations of earthquakes. They know what they're talking about.

Milton: There's where you're wrong again. They don't know what they are talking about. My dear fellow, science has not yet determined whether earthquakes should be studied from the standpoint of geology or from that of astrophysics, and until positive knowledge is obtained as to the domain to which seismology belongs it savors of charlatanism to postulate a scientific basis. Do you follow me?

Arnold: Well, that's going some. I'm not sure that I do.

Milton: Well, in plain English the scientists don't pretend to know for a certainty whether earthquakes are merely the result of disturbances in the earth or whether they are produced by planetary influence. Now that being a fact which even Omori will admit, doesn't it strike you, as a man of ordinary intelligence, that there's been too much parading of conjecture in the guise of logical deduction from undisputed premise?

Arnold: But I don't know that such is the case. This Jap scientist seems to think he knows what causes earthquakes.

Milton: Yes, he thinks he knows, but he wouldn't bet that he knows. His suggestion that a great earthquake removes terrestrial unstability is mere surmise. And that suggestion may do great harm. As, for example, in the matter of associating a certain so-called "fault" along the peninsula with earthquakes in this vicinity, the consequence being that residents along the line of that "fault" have been greatly alarmed. Yet, so far as the scientists know, that "fault" merely marks the line of cleavage between soils. It was produced by an earthquake, but so was the "fault" in front of the postoffice, where there is "made ground." There have been greater earthquakes than the one of April 18th with which no "fault" has ever been associated. The next great shock in California may occur many miles from the line of the "fault" that has received so much attention from the scientists. Indeed there have been great earthquakes on this coast of which there is no physical trace. Professor Omori and all the "fault" pundits base their guesses on the theory that an earthquake is the result of a fracture of the terrestrial crust.

Arnold: And that strikes me as a most reasonable theory.

Milton: But the learned Professor Milne thinks that the San Francisco earthquake was caused by the failure of the earth to swing absolutely true on its axis. That is another way of saying that there must be something in the sun-spot theory. Sir Norman Lockyer, director of solar physical tests at the famous South Kensington Observatory, insists that more energy is coming to the earth this year than at any time during the sun-spot period of thirty-five years and that it produces earthquakes. There are other scientists who hold to the theory that a great mass of ice of tremendous weight at one pole or the other, resulting from the enormous difference in temperature due to sun-spots, has been causing the earth to topple. Many geologists agree that the close relationship between the eruption of Vesuvius and our great earthquake was a mere coincidence. But Sir Norman Lockyer says that the earthquake and the eruption were due to a single cause—sun-spots. This difference of opinion is due to the fact that Sir Norman studies earthquakes from the standpoint of astrophysics while the believers in accidental coincidence study them from the standpoint of geology.

Arnold: Evidently you've been looking up the dope on earthquakes.

Milton: I have.

Arnold: And what's your theory?

Milton: I haven't any. There's only one thing that I'm convinced of and that is there is some influence outside of the earth's crust that produces earthquakes. I am convinced of that because I know there is such a thing as earthquake weather. I know that for several reasons. I have predicted earthquakes within an hour of their occurrence, and I know that in the mining counties of this state earthquakes that toppled chimneys were not felt at a considerable distance below the surface. I also know that big earthquakes are accompanied by electrical phenomena. And by the way, Arnold, a circumstance of some significance that appears to have been overlooked is that earthquakes occurred in various parts of the globe about the time of the earthquake of 1868 just as they have been occurring this year. The earthquake of 1868 occurred on October twenty-first, and it was on the thirteenth of the previous August that the great Peruvian earthquake occurred, with a tidal wave that swept a city to destruction.

Arnold: And what has that to do with the case?

Milton: Nothing much, perhaps. But it's worth while reflecting that we haven't a monopoly of earthquakes, and that when we get them other parts of the world have the sensation. That circumstance might suggest to a shrewd mind the thought that we have simply had a little hard luck in having more than our share of earthquakes, and the possibility of their being more evenly distributed in the future. If there was no direct connection between the earthquake of April 18th and the Vesuvius eruption, perhaps there was none between the April shock and the one of 1868.

Arnold: Well, let us hope so.

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In Old San Francisco

By R. Francis Logan

CHAPTER VI.

[Dealing with the Adventures of Judge "Ned" McGowan in his Flight from the City when Pursued by the Vigilantes.]

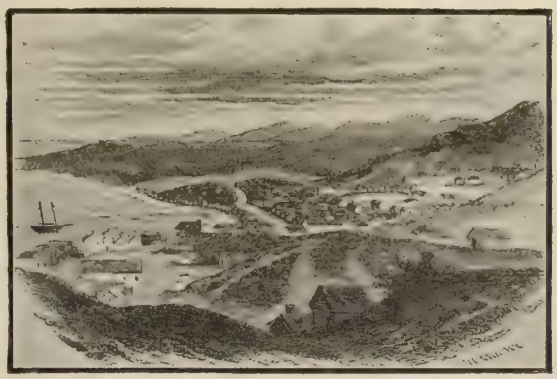
Now you shall learn of some of the deeds that were done in the name of civic duty by the gallant exponents of law and order in the chaotic days of '56. It is not my purpose to disparage the achievements of the Vigilantes. Nor yet is it my intention to palliate their abuse of power. That may be done only upon the theory that the end justifies the means, and that I do not concede. The Vigilantes suppressed the lawless and promoted a healthy public sentiment, but in doing so they were carried to excesses.

At the time of the death of James King of William, Ned McGowan was in hiding in the rooms of a friend. He was in constant communication with friends and when it was decided that he should leave town they supplied him with a large sum of money and also with a knife, a revolver and a pair of derringers. Fifteen minutes after he left the room in which he was concealed the house was surrounded by members of the Vigilance Committee armed with sabres and pistols. He was accompanied by a man who was to lead him to a point where horses were hitched and saddled, but on the way his guide's heart failed from terror at the thought of what might happen in the event of their capture. So McGowan made his way alone to the room of a friend on Commercial street, near Montgomery. The next morning a coroner's inquest was held on the body of James King of William and in the afternoon McGowan was indicted by the grand jury, which was largely composed of Vigilantes.

For ten days McCowan remained in his hiding place in Commercial street, and during that time the whole town was being searched, and his friends were being threatened with banishment if they did not reveal his whereabouts. The search grew so hot that all save one of his friends were afraid to visit him. That one kept him supplied with the daily papers so that he was never in ignorance of the movements of his pursuers. He learned that all the roads leading out of the city were being patrolled night and day by armed horsemen and he felt it would be extremely hazardous to attempt to get into the interior of the state until the vigilance of the enemy was relaxed. But he was eager to increase the distance between his hiding place and the headquarters of the Committee. So he sent word to his friends and they made arrangements to have him secreted in the home of a poor widow living on Dolores street not far from the Mission church. One night he walked out of his hiding place. And thus, in his own narrative, did he describe his appearance on that occasion: "My face, hair and moustachios were blacked with pomatum and shoe blacking, my stomach was drawn in and confined with a pair of French stays, and over my clothes I had an overcoat with a derringer in each pocket. I also had on my slouched hat and a pair of derringers in my pantaloons' pockets, together with a six-shooter and a knife in my belt." He walked up Commercial street to Kearny and out Kearny to Market, meeting several Vigilantes on horseback on the way. "It was not the fear of death," he afterwards wrote, "that made those moments terrible, for death I could face and had faced before. But it was the thought of such a death as awaited me in the event of my capture, and the reflection that myriads of tongues would ring into the ears of my children how ignobly their father died, but none would tell them how unjustly!"

McGowan remained in the house of refuge on Dolores street four weeks during which period he became known as the ubiquitous fugitive, for nearly every day he was reported to have been seen in some part of the interior of the state. Day by day he waited patiently for news of the disbandment of the Committee. He was ready and willing, nay eager, to be tried in a court of justice under the indictment, and he thought that the Committee would soon be suppressed, and that he could then surrender himself to the authorities. But to his great disappointment the Committee grew stronger. Public sentiment had been aroused against all practical politicians on account of their reckless and corrupt handling of the machinery of government. And when Casey was hanged the effect on the community was the same as that which is observed when the spectators have the barbarism of their nature aroused by a prize-ring performance. The primal passions of the primitive Committee, fed by religious prejudices (those were the days of the Know-nothing movement), and by sectional enmities growing out of political rivalry, were not to be assuaged by a single hanging. The demand for McGowan's blood was insistent, and the search for the fugitive never flagged despite the reports from the interior, circulated by his friends to throw the Vigilantes off the scent.

Finally at a conference of the hunted man's friends it was determined to get him out of town. Friday evening, the 27th of June, 1856, was the date fixed for his flight. And



San Francisco, Winter of 1848

that date is memorable for a reason other than that of McGowan's change of scene. That day David Terry, a Justice of the Supreme Court of California, was tried by the Vigilantes for slashing one of their number with a knife. But the man did not die and Terry was not hanged. McGowan left his place of concealment in company with his friend, James Dennison, an old resident of the Mission, who had married into one of the wealthy Spanish families, and Ramon Valencia, a scion of the family after whom Valencia street was named. They started from Mission Dolores and rode to Dennison's rancho at Half Moon Bay in San Mateo county, a pretty rough trip, especially as they had to keep off the main road. The following night Dennison selected six of his best ponies and the journey was resumed, the objective point being the southern border line of the state. By easy stages they traveled, stopping at the homes of Spaniards with whom Dennison and Valencia were acquainted, and at these McGowan was introduced as a Catholic priest. They kept away from such towns as Santa Cruz and San Jose because the whole state was taking a lively interest in the chase and the Vigilantes had sympathizers in every village. About fifteen miles from Santa Cruz they came to the hacienda of the Castro family, to which the famous Castro ranch belonged. Here McGowan had his first introduction to the atmosphere

(Continued on Page 33.)

The Spectator

The Omnipotent Hayes Brothers

Charles M. Shortridge is once more girding himself for the fray. He is getting ready to beard the lion in his den, the Hayes brothers in their bailiwick, and all the Santa Clara valley is steaming with expectation. The Hayes brothers are not mythical personages, as some may imagine, because of their incredible emanation from an apocryphal iron mine. It is true that their coming was unheralded and their arrival merely rumored, but there is nothing fabulous about their subsequent grip on the sylvan vales of Santa Clara. They took possession of the country in the name of the iron mine a Golconda situated somewhere between Mars and the Pleiades. Nobody has ever seen the mine, but lots of people have felt the radium of it which is most active when the election booths are open for business. At first the coming of the Hayes brothers was regarded in San Jose as providential, for the family undertook to bring the community in closer touch with a supreme being. To facilitate this pious enterprise they bought the leading morning and leading evening newspaper and then took charge of the machinery of the municipal government after which "Red" Hayes decided to go to Congress and "Black" Hayes decided to confer a favor on the whole state by becoming Governor. Meanwhile the Santa Clara valley looked on with bated breath, and hardly dare call its soul its own. The Hayes brothers constituted themselves the shepherds of the flock and permitted nobody to worry about how things should be run. But there was one black sheep in the fold and he caused a lot of trouble. It was Charley Shortridge, who decided to run for Senator without getting permission from the Hayes brothers, and though they tried to discipline him the iron mine lost its magnetic influence.

His Announcement

Finding that Shortridge was incorrigible the iron magnates changed their tactics. They proceeded to pet him and lo! he became exceedingly docile. But Charley is a moody rogue. Just as the good shepherds thought that they had him trained to eat out of their hands he became obstreperous. And now he is inciting the whole flock to rebellion. The old newspaper fever has returned and Charley is getting ready to turn things topsy-turvey in the Santa Clara valley. The other day he issued this bulletin:

TO THE PEOPLE OF SANTA CLARA COUNTY:

To All Who Love Liberty, Particularly The Liberty Of Speech And Of Press—To All Who Hate Monopoly—Particularly The Monopoly of Journalism—And To All Who Believe In Truth And Fair Play In Publishing All The News All The Time Without Regard To Faction Or Creed Or Politics Or Party:

Then follows the announcement that he has perfected arrangements for the publication of a daily morning paper in San Jose. It is to be conducted by a corporation capitalized for one hundred thousand dollars. It will have the Hearst news service. The machinery has been purchased and is en route to San Jose. The paper will be known as the "Morning Times."

Hot Shot at the Enemy

Here are some excerpts from the Shortridge prospectus in characteristic flamboyant style:

The "Morning Times" will be the paper of the plain people; No great corporation, or rich man, or aggregation of rich men will own a controlling interest in its stock or its columns. Money is necessary to the publication of the modern newspaper, and money has been and is being provided; but in the main "The Morning Times" will be the paper of the plain, common people of this community. They will own its stock. They will be its subscribers and advertisers, and it will be their mouthpiece and friend: This is a crying need of this community; to have a newspaper which will give every man, every church, every interest and every faction a fair and equal chance of getting the news as it is, and the truth as it appears to him, or them, before the public through the medium of the daily press. "The Morning Times" will do certain things in and for this community which its people need to have done very badly, and need to have done now. Here are some of the things it will do: "The Morning Times" will put an end to that monstrous outrage and extortion by which our merchants have been compelled to buy advertising space in the "Evening Parrot," which they didn't want, in order to get advertising space in the "Morning Monopoly," which they had to have. That will cease. "The Morning Times" will help to restore freedom to the people of Santa Clara county—freedom from the overshadowing influence of one rich family: The freedom of men to seek office for themselves or for their friends without being compelled to "Crook the pregnant hinges of their knees that thrift may follow fawning:" The freedom and right of the plain, ordinary citizen, without regard to his race or wealth or business or condition in life, to seek happiness in his own way freely, so long as he accords to his neighbor the same right and privilege. "The Morning Times" will stand and fight for these old fashioned ideas of individual liberty as the constitutional right and heritage of every American citizen.

His Weekly Hustings

Meanwhile David is getting his pebbles ready and by way of giving the people a foretaste of the pyrotechnics in store for them, he unburdens himself every Tuesday evening of a choice selection of ciceronic periods in the open air. He mounts the rostrum at 8 o'clock sharp on West Santa Clara avenue near the electric tower, and there is always a large attendance when the Shortridge opes his mouth. "At these meetings," he announced in his circular, "I will report the latest news regarding "The Morning Times;" also, using freely letters and telegrams from men and women throughout the State of California,—and from all such local people as may desire that their names be given. Every man and woman in this Valley may be assured,—positively assured,—that I will not use their name to any human being, if they request

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me not to do so. I am the enemy of no man; I seek to harm no man, and hope to do good, and battle for high principles and noble purposes." Shortridge will unquestionably do something more than contribute to the gayety of the Santa Clara Valley, for the people are bound to take seriously an effort to break down the Hayes autocracy.

A Clark Boom

To add to the anxieties of the Hayes brothers somebody in San Mateo county with a high respect for a ductile leg has started a congressional boom for Charley Clark, probably upon the theory that it would add to the prosperity of the Fifth district if a contest could be arranged between the Montana copper mines of the Clark family and the mysterious iron mine of the Hayes family. It might be urged in behalf of young Mr. Clark that he inherited his statesmanship qualities, being a son of the Senator Clark whose election to the Senate is said to have cost a very large fortune. If Charley Clark should be seized with political ambition it would be hard to stop him from going to Congress for he surely has the price. But Charley is not a spendthrift. He is not to be tracked by the nickels he drops.

Odd Mrs. Owang

The reporters by whom was narrated the story of the Chinese Vice-Consul's attempt to have his wife committed to an asylum had not the faintest inkling to the romantic interest attached to the personality and career of that little mongolian woman. Mrs. King Owang is no commonplace Chinese. On the contrary she is the oddest slant-eyed beauty that ever graced a diplomatic function at the home of the representative of her Imperial Highness in the old Chinese quarter. Lily King, as she is known to her white friends, is Chinese in everything but temperament and taste and in those she is irrevocably European. She acquired both at an American seminary and they were indelibly impressed upon her nature. She was not born in China, as the dailies have asserted, but in Grass Valley, where her father, Lin Loy, was a merchant, one of the pioneers of the county, who accumulated a large fortune. In childhood she associated with the white children in the neighborhood of her home, and attended a public school and when she grew up she induced her father to send her to a ladies' seminary where she acquired all the accomplishments that distinguish graduates of finishing schools. In her teens it was her ambition to marry a white man, but as she afterwards said, "I came to San Francisco and carried off the catch of the Chinese colony." King Owang was then a young man who had shortly before graduated from an American university, and he was very proud of his talented and pretty wife, but it was not long before differences arose. Mrs. Owang had a penchant for French bonnets and the daintiest of American bonnets and never clad herself in Oriental garb except on state occasions when she played hostess at the consulate. And to those functions she always invited her old school chums and devoted most of her attention to them. As a consequence she was not popular in Chinatown. The Chinese resented her fondness for American fashions and the customs of the white devils. She was seldom seen on the street with her husband, the reason being that she disliked being seen with a man who wore the Chinese costume. But her escort on many occasions was a young Chinese college chum of her husband, who donned a frock coat. He frequently accompanied her to the American theatres, but she preferred to attend the matinees with her girl friends and she became quite an ardent worshipper of handsome actors whose praises she loved to sing.

She Was Once a Fad

The Owangs lived in the old Pioche residence on Stockton street which was the Chinese consulate, but Mrs. Owang spent a deal of time visiting in the Western Addition. She was an enthusiastic amateur photographer and went about very often with her camera. At one time it was quite a fad among Americans to meet Mrs. Owang, or Mrs. King as she preferred to be called, because she had such a pleasing manner and entertained so sumptuously. At the time of the World's Fair she was one of a select party of Americans that made the trip via Banff. It was thought advisable to obtain a passport for her, for though she was native born the party wished to avoid complications crossing the border. In this connection an amusing incident occurred. When the party were re-entering this country the inspector, in quest of the lady of Mongolian descent, passed by Mrs. Owang and picked out a little lady of French ancestry as the "Chinawoman," which contretemps occasioned much embarrassment. Some time ago the little woman took up the study of medicine, her purpose being to benefit the women of her race. Always an enthusiast she pursued her self-appointed task with such zeal and energy that her health broke down under the strain. Never very strong she began to exhibit symptoms of tuberculosis and suffered several hemorrhages. It was then that she began to have recourse to stimulants and the result was most unfortunate. Today she is a pathetic wreck. Her many friends of former days will no doubt grieve to learn of the sad ending of what once promised to be a brilliant career.

To Enter Her Marble Palace

Though "Our Birdie," (Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, Jr.) is now in possession of that famous house of mirth, otherwise known as Marble House, the Newport palace in which Mrs. "Ollie" Belmont queened it in the days when she was the wife of the senior Willie K. Vanderbilt, it is rumored, writes one of my correspondents, that it is soon to be the scene of a grand ball to be given by her mother-in-law. This famous house is owned by Mrs. Belmont. It was transferred to her at the time of the divorce which was so speedily followed by her marriage to her present husband. The old feud between Mrs. Belmont and the powerful family of her first husband has in no degree abated during the flight of years, and it is said that she still finds great pleasure in reminding them that she enjoys great social prestige as the mother of the Duchess of Marlborough. It is to honor the Duchess that the ball, so it is said, will be given. Mrs. Belmont has not played hostess within the marble walls of her old home since her divorce.

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The Panegyrics of Great Men

Bill Nye once referred to the dictionary as "the brainy but disconnected flights of Noah Webster." Similar jocular remarks have been made about city directories and other compendiums; but it has remained for the Greater San Francisco Association to issue a directory of San Francisco that contains besides an uninteresting lot of names a preface that will make a copy of this book, listed at a dollar now, of biographical value in the years to come. The historian of fifty years hence, digging through the files of our daily papers for data regarding the memorable year of 1906, will read Reagan's letter to Schmitz, and will conclude that Schmitz was a great and terrible villain. He will read editorials calling upon the mayor to prosecute Reagan for libel—and he will probably seek in vain for any account of the mayor having done so. He will probably conclude that Schmitz was a politician of the type that, of course, will be extinct by that time. Then he will run across this pioneer directory, and he will read in the remarkable preface that Schmitz's conduct "has stamped him one of the great men of the nation and endeared him to the whole people of California as a man we may all well be proud of." And this historian will be mightily puzzled; and he will say to himself, "Can it be that this directory was issued by a Schmitz political bureau?" He will be further puzzled at the laudation of Abe Ruef. If he is a painstaking historian he will have written chapter after chapter telling of the career of this remarkable man—of his domination of the whole city, his acuteness, his shrewdness, of the fact that though he was accused on every hand of graft, he was always able to escape specific charges and prosecution. Then will come this directory and upset all his labor; for he will find that "The wide-brained, able counselor of the mayor, the dynamic Abraham Ruef, whose sleepless activity energized all the committees to whom had been entrusted the work of restoration, has proved himself indeed the friend of the people. All classes, parties and partisans unanimously concede praise to him."

One of the "Also Rans"

The climax will come when the historian is working on the Phelanalia of his book. He will know of course that Phelan is a political enemy of Schmitz. He will read of the Devine banquet, where refugees by the hungry thousands gathered and made mock of what was going on within. He will put a new ribbon in his typewriter and thump the keys vigorously as he tells of the alleged mismanagement of the relief fund. And then will come the directory again, telling in the chapter that lauds Schmitz and Ruef, that "The disaster brought out latent qualities and developed greatness in many of our citizens who have risen to the occasion, notably ex-Mayor James D. Phelan," who, we are told, forgot all his losses and unselfishly gave his whole time to the distribution of the relief fund. At about this stage of the game, attempted deductions will drive the historian insane, and the history of San Francisco in 1906 will not be written.

The Spreckels Home to Go

A great deal has been said about the courage and stoicism of San Franciscans in the face of overwhelming disaster, but there is another remarkable phenomenon which has provoked no comment. I refer to the successful suppression of sentimental emotion among our plutocrats as evidenced by their alacrity in surrendering their homes to business firms in the interest of trade. Some of our rich citizens have given fine examples in civic patriotism by sacrificing their palaces on the altar of commerce. To be sure they are getting high rents but it was no mercenary motive that prompted them to transform their homes into stores. One of the last of the Van Ness avenue palaces to be put on the market is the Spreckels brown stone, the palace that was built for Emma Spreckels before she thought of marrying Tom Watson. It was offered to John Tait of Tait's Cafe, for two thousand dollars a month and he accepted the offer, intending to fit the mansion up as one of the most sumptuous restaurants in the country. As soon as it was learned that he was to become Spreckels's tenant, there was a great demand for ground space along the Van Ness avenue frontage and in a short time he had agreed to sub-let sufficient space to produce an income of $2,200 a month. Meanwhile he was having an estimate made of the cost of repairing the building and his architect found that it could not be put in proper condition for less than thirty thousand dolltrs. Tait called the deal off, but as his present quarters are not sufficiently commodious, he is having a roof-garden built alongside the old Wallace home on the avenue. It will extend over the roofs of the buildings on the south side and will have a seating capacity of two hundred; and it will be connected with the main restaurant. Judging from the architects' plans this roof-garden will surpass in magnificence anything in the cafe line that the city has ever seen.

Their Mission Mansions

Claus Spreckels did not dispose of his old homestead on Howard street near Eighteenth when he removed to his Van Ness Avenue palace, and now that earthquake, fire and dynamite have had their way with the latter, he has renovated and refurnished the older dwelling for residence purposes. The former home of John D. Spreckels, at the corner of Twenty-first and Howard streets, was also unharmed, but it was long ago sold and is now the Franco-American hospital. Still another erstwhile Spreckels home, that of Gus, on the opposite side of the street from the John D. house, also escaped disaster, as well as the one time home of W. D. Whittier, at Twentieth and Howard streets, which has been permitted to deteriorate for years past, most of the once extensive grounds are now occupied by flats, the garden has been neglected, the fence is dilapidated and the mansion rented as an apartment house. There is nothing sadder to contemplate than the fallen fortunes of a once pretentious dwelling. When the decay is in the course of nature, that kindly mother covers the ravages of time with mosses and vines, and the hanging shutters, the crumbling doorsteps, the weatherbeaten walls still retain something of their dignity, but when the human kind

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assist and the building is turned over to tenants intent only on getting all they can out of the shell while it stands, each leaving it worse than he found it, the effect is pitiful. No doubt the march of improvement Missionward will demand that an eligible corner be given over to business of some kind and the poor old house, the ghost of its former splendor, will disappear entirely. Peace to its memory. It is now but a troubled spectre uneasily waiting its summons to depart.



Arthur Brisbane

This young gentleman is the highest salaried journalist in the world. He heads the Hearst staff. He is officially designated Managing Editor of the New York Evening Journal, but his editorial utterances are addressed to the millions of readers of the Hearst papers, for they are published in all of them. He has at least one editorial freaked and illustrated in every Sunday "Examiner," and during the week whenever you see an editorial containing more capitals than George Ade ever dared to scatter through one of his fables in slang you may feel assured that it is Brisbane's. It is thus that he expresses himself at the top of his voice. His favorite topics are the Insolence of Wealth, the Rights of Labor, the Failure of our Government, the Futility of the Ballot Box, the Virtue of the Tipping System, and the Viciousness of the Liquor Traffic. His aim is to provoke discussion and attract attention to the Hearst papers and he is unquestionably a great spectacular success.

Pardee and the Popular Test

Governor Pardee has about reached the conclusion that the people of California are a most unappreciative lot. I should not be surprised if he announced shortly, in disgust, that he had decided not to seek renomination and would be satisfied if the state convention adopted a perfunctory resolution endorsing his Administration. The cards seem to have been stacked against the Governor. The prospect is so different from what his lieutenants led him to expect that it would not be surprising if he should suspect that he was the victim of the double-cross. A few weeks ago the Governor was saying that he knew he was not wanted by the politicians, but that it pleased him to be cognizant of the pee-pul's devotion. He relied cheerfully on the popular demand for his renomination. But he hearkened in vain for the dulcet clamor. Then he concluded that the farmers were in a state of abstraction owing to the floods and other things, so he sent out his glad-handers to arouse them. The first test of his popularity was made in Kings county. There his personal friend, Dr. Musgrave, went about shouting for Pardee. He gave notice that he was going to the State Convention to vote for Pardee. Dr. Musgrave is a popular man in King's county and the county convention made him chairman of the Committee on Platform. He was very active on the floor of the convention and he was telling everybody about his loyalty to Pardee. As a consequence the farmers turned against him and when he ran for delegate to the State Convention he was beaten by a vote of fifty-three to thirty-two. The second test of Pardee's popularity was made in Kern county, which his lieutenants claimed by right of discovery. There his orators arose in the convention and demanded that the delegates be instructed for Pardee. They were turned down by such an overwhelming vote that the secretary was ashamed to announce it. Next came the melancholy slaughter in Mendocino when the Pardee push from the Asylum joined the Down and Out Club. Last week the pee-pul of Monterey county were given a chance to proclaim their undying devotion to the Oakland doctor. But they seemed so lukewarm that his representatives decided to ask politely that they be permitted to name just a few Pardee delegates, and this small favor they were emphatically denied. Meanwhile Congressman Gillett has been making out such a strong case that now all the wise politicians are betraying great eagerness to get aboard the band-wagon.

The Judicial Jobs

There are candidates galore for the appellate court, but Judge Van Fleet, who has been reported an aspirant, is not one of them. Several of the superior judges would like to be promoted, and judges Hall and Harrison expect to hold their jobs. Hall's chances are somewhat dubious, the reason being that he was formerly Guy Earl's partner. Earl is one of Governor Pardee's most active lieutenants. The politicians are laughing at Earl, by the way, because of his disappointment at the failure of his brother, Edwin Earl, proprietor of the Los Angeles "Express," to support Pardee in that paper. The neutral attitude of brother Edwin is due to the fact that it is not the part of wisdom for a Los Angeles paper to boom the Alameda doctor.

Henshaw's Message to Pardee

The Pardee-Henshaw feud has taken an amusing turn. Some weeks ago Governor Pardee, whose choler frequently transports him from sound judgment and who has never been able to weed the passion of revenge from his nature, was elated over the prospect of putting Justice Henshaw on the shelf. When he entered into a combination with Judge Harry Melvin, the singing Elk, he felt that it was tantamount to giving Henshaw his quietus. As it did not seem likely that the distinguished jurist, who had moved from Oakland to San

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Mateo, could expect the support of the Alameda delegation, Governor Pardee wanted to know where Henshaw was to look for votes. "Where is he going to get a delegation?" the Pardee lieutenants were asking. Now Justice Henshaw wants to know where Pardee's delegation is coming from. The Alameda delegation will vote for him but it is not his delegation to trade with. Indeed he has no absolute cinch on the votes of the delegation, for only a week or two ago he was notified, I am told, by certain members of the delegation, that if a fight were made against Henshaw they would kick over the traces, vote for the jurist and decline to vote for his enemy. To make the story complete I should relate that some of the Pardee gladhanders called on Justice Henshaw intent on restoring the entente cordiale. "The Governor does not feel unfriendly," they said. "He does not intend to make a fight against you."

"Indeed!" Justice Henshaw rejoined. "Well let him not be deceived as to my intentions. I intend to make a fight against him. I hope to assist in his defeat."

And the magnetic jurist is not an antagonist to be lightly regarded. He has many warm friends throughout the state, and he will control a good many votes in the convention. He will have the support of San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Mateo.

Miller Among the Mormons

Joaquin Miller visited Salt Lake last week and while there talked over old times with his friend Editor Goodwin. Of the interview Mr. Goodwin writes: "Joaquin Miller is just a kid. He swore to that in the presence of the editorial 'we,' and we were bound to believe him. However he thinks he is developing because the biggest check he ever received was from the 'Century' last month, and if his conversation counts for aught in forty or fifty years from now he may have the instincts of a real poet. By the way, he took his boots off in our office, remarking as he pulled a flash roll from his sock, that he'd show the boys something about banking. Mr. Miller entertained us the best he could. We did the same for him, but we think we were a failure because when we asked him how he liked Salt Lake he said, 'I think when I die I'll come here to live.' Mr. Miller has the true spirit of newspaperdom because when he saw his poem regarding San Francisco, which appeared in the 'Sunset Magazine,' and the things that had happened to it at the hands of the compositor, he raved like a real poet. Having come in contact with some of Mr. Miller's pyrography which in English is called writing, we scarcely blame the San Francisco magazine." While in Salt Lake the poet added another verse to his poem which he gave to Editor Goodwin. This is the verse:

One single city, Empress, bride,
The pride of all our sounding seas.
The Nation's bride, the Nation's pride,
Her thousand banners to the breeze.
This pulsing, soulful, perfect bay,
The heart of San Francisco—Yea
Build East, build West, build as you may
This soul is San Francisco Bay.

Why Otis Hates the Governor

Harrison Grey Otis is still hammering away at Governor Pardee in the Los Angeles "Times." The General is a good hater and a hard hitter. His hatred of Pardee was aroused when the Governor ignored his request for the appointment of Steve Kelly to the Bank Commission. It was not much of a favor for the editor of the most influential journal in the south to ask, but Pardee turned it down. What cared he for journalistic influence? But perhaps if he had a chance to appease the wrath of the ferocious editor, to propitiate the enemy that longs to qualify him for the Down and Out Club, he would leap for it as the trout does for the fly. At this moment he would probably be willing to let Otis name the

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whole Bank Commission if that courtesy would turn away the wrath of the man who is now fulminating jibes and jeers against him.

The Snobs of the Capitol

A young matron just back from Washington has been telling me of some of her experiences there—experiences tending to indicate that in spite of its being the capital of a democratic country, Washington is money mad and position mad. To have money is to be respected; to live across the street from a secretary is to be looked upon with awe. "I found this out," she said, "when I started to look for a boarding place. In total ignorance of the town, I first went to Massachusetts avenue, where the houses looked very nice. I picked out a place that appeared to be about what I wanted, and asked to look at rooms. The landlady showed me a front suite, very plainly furnished. I was rather doubtful whether it was as good as I wanted, and asked her the price. The sum she mentioned staggered me. 'Isn't that rather high?' I inquired. 'Not for Northwest,' she said. 'Why, a secretary lives right across the street'—and she launched into a catalogue of the other secretaries and celebrities who lived in the neighborhood. 'From this window,' she continued, 'you can see people going in and out, and can even observe the texture and cut of the ladies' gowns. You can attend their public receptions, leaving your cards, and often get their cards in return.' I wasn't a bit impressed. I told her that I didn't look upon secretaries as such exalted beings that there was any particular advantage in living across the street from them. She looked at me in pity, and said: 'Where you belong, my dear madam, is Northeast.' I ventured to inquire the social status of Northeast. 'That,' she said, 'is a section of the town the other side of the capital, where board is much cheaper than it is here, and where people live who consider what they have to eat of more importance than their neighbors.' I immediately went Northeast, and lived there all the time I was in Washington without suffering any discomfort whatever. But I found that the residents of that part of town were extremely envious of the Northwesters, and gossiped eternally of their doings. A San Francisco friend called on us while we were there, and my husband and I introduced him to some of the boarders. They paid no particular attention to him until my husband, who is a great wag, quietly passed the word around that he owned a block of land in the unburned district of San Francisco. After that they fell all over each other to be nice to him, and spoke of him with deep respect for days after he went away."

The Bone of Contention

It is evident that San Francisco will never know peace and quiet while a dollar of the relief fund remains unexpended. It will be a rallying point for the disgruntled, a temptation to half-hearted workers to precipitate strikes, an excuse to charge fraud and graft, and a drawback to the up-building of the city. The latest movement is the unionizing of the refugees, many of whom make no secret of their declaration that they do not intend to work while "our money" lasts. Evidently there will be refugees and dependents as long as there is anything to be got by keeping up a show of destitution, and evidently, too, there is no plan which will meet with the approval and co-operation of those whose sole object and intention is to remain pensioners. There are now upwards of twenty-thousand indigents on our hands, a large army, and a good sized community of themselves, yet work is plentiful and wages at the highest notch. Hod carriers can command more than twice the wages of clerks and there is work in sight for years to come, while other tradesmen get almost their own prices. Women are not quite so fortunate, but even for them there is plenty. From now till the beginning of January they can find easy work at remunerative rates in the hop fields the orchards and the fruit driers. The question of clothing is practically negligible, and the hardships of camping out not worse than tent life in the city parks, with the additional satisfaction of independence and a chance to save, yet there is no rush for the work. There was no definite understanding as to how the relief funds were to be expended, but it was left to the judgment of those in charge to do what was most urgent. When it was first proposed that the money be spent in part in the building of homes those who were determined to see it all go in food and clothing, set up a howl. Some of them are still yelping like a pack of coyotes, on the same key, while others are devoting their energies to objecting to every locality that is selected and every style of shelter that is proposed. It would be cheaper to load every dollar of the fund and every pound of provisions upon barge and tow it out beyond the Heads to be sunk in the ocean than to encourage this disreputable spirit of bickering and fault-finding and make a spectacle for all the world to gaze upon. If the world had been less generous to us in our distress we would have been up and doing before now.

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Miss Michelson, Survivor

Miriam Michelson, whose new book, "Anthony Overman," is just out, has been asked to deliver a course of lectures to a class in journalism at the University of Missouri. The "Bookman," which prints a new portrait of the author, refers to Miss Michelson as "a survivor of the San Francisco disaster," as though to have escaped without annihilation were an unique experience. There seems to be a general impression that the loss of life in San Francisco during the three fateful days was something appalling. The fact is there were fewer deaths, direct and traceable to the earthquake and fire than were caused by the burning of the Iroquois theatre in Chicago, and just about half as many as were brought about by the ill-fated excursion on the "Slocum" in New York. In one case only a comparatively small portion of the whole population of Chicago was affected and in the other, only the members of one church congregation, while in San Francisco no one was entirely safe from danger of accident.

Keeping Berkeley Awake

The even tenor of life in staid, somnolent, conventional Berkeley has been somewhat disturbed of late, I am told, by the colony of pleasure-lovers from this side of the bay. In the past, the curfew was usually sounded in the university town about 9 p. m. The stillness of the tomb reigned an hour or two later. It is not so now. The honors due "the shank of the evening" are fully accorded by the immigrants from across the bay, and the Berkeleyites have not yet fully made up their minds whether they like it or not. Some do. Some do not. That popular pastime, the Welsh rarebit party, which never convenes before 11 p. m. retains its popularity with the joyful San Franciscans, and that stage of the post-rarebitian period commonly reached about 1 a. m. has not served to promote the erstwhile stillness of the sleepy town. Recently there was a jolly party in the studio of a well-known artist who has established himself in Berkeley. It did not gather, of course, until about 11 p. m. At 1 a. m. it was just where it should be. Then the landlord butted in. That was some days ago. That the spirit of nocturnal enjoyment is growing in Berkeley may be inferred from the fact that the same landlord is now reconciled to 3 a. m. as a good-night hour, and there are others. Indeed, some of the aborigines of Berkeley—at least the younger contingent—are even so daring as to accept with glee the invitations to the owl parties, which promise to be increasingly popular. As a seat of learning Berkeley holds well up to standards. Her inhabitants are apt scholars. They have good teachers.

They Barred Her Art

I am told that not long ago a weird and grewsome story was stalking like a fretted ghost the corridors of the women's clubs of Oakland—a story to frighten the fearful souls of gentle women gathered in the haunting glow of the club inglenook as trembling children are frightened at the hearthside when the grand-dame mumbles a tale of malevolent fairies and the banshee that howls when the wicked seneschal is dying in the devil's turret of the bad baron's bat-infested castle. It is related that the president of one of these clubs proposed to bring to a banquet of the club a noted singer, and amid cheers and hand-clapping the motion was carried unanimously. Then came the announcement of the name of the singer, the name that a woman wears; and again the hall resounded to the sound of glad approval. Finally it was revealed that the color of the unfeathered nightingale was dark, darker than Cleopatra's swarthy brow, darker than a twilight in Timbuctoo, as dark as the lobe of an Ethiop's ear where hung the rich jewel—a gem of price upon the cheek of night. This time the promise of a concord of sweet sound from the throat of melody did not evoke the glad tumult so loudly, but the patter of approval was still encouraging, and the president thought she saw night's candle's burning out and jocund day standing tiptoe on the misty mountain tops. Alas! 'twas the False Dawn—some meteor that the sun exhales; for when she mentioned, as a matter of course, that the colored lady would expect to be an honored guest entitled to eat cake and drink sweet waters with the white ladies, there was silence and dismay over all that multitude of women, not one of whom that would not, in theory, assert the equality of all born of woman be they brown as leaf that withers on Lebanon's cedared slope, yellow as Yangtsze's flood in July, or black as Congo's jungle when it is midnight under Cancer: but to sit above salt with any of these! Oh, no! Theory is a beautiful thing in the "carefully prepared club paper," but in practice it is not a club lady's wish to sit at meat with a negress. So there you are; and the story stalked like a fretted ghost among the club women of Oakland frightening them with its awful portent of evil; for there be folk in Oakland that laugh sardonically at the intellectuals of the club who go about deep-freighted with prejudice and convention though flaunting high the pretense of intellectual freedom and shouting the slogan of the schools wherein it is declared that genius and art and culture are superior to race, color and birth. So it happens that there was no nightingaling at that Oakland woman's club festival.

When Belligerents Meet

The unfriendliness that exists between Alecendro de la Guardia, consul for Panama, and Jorge Feran, consul for Colombia—a feeling that is the outcome of the recent tilt at arms between the two countries—led to an amusing complication shortly after the fire. Part of the duties of the consuls is to prepare invoices of shipments of goods sent to their countries. Their offices were all burned out, so the

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Pacific Commercial Museum, wh[illegible]a suffered a like fate, put at their disposal its emergency quarters—a tent at the entrance to the Merchants' Exchange Building. Consuls for the different countries took advantage of the offer; and it happened that one day the consul for Colombia and the consul for Panama met there together, each with important work to do. The tent was small, so they had to sit "side by each" at the same table. Without speaking, they were extraordinarily polite to each other, using the one mucilage bottle without clash, and with dumb show each protesting his desire not to discommode the other. It was an uncomfortable half hour. The consul for Panama finished his work first, and with a deep bow, which was returned by his enemy, he grabbed a hat and left the tent. But unfortunately he took not his own hat, but that of Senor Feran—a fact that Senor Feran discovered when he prepared to go. Then there was an explosion followed by a voluble declaration on the part of the consul for Colombia that he would not put upon his diplomatic head a hat that had covered the head of the consul of Panama, He demanded his own hat forthwith. "Have it brought to me that I may—what you call it?—dis-fumigate it," he exclaimed. An office boy was sent on the trail of the consul for Panama, but he could not be found. It looked as though the consul for Colombia would have to go across the bay bareheaded, when Herbert Furlong, director of the Museum, came to the rescue by letting Feran have his own hat, while he wore the despised sombrero of Senor de la Guardia.

Lucien Young's Promotion

Gallant, popular Lucien Young is receiving the congratulations of his friends on promotion a few days ago from the rank of Commander to that of Captain in the Navy. He now has but one higher rank before him—that of Rear-Admiral. It is but a few months since Captain Young was the target of the notorious "Navy ring" in Washington, which sought, but vainly, to lay upon his shoulders the blame for the disastrous explosion last summer upon the gunboat "Bennington," which was commanded by Young at the time. That the Navy Department feels that an error was made is now manifest, for it has hastened to send to Captain Young a flattering letter in which it compliments him upon his meritorious work in saving property during the recent conflagration. Captain Young was in El Monterey apartments at the time of the fire, and he did valiant work in rescuing both lives and property. It is reported that Young will be placed in charge of the naval recruiting depot in this city when Captain Thomas S. Phelps, the present officer in charge, assumes command of the new cruiser "California," for which billet he is slated. The naval recruiting depot has been closed since the fire, but is about to be reopened, a search for suitable quarters being now in progress.

Naval Men Retired

Californians will be surprised to learn of the recent retirement from active service of Lieutenant Commander Theodore C. Fenton, John P. McGuinness and A. C. Dieffenbach, of the Navy. There are few officers in the service so well-known on the Pacific Coast as "Stick'em" Fenton, "Pete" McGinness and old "Diffy." They have spent much time in and around San Francisco, particularly Fenton, who was for a long time in command of the torpedo-boats "Preble" and "Perry," on this station. These officers retire with the rank of the next higher grade, that of Commander, but they are at all times liable to a call back to active duty in time of war, or in time of great emergency. Another notable retirement of the past month was that of Lieutenant-Commander B. W. Wells. Wells will be remembered as the young officer who came into prominence at the time of the investigation into the misconduct of Schley during the Spanish War. He was one of the most sensational witnesses and it is rumored that his retirement was quite acceptable to a certain clique in Washington.

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Ashton Stevens' Condition

The latest news from the summer resort where Ashton Stevens has been taking the rest cure for two months is not at all comforting to his friends. Though the brilliant and popular critic is said to be convalescing, his vitality is far from restored, and his recuperative powers have proved far from adequate to the ordeal. When Stevens went away his nervous system was severely shattered, and for a time his condition seemed hopeless, but he rallied and slowly improved. A long time, however, must yet elapse before he will be able to get back to work.

The Poetic Industry

The French poets have risen in a body to demand a "Grand Prix de Rome" for their cult as well as for the painters, sculptors and musicians. It is not the diploma, the actual award that they want so much as it is official recognition. M. Sully Prudhomme, honorary president of the Poets Francaise, has taken preliminary steps toward the attainment of the object, and as there are some fifty thousand French poets, it is not unlikely that they may gain something, if not all that they ask for. It is possible that poetry, as a form of literary expression, is dead, but evidently the poets are not, and France is to be congratulated that her fifty thousand do not all publish a volume every year. Several years ago M. Sully Prudhomme was the recipient of the Nobel prize, and he expressed a determination to devote the greater part of it to the encouragement of the production of poetry. From his experience it seemed as if there was a misunderstanding and that the idea had gone abroad that he was desirous of supporting impecunious poets, for they besieged him by letter and in person, and through the appeals of every one supposed to have a "pull" with him. Poets there were, galore, apparently a whole army of them, but of poetry not so much as a verselet that was worth consideration.

A Weird Scene

Another powerful portrayer of passion—human passion, the kind that burns and blisters and sears and ravages—has bobbed up in the person of Florence Everard. Florence has written a novel called "A Noble Fool." The nobility of her fool far surpasses the foolishness of any of our nobility in matters of heart interest. There is one great scene in the novel that beggars description by anybody save Florence. The central figure is a beautiful lady on whose face the lamplight shone. The face was "startling in its wonderful unearthly beauty that seemed to burn and glow as if in defiance of Death's outstretched hand." Her soul struggled against the inevitable event—against a surrender "every inch of whose way should be fought to the deep rolling music of passion's thunder." Her red gold hair lay in tangled masses on the pillows, and "her amber eyes shone with a lambent fire from beneath their heavy white lids." She commanded Rodney Fairfax, 29 years old (she was 33), to play upon his violin. He said: "How can I, Lenore?" She repeated her command. He played. She raised herself on her elbow. "Faster!" she cried. "Give me something devilish. Let me hear the clangor of hell, the tramp of its armies!" He performed according to request. "Strange, soul rending, awful melodies filled the room with demoniacal grandeur. All passions seemed in conflict; thought itself convulsed. The dying woman crushed her hands down on her panting bosom as if to steady the wild heart throbs that in their fierce delight half choked her." It was a weird scene, the novelist tells us and she should be believed. Lenore's young daughter, Dorothy, sprang from her mother's bedside, where she was kneeling, and wrenched the violin from the player's hands. "Oh, mother," she cried, "think of other things!" The dying woman was furious. "Go, you puling baby!" she cried. "How dared you come between me and that which I desired!" Presently she expired. She had loved Rodney Fairfax, who was unable to return her love. Dorothy grew up and loved Rodney in her turn. He was unable to respond to her mad affections—a cold, fastidious man. She married several other persons, including the playwright characterized in the title, and finally sailed away with Rodney on a snow white yacht. It's a story that should be read to slow music under red lights, in a purple haze.

Children and Their Educators

Agnes Repplier contributes to "Appleton's Magazine" a most appetizing morsel on the subject of "Children and their Educators." Miss Repplier, as everyone knows, is one of the sanest of writers on this and kindred subjects, one with the courgae and skill to express her opinions. She steers a middle course and pleads for a wholesome neglect which will give children a chance to develop rationally and

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pokes pleasant fun at those virtuous parents who buy "Children of Dickens" and "Stories from Scott" and debate the morality of Mother Goose. Indeed we can readily imagine some of these prudish ones putting up bars against Miss Repplier's own reminiscences of her school days, for she and her little companions were anything but pious little prigs. With reference to the Edgeworths, Maria and her father, who were oracles in their day, Miss Repplier tells us of a parent highly commended by Maria who "found something to erase in all her children's books; and describes with grave complacency this pathetic little library, scored, blotted and mutilated, before being placed on the nursery shelves. The volumes were, she admitted, hopelessly disfigured; 'but shall the education of a family be sacrificed to the beauty of a page?' I have vivid recollections of my own first school days, and of a teacher whose long familiarity with the text books in use, (for they did not change then with every wind of politics) had familiarized her with the places in which danger lurked. As soon as any prospective little sinner appeared in the classroom with a new book it had to be presented at her desk, and with scissors and pen she ranged through it, blotting out such naughty words as 'louse,' and 'curse' and removing whole pages which might corrupt our tender minds. Needless to say, the children themselves were not long in learning the landmarks and it was a rare time that the new book reached her without having been passed around and glimpses paid for in the usual currency of childhood. There was a fascinating and fearful joy in gazing upon the forbidden, though it meant nothing to the five-year-old infants but the secret debauch which was worse than the wicked words."

Gorky's Impressions

Editor "Town Talk": American editors and preachers have been abusing Maxim Gorky so heartily, it would be only fair play to give the great Russian author a little space for his own views. He has been writing his impressions of America and I think there is much in them worth pondering over. What he found "superlatively lacking in America" was the desire for beauty, "athirst for those pleasures which it alone can give to the mind and to the heart." But no beauty dwells in our midst. There is in us, according to Mr. Gorky, a reprehensible attachment to the daily newspapers. The populace is fond of reading newspaper tales of a sanguinary and cruel nature; tales of murder and horrors are our daily pabulum. Touching the question of American morality, with which Mr. Gorky so unhappily clashed, there is much in his article in "Appleton's Magazine" of a veiled and half-mysterious nature, subtle, and calculated to distress all the critics of Mr. Gorky. After introducing certain metaphors and anecdotes, Mr. Gorky delivers himself like this:

"Morality seems to me like a secret vessel tightly covered with a heavy lid of bias and prejudice. I think that in that vessel are concealed the best recipes for a pure and ethical life, the shortest and surest road to eternal happiness. But beside that vessel people always stand as guardians of its purity, who do not inspire my confidence, although they arouse my envy by their flowery appearance. They are such smug, round, lardy creatures, so well satisfied with themselves, and standing so firmly on their feet, like veritable mile-posts pointing the way to the salvation of the soul. However, there is nothing wooden about them except their hearts."

It is a source of regret to Mr. Gorky that America, which is so very far from having worked out in its own social relations "a system of conduct worthy of imitation," should take it upon itself to judge of the morality of others. I quite agree with him. Don't you? A SALV.

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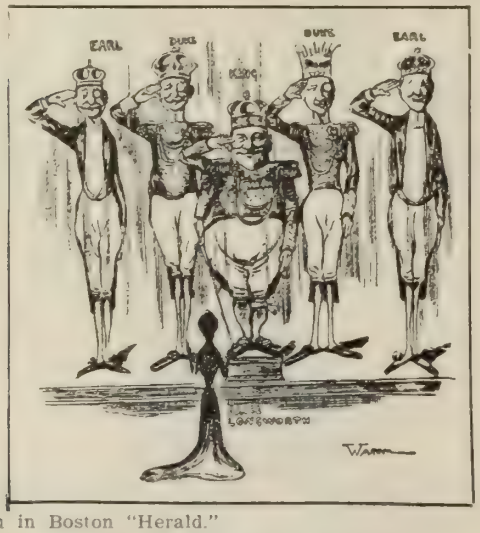
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A PROTEST

San Francisco, August 2, 1906.

Editor "Town Talk."

Dear Sir: Do you not think that we have now sufficiently displayed the ruins of San Francisco? From these pictures sent broadcast throughout the world, one would suppose that we had absolutely nothing here but bricks, dust, and debris of one sort or another. It is really time to call a halt at this wholesale distribution of utter desolation, notwithstanding the fact that many are making money out of it. Ruins are very interesting as antiquities; few tourists would care to dwell in the midst of such destruction. Why not now feature the beautiful parts of the city such as Golden Gate Park, Pacific Heights, and other streets and localities which happily escaped the conflagration? Why not let the world know that this little American Paris, second only to the great one, has now arisen phoenix-like from her ashes, and still posseses that loyalty, that merriment, and that peculiar Bohemian atmosphere which have made her famous; that we still have suberb hotels, elegant cafes—in a word that the tourists from Australia and other parts of the world will find here, as in the days of old, all the luxuries of a great metropolis. Can you not advocate a public automobile service for Van Ness avenue, and so preserve the beauty of that magnificent thoroughfare? London has now a public automobile service for certain streets. Why can not San Francisco follow? PROGRESS.



Warren in Boston "Herald."

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Hotaling's Return

When the earth-waves died away some weeks ago, Richard Hotaling, millionaire and amateur actor, could be seen simulating in the highest style of the histrionic art a timid refugee. He was almost as realistic as Hermann Oelrichs. He did his little stunt on a railway train speeding across the continent, and back came the news that he had shaken the uncertain dust of California from his feet forever. It was reported that he had decided to become a resident of New York. A skeptic, mindful of Hotaling's vast interests in San Francisco and vicinity, ventured the suggestion that he was merely making a call on Blanche Bates in the hope that she would change her mind. Well, Richard is himself again. He returned in time for the Bohemian Jinks. Ungrateful indeed would be the only man whose whiskey was spared were he to desert the town in which he fared so well.

Arnold Genthe was another of the reputed deserters, but the artistic photographer is still with us and now the gossips are saying that he has some heart as well as other interest in San Francisco.

Our chief promoters of musical culture are coming back to town, a circumstance that bespeaks a return to normal conditions. Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt returned from their summer home near Napa and are enjoying once more the comforts of their town residence at 1837 Buchanan. The Mansfeldt Club is now preparing for its seventh piano recital which will be given Saturday afternoon, September 1st. Those two crack violin soloists, Nate Landsberger and Hother Wismer have entirely recovered from the "shock," and are busily engaged in increasing our supply of fiddlers. Wismer has been in the mountains of Mendocino catching fish and poison oak and Landsberger has been trying to get acclimated in Alameda, but finding it impossible is looking for a home in San Francisco. Fred Maurer is confined to Berkeley, where his musical Sunday afternoons are the joy of his friends.

A Brilliant Match

We have heard so little about brilliant matches since the earthquake and the consequent depletion of purses that I am surprised that the dailies gave so little space to the marriage of Minnie Hennessy and James V. Coleman. If the brilliance of this match is to be estimated by society's conventional rule then it deserves very high rank. It is the sort of match which excites my enthusiasm. I rejoice in the marriage of a rich man and a woman of slender financial resources. In such cases the woman usually has something that more than offsets the absence of pecuniary dower. And the Hennessy-Coleman match is not one of the exceptions. Miss Hennessy is a woman of rare intellectual charm, and though she has been a wage-earner since the death of her father, the graces of her personality won for her admission to social circles in which the richest of our smart setters move. She has long been an intimate friend of the de Youngs and she enlivened many of Dick Hotaling's house parties. James V. Coleman is unquestionably the most cultured of our millionaires. He is a classical scholar and a poet, samples of whose graceful imagery have appeared in "Town Talk." Mr. Coleman lost several buildings in the big fire, but the bulk of his fortune is in a mine at Angels, in the development of which he spent a deal of money, and which is now yielding great revenue.

Among recent sojourners at Del Monte are Dr. and Mrs. John R. Clark, the F. W. McNears, Miss M. Zeile, the S. H. Graves, the J. M. Palmers, the J. Henry Meyers, the William Babcocks, Miss C. J. Flood, and the C. E. Greens

Mrs. Newman's Muse

That Mrs. Charles J. Newman is something of a wit, with the courage of her humor, the ladies of the Outdoor Art League of the California Club have agreed since that little picnic held out on the lawn of the old Phelan home some days ago. Just before the earthquake the League obtained an appropriation of five thousand dollars for beautifying the neighborhood of the Mission Dolores, and one of the purposes of the assembly on the Phelan lawn was to discuss the damage that had been done and consider adornment suggestions. After the discussion a luncheon was served and Mrs. Newman was toast-mistress. She said she had some "peripatetic philosophy" of which she purposed unburdening herself in what she considered an intellectual bowling alley. Her opening remarks were addressed to Mrs. Lovell White and she said: "The only women who are not dangerous are the stupid ones," after which she served up these verselets:

"For she is out of sight
Is Mrs. Lovell White.
In sunny California's Big Trees
She created quite a breeze.
Last June, after our little spill,
She won the five per centum bill.
As all the Senators wrote us,
She made them sit up and take notice.
She cannot tolerate a shirk,
She always makes us work
But she is out of sight
Is Mrs. Lovell White.

As Mrs. Newman's Pegasus had picked up a nail she gave the beast a rest while she gracefully threw this epigram at the head of Mr. James D. Phelan: "Better a potato sleeping gently on the red hot coals than a public man in an office of great responsibility." Miss Mary Phelan inspired the following: "It is well women never try the delights of putting their feet up on the mantle, smoking a long, fat cigar and sipping

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endless whiskey and sodas. If they did, skirts would soon go——

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Forgetting the ruin about, seeming far off though so near it,
Under these beautiful trees, with such peace o'er all of us stealin'
With no word of jealous ill will? It's because we all have a good Feelin'

The pun was tumultuously received and then Mrs. Newman handed out this gem:

"When the famous shake took us all—begorra!
We thought of Sodom and Gomorrah.
But now things move along so well
And it's so busy it looks like—Tonopah."

Thus did Mrs. Newman vindicate her sense of humor and her deftness in quip and banter at this intellectual feast. She fairly radiated persiflage, most of which was in rhyme that reads as though it were dashed off on the spot. But some of it is a little vague to those not in the mystic circle, as for instance these lines to Mrs. Eleanor Martin: "A white house set on a hill cannot be dirty. In other words noblesse oblige.

"To do all well when one has power;
To show some kindness every hour—
'Tis very difficult, that's sartin,
But all of this does Mrs. Martin."

Mrs. Newman gave many other samples of her skill as a spontaneous poet, but those I have given will suffice. Mrs. A. D. Sharon did not excite Mrs. Newman's muse so of her she merely said: "Better a refugee in San Francisco than a mansion dweller in Oakland." Among those present were Mrs. Lovell White, Mrs. J. W. Orr, Mrs. E. P. Buckingham, Madame Louise Sorbier, Mrs. Marriner Campbell, Miss Mary Gorham, Miss F. Mullen, Mrs. J. L. Martel, Mrs. A. R. Wooster, Mrs. M. B. Wright, and Mrs. G. T. Marsh.

"The dullness of midsummer social season," writes my Los Angeles correspondent, "was enlivened by the informal announcement of the betrothal of Miss Alice Siebath, daughter of the Alfred Siebaths of Globe, Arizona, to Newton Kincaid Wilcox, the college chum of Howard Huntington. Mr. Wilcox was introduced to Los Angeles society a little more than a year ago. He was sponsored by the Huntingtons and he was gratefully received on account of his vocal talent which was requisitioned for the charity performance of "The House that Jack Built," in which Miss Hortense Childs scintillated. After that performance half the belles of the smart set were in love with Mr. Wilcox. He is a mining man and he has been prospecting in Nevada and Arizona. He has no money but he is associated with some rich men in the development of the Chrysocolla mines. Miss Siebath is the daughter of a wealthy mine owner of the territory.

Eyeography is a new diversion in eastern society circles. At a luncheon photos of the guests' eyes, daintily mounted without signature or any distinguishing marks are the favors and the guests draw prizes according to the accuracy of the guesses.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott, widow of the builder of the "Oregon," is going to build a summer home at Piedmont. Mrs. Scott and her niece, Miss Effie Browne, are living in Berkeley.

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" " " Commoner	5 00	4 00
" " " Contemporary Review	8 50	7 50
" " " Cosmopolitan	5 00	4 25
" " " Country Calendar	7 00	6 00
" " " Country Life In America	8 00	7 00
" " " Craftsman	7 00	6 00
" " " Critic	6 00	5 00
" " " Current Literature	7 00	5 50
" " " Dramatic Mirror	8 00	7 00
" " " Economist	9 00	8 00
" " " English Illustrated Mag.	5 75	4 60
" " " Era	5 00	4 00
" " " Everybody's Magazine	5 50	4 50
" " " Fine Arts Journal	6 00	5 00
" " " Forum	6 00	5 00
" " " Field and Stream	5 50	4 50
" " " Fortnightly Review	8 50	7 50
" " " Golf	5 00	5 00
" " " Harpers Magazine	8 00	7 00
" " " House Beautiful	6 00	4 50
" " " Humorist	6 00	4 50
" " " International Studio	9 00	8 00
" " " Judge	9 00	7 75
" " " Keramic Studio	7 50	6 75
" " " Leslie's Weekly	9 00	7 35
" " " Lippincott's	5 50	5 50
" " " Literary Digest	7 00	6 00
" " " Life	9 00	8 00
" " " Macmillans	7 00	6 00
" " " Madame	5 00	4 40
" " " McClure's	5 00	4 00
" " " Men and Women	5 00	4 00
" " " Munsey	5 00	4 25
" " " Musical Courier	9 00	7 75
" " " North American Review	9 00	7 40
" " " Notes and Queries	5 00	4 00
" " " Outing	7 00	6 00
" " " Outlook	7 00	6 00
" " " Out West	6 00	5 00
" " " Overland Monthly	5 50	4 50
" " " Poet Lore	7 00	6 00
" " " Popular Magazine	5 20	4 30
" " " Puck	9 00	7 40
" " " Reader Magazine	7 00	6 00
" " " Review of Reviews	7 00	5 75
" " " Red Book	5 00	4 00
" " " Saint Nicholas	7 00	5 75
" " " Scientific American	7 00	6 00
" " " Scrap Book	5 00	4 25
" " " Smart Set	6 50	5 75
" " " Sunset	5 00	4 00
" " " Technical World	5 00	4 00
" " " Tales	6 50	5 50
" " " Theatre Magazine	7 00	5 50

The E. A. Montgomerys who spent several weeks at Coronado have returned. Among the other San Franciscans recently registered at the Hotel del Coronado are the H. A. Kings, Mrs. J. Dalzell Brown, Miss Elsa Everding, Miss Alyson Carpenter, Walter N. Gabriel, Tom Brown, Mrs. G. W. Wilson and Mrs. S. Carpenter. Mrs. Louis M. Taylor of Los Angeles has been spending several weeks at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Taft left for New York last Wednesday. Mr. Taft has business to engage his attention in New York, but Mrs. Taft is going to meet her parents who have been in Europe. The Tafts will visit the resorts on the Atlantic coast and will return in October.

Princess bathing suits are en regle at Newport and other swagger seaside resorts. The fashion comes from the French bathing resorts where the beach promenade is the main consideration and a dainty dip (sometimes only knee deep) a possibility.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the week were Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Miss Florence Hopkins, the H. V. Ramsdells, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, the C. I. Horners and Mr. and Mrs. Lastreto of Oakland.

The Garrett McEnerneys and the J. J. Barretts are among the temporary residents of San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Havens have returned to Oakland from Catalina.

J. Downey Harvey, Financier Extraordinary to the Ocean Shore Railroad, has returned from the East with a bunch of money.

George Hall is in San Jose.

Ned Greenway has returned to town after a long absence and has been looking the field over with a view of determining whether it would be worth while giving a dance this winter. The probability is that he will pull off something good just to let the world know that the smart set is doing business at the old stand. At present Ned is promoting the flow of champagne at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. James Follis threaten to become permanent residents of San Rafael.

The Shirtwaist Again

"Yes, everybody works, even father."

"What's he doing?"

"Oh, he's punching holes in the lawn-tennis net to make material for sister's new shirtwaist."—Indianoplis News.

Averting a Tragedy

The Greater Half: "Here's a sad affair; a young man about to lead his betrothed to the altar was run down and killed by an express train."

The Lesser Half (absent-mindedly): "What a narrow escape!"—Life.

COLUMBIA DAIRY
231 Franklin St., near Hayes, San Francisco
Pure Milk and Cream George H. Pippy, Proprietor

23 Candle Power
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Brilliant Satisfying Light
Quick Hot Fires
Perfect Service
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The San Francisco Gas and Electric Company
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500 Haight St.
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1260 Ninth Ave.

Stage

Dumas The Moralist

A monument to Alexander fils having been recently unveiled in Paris, the journalists of France have availed themselves of it as a pretext for writing of the dead author and his works. And as a consequence we are learning much that is of interest respecting the young dramatist. I hope that some of our so-called dramatic critics who have the awful presumption to write glibly of the dramatic art without having the faintest conception of the principles of art, and who assume to dictate to playwrights concerning the fitness and unfitness of the materials which they employ in their contributions to dramatic literature, will familiarize themselves, now that they have the opportunity, with the temperament and aims of the author of "Camille." I cherish this hope because I long to see the dramatic art in America unshackled and permitted to enjoy the same privileges that are vouchsafed painting and sculpture and that are essential to development in all art.



Edith Helena,
The Soprano of most marvelous range, to be heard at the Orpheum next week.

The retardation of the dramatic art is largely due to the ignorance of critics who are laboring under the delusion that to be respectable one must be puritanical, and who conceive it to be their first duty to the public to search a play for deadly weapons. In consonance with that theory they have reprobated many a work of art and deterred, perhaps, many a dramatist from self-realization. Alexander Dumas fils whose play "Camille," was once pronounced impossible, and is even now expurgated for production, is said to have had but one fault—a too rigid morality. Like George Bernard Shaw, who is noted for his asceticism, and condemned for the unmorality of his plays, Dumas wrote to discourage base passions and to elevate the thoughts and sentiments of his countrymen. His moralism is said to have been the result of his observation of the dissolute habits of his famous father. He was an illegitimate son, and his first literary effort, a novel, is a powerful picture of the mental agony he endured on account of his irregular birth. Dumas "loudly proclaimed the civilizing power of the stage," writes R. Poincare, a French critic; "he compared the stage to the pulpit, the platform and the press; and he claimed the right to place it at the service of the Idea, the Trust and the Future." Paul Bourget tells us that he was a man of almost ascetic temperament and of the very highest ideals. Bourget tells an anecdote illustrative of the character of the man. He says that Dumas' mother was a poor seamstress, who was very much neglected by Dumas pere. On the night of the first presentation of "Camille" the young playwright was invited by his father to take supper with a number of friends to celebrate the occasion with fitting doses of champagne, and the other traditional concomitants of a new dramatic sensation in Paris. But he received this reply:

"I have already been invited elsewhere."

"You will take supper with some ladies?" queried the father.

"With one lady."

"I don't want to be indiscreet; but may I ask who the favored lady is?"

"Mother."

And late that night the lady was surprised to hear a knock at her door. She admitted her son, who after partaking of the simple fare his mother could offer him, passed a night of sound sleep in her unpretentious apartments. Never did Dumas imagine for a moment that critics would find aught in his works to cavil at on the score of indelicacy. To him the sensitive American critic would have been as incomprehensible a person as George Bernard Shaw has found him to be.

Prospective Temples of Amusement

Belasco and Mayer will open the first thoroughly equipped theatre in San Francisco. It will be in a Class A steel and brick structure at the corner of Sutter and Steiner streets. White Whittlesey will head the opening stock company. It will probably begin making dramatic history in Greater San Francisco about October first. Meanwhile the new Orpheum will be approaching completion on Ellis between Steiner and Fillmore. At the same time work will be in progress on the site of the old Orpheum where the Orpheum management will build a permanent vaudeville house, adjoining which will be a fine permanent theatre for operatic and dramatic productions under the old Grand Opera management. Before long the Columbia managers will start work on their new theatre building at Van Ness and Geary, and it is said that Mr. De Young will build a new Alcazar on the site of the old one.

In the Limelight

Mme. Melba has been reported as having nervous prostration, even consumption, this season, in London, but the diva is singing more beautifully than ever and indignantly

characterizes the rumors of ill-health as wildly absurd. She announces herself as bursting with health and boldly issues a challenge to all England to produce anything less like an invalid than herself. During the coming winter in New York she is to be the bright particular star of Oscar Hammerstein's new venture as a grand opera impressario.

Henry W. Savage, the Boston real estate millionaire, who has made a paying venture of his pastime—theatrical management—has just completed a four-story building in West Twenty-seventh street, New York, for the housing, storing, manufacture and rehearsal of everything necessary or accessory to a theatrical production, new or revived. He employs an enormous force of work people and has a number of artists constantly rehearsing in the beautifully equipped little theatre or comfortably posing before his own cameras.

"Mrs. Warren's Profession" is still to be out of reach for awhile. Arnold Daly, who has the sole right to produce it in this country, although having had his right to present it judicially determined, won't play it after all, he says, because he thinks it is only the sensation seeking public that would go to see it. However, when the American public is educated up to the point of appreciating the motives of the play, then we shall see it.



Rosemary Glosz,
With Harry James Travesty Stars in "Fiddle-dee-dee" at the Davis Theatre.

Katherine Grey as "Babbie"

For the last week of the special engagement of Katherine Grey at Ye Liberty Playhouse, on Oakland's Broadway, Manager Bishop has selected "The Little Minister" as the vehicle of her talent, and for the first time she will be seen as "Babbie." From the quality of her performances as "Camille" and "Trilby" we may feel assured that she will do full justice to next week's role. George Friend will play Gavin Dishart, the minister. At the close of Miss Grey's engagement Miss Isabelle Fletcher, said to be one of the most talented of stock leading women, will make her appearance at Ye Liberty. She is coming with a reputation for pulchritude and for sartorial genius. She will be introduced as the widow in Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown."

Davis Theatre

"The Harry James Travesty Stars" are on the second week of "Fiddle-dee-dee" at the Davis Theatre and are packing it at every performance. The company is the best musical comdy one we have had in many a noon and is in every way worthy of the liberal patronage which is being extended to it. Rice and Cady are as clever and diverting a team of Dutch comedians as one could possibly wish to see and Bobby North is certainly an inimitable Hebrew impersonator. The burlesque Florodora Sextette in which these three clever comedians and Edna Pendleton, Ethyl Laurence and Grizella Kingsland contribute is a tremendous hit and always many times encored. Rosemary Glosz completely effaces the memory of her predecessor in the role of Mrs. Meadowbrook. She is a strikingly handsome girl, who sings delightfully, acts vivaciously, and gowns superbly. Edward Lynch is particularly happy in the song "My Own United States" and J. M. Taylor is amusing as a wealthy, middle-aged Irishman, making the grand tour. The American Beauty Chorus is appropriately styled and one of the most charming features of the entertainment. The girls in it all sing and dance well and win their

ORPHEUM Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Aug. 12

(Matinee Every Day Except Monday.)

STARS OF DISTINCTION!

EDITH HELENA; Gardner, Vincent and Company; Six Proveanis; Reiff Brothers; Billy Van; Carter and Bluford; Lucania Trio; Orpheum Motion Pictures, and Last Week of EDWARD CLARK and the SIX WINNING WIDOWS

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CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. to Midnight. Admission, 10c.; Children, 5c.

IDORA PARK — OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager

Commencing Monday, August 13th,

"GIROFLE-GIROFLA"

Next Opera: "Robin Hood."

Ye Liberty Playhouse 14th & Broadway OAKLAND

Last week of Katherine Grey in

"THE LITTLE MINISTER"

Next: "A Trip to Chinatown,"

With Isabelle Fletcher as the Widow.

DAVIS THEATER

McAllister St., at Fillmore

TONIGHT, EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK AND NEXT

Matinees: Saturday, Sunday and Thursday.

HARRY JAMES' TRAVESTY STARS,

Rice and Cady, Bobby North, Rosemary Glosz and the American Beauty Chorus, in Weber and Fields' Greatest Success,

"FIDDLE-DEE-DEE"

Reserved Seats, Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees, 25c and 50c.

share of the applause. "Fiddle-dee-dee" will enter on the third week of its run Monday night. The Thursday bargain matinees for ladies and children have proved so successful that they will be continued throughout the season.

Lecoeque at Idora

On Monday evening the talented opera company at Idora Park, Oakland, will present that gem of French opera bouffe, "Girofle-Girofla," with Sybil Page as the twin sisters. This opera is one of the prettiest in the whole range of genunie comic opera. From the musicians' standpoint it ranks as a classic. Its composer, Lecoeque, was ranked among the best musicians of France and his works will never die. Since the pernersium of musical taste in this country through the popularizing of musical comedy by means of glittering and flashly accessories we have had too little of the kind of light music that Bishop and Greenbaum are giving us at Idora. I am glad their courage is being rewarded in a manner that does credit to the musical taste of Oakland. "Robin Hood" will follow "Girofle-Girofla" with an augmented company and a larger orchestra.

Next Week's Vaudeville Bill

Edith Helena, the phenomenal American soprano whose range is greater than that of any other living singer, will be heard for the first time in two years at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. She comes direct from Europe where she has sung with success in every city of importance, including twenty-four weeks in London. In Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Milan, Munich, Brussels and Barcelona, she created a furore and in Bucarest she made such a hit that she was engaged for a gala performance of "La Traviata" at the National Opera House. Miss Helena will be accorded a warm welcome by the music-loving public. Frank Gardner, Lottie Vincent and their company will present their original spectacular fantasy, "Winning a Queen," the very latest in vaudeville. Mr. Gardner and Miss Vincent are great favorites in this city and this, their original idea, is pronounced by the eastern press to be a most charming conceit. The Proveanis, six trick cyclists of international reputation, will make their first appearance in San Francisco. They open their act with a graceful bicycle ballet, containing many intricate movements, and present a succession of wheeling surprises that invariably cause their spectators to marvel. The Reiff brothers, singers and dancers, will complete the list of newcomers. They are wonderfully limber limbed young gentlemen and present the greatest act of the kind ever offered in vaudeville. Edward Clark and the "Six Winning Widows" have completely captured the town and will continue their interesting and captivating specialty, while Billy Van, justly styled "the assassin of sorrow," will change his chatter with the rising inflection and sing new songs. Carter and Bluford, with their numerous changes of costume, the Lucania trio of acrobats, equilibrists and contortionists, and Orpheum Motion Pictures will complete a varied and interesting program. On the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, are attractions of all kinds to satisfy the amusement-loving public.

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Music Every Evening between 6:30 and 12:00 o'clock
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Formerly of Palace Hotel Grill
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Will Duplicate the Palace Grill Service

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IDEAL SERVICE. REGULAR PRICES.
Conducted by waiters from the Palace Hotel, St. Francis and Cafe Zinkand.
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SPECIAL ATTENTION TO SUPPER PARTIES

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CAFÉ AND GRILL
A LA CARTE AT POPULAR PRICES
Regular French Dinner Every Day from 4 to 8:30
75 Cents with Wine
918 and 920 O'FARRELL STREET
Bet. Van Ness Ave. and Polk Street

In Commercial Circles

Another one of San Francisco's popular institutions has come back to life. I refer to Jules' Restaurant, the favorite resort of down-town gourmets, the luncheon rendezvous of professional and business men, and the popular family restaurant of the evenings before the fire. Jules' establishment is now on Bush street in the block between Kearny and Montgomery. It is in a new building at 326 Bush, and there you will find the crack caterer bestowing his personal attention as of old and serving up the choicest products of the market in the manner that made his culinary art famous.

A. J. Moore, formerly Sunday editor of the "Call," and now weary of the journalism that he adorned, has become a financier. He is now on the other side of the bay, doing business as a stock broker and fiscal agent. He has established important connections in all the Nevada mining districts and makes a specialty of unlisted stocks. He bids fair to be as big a success in his new venture as he was when Sunday editor of the "Call."

One of the smartest millinery establishments across the bay is that of Bagnall & Boughton, successors to E. E. Caswell, at 970 Grove street. They were formerly at 28 Post street in this city. They are now in the East purchasing a fine line of fall and winter millinery goods.

Quite the most unique book shop in San Francisco has been opened by the Paul Elder Co. on Van Ness avenue at Pine street. The arrangement of the building's interior with its recesses and dormer windows is attractive. Their extensive European correspondence give this firm access to the newest in books as well as art in both of which the firm will deal extensively.

The Imperial Hotel on Eddy street should be complimented upon the excellence of their grill recently opened. The same careful attention to the service and menu that distinguished the Pleasanton Hotel is in evidence, and Mr. de Wolfe, who was proprietor of the Pleasanton, and is now proprietor of the Imperial, intends that his guests shall have the same service and attention that distinguished the old hotel.

L. W. Lovey, who until recently devoted much of his time to newspaper work, is now engaged exclusively in the practice of law. He makes a specialty of probate, title and commercial business. His office is at 633 Van Ness, near Turk.

Geo. Roos, who has been in the East for several weeks making extensive purchases for the Van Ness avenue and Fillmore street stores of Roos Brothers, will be home the first of the week. Mr. Roos writes that he will welcome some of the cool San Francisco fog, as the weather in New York has been "unbearable."

Wm. Wolff & Co. will open in San Francisco at Mission and Beale streets, on August 15th. They have experienced great difficulty in getting their building ready but by the 15th they expect to be doing business in their old location.

The Rounder.

His Journey

Beenaway: "Let me see! About Nogoodson—when I left he was going from bad to worse, and——"

Staidhome: "It subsequently developed that he had no return coupon."—Puck.

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Good Night---Good Night

Now Morpheus bestow on thee
Dreams brightened by the days gone by,
Anticipating joys to be:
May fancy fair, and vision high,
Immaculate as thine own soul,
Through all the darkling hours roll.
Then sweetly sleep.

In these thy dreams, if need there be
Of shadow to lend harmony,
Of darkness to oppose the light
And make the brightest seem more bright,
I offer, as a bit of shade,
Myself—pray, dream of me, fair maid.
Good-night, good-night.

—The Fond Lover.

The New Arrival

The morning after she got to the hotel, had been to the dining room twice, and had sat on the piazza for an hour, the following statements were hazarded:

That she was a widow.

That she was a young married woman, whose husband would probably come up on Saturday for Sunday.

That her mother had been detained and would appear later.

That she was very wealthy.

That she wasn't.

That she had a past.

That she had a future.

That she was a fashionable dressmaker.

That she was the real thing.

That she wasn't.

All agreed that she was well dressed, pretty and desirable as a moonlight companion.

The proprietor of the hotel was mum.

So was the clerk. The bellboy, however, was able (and willing) to give some information. She had taken a room on the third floor rear of the house. This might argue (1) lack of funds; (2) secrecy. Also, the night before she had ordered a claret punch at 9:30. This looked suspicious. But, although she registered from New York, we knew she couldn't be an actress, as no actress would take anything at 9:30 but a whiskey sour or a high ball.

A committee was formed to follow clues.

At 10:30 she walked to the lake, and was observed talking with the boat-house man. She had asked his price per hour. This showed that she was economical and consequently that she might be worth a million or nothing. At eleven a large box arrived for her by express. It was sent to her room and the porter was gone eighteen minutes.

At noon another small package came.

All the afternoon she was invisible. The excitement was intense.

"Who is she?" was on everyone's lips.

The next morning, all bets were off. As the committee entered the hotel office the old familiar click was heard, and there she sat, her brief reign over.

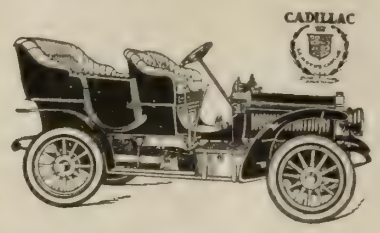
She was the new typewriter.

—The Summer Boarder.

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I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches and hips 14 inches, in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamp. Address, Mrs. E. S. Richards, 360 Sixth St., Riverside, Cal.

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Their Experiment

By L. T.

The Chicago professor's argument in favor of a terminable marriage contract reminds me of the experience of Richard Arthur and Selina Thorogood. They belonged to a society for the promotion of advanced ideas and one of the ideas that they advanced was that matrimony should be abated because it was cruel, barbarous and unmoral.

How should it be reformed? Simply enough. Make marriage a terminable contract. Let the aspirants to that estate take each other for a limited period—say, for not less than three, nor for more than five, years. Thus, in the intimate relations of wedded life they would have ample opportunity of getting to know each other as they really were; and if the result of that fuller knowledge was satisfactory to both, why then they could sign on for a further period. On the other hand, if it were unsatisfactory, they would simply allow the thing to lapse, and thus each be free to seek a more congenial partner.

Matrimony, they urged, was like taking a new house that has never been lived in before. Until you have lived in it, you really do not know either its advantages or its drawbacks; whether the chimneys smoke, or the roof leaks, or the sanitation is good, or the rooms are draughty; or, in short, anything else about it. Therefore, when you take such a house, you do not, if you have any sense, buy the freehold, or even sign an agreement for a long term. But you just take it for, say, three years, as an experiment. Well, sensible men and women should set about matrimony in the same spirit. The man cannot possibly know what the woman will be like as a wife, nor can the woman know what the man will be like as a husband. Let them begin, therefore, by taking each other for a terminable period as an experiment.

This is what Richard Arthur and Selina Thorogood, true to their principles, resolved to do. The ceremony was of a simple and novel character. It was performed one evening in the presence of half a dozen or so of the "Go-aheads." Richard made a declaration that he hereby took Selina to wife for a period of three years. Selina made a declaration that she took Richard to husband for the same period. Their respective declarations were reduced to writing, signed by the contracting parties, and countersigned by the six witnesses, and lo! the thing was done. The rational marriage was solemnized. Richard and Selina drove away together in a cab to set up housekeeping.

What could be more simple—more sensible? Nothing. Such, at least, was the opinion of their friends among the "Go-aheads." Their friends outside that society, being of a Philistine turn of mind, looked at them askance. To these good people, deeply imbued as they were with old-fashioned prejudices in favor of priest and prayer-book, it seemed that Richard and Selina were committing a shameless and cynical offense against social morality. They struck them off their visiting list as improper persons, and declined their further acquaintance.

Richard and Selina, however, were not at all dismayed by this. They knew the fate of all reformers who were in advance of their age, from Socrates downwards. So they expected nothing else. Moreover, they were very much in love with one another, and, at present, their mutual society was entirely sufficient for them. To use an auctioneer's phrase, they were self-contained.

But presently the prudence of their conduct in merely having married each other on appro, was justified by events; for twelve months' intimacy produced in them that result which, in nine cases out of ten, it is bound to produce. I mean it effected their mutual disillusionment.

In taking to himself Selina Thorogood, Richard Arthur had believed he had been taking a woman in all respects as



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beautiful as she was in face. In taking to herself Richard Arthur, Selina Thorogood had been sure she was taking a man as much an Adonis in character as he was in form. For a while the mutual illusion lasted; but, little by little, the microscopic lens of matrimonial intimacy dispelled it. It showed up Selina's temper, her unreasonableness, her extravagance, her capacities for nagging. It showed up Richard's selfishness, his grumpiness, his capacities for using a latch-key. Moreover—and though these are delicate matters, I feel bound to mention them—Selina had a troublesome habit of tossing about in her sleep, which (particularly on an oscillating spring-mattress) was very disturbing to Richard's repose; on the other hand, Richard was a lusty snorer. The consequence was that when he was asleep he kept Selina awake, and when Selina was asleep, she kept him awake, which led to irritation, curtain lectures, and all manner of unpleasantness.

Thus, by the end of twelve months, as I have said, they were completely disillusioned; but by the end of twenty-four months they were quite disgusted, and either lost no opportunity of thanking heaven (in the hearing of the other) that the end of another year would see them free to go their separate ways.

It was during this last year that a little one made his appearance—a fine boy, who (alas, for the poor infant, as Selina put it) bore a fatal resemblance to his father, Richard. By the understanding to which they had come when entering into their terminable marriage contract, it would devolve on Richard to take charge of the child, being a boy, in event of their separating at the end of three years.

"Mind, you'll have to take him with you, Richard, when we each go our own way at the end of next month," said Selina to her partner. "That was in the bond; do not forget that."

"I am not in the habit of forgetting my obligations," replied Richard Arthur, with frigid dignity. "Of course I shall take the youngster, and do my duty by him."

"And do try, Richard, for his sake, and for his future wife's sake, if he ever has one, to bring him up to be a less selfish and inconsiderate man that you are."

"They say that boys usually take after their mothers in disposition," retorted Richard. "If this one does so, I am afraid I shall have to work on rather unpromising material."

Selina flushed hotly.

"This has been the amiable habit of your sex, from Adam downwards," she answered, with cutting reference. "I always considered our first father a most contemptible individual. 'Please it wasn't me. It was Eve!' Ah! how wonderfully true the Bible is to life!"

"I am somehow reminded," said Richard, with an air of studied abstraction, "of a certain person who can quote Scripture for his own purposes."

"A certain person of the male sex, I believe," murmured Selina, bitingly.

"A mere popular assumption. All the more enlightened modern thinkers regard the author of evil as having been a woman," replied Richard Arthur.

"Well, well! That ancient personage certainly did show evidence of brains hardly compatible with the average male intelligence," retorted Selina.

"Oh, that today were the thirty-first of next month!" cried Richard, flinging himself, in a rage, from the room.

"To that prayer may I be allowed to append a sevenfold 'amen!'" answered Selina, as the door banged.

Well, in due course the thirty-first of next month arrived. Richard and Selina took leave of each other.

"Let us, my dear Selina," said he, "part without recrimination."

"What room for recrimination," answered she, "when one's heart is full of an unspeakable joy? I give you my word, Richard, that I am in that mood today in which I am simply

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oozing over with the milk of human kindness, and could not entertain a harsh thought toward my bitterest enemy."

"I am glad to hear it," said he, "for I was about to say that I part from you, Selina, without any sort of ill-feeling, and that I trust your sentiments toward me are of the same friendly character."

"I promise you that, Richard. I part from you with the best feelings in the world. In fact I never felt kindlier toward you than I do at this moment of saying 'Good-bye.'"

"Thank you, Selina. Shall we, then, kiss for the last time, and then take mutual leave of one another?"

"Certainly, Richard," she answered, in gay tones, holding up her pretty little mouth to him, unconcernedly for the final salute.

He kissed it—perfunctorily. Then they parted.

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated he, as he drove away to his hotel, with a sigh of relief. "Thank heaven! I am now a free man again."

Selina, as she drove to her hotel, said the same thing with the same relieved sigh.

"Thank heaven! I am now a free woman again."

It was nearly a fortnight before they met again, running up against each other, accidentally.

Selina was looking pale and fagged; there were dark semicircles under Richard's eyes.

"You are looking tired, Selina," said Richard, when they had exchanged greetings.

"May I return the compliment?" replied Selina.

"Well, I must admit that I haven't been sleeping well of late," said he. "It is an odd thing, Selina, but by the time our three years were up, and we separated to our mutual advantage, I had just got broken to your habit of tossing about in your sleep, which had come to act upon me as a sort of lullaby—like a rocking-cradle on a baby, don't you know. And now, odd as it may seem, I find it positively difficult to sleep without it."

"Dear me! now that is very strange," answered she; "for I, too, had just got broken to your habit of snoring, which had come to act upon me like the monotonous droning of a dull preacher at an afternoon's service after one has eaten a heavy luncheon, and now I, too, find it positively difficult to sleep without it."

"We shall get used to this new state of affairs in time," he remarked.

"Oh, yes, we shall get used to it in time. Anyhow, it is a glorious thing to be free again, is it not? We have, at least, that consolation."

"Yes, yes, to be sure," he answered. "It is a glorious thing to have one's freedom again. To come home, if you like, in the morning with the milk, and no one to rag you for it——"

"And to keep dinner waiting, to your heart's content, and no one to swear at you for it," she added.

"To smoke cigars all over the house, and no avenging angel to jump on you for it," said he.

"To occupy the bath-room for an hour on end while getting up, and no infuriated man to come knocking at the door and wanting to know when the —— you're going to give him a look in," said she.

"To read the paper in peace of an evening, and no chatterbox to distract you with garrulous inanities," he remarked.

"To eat your meals in quiet and comfort, and no one to worry you by incessantly cursing the menu and the cook," she observed.

He made no answer, but stared in abstracted silence at the pavement.

"What are you thinking about?" asked she.

"I was thinking," he replied, "(very odd, isn't it, how inconsequent one's thoughts are!) of a story which I remember to have read somewhere about a man in prison when it was

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burnt down by the No-Popery rioters, who, finding himself unexpectedly released after many years' incarceration, couldn't somehow bring himself to take advantage of his liberty, but went back to the prison, and sat there idly among the ruins until the officers of the law came and re-arrested him."

"What a silly man! Why on earth did he do that?" exclaimed Selina.

"He couldn't help it. Years of imprisonment had deprived him of all capacity for freedom. He had grown so used to the restrictions and discomforts of prison life that they had become necessary to his existence. Horrible as the conditions of life in prison were, he found in them, through long habit, a morbid and fatal fascination; and he couldn't be happy until he was again incarcerated in the familiar walls of a prison cell."

"What a funny story! And what connection has it, pray, with the present subject?"

"No connection, Selina. It simply crossed my mind—as thoughts will—with perfect inconsequence."

Selina looked at him.

"Richard," she said, sternly, "It has a connection, and you know it. That is why you told me the story. You are comparing married life with me to prison life. Now don't deny it, sir!"

"Well, perhaps I was, Selina," he admitted.

"And you are comparing yourself to the crushed and spiritless wretch, who, having by long incarceration lost the capacity for freedom, could not be happy away from the familiar walls of his prison cell. Is it not so, Richard?"

"I confess it," said he.

"Since you admit that," she replied, "I do not mind making a similar admission, Richard. Horrible as the conditions of life with you were, I find in them, through long habit, a morbid and fatal fascination. In a word, if it is not too paradoxical to say so, married misery with you has become such a necessary and familiar circumstance of my life that I can't be happy without it."

"Shall we, then," suggested Richard, "seek again happiness in our mutual misery, and sign on for a further three years?"

Selina shook her head.

"At the end of a further three years," she said, "we should only be in a worse condition than now—more than ever the slaves of that depraved and unnatural taste which, through sheer familiarity with what is nauseous, finds its highest satisfaction therein. At present, it is just possible that our palates might recover their normal condition. But after three years' more depraved indulgence they will have become incurably vitiated. No more limited indulgence in married misery for me; no more spoiling my palate with strong and nauseous foods only to surrender them after a short time and return to the toothsome delicacies which I have for ever lost the capacity of enjoying. What on earth is the good of acquiring the taste for oysters, if, just when one has acquired it, one has to give up oysters and return to sugar? Tell me that, Richard."

He looked puzzled.

"Oysters?" he inquired. "What is the point of the simile of the oysters?"

"It is this," said she. "Oysters, in themselves, are horrid, nauseous things. But the young person in the sugar state, seeing veterans devour them with relish, concludes that they must taste as nice as sugar; so he tries them, and shudders, and is almost sick at the disgusting taste of fishy salt water that floods his palate. Yet somehow he tries them again and again, until his palate has become so thoroughly vitiated that he actually enjoys the nauseous flavor of the oysters, but in so doing he has lost the capacity for enjoying the toothsome sugar. Now, what would such a young person say, Richard, if, when he had gone through all the trouble and misery of getting to like oysters, and to dislike sugar, you suddenly took away his oysters and sent him back to sugar?"

"He would probably say," replied Richard, "that it was a bit off."

"Just so. Well, marriage is like oysters. Its flavor is, in itself, unpalatable. But young persons in the sugared single state, seeing their elders rush into matrimony with apparent zest, conclude that it must taste as nice as the sugared single state, so they try it; and then they shudder, and are almost sick at the obnoxious flavor. But, somehow, they persevere awhile, until they have acquired the taste for nauseous matrimony, but, in so doing, have lost the taste for the sugared single state. Is it not altogether unreasonable to expect them at this point to give up the oysters, and to go back to the sugar! No, Richard. If I stick to oysters, I stick to them, henceforth, once and for all. And if I swear off oysters, I swear off them once and for all. I am not going any more to be at all the pains of learning to prefer oysters to sugar only, when I have thoroughly learned my lesson, to be sent back to sugar. It must be either sugar or oysters in perpetuo. I leave it to you to say which."

And Richard said "Oysters!"

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In Old San Francisco

(Continued from Page 9.)

of the romantic Spanish homes of early California. Here he came in contact with that spirit which breathed in those picturesque mansions in the peaceful valleys along the coast. The old Castro home was such a place as the romanticist would love to dwell in forever. It is impossible not to feel a certain tender sensibility over a picture of Spanish life in California, even though the accessories be not clearly given. It is sufficient if we see in it the social festivities, the joys, the family ties, the easy affluence and that characteristic repose expressive of the calm monotony of a frankly sensuous happiness. Such a picture McGowan gave in his narrative. Though not a word-painter, though a passionate soul with a love of the tumultuous life his emotions were aroused by what he saw at the Castro hacienda and thus he wrote:

"This hacienda was, in itself, quite a little village. The mansion, although built of adobes, was unlike the generality of California homes. What struck me particularly about it was the ceiling of the upper rooms, which was composed of most beautiful colored wood. There were, in all, some fifty persons about the premises. These were the daughters, sons-in-law, and other relatives of the master, together with his dependents, servants, etc. As soon as we entered the house our host embraced his relative Ramon, and welcomed us very kindly. Our horses were cared for, and after we had partaken of a fine repast the old gentleman invited us upstairs into a sort of drawing room or parlor. Here we found a large number of persons of both sexes, who seemed to be gathered there as a sort of evening party. Our host directed some of the people to play for us which they did delightfully. It being Sunday night, after nine o'clock the dancing commenced. My friend Dennison, who is a fine looking fellow, and perfectly posted in the customs of the country, had brought with him a suitable dress for the occasion, and being a good dancer figured gaily in the revels. He spoke the language of the country very fluently, was quite a beau and apparently a great favorite with the dark-eyed senoritas. Ramon also took part in the dance, while a son-in-law of my host, who spoke English, and myself, entertained each other in conversation. Thus the evening passed off very pleasantly."

The journey was resumed the following day and by easy stages they traveled down the coast to Santa Barbara, where Dennison had some business to transact. As it was considered dangerous for McGowan to spend any length of time in the town he halted at a rancho some miles distant, and it was agreed that they should meet and resume their journey two days later. But Dennison did not return on time and growing impatient McGowan rode into Santa Barbara in search of his friend. He rode up to a hotel and as he was dismounting, saw that he was recognized by a man named Samuel Packard from San Francisco. Putting on a bold front he accosted Packard and entered into conversation with him on the porch. A little later he inquired for Dennison's room, went into it and threw himself on the bed to take a nap. He was not there more than ten minutes when a presentiment of danger took possession of him and he sprang up and grasped his pistol. At that moment a man entered the room and said, "Dennison sent me to tell you that they're going to arrest you." A moment later Dennison entered. "Come," said he, "there is no time to lose." They walked out of the hotel with their weapons in their hands and by this time there was great excitement in the street. Men were rushing to and fro, but nobody molested them. They walked about two hundred yards when a horseman dashed up to them and dismounted. McGowan recognized him as Jack Power, a highwayman who had lived in San Francisco in 1849. "Judge," said he, addressing McGowan, "Will you trust yourself to me? I will protect you as far as I am able." McGowan said he would, and leaving his horse in charge of Dennison, Power led McGowan up a street at right angles to the one in which

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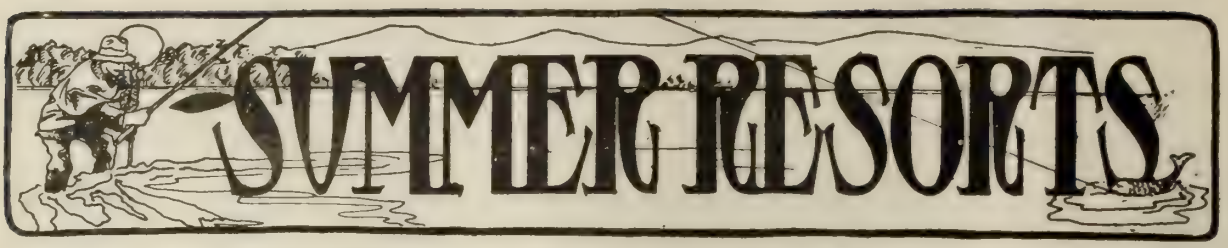
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they had been standing. Twenty yards they sprinted and then into a house where the bandit rolled the fugitive lawyer up in about forty yards of carpeting which was lying on the floor. Hastily whispering instructions to the woman of the house, he ran out and joined the mob in the chase, while the woman took her seat in the doorway and began to sing. All this was done in less time than it would take to tell about it.

Lying almost breathless in the carpet McGowan could hear the mob in the street. There were fully one hundred men in the hunt, some on horseback, some on foot. Nearly every house in Santa Barbara was searched, but nobody passed through the doorway in which the woman was singing. Jack Power was leading the man-hunters. He led them until Pablo de la Guerra, a highly respectable Spanish resident, whose sympathies (as were those of nearly all the Spaniards in the state) were with McGowan, fearing that he would oe captured, started the report that a man had been seen running into the tules back of his garden. As it was getting late, the frenzied mob, a-thirst for blood, feared that darkness would facilitate the escape of their prey, and to avert such a consummation they set fire to the tules. When the tules were consumed no blackened corpse was found and then it was felt that McGowan had made his escape.

That night Jack Power led McGowan to a garden on the outskirts of the town where he was directed to wait until the moon went down. There he lay with beating heart, in the cool grass. It was a refreshing change from the coil of carpet where he had been panting for breath for hours, the while a colony of fleas rendered existence a torture. But he was far from comfortable, as we may judge from what he wrote: "It was a heavenly night. A cool breeze played gently round my throbbing temples, but it brought no balm to me. I could only feel in its freshness the icy hand of death; and mistook its fragrance for the odor of the charnel house. Flowers were bending round me, but as they waved in the pale moonlight, I only saw funeral plumes. A little stream was trickling near me, and its gurgling ripple broke like a death rattle on my ear. I heard the guitar and tamborine in the distance, and as the sighing night wind brought them down to me, accompanied with light-hearted beauty's laugh, I only heard a death-wail and a dirge. All around me spoke of death. * * * * As when the spirit is, or fancies itself about to wing its flight from earth, the phantoms of the dim past floated before me as vividly as if but yesterday I had passed them on the stream of Time. I saw my poor old mother (who had died during this persecution of me), as I had seen her in my childhood, and so startlingly distinct was the vision that but a day appeared to fill the gap that years had made. * * * * And as I watched that weary moon sink gradually to its setting; that moon whose light had often seemed to me in youth so lovely, but for whose waning now my throbbing heart so longed, I could look it bravely in the face and declare to the Being who placed it there, by all the youthful joys that moon had witnessed, and by the agony of soul which its departure would take from me that night, that I was, in heart and in deed, innocent of the crime for which I was persecuted."

At length the dreadful watch was over and under the pall of darkness Power appeared with two Spaniards to whose care he entrusted McGowan informing the latter that they would convey him to a place of safety. They conducted him a short distance to an adobe building on a lonely road and left him, promising to return at 3 o'clcok in the morning prepared for a journey. And then began a series of adventures even more thrilling and of experiences more terrible than any through which this hunted man had passed.

The Spaniards proved treacherous. Their supidity was aroused by the discovery that McGowan had a large sum of money on his person. To continue his flight he first had to escape from his guides and that he did by covering them with his derringers, compelling them to enter a room in the house,

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the door of which he locked and then ran out and took to the mountains which he began to climb just as the Mission bells were chiming matins. He had no sense of direction but struck out hap-hazard. At sunrise he found himself in a wood at a considerable elevation and looking down he could see the cross on the Mission church. "I was reminded," he wrote, "of a religious duty, too often neglected by me in bygone days of comfort and luxury. I had been instructed by my mother in the religion of the church, and falling on my knees, I made the sign of the cross and thanked God for his merciful kindness."

He remained in the woods all that day and suffered considerably from hunger, for he had not tasted food since the previous morning. Toward evening he suffered from the cold. During the excessive heat of the previous day he threw away his flannel underclothes and in his flight from the mob he lost his overcoat in which were his private papers, among them being letters to the missions in California and Mexico stating that he was a good Catholic and not traveling on any political errand. He afterwards learned that Bishop Amal heard of his loss, the overcoat having fallen into the hands of Don Antonio de la Guerra, mayor of Santa Barbara, and the Bishop sent messages to the various missions instructing the priests to give him shelter if he visited them. He also directed that mass be said for the fugitive. These facts are of great significance, suggestive as they are of a recognition on the part of the Catholic ecclesiasts of the motives behind the prosecution of McGowan. But the fugitive was unaware of the sentiment of the clergy. If he had been, as he afterwards declared, he would have taken refuge in one of the missions. That very day he could easily have gained access to the Mission of Santa Barbara. When he came down from the mountains he followed a stone acqueduct many miles in length which supplied water to the mission for irrigation and other purposes. Its course led through a grain field and there, hungry and footsore, he lay down near a stack of hay and fell asleep. He was not awakened until the next morning when he heard a man driving some cattle into the field.

(To be Continued.)

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Letters

Our Industrious Writers

California's literary geniuses are as active as the builders of the city. Miriam Michelson's new book will soon be out, and Geraldine Bonner has hers completed. In September McClure, Phillips & Co. will bring out Marion Hill's "The Pettison Twins," stories of two little unfortunates whose conscientious mother applied all the patented processes of child study to their training. Some of the tales have enjoyed serial publication and have attracted universal attention. One wonders whether their creator is going to rescue the poor little innocents by letting a ray of light penetrate into the brain of their maternal tyrant, or whether Mama Pettison will be consistent to the last, though it mean the elimination of the puzzling pair. Another book promised by the same publishers, has been long and anxiously expected—"The Plow Woman," by Eleanor Gates. It is several years since her "Biography of a Prairie Girl" made its appearance, but nothing else even approximating it has followed from any source.



Mr. Maurice Hewlett

An author whose works are appreciated by lovers of genuine literature. "The Forest Lovers" and "The Fool Errant" are among his works—published by The Macmillan Co.

The Reading of Fiction

With so much carping criticism on the modern tendency to read fiction, as revealed by the statistics gathered from circulating libraries, it is comforting to discover that there is at least one librarian who, in spite of facts and figures, does not think the reading world doomed to literary perdition. He says that fiction does not form a disproportionately large percentage of the books in libraries as compared with the total number of books purchased. People engaged in scientific or professional pursuits usually own their own libraries, and have no occasion to borrow books pertaining to their vocations, but depend on the circulating libraries for what fiction they read. Again, many books are taken out, and the record goes to swell the sum-total of novels circulated, yet they are not read at all, sometimes being returned immediately, because either the volumes are too dirty and defaced for dainty handlers, or the books themselves are not the ones wanted, or prove to be uninteresting to the borrower. When a report states that amongst the new books purchased there are so many volumes of fiction, it is not to be understood that the fiction is crowding out other things, for books worn out must

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be replaced, and often it is advisable to destroy copies which have been kept in houses where there has been some contagious diseases. People are often directed toward a course of fiction from seeing novels mentioned in the biographies and other so-called solid works they have been perusing, and frequently, having read a biography of some author, the reader is impelled to read all of his works. Again, in cataloguing so many volumes of fiction taken out each month, the Hardys, Merediths, James', Phillpotts, Hewletts, George Elliots, and other masterpieces count no higher than the Duchess and Mary Cecil Hays. It is a pretty theory that in the days of Milton and Shakespeare, of Dante and Homer, the people read the classics and were proportionately cultured. As a matter of fact, "the people," in the sense that we now use the term, read nothing at all. They could not read and they did not want to, but their appetite for stories was satisfied, just as that of the Mohammedans of the uncultured classes are today, by the recitals of the public story tellers, and just as our own children in the nurseries are pleased. This whole subject of reading is an apt illustration of sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind. There was no satisfying the powers until everyone was taught to decipher print and nibble at books. Now the appetite is unappeasable, and there is as little use in trying to compel everyone to read the "hundred best books" as there is in forcing them all to subsist on health foods.

Our Publishers

A. M. Robertson, who may claim to be not only a pioneer book seller of New San Francisco, but the oldest established dealer in the city, is now in his new store, next door to the White House, with a stock of recent publications and old favorites. He is doing his best to arrange his new quarters as nearly as possible like the familiar Post street store, so that patrons who drop in upon him will feel at home. Already, early last week, he had his window displays attractively arranged, despite the presence of the painters with their pigments and brushes in the rear of the store. Mr. Robertson is peculiarly unfortunate, since though he has published hundreds of books, he never issued a catalogue, and it is doubtful if even he himself can remember the titles of all the books which have been brought out under his mentorship.

Paul Elder & Co.'s new shop is as far as possible from any resemblance to the conventional book store. It is a pity that the exigencies of space will not permit an old-fashioned garden of marigolds, hollyhocks, snapdragon, spice pinks, stocks, wallflowers, rosemary, lavender, bergamot and climbing roses to be set out. Book lovers are usually also garden lovers, and if the scheme were feasible, the little English cottage would be speedily surrounded with flowering annuals. Already one regrets that future time when the "march of improvement" will claim the corner for a sky-scraper and the restful book-home must disappear.

A Shocking Practice

Maud: How can girls tell when men are going to propose?

Mabel: They always get on their knees.

Maud (shocked): They do? I wouldn't let a man get on mine. —The Josher.

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TOWN TALK

VOL. XV. No. 729 San Francisco, August 18, 1906 Price, 10 Cents



The Latest Picture of Del Monte



Views at Hotel Del Monte, showing the famous resort since the chimneys were removed, following the installation of steam heat throughout all the big building. The automobile clubs met there last week (August 11th and 12th); and all next week, August 20th to 25th inclusive, the Pacific Coast Golf tournament will be held there. In this event the Southern Pacific has made special round-trip rates from all points in California and a crowd of golfers is expected. The valuable trophies offered are shown elsewhere in this number of "Town Talk."

TOWN TALK

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Bar the Incompetents

Automobile accidents will continue to shock communities, and send families into mourning in this country until we adopt and enforce regulations similar to those of France. In that country the danger is minimized not by reducing the speed limit but by making it somewhat difficult for a chauffeur to qualify for a license. Every Tom, Dick or Harry is not permitted to operate an automobile in France. Nor is a chauffeur permitted to run amuck one day and kill two or three people to stimulate his speed-lust for the next day. Licenses are revoked for infractions of regulations in France, and a man with a license to operate one kind of machine is not privileged to operate another. Most accidents may be traced to a general lack of the special qualities required for the discharge of the responsibilities that devolve on a chauffeur, and it is important that the competency of a man should be subjected to severe tests before he be permitted to handle a machine on the public highways. Owing to the absence of safeguards against incompetency life on the public streets is becoming more precarious every day, and as the public do not apprehend that it is the chauffeur who is dangerous rather than the machine, sentiment in favor of the reduction of the speed limit is constantly on the increase. It is to the interest of persons engaged in the automobile industry to popularize the vehicle and to that end they should strive to promote legislation calculated to keep licenses out of the hands of inebriates and idiots.

Bell and McKinlay

The voters of Congressman McKinlay's district are being told by the partisan press that he neglected his duties during the recent session of congress, having devoted much time to lecture work in the Eastern states. His record is being contrasted to his disparagement with that of his predecessor, Theodore Bell, the suave young Democratic stateman who pirouetted a brief period on the legislative stage at Washington, awakening many echoes but achieving no great triumph. Mr. Bell is eager to return to congress, and hence the efforts of the partisan press to persuade his constituents that he was a faithful, industrious and worthy representative. Nobody should object to the lauding of a faithful public servant. Mr. Bell has no doubt earned the esteem of his friends, and that being the case it is perhaps unnecessary to extol him by contrast. In this instance it is unwise to do so for two reasons. The first is that Bell is bound to suffer by contrast with McKinlay, and the second is that by challenging McKinlay's performances a pretext is afforded for calling attention to his brilliant record. Mr. Bell's record in congress is of the commonplace variety—a very good one considering his obscurity and his lack of experience, but colorless and ineffectual. He was very ambitious, and never lost an opportunity to make a speech; not a very wise course for a novice in the House to pursue, owing to the disposition of older members to regard ebullience of spirits in the latest arrivals as evidence of conceit. The tintinnabulation of the Bell clapper was incessant and it grew monotonous. But there is no doubt that the young man from the Second district meant well. It was unfortunate for his district, perhaps, that he got mixed up in a great many debates and disputes, but he was intent on making a reputation for himself, and to do that at Washington a statesman must talk. If he did not get a public building for Santa Rosa it was not because he did not try. He talked for it at any rate. The success of a congressman depends largely on tact and McKinlay seems to have that quality to a high degree. He obtained the appropriation for Santa Rosa without much difficulty, and simply because he knew when not to talk. That is a secret which few congressmen ever learn. And McKinlay did more than obtain an appropriation for a public building. He won the friendship and confidence of the Administration by his courageous stand on the Philippine tariff measure. He was the only congressman from California who voted to sustain the dignity and honor of his country by doing an act of justice in behalf of the people of the Philippines. The people of the Second district should be proud of Congressman McKinlay. The charge that he did not attend to his duties is unfounded. There was not a more active member of congress at the last session and during that session he established connections on the strength of which, if re-elected, he will be able to render much valuable service to his constituents.

Some Other Objections

The chief objection to the City Hall, a daily contemporary tells us, is observed from an architectural standpoint, the tower being out of harmony with the building. That in our opinion is the least of many objections. Indeed we are not quite sure that it is a sound objection. Every artist knows that neither absolute equality nor absolute similarity is essential to symmetry. Besides so few of us are versed in the elements of beauty and there is so much difference of opinion among artists relative to property, proportion and symmetry that it really doesn't matter much whether the fitness of that tower is denied or admitted. It looks well even as a ruin, so let us not cavil at the taste that put it there. In this utilitarian age it is more to the point to consider whether the building serves our purposes and affords us satisfaction, whether it has been skilfully adapted to our wants. We are of the opinion that it does not. From the utilitarian standpoint the City Hall is a most stupendous failure, so great a failure that even though to lovers of the beautiful it were as perfect in its workmanship as the pillars of the Piazetta, so far short does it fall of answering the purpose of its existence that the preservation of it would hardly be worth while. The plan of the building was designed by a man ignorant of climatic conditions in California. He thought that in summer everybody sought the shade and that in winter we depended for warmth on artificial heat. So he located most of the court-rooms and public offices at points to which the rays of the sun seldom have access. He spread the building over so much territory that time, measured in monetary terms, to the extent of millions of dollars, is lost every year by the business and professional men who have to traverse its magnificient distances. Hundreds of yards of space are wasted in dark corridors and abnormally large rooms. Instead of adapting the court-rooms for the conveyance of sound the architect utterly ignored the importance of acoustic properties and as a consequence strenuous effort must at all time be made to avoid misunderstandings in the discharge of judicial functions. On the whole the City Hall is an abomination, and if it is to be preserved let it be understood that it is because we cannot afford anything better. If we were really intent upon having the best of everything and were resolved to create a City Beautiful then it would be advisable to substitute for the City Hall a building five or six stories in height occupying not more than one-third of the present site and make of the remainder of the ground a beautiful park.

Our Superstitious Proteges

Mr. William B. Freer, one of the American teachers in the Philippines, writing of the native attitude towards cholera, describes how the people march in procession carrying their votive images, with sacred music, and lighted candles, and pray before shrines and oratories, as well as their customs of placarding their doorways with prayers and invocations. As these are the practices of benighted Filipinos, they are pronounced heathenish superstitions. Far be it from the cultured Mr. Freer to admit of any kinship between such practices and the wearing of Saint Christopher medals by enlightened Americans that ride in automobiles. The faith cures and Christian Science treatments that have become so common in this country are evidence of the beneficent influence of Higher Thought symposiums, but the Filipinos, by their dependence on saints for intercession in their behalf, exhibit a deplorable ignorance of the nature of the force that rules the world. But it is to be hoped that Mr. Freer does not believe that the Catholic Filipinos are idolators. The accusation of idolatry is no longer made against Catholics except by the ignorant. They are reproached occasionally for giving saints too high a place in their worship, and they in turn reproach Protestants for not giving the saints a place in their worship. Moreover, they make a pretty stiff argument in support of their attitude toward the saints, prefacing it usually with the assertion that among the noble instincts which do honor to the heart of man, we should place in the first rank the need which he naturally feels of offering the homage of respect and veneration to noble and virtuous actions. They remind us that the honors rendered to heroes are the best encouragement to heroism, and that the nation which does nothing to perpetuate the remembrance of its great men is without its most necessary institution—a school of virtue. However, even admitting that by honoring a saint we may induce wholesome intercession, most of us feel that prayers are of no avail against a contaminated water supply or personal uncleanliness or carelessness in the matter of diet. Yet it is better to have faith than a mind receptive to the thing dreaded. Long before the specifically named doctrine of "faith cure" was so called, old wives used to have a common saying that the easiest way to avoid an attack of an epidemic disease was not to be afraid of it. A saint's picture fastened to a door post may not keep off an attack of cholera, but it is reasonably certain that those whose faith extends so far will not hold out an invitation to it, and they will not succumb at the first twitch of pain, and die of pure funk. It is undoubtedly true, a truth recognized by every physician, that the expectation of recovery is a large factor in every cure, and that the hardest problem which they are confronted with is the need to overcome the inertia of the patient who either does not want to recover, or is indifferent to life. Miracle cures are all dependent on the faith and determination of the invalid. Faith alone will not cure, but neither will miracles come to pass without it. There will be nothing gained by forcing the Filipinos to give up their prayers and processions, but they might be taught that the saints would like them to boil their drinking water, bathe frequently, and be careful of their diet. In time they may discover for themselves that the prayers are less essential to good health, but it would be the part of wisdom to let them alone in all their customary observances while they are doing no harm.

Our Greedy Labor Trust

Organized Labor is unquestionably making hay while the sun shines in San Francisco. Wages are being raised wherever it appears that the employer is helpless. Some weeks ago a labor leader justified the demands of certain unions for an increase of wages with the explanation that the price of living had been raised, but that circumstance can no longer be truthfully urged in justification of the gouging of the labor trust. The wage earners themselves are now the principal factor behind high prices. Wages are now at an exorbitant figure in almost all lines of industry and they have reached their present altitude not because of the high cost of living but because employers are helpless. One day last week the waiters employed in a large restaurant demanded an increase of fifteen dollars a month. They were receiving thirty-five dollars a month, their board and their tips which average more than three dollars a day. They were given the increase and a few days later they served notice on the proprietor that they would walk out unless he raised their wages to sixty dollars a month. The demand was complied with and the proprietor raised the rates on his customers who will no doubt continue to tip the waiters whose net income is now higher than that of many professional men from whom these menials are glad to receive the dimes and quarters dropped into their greedy fists. The conduct of the waiters is typical of the attitude of organized labor in San Francisco today. It is the attitude of the footpad. The demands of organized labor are an expression of the same covetous nature that extorts exorbitant prices from the consumers of sugar and oil. If conditions were uniform in every branch of industry in the city, there would be no occasion for complaint, but in present circumstances the extortion practiced by those holding the whip-hand is reflectively injurious to the less fortunate wage-earners. It is also injurious to the city, for it is retarding the work of reconstruction. But we shall soon find relief. Existing conditions are attractive to labor and the supply is growing larger every day. Meanwhile it avails us nothing to lose our tempers. So let us go right on giving our tips to the waiters, affirming our approval of a despised un-American system, and restrain if possible the indignation that threatens to consume us when we reflect that the men who live by that system, who are engaged in the discharge of one of the lowliest of functions are pocketing sums out of all proportion to their earning capacity as computed on the basis of skill and intelligence. We must not lose sight of the fact that labor is regulated by the demand whenever the demand is greater than the supply. If at other times the price is regulated by the unions on a sentimental basis it is because of public sympathy, for without that sympathy unionism, no stronger than it has been, would be a failure. The sympathy of this community has long been with organized labor and its blatant leaders. We have made of San Francisco an organized labor town, ruled by an organized labor Mayor and an organized labor Board of Supervisors, and now we are getting what we deserve. We have learned a lesson; perhaps it shall profit us in the years to come. To have it thoroughly impressed on us, however,

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we should suffer a little more from the stand-up-and-deliver policy of our present masters. The climax would be capped if the United Railroads declined to submit to the demands of the unions and compelled us to walk for awhile. The more the agony is piled on the sooner we shall make it advisable for the McCarthys and the Furuseths to quit earning their bread by the sweat of their tongues.

Winston Churchill is running for governor of New Hampshire. His nomination is said to be the direct outcome of his latest book, "Coniston," in which he describes minutely the making of a boss and the manipulation of a legislature, but Mr. Churchill is no tyro. He served two terms in the New Hampshire legislature, was a delegate to the Chicago convention, and has made speeches for the National Committee during campaigns. Mr. Churchill says he is not in politics for copy but because he enjoys it, though he does not feel barred from using the material that comes his way. He thinks that American writing men do not take enough interest in politics, but the error is in a fair way to be corrected, with himself as governor, Booth Tarkington having been in the Indiana legislature, and it is said, now having an eye on the House of Representatives; Brand Whitlock as Mayor of Toledo, Upton Sinclair mentioned for Congress, Judge Robert Grant, Judge Stimson, and all the literary consuls.

Shocked by Mistake

Two ministers of the gospel, intent on a career of reform, attended a performance at a concert saloon. Among the "attractions" which they found particularly unattractive were the stunts of a woman wearing an extremely decollete gown, but it was the cut of the garment more than anything else that roused their indignation, so the Reverends Harkness and Morgan remonstrated with the proprietor, and as he proved unconvertible, they brought the matter into court. There the defendant asserted that no woman had appeared in an objectionable garment, and was met by the flat contradiction of the clergymen. The woman in the case was brought forward as a witness, and behold! she was a "he." Then the reverend gentlemen admitted that they had been in too great a hurry; in fact, that though they were very good in their particular line, they didn't know a thing about concert saloons and vaudeville performances. Now the question one would like to have answered is what was the matter, anyway? If a certain amount of exposure of the human body is indecent, what difference does it make whether the limbs or torso belong to one sex or the other? If a woman, performing on a public stage in a low cut gown is violating the proprieties, how does it better the case when the performer is a man whom the spectators cannot distinguish from a member of the other sex? If a man, being a member of exclusive social circles, can lie around on the beach in broad daylight, clothed in as little as he can be induced to put on, why will the women of his set have hysterics at the undress of a pair of clean shirt sleeves, and why, if it is such an infraction of decency for them to be confronted by a collarless male, will they themselves go about in waists of the flimsiest texture and open-work hosiery? When the reverend gentlemen attempted to teach the Minnesota music hall proprietor his business, it is presumed that they were shocked by what they witnessed and that they would have been just as much horrified had it been a picture which was exhibited to them. Their indignation is supposed to be the real thing, and it is also supposable that as they were not regular attendants at music halls their zeal was not on their own account but for those poor, wandering sheep whose morals were menaced. Boys are, therefore, in their estimation, safe if they are exposed only to such temptations as are set before them by their own sex, and indecent exhibitions, foul language and objectionable performances are to be judged entirely from the standpoint of sex. It would be a curious world we would have to live in were it ruled by clergymen and the societies for the suppression of what they call vice. Even the "naked eye" would have to keep itself out of sight and the "undraped limbs" of the furniture would be obliged to retire from good society.

Frances Little, author of "The Lady of Decoration" one of the popular favorites of the hour, turns out to be Alice Caldwell Hegan Rice, of "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Lovey Mary" fame. An aunt supplied the data, and the book was probably put forth anonymously in the English edition, and under the name Frances Little in the American, to test the public. "Mrs. Wiggs" was a real success and "Lovey Mary" was but a continuation of it. "Sandy," which was distinctly inferior, might have been carried along in their wake, but "The Lady of Decoration" had to start on her voyage with her own sails.



ROOSEVELT—"SOMEBODY'S SWIPED 'EM."
—Brinkerhoff in the Toledo "Blade."

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Comstockery

(A Dialogue)

By Theodore Bonnet

Milton: Yes, Arnold, I am glad that Comstock leveled his batteries against the Art Students' League publication. It is the first time that he ever did anything that pleased me.

Arnold: And yet you profess to be a believer in Art for Art's sake.

Milton: Please don't attribute so pedantic a profession to me, my dear Arnold. You never heard me give utterance to that creed. That's the slogan of the culturine clubs. It's too indefinite to suit me.

Arnold: Well, at any rate you've always posed as a very broad-minded man and professed to despise Puritans.

Milton: I don't like the word "posed," Arnold. It implies effort, and I am prejudiced against persons that exert themselves to avoid being misunderstood. And I don't despise Puritans. Why should I? The benighted should excite nothing worse than compassion.

Arnold: Well I'm astonished that an intelligent person should approve Comstockery.

Milton: But intelligent people don't approve it. As one of them I am pleased to learn that the people of this country are being educated out of Comstockery. And I should not have known it if the absurd New York censor of morals had not scented indecency in the work of the art students. A few years ago all New England and the ostentatiously pious of every large community in the country would have risen in virtuous indignation on a Comstock hint of anything savoring of morbidezza anywhere within the confines of this land of freedom. Comstockery has made this country the laughing stock of the civilized world, but from the mild indifference with which the latest eruption of the professional prude has been received I am convinced that Puritanism is going out of fashion. I am inclined to think that we are no longer subject to periodical panics of morality. And great reason should we have to rejoice if we were assured that the caprice of Comstock's censure would never again bring contempt upon us.

Arnold: I quite agree with you. And for that reason I earnestly hope that the pictures of which Comstock has complained are not offensive.

Milton: Don't worry about that, my dear boy. Pictures are never really offensive except when they are badly done. They are sometimes indelicate and sometimes gross but such pictures only bore healthy persons. To attack such pictures in the cause of decency is the wrong way around. As for pictures that express animal emotions they are not essentially inartistic or vulgar, nor do they corrupt good morals. "To the pure all things are pure" is a trick epigram of a misleading character, but there is a profound truth hidden away in it. By the pure is meant those whose appreciation of art comes from the theoretic faculty. That's something of the existence of which Comstock is absolutely ignorant.

Arnold: That may be, but neither do the public know anything about the theoretic faculty. And as they do not laws against positive indecency will always be invoked and enforced. Now it is quite possible that the pictures complained of are not as chaste as they should be for general circulation.

Milton: We are told they are merely nudes and in all probability the fig leaf has been omitted. It would greatly surprise me to learn that it had not for the theory of the unmorality of art has pretty firmly established itself in the strictly artistic classes, and the fig leaf is about the most immoral thing that I know of. Its effect in sculpture is exactly contrary to that for which it was designed.

Arnold: But there is such a thing as pictured sensuousness, Milton, intended as an appeal to the sex instinct, and that I feel should not be encouraged.

Milton: Quite true, but there is no surer way of abating that appeal than by familiarizing everybody with the human body. Charles Henry Smith, professor of American history at Yale, has been recommending that statues of the nude human body be placed in the public schools. He has the right idea. That's the quickest way to assuage an unhealthy curiosity. In tropical countries nude savages excite the interest and curiosity of strangers for a very short time. They soon become as commonplace as the vegetation.

Arnold: Professor Smith evidently wants us to return to the days of Pericles.

Milton: He could urge us to do nothing better from a moral standpoint than to cultivate the respect for and appreciation of art that prevailed in those days. In the days of Pericles the people took an intelligent interest in art and they could discriminate not only between what was artistically fine and artistically ignoble but also between what is morally fine and morally ignoble. That is more than Comstock can do. Even with the superior advantages of a Christian training he is unaware of the fact that ideas of beauty are the subject of moral and not of intellectual nor altogether of sensual perception. He has that strong and banal terror of art exhibited by certain persons who, standing before Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," saw nothing in it but the episode of the licentious prelates, and veiled their faces.

Arnold: After all it appears that you do believe in Art for Art's sake.

Milton: You would be nearer the truth if you were to say that I believe in Art for Morality's sake, for I know that its strongest appeal is to the spiritual nature of those by whom it is understood because of their gratitude to a superior intelligence.

MRS. J. COUGHLAN CO.
now open at
1526 BUSH STREET
Is showing a carefully selected Line of Imported Millinery

BOHM-BRISTOL CO.
JEWELERS
AND DIAMOND IMPORTERS
WILL RESUME BUSINESS AT
VAN NESS AVE. AND SACRAMENTO ST.
SHOWING A COMPLETE LINE OF
DIAMONDS, JEWELRY AND WATCHES
MONDAY, AUGUST 20TH

The Moon Lady

Thy half-averted fact, set moon-wise so,
'Twixt sheltering cloud-drifts of thick, ebon locks,
Love's gift and Love's renunciation mocks,
Till I no more for thee will peace forego.
Thus ever did thy vein's cold current flow?
Sufficed the surf line's ultimate, weak shocks,
With Ocean clamoring beyond the rocks,
Of splendor thy horizons never know?

Turn, for farewell, thy face, O sad surmise,
Prescient of grief for my unhappy quest.
A lingering look in thy reluctant eyes
Full well beseemeth thee thy moonlike guise—
Behold, the burnt-out craters of that breast!

—The Sigher.

Perspective Impressions

Somebody should remind Comstock that morality is but a point of view.

Newport society is to have a ball in a stable. A case of atavism, perhaps.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says that Englishmen are more clean in their habits than Americans. Whose habits has Ella been observing?

There's evidently something the matter with Scotty's mystical mine in the desert. When last heard from Scotty was trying to find a vein leading to the Thaw millions.

"It is not inconceivable," says the Stockton "Record," in a glowing eulogy of Governor Pardee, "that we might get a man far worse. So, therefore, we're for the Governor despite politics and despite the further fact that some of our friends may not like him." Not a very good reason, we should say. Such a poor one, in fact, that it is advisable for Governor Pardee to appeal to his Stockton friend to find another if such a feat be not absolutely inconceivable.

Mr. Ruef is reported to be intent upon getting Judge Lawlor off the bench. Judge Lawlor appears to be very fortunate in the enemies he has made.

A New York Hearst boomer announced the other day, in a county convention, that the "Examiner's" proprietor "takes his politics from Christ." Preparing us, no doubt, for the second coming.

"In spite of the protest of organized labor," says the "Examiner," "President Roosevelt has directed that coolies be employed to make the dust fly on the Isthmus." Nothing remarkable about that. Mr. Roosevelt is not in the habit of falling on his knees to Mr. Gompers. When Mr. Roosevelt believes it to be for the national welfare to ignore the protests of organized labor he does so. If he did otherwise he would be a demagogue. It should be remembered that it is quite possible to repudiate some of the claims of organized labor without injury to the majority of the people.



A POLITICAL KIDNAPING.
A certain old party is suspected of having designs upon Teddy Roosevelt.—Bartholomew in Minneapolis "Journal."



A PREMATURE ANNOUNCEMENT.
—Maybell in the Brooklyn "Eagle."

HOT-WEATHER POLITICS

In Old San Francisco

By R. Francis Logan

CHAPTER VII.

[The Futile Pursuit of Ned McGowan and His Acquittal in Napa.]

McGowan took good care to conceal himself from the cowherd who soon departed leaving him alone in the grain field. His first thoughts on awakening were of food for he had tasted none in two days. A few hundred yards distant was the Mission of Santa Barbara, where if he only had known, he would have been hospitably received. That picturesque retreat was a sanctuary where he might harbour until his troubles blew over, but like Jean Valjean, he felt the immense animosity that surrounded him, and knew not at what point a Javert would appear on the scene.

There is much by the way in this romance of a real life to remind one of the adventures of Hugo's hero; and like Les Miserables there is much in it that seems to verge on the province of the dime novelist. Did I not know that the narrative which I am following was printed and circulated in San Francisco inside of a year after the happenings recounted therein it would exhaust my credulity. It is because I know it was printed as a challenge to McGowan's persecutors at a time when the events were fresh in the minds of his friends and enemies that I am impressed with its truthfulness. He could not have afforded at that time to invite ridicule and he would have done so were he to have distorted the story of his experiences, familiar as they were to many residents of the state by whom they were shared in the course of the long weary months in which he dodged the emissaries of the Vigilance Committee and the numerous reward-seekers by whom he was hounded. But to resume. As soon as the cowherd departed Mr. McGowan ascended a mountain back of the church. By this time he suffered sorely from the pangs of hunger and coming to a kind of basin in a water course where he saw fish swimming he tried to catch some, intending to eat them raw. He cut some holes in the crown of his hat, thus improvising a net to which he fastened a pole, but in this instance ingenuity mothered by hunger proved futile. As a fisherman the fugitive was a failure. Miserable and almost despondent he wandered on into the woods and spent another day and night without food. On the morning of the third day he was in a state of desperation, and feeling that he might as well be captured and killed as starved to death he struck out for a road, careless of consequences, resolved to find a dwelling and ask for succor. Presently he came to a house where he obtained breakfast, and purchased some beef and bread, after which he trudged along the road not knowing in which direction he was going until he found himself once more in the outskirts of Santa Barbara. He ran off the road into some brush and again made for the mountains in which he slept two more nights.

On the fifth day after his escape from Santa Barbara he met a Spaniard whom he discovered to be a friend of Jack Power, the bandit, and through him he sent a message to the man who had saved his life, telling him where he could be found. Once more the outlaw proved his benefactor. Power met him as requested and took him to a ranch called the Arroyo Hondo, owned by a Spaniard named Pedro, and there he lived several weeks. During that period the chase never flagged, as we may learn from the San Francisco dailies of the time. The Alta California of July 20, 1856, contained the following:

"McGowan left Santa Barbara on the 6th inst., and on the 7th was seen a short distance from town where he paid a dollar for a glass of water, and the next day at the ranch of Mrs. Robbins, about two miles from town, he paid three dollars for his breakfast. At this time he had no hat on, and was badly scorched and blistered by the sun. It is said that he had $900 on his person, and in roaming about that section of the country, it is not improbable that he may be murdered for his money."

The "Bulletin" of July 19th contained this news:

"By the steamer Sea Bird, which arrived this morning from ports on the southern coast, we have Los Angeles papers to July 12th, and the Santa Barbara 'Gazette' to July 17th. The news all relates to the movements of the Hon. Judge Ned McGowan, and the chances of his capture. It now appears that he cannot escape the hot search after him. In all probability the noted veteran scoundrel will be in this city in the hands of the Vigilance Committee, within the next ten days. The letters of our Santa Barbara correspondents show that the whole southern country is up and in eager chase after the fugitive."

Meanwhile McGowan spent a great deal of his time in the woods, for his host, Pedro, was under suspicion, and his house was frequently searched. Mr. McGowan slept in a safe retreat every night and his meals were brought to him by Pedro's ten-year-old son who became the fugitive's pet and almost constant companion.

One day McGowan overheard a conversation between Pedro and another Spaniard which filled him with alarm.



An Old San Francisco Scene

The larger building was the Jenny Lind Theatre and the El Dorado was a noted gambling house. They faced Portsmouth Square. In the sixties both buildings were purchased by the city and were occupied as a City Hall until the Hall of Justice was built.

Pedro was drunk and the stranger was offering him a bribe to reveal McGowan's whereabouts. As Pedro expressed a willingness to put the deal through McGowan decided that it was time for him to change his place of residence. He had learned that Dr. Nicholas A. Den, a wealthy Irishman who had married into one of the old Spanish families, was not in sympathy with his persecutors and he resolved to make his way to that gentleman's ranch. Again he struck out into the wilderness, having only a vague idea of the direction of the Den home. And once more he lost his way and traveled a day and a night without water. "Just as I had become convinced," he wrote, "that I could hold out under the increasing heat but a little while longer, I espied some leaves on the side

(Continued on Page 33.)

The Spectator

Pardee's Sad Fate

The State fight is fast closing in. Two weeks from next Monday will witness the gathering of the Republicans at Santa Cruz, and will mark the termination of one of the most interesting political battles fought in the State for several years. When Governor Pardee essayed the task of renominating himself by the aid of his own personal machine, he undertook a contract that he might have known was hopeless. Tom Flint learned of the futility of such a venture when he ran for Governor four years ago; Bard two years later made a similar discovery, but despite the fact that it has become well established in California that no man can be nominated for any office of prominence without the backing of the machine, Pardee ventured to try conclusions anyhow. There is a shrewd suspicion that the Doctor originally thought that he would have the backing of influences that are now unquestionably directed against him or else he would not have gone so far down the road that establishes him as a beaten candidate whether he withdraws now or not.

His Wobbly Delegation

That Pardee is beaten is beyond question. When a candidate's own county is not standing loyally behind him he has little chance elsewhere, and anyone acquainted with the political complexion of the delegates from the other side of the bay knows that among them are many of the Doctor's most bitter enemies. Those who made up the list submitted to the people were careful to place thereon many who entertained a personal grouch, fancied or real, incurred during the four years of Pardee's incumbency at Sacramento. Although they are all "Pardee men" because of the bad politics of opposing a home candidate, they will not take the Doctor's cue nor that of his managers when it comes to handling the business of the Convention. Perfunctory voting will terminate their allegiance to the Governor and they will suit themselves regarding what they do in connection with the rest of the ticket. The desperate efforts made by Pardee personally to get his home county in good shape shows better than anything else the weakness of his cause. They practically made him go down on his knees in Oakland when he begged for delegates on a trading basis and they refused them to him with the statement that they could not afford to take chances of having them traded off for interests adverse to their own. In other words they were Organization men and did not intend to have their votes swung into the "anti" column, as would unquestionably prove the case when Pardee found himself blocked in his desire to make combinations with those on the slate.

Gillett on The Home Stretch

As the Pardee boom shrinks that of Gillett increases proportionately. The Humboldter has gained ground steadily since his return from Washington, and his personal work in the field has contributed largely to his success. Although Edson's battle-flag is still flying in Siskiyou county, it is known that the cattleman's followers are anxious to desert and go over to Gillett, so the chances are that Edson will not get much more than a complimentary vote on the first ballot. Outside of Siskiyou county Gillett will have the solid north, unless the Western Pacific can contrive to throw Pardee some votes from Plumas and Yuba counties in return for the fight that he made for them when their measure was before the Legislature four years ago. However, even this is hard work, for the delegations know what is coming and do not like the idea of being sacrificed and having their county's interests side-tracked merely to pay off somebody else's political debts. Reports from the San Joaquin valley indicate that Gillett has a commanding lead over all the other candidates, while in the extreme south his name is regarded as that of the one candidate upon whom the orange growers can unite. They will not take Hayes down there because of his affiliation with Ruef; Pardee has offended most of those who do politics south of Tehachapi, while Porter is not well enough known there and furthermore has not the connections of Gillett, who served in the State Legislature with many of those who are now prominent in controlling the political destinies in that part of the State.

A Peril in Ambush

Shall a Congressman gain the love of the steel trust and the approbation of the stand-patters, and lose his chance of re-election? That is the question that now confronts Congressman Kahn and Congressman Hayes and Congressman Knowland. These Congressmen probably do not know, as yet, that they are in mortal peril of their places, but the awakening will come all too soon. If they are not quietly shelved by their party the people will probably attend to them in proper order.

Under Which King, Bezonian?

Congressman Kahn and Congressman Hayes and Congressman Knowland are accused of betraying their several constituencies to the steel trust and the stand-patters. They are accused of loving Caesar more than they loved Rome. It is charged against them that when the question was before congress to suspend the prohibitive tariff on steel to the extent of giving San Francisco an opportunity to buy her structural material in the open competitive markets of the world, these representatives of San Francisco and Alameda county stood pat and refused to advocate or vote for the relief proposed for the stricken city. Now a vast wave of anti-stand-pattery is sweeping over the country and the first ripples of the onrushing flood already begin to lap the shores of the districts out of which Congressman Kahn and Congressman Hayes and Congressman Knowland must emerge to sit

SHREVE
& Company
will occupy about September first, their temporary building at the corner of
Van Ness Ave. and Sacramento St.
Complete stock now on sale at
Post Street and Grant Avenue
The Oakland branch office has been discontinued.

once more in the seats of the mighty. It is rumored that if these recreant Congressmen are renominated Senator Gaines of Tennessee will come to California like a nemesis to bosom Congressman Kahn and Congressman Hayes and Congressman Knowland back into their provincial obscurity.

True As To Steel

The crime with which these Congressmen stand charged is heinous in that it partakes of ingratitude. They were elected to represent a people, not a party; they were elected to represent a people, not the steel trust; they were elected to represent a people, not a faction. The people of the Kahn-Hayes-Knowland districts did not elect these representatives to stand pat if standing pat gave the steel trust the privilege of charging the re-builders of San Francisco $48 a ton for structural material for which they charge foreign consumers only $28 a ton. There was no question of "precedent" when these Congressmen were elected, no question of the "entering wedge" and "an opportunity for other cities to demand similar tariff rebates." As between the vital interests of San Francisco and California these Congressmen were expected to hold the interests of their constituents paramount to party, faction and the trusts. It is charged that they reversed the obligation.

Perhaps Hecuba Can Answer

Now we shall see what will happen to Kahn of the Glad Hand, to Hayes of the Dark Brow, and to Knowland the Debonair. As for the other Californian Congressmen, they may be forgiven because their constituencies are not immediately interested in the fate of San Francisco; because, in truth, the interests of those constituencies may be construed as in some degree inimical to the interests of San Francisco. It is possible to demand an answer, in the case of the other Californian Congressmen, to the question: "What is Hecuba to them?" And the answer may well be, "Nothing." But in the case of Congressman Kahn and Congressman Hayes and Congressman Knowland, Hecuba is much, and they must tell us why they stood pat on the question of cheaper steel for rebuilding San Francisco. Perhaps it will be better for the Republican party in California if that answer is given before the Congressional Convention meets.

Shortridge and His New Daily

Charley Shortridge's anti-Hayes campaign in San Jose has set the whole Santa Clara valley by the ears. From Alviso to Los Gatos everybody is watching developments with the eager interest of a boy in the gallery absorbed in the villain's plot to ruin the heiress; "Go in old boy and make it warm for 'em" is the encouraging advice the ebullient statesman is having handed to him from all sides, but always in a whisper, for the people of the Santa Clara valley have a profound respect for the rich Hayes brothers. And why shouldn't they. The Santa Clara valley is the pocket borough of the Hayes brothers. They manage its affairs and dominate it commercially, socially and politically. They are not bad men, but the impression prevails that it's dangerous to move them to resentment. Their friends say they are very amiable men and are very much concerned for the welfare of the community, but their services to the people are not appreciated. They have many enemies eager to see their power broken, and hence the enthusiasm with which Shortridge is being acclaimed for assuming the Mosaic role. Another Shortridge circular has come from the press since last week and in that the announcement is made that the new daily will make its appearance about the first of September. This is what Shortridge says of himself in one of his breezy circulars: "I will say to you right now, that I will give you a square deal—and my word is good for money. I have not a selfish bone in my body: I know how to run a newspaper. I know just how to make it pay honestly. I am not only a writer of vigorous English, but I am a money-getter. I bought the 'Mercury' some years ago, for the small sum of $8,000, and thereafter sold the 'Mercury' for $100,000. And during the time I ran the 'Mercury' it earned $350,000 over and above all its running expenses. When the 'Mercury' sold for $100,000, it was well worth $200,000, and is no doubt now paying interest on a quarter of a million, or more. I am not hoping or desiring to hurt the 'Mercury,'—That is not necessary nor desirable. There is room enough for two morning papers,—and there is a strong demand for two papers. At present there is a monopoly of news in the morning field. This is not good for the 'Mercury,' nor for the people of Santa Clara valley. I propose to change this condition."

Their Outrageous Methods

In his circulars Shortridge accuses the Hayes brothers of sandbagging the merchants of San Jose. He says that those who wish to call attention to their wares through the columns of the "Mercury," the morning daily owned by the Hayes brothers, are compelled to put their advertisements in the "Evening Herald" too. The "Herald" is the Hayes's evening journal and Shortridge has dubbed it the "Evening Parrott." He says he will compel them to change their methods. "I will make them," he says, "run advertisements in the 'Mercury,' or in the 'Herald,'—the 'Evening Parrot'—and charge a reasonable price for one or both. The merchants will be free to choose. This will help the 'Evening News.' As it is, the 'News' is forced to compete against an unfair and illegitimate combination, against great and unfair advantages. The merchants are forced to buy advertising space in the 'Parrot' or they will not be sold space in the 'Mercury.' This is an outrage; a desecration of journalism; a blight upon the freedom and the energies of our people. This will be done away with. This is a community made up of free men—free men and free women—and we propose to remain free. Mark my words—we will remain free. This is enough for the present. You will find me at 35 West Santa Clara street, Phone, Main 377. Call and see me, or write me, and I will call on you. If you don't want the 'Mercury' and the 'Parrot' to know I call upon you, I may conclude to wear whiskers when I come around, and they won't know me. On second thought, I guess there's no danger,—for both papers are so sleepy, and so afraid of the news that they are not likely to know of our movements, and if they do they would be afraid to publish the news.

CUT GLASS
Silver Mounted
Grape, Rococo
Bead Designs

Hammersmith & Field
GOLD AND SILVERSMITHS
Van Ness Avenue, Cor. Eddy Street

Cacoethes Scribendi With a Vengeance

Your American army officer is in one respect a sort of modern Micawber. He writes an unconscionable number of letters. This he does for self-protection. For your officer in moving about carries with him all his papers, and wants always to be in a position to disprove any charge of mismanagement or carelessness that may be brought against him. Thus, when Colonel Brechemin went East early in July he took with him the receipts for all supplies sent from the commissary at the Presidio to the various relief stations in the city; and when it was alleged that eight drayloads of whiskey and other good things to drink mysteriously disappeared while en route from the Presidio to Jefferson Square, no one could cast any light on the subject until the Colonel was located in New York and until he had examined his papers, and notified the military authorities what had been shipped from the Presidio medical supply depot. But when your army man applies his training to the conduct of civil business, he entertains those persons that have been denied a West Point education. The management of Major J. A. Gaston's department at relief headquarters is a case in point. The Major is superintendent of camps, and the July expenses of his department cost the relief fund almost $1,600. The greater part of this sum went to pay clerks and stenographers—letter writers. They wrote to each other and to the Major. He was recently asked to find out how many tent floors were needed in the camps. To get this information he wrote a letter to his adjutant, whose desk is across the room from his own. The adjutant wrote to Quartermaster Johnson, who is also in the same room with the Major, and Johnson wrote to the camp commanders. The latter then wrote Johnson, telling him the number of floors required. Johnson dictated a letter to the adjutant, who wrote to the Major about it. Gaston closed the incident by writing to the committeeman who wanted the information, and so everybody in the office had for his own self a nice carbon copy of a letter concerning tent floors.

Something to Puzzle Over

We have grown accustomed to the use of the word confection to describe the creations of dressmakers and milliners. Usually the context will help to decide whether the result of the concoction is to be eaten or worn, even when the editors of household hints and women's pages mix their sewing-room and kitchen recipes indiscriminately, sorting them only according to the length of the paragraphs, but here is a choice selection from one of the evening papers which is something of a perplexity: "Put two quarts of red raspberries into a stone jar and pour over them tucks both on the body and the sleeves." None of the standard cook books give any directions for the proper method of procedure when one has tucks to pour, and botanies and garden books are silent on the subject of the waists and sleeves of red raspberries. The conclusion one is apt to jump at when fruit is mentioned is that it is to be eaten, but never before with such accompaniments, and on the other hand, waists and sleeves would seem to indicate clothing, only, there is the puzzle of the raspberries and the stone jar. Will some of the gifted ones please untangle the knot? Helen Hayne might spare time from her oracular advice to love-lorn youth to look into the matter, which is certainly a poser to the ordinary mind.

When Billy Goes a Motoring

The joke around the custom house just now is the government automobile purchased for the accommodation of the officials. For many years a hack was used for this purpose—a rusty looking old hack that had neither comfort nor beauty to recommend it. After the fire, the automobile was bought at second hand. Why a new one was not purchased is not known. This one belonged to J. Athearn Folger, and still has his initials painted on the side. The machine makes a very "wealthy" appearance when standing out on Sansome street awaiting the pleasure of whichever official wishes to take a trip to the water-front; but its looks are deceiving. It has been in service long enough that it has learned every known method of breaking down, and has invented some of its own. Some say that Collector Stratton, when he bought it, did not know of its balky tricks. Others maintain that it was a first-class machine when it entered the government service, but that it has gone lame carrying Special Deputy Collector "Billy" Hamilton around. Certain it is that when his well nourished body sinks into it the automobile groans, and the chauffeur shakes his head apprehensively.

Our Crippled Mail Service

Half a dozen clerks and carriers resigned from the post-office employ last week, and more are expected to follow their example. As I told two weeks ago, the small salary that Uncle Sam pays does not attract in these good times; and not only is it hard to hold men, but it is difficult to gather up recruits to fill the vacancies. The custom house, too, finds itself short of help. Clerks there are working overtime, and the Surveyor of the Port has asked for forty additional men. These will be easier to get than postal employees, as that branch of the service pays better. The shortage at the custom house is occasioned by the great increase in commerce. Surveyor of the Port Woodward, in asking for additional men, says that there are now 109 ships either on their way to San Francisco from European ports or loading for the voyage. They have on board nearly a quarter of a million tons of building material. That looks like good times ahead. And as another evidence of prosperity, some of the merchants on Van Ness avenue tell me that already they have nearly recouped their fire losses, so plentiful is money, and so willing are people to spend it. Altogether it looks like great times ahead for San Francisco. It will be a pity if, through Uncle Sam's eagerness to pay the railroads extortionate rates to carry the mail, and his disposition to give niggardly salaries to postal employees, our post-office service is compelled to keep out of the general forward movement.

SOMETHING NEW... ST. FRANCIS LAWN
PUT UP IN POUND BOXES—ALSO ENVELOPES TO MATCH
Per Pound 50 Cents. 108 Sheets of Paper
SHAPRO'S Engraving, Stamping, Steel Dies
2101 FILLMORE STREET COR. CALIFORNIA STREET

McMahon, Keyer & Stiegeler Bros. Inc.
THE TAILORS
Fashionable Drapers at Moderate Prices
Announce their opening on
Van Ness Avenue at Ellis
The largest and most thoroughly up-to-date Tailoring establishment on the Pacific Coast
Branch, O'Farrell Street at Fillmore

Discussing the Jilting of Miss Dowsett

Oakland is divided in its opinion on the Gray-Dowsett affair. Some of the people who live in Oakland think Miss Dowsett should have sued Father Gray for alienating his son's affections after they had been pledged to Miss Dowsett; others would advise the son, Prentiss Gray, to sue his father for libel in subjecting him to the ridicule and raillery of the community. Objection is raised by a few to the first proposition, on the hypothesis that Prentiss Gray had no affections to alienate; and the second postulatum is seemingly nullified by the circumstance that young Gray was a willing accomplice after the fact. It is needless to say that Oakland is much wrought up over the incident and the matter is food for gossip from the academic groves of Berkeley to the shady avenues of the encinal. Old maids chuckle over it in the Ebell; staid matrons are properly shocked by it as they whisper the details out of earshot of rubbering maidens in the Hillside Club; the maidens aforesaid chortle their approval of Miss Dowsett's action on the golf links and in the tennis courts; fond mammas with sons to spare warn their offspring to bring their troubles to their mothers before they attempt to bestow them upon strange women; fathers with daughters utilize the episode as a text from which to preach a sermon on "knowing your own mind, my dears, and not permitting any man to make a monkey of you."

A Heroine and Her Hero

All the world knows by this time, thanks to an industrious and omniscient press, that Prentiss Gray was a football hero who had never learned to swim. One day he went out on the water with Miss Dowsett, a Honolulu lady and therefore a semi-amphibian. Gray fell overboard and would have drowned if he had not been rescued by Miss Dowsett. In the first wild outburst of gratitude Gray offered himself to Miss Dowsett as partial payment for the service she had rendered him. It wouldn't have been good Oakland form to offer the young woman $10, and Gray would have scorned to offer her less. Miss Dowsett accepted the young man, not then pausing to consider that there are as good heroes in the sea as have ever been rescued. She didn't look before she leaped to save the life of young Gray, and she didn't look before she leaped into his arms at his invitation. And the thought of the elderly Gray, the father of her grateful lover, never entered into her calculations at all; it was not the father of Prentiss Gray she intended to marry, although it is likely that she would have fished the father of Prentiss out of the water as eagerly as she snatched the athletic son from a watery grave. In that dire circumstance the peril of a father would have appealed with equal force to the heroine of this romance; when lives are to be rescued there is no time to debate age, sex or condition of the gentlemen in extremis. Miss Dowsett did not debate—she plunged in like Cassius and bore the fainting Caesar to the shore.

Weighed in the Balance with Dollars

Then the father objected. Why he objected is not clear. The industrious and omniscient press neglects to tell us wherein Miss Dowsett was not considered good enough for Prentiss Gray, especially after Prentiss had given himself to the young woman. It is suspected that the elder Gray didn't want to waste his long accumulating dollars on a comparatively penniless daughter-in-law, and this suspicion is borne out by the excuse that young Gray gave Miss Dowsett for breaking their engagement: namely, that his father had threatened to cut him off with the proverbial shilling or quarter, if he kept his pledge to marry the young woman. So they parted; Miss Dowsett announcing that she intended to marry a man, not a cad; and Prentiss retiring to the seclusion of the paternal home where his father counts his accumulating dollars and meditates codicils to his will. And the next day she married a man. Altogether it is one of those "human interest stories" that delights the heart of the newspaper man because it delights the hearts of everybody else. Now Prentiss Gray is immune from the wiles of woman, for no woman with honorable intentions will dare to rescue this football hero again. Therefore he will either have to learn to swim or keep away from water over his head. Especially should he avoid the water in company with a woman whom his father is likely to disapprove. The chances are that Prentiss Gray will live to a good old age unloved, unless his share of his father's dollars can win the love and devotion of some woman who can't swim and who would be compelled to let this athletic young man drown if he fell into the water in her presence.

Weil on Tules

Joseph J. Weil, a visitor here from Spain, where he grows cork, has been booming his own product by alleging that tule life preservers are not efficacious. One would not blame Mr. Weil for dilating on the merits of his own products; but before he begins abusing tule he should learn what it is. "Seaweed" he calls it, and says that it crumbles easily. "When put in the water the life-preserver becomes heavy and the person meant to be saved becomes its victim" further asserts Mr. Weil. The gentleman displays abysmal ignorance. Tule is not seaweed. It does not crumble. It does not become water-logged. Tule is composed of tiny cells, and even crushing will destroy only part of them, leaving the material still capable of floating. I have seen tule life-preservers tested in various ways, and have never seen them fail, even under adverse conditions. Mr. Weil mentions that the "Rio de Janeiro," which, he vaguely says, was wrecked on the Pacific Coast, had tule life preservers. He is right. And for the benefit of Mr. Weil and of those who might be inclined to pay serious attention to what he says, I will say that some two weeks ago a tule life preserver from this ill-fated ship came ashore at Baker's Beach. It had been in the water five years, yet was capable of holding up a man. As Josh Billings said, "It iz better not to no so mutch, than to no so many things that ain't so."

When Journalism Is Slow

I am inclined to think that William Ede, the theatrical manager, who is just back from Australia, is slightly exaggerating when he tells of the slowness of journalism in Australia. He relates that the papers omitted all mention of a $750,000 fire for two days until they could gather complete statistics regarding the event; and that for a similar reason a week was allowed to pass before mention was made of a cyclone which killed fifty people. These tales remind me of the story of a hustling New York reporter who went to

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work for a London paper in the days before English journalism became tinged with American yellowness. He was rather opposed to the slow methods of the editors, but the climax came one Saturday. The reporter witnessed a bloody murder on the street near the office, and came tumbling in with an announcement of it. Just as he was getting into the gory details the editor looked reprovingly at him, and said, coldly: "We publish murder stories only on Wednesdays."

Ward, Typhoid and Flies

Dr. James B. Ward and his fellow physicians of the Health Commission have announced that the water furnished by the Spring Valley Company is pure. At the same time they declare that something approaching an epidemic of a mild form of typhoid fever exists in San Francisco. Under normal conditions, the Health Board expects to deal with twelve cases of typhoid a month. In July, 1905, there were seven cases. Last month one hundred and fifty-eight cases were recorded. Dr. Ward attributes this outbreak to the flies. He says they are contaminated by unsanitary arrangements in the refugee camps, and in turn, contaminate food. The permanent camps, under the control of Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, are, according to Dr. Ward, in a perfectly sanitary condition. Very few cases of typhoid have originated in them. But, says the president of the Health Commission, the outlying camps, such as the one on Telegraph Hill, are the foci of the epidemic—if such it may be termed. Dr. Ward, on the strength of his assertions, has received from the Relief Corporation a large appropriation—though not so large as he desired—which will be the sinews of war in the campaign against the flies.

What the Doctor Doesn't Know

Dr. Ward's logic is not convincing. Prior to the first of August, when Mr. Spreckels was placed in charge of the permanent camps, they differed in no material respect from the tented communities that defied military and civil control. The kitchens in the permanent camps were not screened. Nor were the latrines. Both were open to the ravages of the busy housefly. Notwithstanding this, there was very little typhoid in the permanent camps. In Golden Gate Park, which has its own water system, there was practically no disease. The Presidio, too, was an extraordinarily healthy community. Yet in neither place were unusual precautions taken to guard against flies. At a meeting of the Executive Committee Monday, Dr. Ward was unable to state positively whether the citizens of San Francisco were or were not drinking the waters of Lake Honda and Lake Merced. His impression was that water from neither of these pools flowed through Spring Valley pipes. But he was not sure. Taking these facts into consideration, it would seem that the Health Commission may be mistaken when it attributes all its present troubles to the flies. At any rate, the necessity to boil all drinking water appears to be as great now as it was immediately after the fire.

A Discredited Statesman

Charlie Spear's political prestige is suffering among his old-time admirers in Alameda county and especially in Oakland by reason of a recent interview published in the "Call" in which he is reported to have said that he permitted the ferry building to be used as a billboard and the interior to be occupied by railroad offices because he did not want these businesses to go to Oakland. This report made Spear solid in San Francisco but it was a boomerang in Oakland and the section of Alameda county aside from Berkeley where Spear lodges when he is at home. Oakland feels that it has been severely and ignominiously kicked by Spear and a natural resentment is prevalent in the community. Not that Spear

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need care for the resentment of Oakland. One who holds in the hollow of his hand the destiny of the Republican party of California need not fear the bad grace of a town like Oakland; but aside from mere political prestige it is not pleasant to know that you are disliked by your neighbors; especially if you also know that those neighbors have good reason to dislike you.

An Appeal For Thunderbolts

Another thorn that the "Call' has thrust into the side of Alameda's great statesman is its sneering allusion to the Master of the Cohorts as a "pieman." That was "Pop" Cahill's invidious remark. Cahill did not invent the opprobrious epithet but he applied it to Charlie Spear, and it matters little to the Great Man that it has been applied to other Rulers of Men. A pieman! What is a pieman? Why is Charlie Spear a pieman? If Cahill had said that Spear was a purveyor of political patronage it would not have sounded so bad; but to call him a pieman! that indeed was to scoff, to jeer, to put the tongue a-cheek and wink with the other eye. It is of record that Simple Simon met a pieman going to the fair; and it is also of record that Simple Simon said unto the pieman, "Will you show me of your ware?" Now who is Simple Simon in the "Call's" allegory? And what has Charlie Spear the pieman to offer for the money of the simpleton? These are questions that disturb the slumbers of those who sleep in Oakland and divert the waking hours of the citizens thereof when the thoughts of the honest burghers should be on bargains in real estate and the traffic that has ensued upon the misfortunes accumulating to the already long score of San Francisco's sore afflictions. A pieman! Charlie Spear a pieman! O Jove! a bunch of thunderbolts, your majesty, to hurl at the audacious wretch that thus dares to deride thy high priest. A pieman! Lese majestie can no farther go in sacrilege of the Sacred Person. A pieman! Damn the "Call"! Damn Cahill!

Marshall's Surprise

My friend the veteran newspaper man, who occasionally drops into the office and entertains me with reminiscences of earlier days in journalism, was telling me the other day of the utter confounding of the humorist, Bill Nye, by Billy Marshall, an erratic genius who worked here some years ago. Nye and Marshall had been together in Laramie, and later met in Fresno, Nye visiting that town on a lecture tour while Marshall was working there. Marshall arranged a dinner for Nye, and it was attended by the newspaper men and good fellows of the town. During the speechmaking, Nye told of his first success, achieved while he was at Laramie. "As hap pened to Byron," he said, "I awoke and found myself famous. And no one was more surprised than I." Marshall jumped up and grasped him by the hand, and said fervently: "You're wrong, Bill—I was."

His Little Joke

Marshall afterward worked on the "Call," and was sent out one night to gather up sporting items. His errand took him to the tenderloin, and in the cafes he met with convivial sports. The result was that on his way back to the office Billy fell into a coal hole or some other sidewalk aperture, and the doctor's bill was $25. Marshall included it in his expense bill, considering it a good joke even if it didn't pass the eagle eye of the auditor. But Billy was the only one connected with the incident who saw the humorous side of the affair, and his connection with the "Call" terminated. He went next to Honolulu, where he started a paper, and without much delay faced a contempt of court proceeding for roasting the judiciary. He served his term in jail, then migrated to Manila, where again he became an editor. There he found the judiciary as thin-skinned as in Honolulu, and the jail as uncomfortable. The last heard of him was in China, where, I suppose, his daily life is as happy-go-lucky and full of joy as it was here.

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When Cohen Fought the Octopus

The Cohens, of Alameda, whose home place, "Fernside," an oak-dotted domain along the banks of the tidal canal, is one of the most beautiful in Alameda, brought suit in the U. S. Circuit Court last week to recover $10,000 damages from the government. The suit was brought in the name of Mrs. Emily Cohen, who is the principal owner of the property, the other holders being her daughter, Mrs. Gerritt Livingston Lansing, and several sons, one of whom is a lawyer. They allege against the government that the building of the tidal canal, which connects the waters of San Leandro bay with San Francisco bay by means of the Oakland Estuary, diverted a small stream that watered their place and brought to it each year a valuable lot of gravel, which was a source of income. The evidence, as presented to Judge Morrow, who now has the case under consideration, is not very convincing. One of the brothers claimed, for instance, that before the stream was diverted, he sold hundreds of tons of gravel. When asked to whom he had sold it, he pleaded that his books had been destroyed by fire, and confessed his inability to recall a single purchaser of the gravel. His father, A. A. Cohen, one of the greatest railroad lawyers who ever came into this community, would never have gone into a courtroom with such weak evidence. His shrewdness may be judged from the fact that he beat the Southern Pacific at every turn in a protracted lot of litigation that he had with them. There was not a scrap of the correspondence received by him from the railway people that was not carefully preserved, and in court he would suddenly, after his adversaries had denied some transaction, produce a forgotten memorandum sent by them and utterly confound them. He inspired the early day heads of the Southern Pacific with such mixed fear and respect that they doffed their hats when they met him, and were willing to grant almost any favor he asked. Cohen came from London. He died a few years ago, leaving a good-sized fortune.

To Gouge the Kearney Estate

When it was reported that certain relatives of Russell Sage were threatening to contest the will of the dead millionaire, we were told that "no more striking instance had been given of the completely sordid selfishness of our modern commercial point of view and the unrebuked greed of the average individual." But since then a more striking instance has been given by our own Denis Kearney, erstwhile leader of the masses, the pestiferous demagogue of other days, but now a representative of the bloated bond-holder class against which he was wont to inveigh. With that fascinating effrontery which long ago distinguished him from the common herd, Denis tells us that he has unearthed a lawyer who is willing to go into court and sue for judicial repudiation of the will of Theodore Kearney, the Fresno millionaire, who bequeathed his estate to the California University. Denis candidly confesses that his only claim to the estate lies in the circumstance that he was the son of the millionaire's uncle. That is far more than Theodore Kearney would admit. Theodore Kearney unquestionably knew of the existence of Denis Kearney, but it is hardly probable that he ever dreamt that the blatant sandlot orator would ever put in a claim to a share of his estate. Of course there is no moral reason why Denis Kearney should obtain a share of Theodore Kearney's estate even though they were distantly related. Such a contest as Denis intends to make is immoral in its essence, and is deserving of reprobation. In a community with a fine sense of honor no man would dare to invoke judicial aid in the furtherance of such an unworthy purpose. But Denis doesn't know that he contemplates an action that bespeaks insensibility to decency and propriety. He knows he is not doing anything unique or anything to which public sentiment is adverse. There is no prejudice in this community against setting up a claim to an estate in defiance of the wishes of the man by whom it was accumulated and who was morally entitled to the privilege of devoting his wealth to the enrichment of a great public institution. So the contemplated suit has been treated by the press as a commonplace piece of news. Indeed the press, by its acquiescent tone, indicates that its sense of delicacy is not so keen as that of the coolie agitator, for even he took the



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precaution to explain apologetically that he was inspired, not by cupidity, but by paternal affection. He hopes to get the money, not for the son of Theodore Kearney's uncle, but for the children of the son of that uncle.

That Title-Clouding Suit

The moral sense of this community may not be atrophied as some sensational preachers have asserted, but it is undoubtedly kept under great restraint. We are endowed with a complaisance that is not easily to be shaken. And we are especially partial to lawyers. We are tolerant of their most preposterous efforts to pervert justice, and no suit can be sufficiently bold and extravagant to excite our indignation or resentment. The other day, a suit was filed in this city for the purpose of clouding the titles to whole blocks of property. It is generally believed that the lawyers behind the suit are blackmailers, for the suit bears a close resemblance to a scheme of a blackmailing nature by which many property owners were victimized some years ago. There are some communities in which it would require great courage to institute such a proceeding, but in San Francisco it occasions scarcely any comment. Nobody has even thought of suggesting that the machinery of the criminal courts be set in motion with a view to compassing the discouragement of the plaintiffs in the action. The suit and the parties to it will probably be forgotten a week after the Supreme Court hands down its decision in the case involving the soundness of the McEnerney Act. The effect of that Act, if it be sustained, will be to render harmless speculative suits for the harassing of property owners, and I have no doubt that the Supreme Court will find it constitutional. My certainty in the matter is due to the fact that John Garber found nothing of moment to urge against it.

She's a Practical Joker

Miss Katherine Wright, who is to arrive here this autumn as the guest of Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies, is noted as one of the unconventional girls of society. Her father's position as ambassador to Japan brings her into contact with many foreign officers and diplomats, and I hear that they have been quite shocked at some of her innocent escapades. A correspondent tells me of a shipboard incident that indicates her exuberance of spirits. On a trip from this port to Japan she had been up to many pranks, with one officer of the German army an especial victim. One day she asked him to bring her a glass of water, and he, to get revenge for practical jokes played on himself, strongly flavored the water with salt. Miss Wright did not swallow the mess. Instead, she discovered at the first mouthful the trick that had been played on her, and she endeavored to transfer the salt water from her mouth to the officer's spick and span uniform. There was a race all over the deck, but the officer finally escaped, being fleet of foot and not sufficiently gallant to give the young lady her desired revenge.

She Has a Naval Suitor

The same correspondent tells me that sailing the seas under the Union Jack is a naval officer who is trying to hide his sorrow over the engagement of Miss Anna Ide to W. Bourke Cockran. There was quite a romantic attachment between the officer and the daughter of the governor of the Philippines, and a wedding might have resulted, it is said, had the officer's rank been higher and his pay proportionately larger—for as Miss Ide was reared in luxury perhaps the idea of subsisting on a lieutenant's meager pay did not attract her. It was over a year ago that Cockran's devotion to her was first noted, becoming the subject of gossip among the passengers on a boat on which the two were fellow travelers across the Pacific. Mr. Cockran was teased about the matter, but declared that the friendship was only an ordinary one. Time has developed it into something more ardent.

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A Title May Come Her Way

From an intimate friend of the Whitelaw Reids I learn that there is nothing in the rumor of Miss Jean Reid's engagement to Lord Francis Brook, son of the "Babbling Brook" of baccarat scandal fame. But it is believed throughout the American colony of London that the Reids will succeed in hooking a title before many moons. They have made a strong bid for the favor of the nobility, and have devoted so much time to promoting the social interests of the Reid-Mills clan that the recent season was a dull one for Americans who have hitherto relied on the American Ambassador for social diversion. The latest rumor respecting Miss Reid is that she has been encouraging Lord Gosford with her smiles. That young gentleman is familiarly known to chorus girls as "His Goslins'."

A Posthumous Portrait of Hearn

A negro woman having set up a claim to the estate of Lufcadio Hearn, representing herself as the widow of the dead author, a writer representing himself as having intimate knowledge of the character and personality of the deceased, tells us that it is quite probable that the negress was Hearn's wife. He says that while Hearn was a wonderful genius he seldom associated on intimate terms with decent people. He preferred the society of negroes and was a warm admirer of Marie Lavoux the Voodoo Queen. Moreover, says this writer, Hearn was dirty in his habits, with the face of a weasel, and the manners of a cad. This description of Hearn, I am convinced, does a grievous injustice to the memory of the beloved author. While in New Orleans some years ago Hearn was associate editor of the "Times-Democrat" and during that period he was popular in newspaper and literary circles. People of the highest cultivation were glad to welcome him to their houses. But he was a very sensitive creature and his sensitiveness was most marked in regard to his one physical defect—a blind eye. The story of his admiration for Marie Lavoux is based on the simple fact that he saw in her material for a newspaper story. A gentleman who met Hearn in Japan says: "His personal appearance was not, as is currently believed, repulsive; but to those who met him, having first come in contact with his sensitive mind through his books, the effect was one of surprise. The left eye had a curious cast which protruded it slightly from its socket on an upward angle; it was blind. Myopia caused him to squint the other and so distort a countenance whose lines were of excessive grace and delicacy. His head was that of a poet, and to its sculptural lines, which were strong and beautiful, was added an indefinable luminous quality which partook at once of the ineffable charm of his own mentality and of the imagination of the beholder. You can well understand that to such a man contact with the world would be painful. It is painful enough to so robust a genius as Kipling; with Hearn the hurt of early years was indelible. In Japan he very seldom would see foreigners; their curiosity was too brutal."

Sensational Newport Gossip

"The latest sensation in New York's smart set," writes a correspondent, "is the marriage of Mrs. Billy Travers and Freddy Havemeyer. Mrs. Travers had been spending several week-ends at Newport and was constantly attended by Havemeyer, but owing to the disparity in their ages their friends did not think anything serious was contemplated. Havemeyer was graduated from Yale six years ago. Mrs. Travers was married to her first husband seventeen years ago. The domestic troubles of the Traverses kept the gossips busy for several years. The Havemeyers, the family of the sugar king, are noted for their domestic unhappiness. The gossips of Newport have not yet recovered from the shock caused by the marriage of Francis Roche and Coachman Batonyi. 'A disgusting marriage,' one of the society papers called it, and another referred to the coachman as the 'unmentionable

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Batonyi.' In one paper a Newport society dame was quoted thus: 'Why was Fanny foolish enough to marry him? Surely such an extreme measure was not necessary.' And now some of the scandal sheets are publishing unsavory details of the period just before the marriage. It would astonish you to learn of the extremes to which some of these journals go in their comments and reports of the private doings of the effete rich. We think that the comic papers of Paris are shocking because of their indelicate wit, but if a Parisian paper dared to indulge in personalities of the character of those that are tolerated in New York there would be an uprising."

An Invitation That Did Not Flower

The work of Ernest Rhys in editing "Everyman's Library," the ambitious work that is to embody the best in literature (not in fragments but as a whole) recalls one of his earlier efforts—a little book of verses, "A London Rose and Other Poems," issued twelve years ago, when he was not so well known as now. There were only five hundred volumes published, three hundred and fifty for England and one hundred and fifty for this country. While there is nothing remarkable about them, all the verses in the volume are pleasing and graceful, and some are positively charming. To Richard le Gallienne, who had invited Rhys and his wife to feast at Brentford, "when there are buds enough in the garden," and had forgotten the promise, this bit of banter is addressed:

"Are there no buds at Brentford?
We ask our budding rose,
Whose stem each day a tiny sword
Of tender green unsheathes and shows
Against his February foes.

"No cakes and ale at Brentford?—
Though Brentford's King be dead,
We know a King whose lyric word
Was given, in his jovial stead,
To pour the wine, to break the bread.

"Are there no buds at Brentford
Where, round your ancient house,
The crocus hears the blackbird
Bid every blade of grass arouse
Within the garden close?

"Dear lyric King of Brentford,
Though March on fifty stormwinds sail,
We hold you to your royal word:
By every bud that feels the gale,
We call for cakes and ale."

Bryan and Aristotle

William Jennings Bryan, in one of the syndicate letters by means of which he has been paying the expenses of his trip abroad, devotes himself to the culture of the ancient Greeks—a culture which no one will dispute; but it is refreshing to turn to Aristotle and in his writings find evidence that we are not pioneer offenders in the lack of culture. I doubt not that in those good old days they had culturine cults for the promulgation of fake philosophy just as we have now, and that the ignorant rich were as offensive as the hoggishly wealthy of our times. In fact, human nature changes very little, as will be seen by what Aristotle says of the rich of his generation: "Any one, without any great penetration, may distinguish the dispositions consequent on wealth; for its possessors are insolent and overbearing, from being tainted in a certain way by the getting of their wealth." (I wonder if the preacher who started the great controversy over tainted wealth had been browsing through Aristotle?) "For they are affected as though they possessed every good; since wealth is a sort of standard of the worth of other things; whence everything seems to be purchasable by it. And they are affectedly delicate and purse-proud; they are thus delicate on account of their luxurious lives, and the display they make of their prosperity. They are purse-proud, and violate the laws of good breeding, from the circumstance that every one is wont to dwell upon that which is admired and beloved by him, and because they think others are emulous of that of which they are themselves. But at the same time they are thus affected reasonably enough; for many are they who need the aid of men of property. * * * And it is a characteristic of the rich that they esteem themselves worthy of being in office, for they think themselves possessed of that on account of which they are entitled to be in office. And, in short, the disposition of the rich is that of a fool amid prosperity. However, the dispositions of those who are but lately rich, and of those who have been so from old, are different; inasmuch as all those who have recently become rich have all these faults in a greater and a worse degree; for the having recently become rich is as it were an inexpertness in wealth. And they are guilty of offenses, not of a malicious nature, but such as are either offenses in contumely or intemperance."

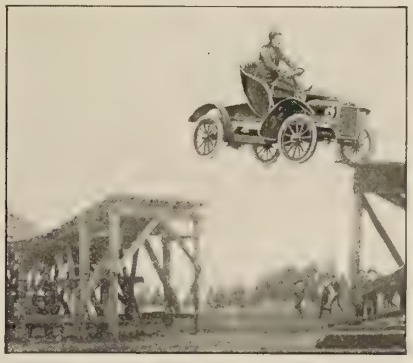
It is less than two months that I have been a member of the Stock and Bond Exchange. I began with desk room at 1070 Broadway. On August 1st I moved to rooms 29 and 30 Bacon Block.

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Specials From Oyster Bay

The whole Roosevelt family went to the circus yesterday and Kermit shook hands with the clown.

Archie ate three soft-boiled eggs for breakfast this morning and Ethel, who is a very bright girl, humorously observed "Archie, if you don't look out, you'll become a soft-boiled egg yourself." Mr. Roosevelt exploded with laughter, and as he was just in the act of swallowing a waffle at the time, he almost choked, but Secretary Loeb hit him vigorously on the back and the President coughed up and proceeded with his meal as if nothing had happened.

Kermit bruised his finger today while hammering a nail. Mrs. Roosevelt put the injured member in a poultice of brown sugar and Kermit bore up heroically.

After lunch the President swung Indian clubs for an hour. Then he skipped a rope for twenty minutes, after which he punched the bag until he drove it from its moorings and then he went at the ten-pound dumb-bells and tossed them around as though they were thistle-down. After a cold shower he fell asleep reading one of his own books.

Mrs. Roosevelt gathered a posy of daisies this morning. This evidence of a love of nature proves that simple tastes are not confined to the lowly.

The President ate pickled onions for afternoon tea with evident relish.

Ethel and Teddy played tennis this afternoon and after the game Teddy climbed a telegraph pole and gave an interesting performance on a wire. It was a most hazardous feat.

Secretary Loeb congratulated the President this evening on his appearance. The President merely grunted and went out and took a run of a mile or two.

The Roosevelts are eagerly expecting the Longworths home. A wireless message was received from Alice today. Secretary Loeb interpreted it as follows: "Went over the side today and took a dip in the briny. Expect to put Nick to bed early. There's a poker game on for the evening."

The following is the President's routine for the remainder of the season adopted today after an hour's consultation with Secretary Loeb and a message from Taft: Breakfast, lunch, dinner, and bed. —The Correspondent.

The Higher Culture

"So nice to meet you! I have just come from Mrs. Meekwun's tea."

"Oh, did you go? I had a card, but I never think of attending."

"Well, I feel it a sort of Christian obligation, don't you know? Poor thing, she makes such an effort!"

"And such an appearance! Do tell me, was it the old turquoise tea gown I've heard so much about?"

"The same. But it was disguised, this time, with chiffon and bows. Of course, we all recognized it."

"And was the tea as bad as they say it always is?"

"Oh, I never taste it! I take the cup enthusiastically and exclaim, 'What delicious tea you make!' I stay ten minutes, chatting right and left to everyone, and then I tell her I have spent a most delightful hour!"

"In fact, you do the whole duty of woman?"

"I do. I'm on my way now to my class for the Culture of the Higher Ideals."

"Do you find it helpful?"

"Oh, I am like a different being. I can feel that my life is daily broadened and ennobled by the—the—lofty thoughts and— Fortunately, you are not obliged to mix with the women you meet there, but the lecturer is a perfect delight!"

"How charming!"

"Yes. He's so handsome, that you never care what he says. I really don't listen. The charm is just to sit and look at him. Do join!"

"Oh, I will! We all need these uplifting influences."

—The Matron.

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Social Prattle

By Tantalus

Francisco Club Redivivus

San Francisco's smart set—what there is left of it—is rapidly recovering from the financial shock that followed the fire. Miss Maye Colburn entertained at the Francisco Club the other day, and that circumstance is accepted as evidence strong as Holy Writ that things are moving along swimmingly. For a brief while it was thought that the Francisco Club was doomed because it is a very high-priced institution, organized just before the crash when our rich were growing richer at such a rapid rate that the heads of the also-rans were beginning to swim. Mrs. Downey Harvey, the founder of the club, who expected to make it the richest thing in town, was one of the few smart-setters who didn't feel that it was her sacred duty to pitch her tent among the ruins and radiate encouragement for the rebuilders. She was abroad and exhibited no symptoms of homesickness. So it was thought by the pessimists that her pet club would become one of the cherished memories of the halcyon days. But Maye Colburn reminds us that it still lives.

The Golf Meet

There will be a gathering of the golfing clans at Del Monte next week, the occasion being the annual tournament on the links. Men and women all the way from San Diego to Seattle who wear plaids and swing golf clubs, will be there and society will be there in best bib and tucker. The trophies to be awarded the expert golfers are somewhat out of the ordinary in design. They were made at Shreve's, and are artistic samples of the silversmith's handiwork. The center trophy—the Del Monte Cup—shown in the accompanying picture, is of hammered silver. The others are for the two runners-up and for the mixed foursomes. Among the trophies is an old fashioned tea-caddy, of quaint English design, and another is a hammered copper and silver loving cup. Golf week begins on August 20th and ends on the 25th. The schedule is as follows: Monday, August 20th, 9:30 a. m., Del Monte Cup for Men. Qualifying round, over thirty-six holes, medal play; the best sixteen scores to qualify. First eighteen holes. 2:30 p. m., Second eighteen holes. Tuesday, August 21st, 9:30 a. m., Del Monte Cup for Men. First match round, over eighteen holes, with handicap. 2:15 p. m., Del Monte Cup for Men. Second match round, over eighteen holes, with handicap. 2:30 p. m., Del Monte Cup for Women. Qualifying round, over eighteen holes, medal play; best eight to qualify. Wednesday, August 22d., 9:30 a. m., Del Monte Cup for Men. Semi-final round, over eighteen holes, with handicap. 10:00 a. m., Del Monte Cup for Women. First match play round, over eighteen holes, with handicap. Thursday, August 23d, 9:30 a. m., Del Monte Cup for Men. Final round, first eighteen holes, with handicap. 10:00 a. m., Del Monte Cup for Women. Second match play round, over eighteen holes, with handicap. 2:30 p. m., Del Monte Cup for Men. Final round, second eighteen holes, with handicap. Friday, August 24th, 10:00 a. m., Del Monte Cup for Women. Final round, over eighteen holes, match play, with handicap. 2:30 p. m., Mixed Foursomes. Over eighteen holes, medal play, with handicap. Saturday, August 25th, 9:30 a. m., Consolation Event. For men who did not reach final round of cup competition. Thirty-six hole handicap, medal play; first eighteen holes. 10:00 a. m., Consolation Event. For women who did not reach the final round of the cup competition. Handicap over eighteen holes, medal play. 2:30 p. m., Consolation Event for Men. Second eighteen holes. Ties in consolation events to be settled over eighteen holes on the following day.

All the dancing club presidents are rounding into form, and if the Laws will kindly rush the Fairmont to completion and provide them with a decent place in which to trip the light fantastic and make a gastronomic spread they'll get right down to business before the winter rains begin to abate the dust nuisance. Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, famous as a controversialist, and distinguished as a refugee helper, is eager to resume the old routine of bringing our army officers in contact with our opulent belles. She feels that the old field is almost as promising as ever and she tells me that the Friday Night Cotillions will soon again be contributing to the gayety of ambitious lieutenants and polished insurance clerks. Mr. Edward Greenway reports that there is as great a demand as ever for the brand par excellence which may be obtained nowhere beyond the portals of his dancing club. He also predicts that San Francisco's swellest society will soon have many new recruits, for since his return he has learned that riches



Trophies to be awarded at the Golf Tournament at Del Monte

are being acquired by men who were unknown to him before the fire. They have daughters and naturally they will soon have social ambition.

The Charles Newmans are temporarily domiciled at 1812 Pacific avenue.

Miss E. Forbes Wilkinson gave a luncheon at the Hotel Imperial last week.

The Charles H. Jacksons, of the Napa Soda Springs, are spending a few days at the Imperial Hotel.

Captain and Mrs. Morong, who are living at the Hotel Imperial, spent a few days in San Jose this week.

Among the sojourners at Highland Springs Hotel during the week were: the Thomas Hickeys, Miss M. Wambold, J. L. Cook, Mrs. M. S. Cutter, James Stokes and James Combs, of San Francisco; L. L. Farmer, M. C. Higgins, Mrs. J. M. Taylor, R. W. Taylor, and Isabelle Yost, of Oakland.

Mrs. Oscar Luning, of Oakland, entertained on Thursday at an informal luncheon in honor of Miss Estelle Kleeman, whose betrothal was announced last month. Among the guests were Miss Blanche Laymance, Mrs. Charles Heatley, Mrs. A. L. Fish and Miss Jarvis.

A very enjoyable entertainment, arranged by Mrs. Dave Hirschfeld, was given in Alameda last week in honor of Mrs. Wiggins. Among those who took part in the programme were Mrs. L. Wand, the Misses Steinhauer, Feldheimer, Frank, Madern, Miss Maytorena, a young pupil of Nathan Landsberger performed charmingly on the violin. She was accompanied by Mrs. Landsberger.

Among the recent arrivals at Del Monte were Mrs. A. N. Towne, Miss Elsa Everding, Dr. Herbert S. Carolan, Miss Marian Miller, Major Rathbone, the F. G. Grays, the William Babcocks, the C. J. Marshalls, the Walter Linforths, E. J. Vogel, Robert F. Devlin, W. S. Hobart, the George Armsbys, the Harrison C. Robinsons, Miss Ruth Kettlewell, Mrs. Margaret Carr, and the George Newhalls.

A Coming Musical Treat

The Mansfeldt Club's seventh Piano Recital will take place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, 1919 California street, Saturday afternoon, September first, at three o'clock. Following is the programme: 1. a. Rhapsody, B minor op. 79 No. 1; b. Scherzo, E flat minor, op. 4, Brahms; Miss Josephine Coonan. 2. a. Nocturne, D flat, op. 27 No. 2; b. Scherzo, B minor, op. 20, Chopin; Miss Eula Howard. 3. a. Berceuse, op. 5 No. 3; b. Gavotta, op. 5 No. 4, Drangosch; c. Valse de Concert, A flat, Poldini; Miss Hazel Knowles. 4. a. Etude de Concert, A flat, Liszt; b. Paraphrase, Fledermaus —Walzer, Strauss-Schuett; Miss Selma Werner. 5. Concerto, A minor, Grieg; Miss Fernanda Pratt. Orchestral accompaniment on a second piano by Miss Joan Baldwin.

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A Bank for Van Ness Avenue

There is nothing that more accurately reflects the financial conditions of a community than that of its banking institutions, and therefore it is worth taking note of the fact that the City and County Bank, which, four years before the fire, entered into business at Sixth and Stevenson streets, is now in such flourishing circumstances that a branch has been established at 1129 Van Ness avenue. The officials of the City and County Bank are being felicitated on their great success in so short a time compelling recognition for their institution as one of the leading banks of the city. As they anticipated the needs of the district south of Market so have they provided for the demands of the new commercial district on Van Ness and contiguous streets. They are now doing a general banking business in their branch of the Sixth Street Bank. The place is thoroughly equipped with steel and concrete fire and burglar proof vaults, one of which is set aside for the use of their clients free of charge, enabling them to secure a safe and convenient depository for their books and valuable papers, the importance of which was demonstrated by the recent conflagration.

General Leonard Woods' principal function in life is to vindicate President Roosevelt's blind devotion to a friend.

Major Ben C. Truman is at Lake Tahoe.

MR. DOOLEY ON READING

"Readin', me friend, is talked about by all readin' people as though it was th' on'y thing that makes a man betther than his neighbors. But th' thruth is that readin' is th' nex' thing this side iv goin' to bed f'r restin' th' mind. With mos' people it takes th' place iv worruk. A man doesn't think whin he's readin', or if he has to th' book is no fun. Did ye iver have somethin' to do that ye ought to do, but didn't want to, an' while ye was wishin' ye was dead, did ye happen to pick up a newspaper? Ye know what occurred. Ye didn't jus' skim through th' sportin' intillygence an' th' crime news. Whin ye got through with thim, ye read th' other quarthers iv th' pa-aper. Ye read about people ye niver heard iv, an' the happenin's ye didn't understhand—the fashion notes, th' theatrical gossip, th' s'ciety news from Peoria, th' quotations on oats, th' curb market, th' rale-estate transfers, th' marredge licenses, th' death notices, th' want ads, th' dhry-goods bargains, an' even th' idytoryals. Thin ye r-read thim over again, with a faint idée ye'd read thim befure. Thin ye yawned, studied th' design of th' carpet, an' settled down to wurruk. Was ye exercizin' ye'r joynt intelleck while ye was readin'? No more thin if ye'd been whistlin' or writin' ye'er name on a pa-aper. If any wan else but me come along they might say: 'What a mind Hinnessy has! He's always readin'.' But I w'ud kick th' book or pa-aper out of ye-er hand an' grab ye be th' collar an' cry: 'Up, Hinnessy, an' to wurruk!' f'r I'd know ye were loafin'."

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Stage

The Scarcity of Good Drama

At the close of each theatrical season, critics from the Atlantic to the Pacific proceed to discuss the dearth of good drama and offer suggestions to playwrights and managers, with a view to making clear the things that are in restraint of an abundant crop of good stage literature. At one time most of the critics were blaming the managers, it being their theory that the readers employed by the theatrical magnates were unable to recognize a good play. That theory was exploded long ago. While a meritorious play is occasionally passed from one manager to another and scoffed by professional readers, plays worthy of production are as scarce as hen's teeth. Prize contests held both in England and America have proved that dramatic genius is exceedingly rare. The simple fact is that good plays are hard to write. The writing of a play is something more than the telling of a story. It is even something more than writing; it is rewriting and building and rebuilding. The critics are now telling us that the star system is the evil influence that blights the dramatic genius of the country and I read somewhere the other day, an assertion in support of that theory, to the effect that Shakespeare never had an actor or actress in view when he was writing his plays. It is unnecessary to cite Shakespeare in this matter for it is unquestionably true that the star system is prejudicial since it restrains dramatists from purely personal expression and impels them to mechanical expedients. Moreover it is hard to avoid artificial effects in picturing life while under the necessity of giving distinctness to one character at all times and under all circumstances and guarding against the natural development of every other character in the story. Moliere often suited his puppets to the personnel of his company but he made them flesh-and-blood characters, and though he often kept the star part for himself he permitted his subordinates to breathe and look natural in his presence. And there are zealous students of Shakespeare who are quite sure that the gifted playsmith did shape his characters occasionally to suit the temperament of his players. Moreover if Shakespeare had written to order for the exploitation of a single individual, as playwrights are doing nowadays, he would have succeeded even under that handicap in imparting some semblance of life to the children of his genius. And if the American playwrights who are failing so miserably in their appointed task possessed the true dramatic instinct together with the genius for character creation we should have reason to take a more hopeful view of the situation. We have a great many playwrights but no dramatic genius has yet burst upon her ken. We have a Belasco strong in the dramatic instinct, but neither a poet nor a man of literary ability. His technique is unerring for the effects at which he aims, but they are not effects that a man sensible of the exalted purposes of the drama would seek to achieve. We have a Clyde Fitch, a man possessed of dramatic instinct and a knack for caricature, but with an exiguous technique and a meager sense of the vital forces of nature and of the emotions of God's creatures. We have an Augustus Thomas and a George Ade and a few others, men of ability but unfortunately lacking in the essential combination for successful, artistic dramatic construction.

Belasco and Mrs. Carter

Although David Belasco still declines to discuss his plans for Mrs. Carter next winter or to say whether or not her recent marriage will change any arrangements that had been made, there is an indication that there will be no break between the star and the manager. Blanche Bates is now playing a limited engagement at the Belasco Theater, and the programme, containing Mr. Belasco's announcements, mentions "Mrs. Carter in a new play by David Belasco" as



American Beauty Chorus
With Harry James Travesty Stars in "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" at the Davis Theatre.



May Boley and Her "Polly Girls"
Who Will Enliven Proceedings at the Orpheum Next Week.

a coming attraction. A fanciful representation of Mrs. Carter's head also adorns the front page of the pamphlet, and playgoers, writes a correspondent, take the two indications to mean that if there has been any trouble between Belasco and Mrs. Carter it has been patched up. Otherwise, they argue, Mr. Belasco would have had plenty of time to change the announcements in the programme.

Edna Wallace Hopper having failed to break into the Dunsmuir estate, is now earning a little money as a member of the Lew Fields company.

The First Female Hamlet

In mentioning the production of "Hamlet" by the graduating class of Smith College, the "Bookman" says "Feminine Hamlets are likely to become fashionable now that Madame Bernhardt has essayed the role." Madame Bernhardt was a long way from being the first of them. It is a full generation back that Anna Dickenson, brilliant, erratic, and for her time, of enormous courage, appeared as Hamlet. Comment and criticism were confined chiefly to her unwomanly daring, rather than to the success of her impersonation. The fact of her sex was a tremendous handicap for her to overcome, and critics and audiences alike were prejudiced in advance. Women were not encouraged in those days, and those who kicked over the traces were treated like fractious colts, so that not much reliance can be placed on the reports of the performance. Like the famous western jury which brought in a verdict against a neighbor, deciding on the evidence but against their will, it was, "Not guilty, but don't do it again." Anna Dickenson, who was a famous character in her day, author, lecturer, actress and one of the early advocates of equal suffrage, appears to be forgotten even by the women of "the movement."

Orpheum Vaudeville

May Boley, who has long been recognized as a most versatile comedienne, will make her first vaudeville appearance in this city at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon in Richard Carle's "Polly Girls" and the "Village Cut-ups," the two principal novelties of his highly successful musical comedy, "The Maid and the Mummy." The act opens with the "Polly Girls," a most beautifully costumed novelty, which is followed by the acrobatic fantastic dancer, Jennie Prager. Then comes the hilariously comical conceit, "The Village Cut-ups." This number is rustic in character and combines all the fascinating features of musical comedy, opera and burlesque. Mary Norman, the delightful monologuist, will reappear after an absence from San Francisco of several seasons. Miss Norman is one of the most artistic women on the vaudeville stage, and

her act stands quite alone in the field of monologue. She is a refined and graceful artist with a satirical vein which she exploits in a most diverting manner. Terley, who comes direct from London, will present the act that has had England and the continent talking for several seasons. A bust is mounted on its pedestal, and beside it a young girl, attired in the white smock of the sculptor, as she proceeds to carve—so it appears—the features take shape—each touch brings us nearer the subject, and in a few seconds a beautifully finished bust is before the astonished audience. It is so real that you can hear the chips flying as the modeler works, but that is, of course, only fancy, for you cannot carve a man's face like marble, and it is Terley's face and neck only before the sculptor. Arthur Deming, one of the best black face comedians in the country, will receive a warm welcome. He brings along an original package of songs and stories. Frank Gardiner, Lottie Vincent and their capital company of comedians have made a hit with their original spectacular fantasy, "Winning a Queen," and will be seen for the last times, as will also the Reiff brothers, the singing and dancing duo. Edith Helena, the soprano with the marvelous range, will change her selections, and the six Proveanis, fair feminine bicyclists, and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will round out the program.

Bishop's Fine Stock Company

More proof of the versatility of the stock company at Ye Liberty Theatre, in Oakland, has been given by the admirable performances that have been given in Barrie's "The Little Minister." Manager Bishop is indeed to be felicitated on the excellent judgment which he has shown in the selection of material for the exigencies of stock work. Not even the highest priced road companies include such talent as is brought to bear for the artistic interpretation of the drama by Katherine Grey, Gavin Dishart, Landers Stevens, L. R. Stockwell, and Frank McVicars. Next week the company will appear in Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag."

Davis Theatre

"Fiddle-dee-dee" will conclude its brilliantly successful three weeks' run at the Davis Theatre Sunday night. The final matinees will be given today (Saturday) and tomorrow (Sunday). Next Monday night the "Harry James Travesty Stars" will appear in the dramatic conundrum in two guesses "Whirl-I-Gig," by far the greatest of Weber & Fields' hits. Rice and Cady, Bobby North, Edward Lynch, J. M. Trayer, and Rosemary Glosz will have congenial roles. The play is rich in musical numbers and gives abundant opportunity to the American Beauty Chorus. The dialogue bristles with side-splitting quip and banter. A sumptuous production is promised. Miss Glosz will wear several stunning gowns and an entertainment of rare merit which will gratify both eye and ear may confidently be expected. The success of the Thursday Bargain Matinees is so great that it has been wisely decided to continue them throughout the season. Seats are on sale at the box office of the Davis Theatre one week in advance. They can also be secured by telephone.

AT THE TRYSTING-PLACE

7:30 P. M.

Beastly nuisance, waiting heaw.
Weally, something's wong, I feaw!

8 P. M.

P'whaps Melissa thinks she's clevaw,
I'll wemembaw this fawevaw!

8:30 P. M.

This is hohwid. When I meet haw,
Vehwy coldly I will tweat haw.

9 P. M.

She said Monday evening. Thundaw!
This is Tuesday! Hohwid blundaw!

—The Chump.

ORPHEUM Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Aug. 19
(Matinee every day except Monday)
VAUDEVILLE KOHINOORS!
MAY BOLEY and the "POLLY GIRLS"; Mary Norman; Terley; Arthur Deming; Edith Helena; Six Proveanis; Reiff Brothers; Orpheum Motion Pictures and last week of
GARDINER, VINCENT & CO.
PRICES: 10c, 25c, and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Sutter and Fillmore Streets. Phone, West, 6000.
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Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager
Continued success of
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Next Opera: "Robin Hood."

Ye Liberty Playhouse 11th & Broadway OAKLAND
Commencing Monday, August 20th
Hoyt's
"A MILK WHITE FLAG"

DAVIS THEATER
McAllister-street cars now running past the door
Phone, Park 95
Matinees today and tomorrow. Last two nights of
"FIDDLE-DEE-DEE,"
With Harry James' Travesty Stars, Rice and Cady, Bobby North, and Rosemary Glosz
Beginning Monday night the greatest Weber & Fields' success
"Whirligig"
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IN COMMERCIAL CIRCLES

Wm. Wolff & Co. have, after a long series of disappointments, moved back to their old location at 248 and 250 Mission street. This firm was located there for a great many years and had become one of the landmarks of Mission street. The company is now occupying its own building and is prepared to serve the trade as of old.

Among the new restaurants opened is that of Jack Thompson, of Oyster Loaf fame. "Thompson's" is on O'Farrell street near Fillmore.

Miss Honig, so long on Geary street opposite Union Square, has opened a store on Bush street near Van Ness avenue.

Gantner & Mattern, proprietors of the "Knit Shop," have experienced all sorts of difficulties in getting their new store at the corner of California street and Van Ness avenue into condition for occupancy, but expect to open in the course of a week or ten days.

Thirion & Raap have opened a cafe and grill on O'Farrell street near Van Ness avenue. Their specialty is a French dinner for seventy-five cents every day in the week. They have one of the best chefs in town.

The Berteling Optical Company, which for years was on Kearny street near the Chronicle Building and afterwards on Grant avenue, has opened a new store on Bush street near Van Ness avenue. Mr. Harry Nordman states that they saved all of their records and will open a complete optical shop.

One of the new hotels recently opened in the city and certainly one of the best, is the Jefferson, opposite Jefferson Square. John G. Barker, who conducted the Colonial, which housed some of our best families for many years, is one of the proprietors while Mr. Stewart who will be remembered by many of the old timers as the proprietor of the Stewart at Ellis and Jones is the other. This combination is sure of success in the Hotel world.

E. C. Heller & Co. wil soon open a new store on Van Ness avenue in the Coleman block of stores.

Nathan Dohrmann & Co. are working hard on their new building on Van Ness avenue and expect to be established there in the course of a few weeks. They have opened a retail office and are filling orders from goods to arrive until they open their new store to the public.

Smiths' Cash Store is in the new building at 16 Steuart street. This firm has used great effort in getting the most complete line of groceries now in town into their store.

GERONIMO'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

The Duffield Company is about to publish the Autobiography of Geronimo, the famous Apache chief whose name was a terror in the southwest not so many years ago. The wily old redskin has been at work for about two years on his narrative, assisted by S. M. Barrett, superintendent of schools of Lawton, Oklahoma. As usual with such ventures there is a charitable object in the foreground; this time, the freeing of the Apaches from their captivity, and the gaining for them of lands to be held in severalty and passed down to their children. There is abundant reason for believing that Indians of any tribe are as well entitled to homestead claims as foreign immigrants, and that had they been put on an independent, self-supporting basis in the middle of the last century, it would have saved endless trouble and expense, but whether that is a justification for the book is another matter.

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GERMEA

FOR

BREAKFAST

The Stowaway

In vain I read my shipmates' names,
In vain I scanned their faces—
Some lit with joy, some showing still
Of poignant grief the traces.
No one knew me and I knew none,
And though I've been a ranger,
A congress from the underworld
Could not have looked much stranger.
I chid the fate that made of me,
When I would be a dreamer
Among the pines, a prisoner
Upon a crowded steamer.

A prisoner whose state was like
R. Crusoe's, sad and lonely;
Till, two days out, my starved eyes fell
Upon the First and Only.
Know her I must! The Captain should
Present her my credentials,
But when, entranced, I rose to go
In quest of those essentials,
A saucy little stowaway
Stood suddenly beside us,
And bade us be the best of friends
Till dark doom should divide us.

Next day he healed the sore heart of
The heir to some old peerage;
The next again made bright as day
The dim and gloomy steerage,
And so endeared himself to all
That each of us stood willing
To pay his fare, though it should take
The last remaining shilling.
But when the Captain found him out
And laughed—'twas my conclusion
That S. S. Cos. and Cupids are
In sedulous collusion!

—The Traveler.

AT BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall C. Harris made the run from Oakland to Byron Hot Springs in a Pope-Toledo, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Harris and Master Harris; Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bruse accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Holton of San Francisco, drove up in a Winton and spent Sunday at the Springs; Mr. and Mrs. Letts Oliver, accompanied by Miss Carolyne Oliver, Miss Anita L. Oliver and Mr. Albert L. Oliver, made the run in a Pierce Arrow. Among the other arrivals of the week were: Mrs. H. R. Warner, Del Monte; State Senator Edward J. Wolfe, Mr. M. A. Murphy, H. M. Calkins, of San Francisco, and Dr. R. Gross of Eureka; Capt. Freeman, Honolulu.

A writer informs us through the medium of a contemporary that "it is inborn in a Southern gentleman to be chivalrous and courteous to all with whom he may come in contact." The writer neglected to except negroes.

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The Old Family Portrait

By L. T.

Tom Newcourt, the English reporter went through the San Francisco fire and lost everything save old family papers and a painting. The painting had a history. So had Tom Newcourt. He was the last of an old English family and he had inherited nothing but the old family papers. He was not disappointed at the barren nature of his inheritance, for he had expected nothing else. Newcourts and money had now been so long disassociated that the very name might safely be taken as evidence of impecuniosity. Yet, truth to tell, this unfortunate state of affairs had not been brought about by dissipation or extravagance, but (as has been intimated above) by sheer persistent ill-luck. Misfortune hung like a blight over the family and all its members. There seemed to be no fighting against it.

This blight, or curse, or whatever you may choose to call it, dated more than two and a half centuries back, and began with the marriage of Thomas Newcourt, of Courtfield Bishop, Bucks, Esquire, to Margaret Ponty, only daughter of Roger Ponty, yeoman, of the same village, in the last year of James I.

By some, the ill-luck which, from that time forward, haunted the Newcourts, was regarded as a just retribution for the mesalliance; by others, as a punishment for the moral levity of the yeoman's daughter, who subsequently became a lady of fashion at Charles I's Court, and there comported herself as too many ladies of fashion then did. But, however you may explain it, the undeniable fact remains that the downfall of the Newcourt family began from the time when Margaret Ponty was introduced into it, and continued with a fatal certainty ever since.

Among the bundles of family papers, to which I have referred were a couple of quaint old letters, bearing date 1630, the one from Margaret Newcourt at Ye Palace of Whyte-Halle to her husband, Thomas Newcourt, at Courtfield Bishop, Bucks, and the other, Thomas Newcourt's reply to the same.

From the correspondence, it appeared that Mistress Margaret had had her portrait painted by Rubens in the character of Venus, and desired her husband to remit fifty guineas wherewith she might pay the artist.

Thomas Newcourt's reply was to the effect that he regarded it as disgraceful in a lady, on whom he had conferred his hand and name, that she should be painted in the character of a shameless heathen goddess, and have her undraped charms exposed on canvas to the eyes of all and sundry. But, since the portrait had been painted, he would pay the fifty guineas for it, and make it his own, if only to save it from being publicly exhibited.

"For lette me telle you, my ladie," (concluded this quaint epistle) "that I shall moste certainlie bring thatte pourtrayt to Courtfield Bishop and hang itte in an attick, with ittes face to ye walle, where no eyes of menne shall ever beholde itte.

"From your angrie and sorrowful husbande,

"THOS. NEWCOURT."

Of the portrait itself, save for this correspondence, there was neither trace nor record, from which the obvious conclusion to be drawn was that Thomas Newcourt had improved upon his threat of hanging it "in an attick, with ittes face to ye walle," to prevent the eyes of men from beholding it, by burning, or otherwise destroying, the obnoxious picture.

It was one night a few weeks after his father's death that young Tom Newcourt, briefless barrister and pot-boiling journalist, happened to peruse these old family papers. He found them so diverting and interesting that he continued to pore over them into the small hours. Presently he looked up, and in the half-gloom, beyond the focus of his reading lamp, he descried something that caused him to start with intense amazement.

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What he saw was this—a woman, in young middle life, her face wonderfully beautiful, yet withal something bold and pert, and her figure richly attired in brocade and velvet draped after the fashion with which we are familiar on the canvases of Van Dyck.

As his eye met hers, she made him a curtsey in the grand manner, yet with a spice of sauciness imparted, and then remarked:

"You do not know me, young sir?"

The astonished Tom shook his head.

"I am your ancestress, Margaret Newcourt (born Ponty)," said she.

Tom said nothing. He could only rub his eyes and stare at her.

"It is imputed to me," she went on, "that I am the cause of all the misfortune that, now for two centuries, has pursued your ill-starred family. You have heard this?"

Tom nodded. He was still too much bewildered for words.

"Listen, my young relative," said she. Having brought such ill-luck upon you Newcourts, I am now about to make atonement to the family in your person, and to put you in the way of becoming rich and famous. Mark well what I say. There is a talisman –a talisman of luck—concealed upon me. If you will carefully remove my stomacher, you will find that talisman here" (she laid her hand upon her heart), "just beneath my breast, on the left side——"

Bang! A coal fell noisily from the grate into the fender, and Tom awoke with a start. He rubbed his eyes. He looked about him. No sign of his ancestress, Margaret Newcourt. This interesting little interview had been only a dream.

And yet there had been a vividness about it not exactly dream-like, either. The whole scene—the pretty, bold-faced little woman, her stately curtsey, her formal old-world speech, her mysterious hints at a talisman of luck that she carried—all these remained impressed upon Tom's mind with extraordinary clearness. And somehow he could not get rid of the feeling that he had really seen and spoken with his notorious ancestress.

But such subjective visions of sleep, however vivid and impressive, soon fade and pass from the memory, unless something objective happens afterwards to recall them. And doubtless Tom's dream would have suffered the same fate, had it not been that, within a week, it was brought back to him in a very remarkable manner.

Among his father's effects were a few old curios, which Tom, who wanted money, commissioned a well-known firm of art auctioneers in the West End to sell for him.

He attended the sale to see what his curios fetched, and was somewhat disappointed by the small prices realized. He was just leaving the salesroom (his lots having been disposed of), when a couple of pictures were put up—"Portrait of a gentleman, unknown, after Van Dyck, artist unknown;" "Portrait of a lady unknown, after Rubens, artist unknown."

The auctioneer's man brought them into the ring, where they were handed round and inspected, with contemptuous indifference, apparently, by the dealers there seated.

"Now, gentlemen, what shall we say for these? Five guineas the pair? Any one bid five guineas?"

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The Security Savings Bank Building is in process of re-habilitation and deposits are being received. ALL demands of depositors have been met since May 28th and the business of making new loans will be shortly resumed. New accounts are being opened.

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"One guinea," said some one.

"Guinea and a half," said some one else.

"Two guineas."

"Two and a half."

It was at this moment that the auctioneer's man happened to turn the portrait of the lady unknown in Tom's direction.

An intense thrill of excitement shot through him as his eyes fell upon it. Why, here was the counterfeit presentment, the living likeness, of the pretty little lady of whom he had dreamed the other night. It was the same smile, the same bold expression—yea, even the same dress down to the smallest detail.

"Two and a half guineas, gentlemen—the pair going for two and a half guineas!"

"Three guineas," said Tom, hardly knowing what he was saying, so excited was he.

"Three and a half guineas."

"Four guineas," said Tom.

"Four guineas, gentlemen—the pair going at four guineas!" proclaimed the sonorous voice of the auctioneer.

"For FOUR GUINEAS!" he repeated.

Then the hammer fell.

And at this reasonable figure Tom Newcourt unexpectedly became the possessor of a portrait of his notorious ancestress (for he could not doubt but that it was she), by an unknown artist, after Rubens, with the portrait of a gentleman, unknown, after Van Dyck, thrown in.

Next day he went and fetched the pictures away, and hung them in his rooms.

Whoever the unknown artist and imitator of Rubens who portrayed his ancestress may have been, the picture was certainly very well painted, and it possessed that feature characteristic of all good pictures—namely, that the eyes followed you and looked at you from whatever position you regarded them.

Tom remarked this, and found himself always catching—so to speak—the eye of Margaret Newcourt, and every time he did so, her mysterious words came back to him:—

"If you will carefully remove my stomacher, you will find the talisman here—just beneath my breast, on the left side."

"Now I wonder what the deuce you meant by that, great great-great-great-grandmother?" Tom was constantly asking himself. "I wish to Heaven you would condescend to open those red lips of yours, and explain. Goodness knows, I need the talisman badly enough. Don't suppose I shall ever find it, though. Such strokes of luck don't come in the way of us Newcourts."

Tom brought the picture to America with him, for he regarded it (he knew not why) as his greatest treasure. As soon as he settled down after the fire, in new rooms, the old painting was hung once more.

One night an Englishman, an old friend of his family, dropped in on him. He was a Q. C. who had come to San Francisco to attend to some insurance business. He considered himself quite a connoisseur of pictures and his eye falling upon Mistress Margaret's portrait, he exclaimed:

"I say, that's an uncommonly nice picture you have there, Newcourt. Has the appearance of a Rubens. Where did you get it?"

Tom told him, giving him at the same time a graphic account of his dream and of the extraodinary coincidence that had led to his buying the picture.

The Q. C. was much interested. He put on his glasses and went and inspected the picture at close quarters.

"Umph!" said he, "well, if this is an imitation, it's a precious good one. Of course, as is well known, Rubens had a host of pupils and disciples, many of whom caught his style very nearly. And I presume that this is by one of them. Still, even so, it was ridiculously cheap at four guineas. I'd give you twenty for it, with the greatest pleasure."

"Thank you. I don't think I'll sell it," answered Tom "The family history attached to it, and that extraordinary dream and coincidence of which I told you, invest it with an interest in my eyes that would make me loth to part with it."

"I quite understand, Newcourt, and certainly the coincidence was most remarkable," answered the Q. C., still regarding the picture through his pince-nez.

Then, after a moment's reflection, he exclaimed, suddenly:

"I say! Those old family papers relating to your ancestors—are they here? May I have a look at them?"

"Of course," replied Tom.

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And he took the bundle from his desk and, selecting the papers required, handed them to his visitor.

The latter perused them in thoughtful silence.

"Umph!" he presently observed; "the lady did have a portrait of herself painted by Rubens, in the character of an undraped Venus, though. So this cannot be that one. Is it possible, I wonder, that he may have painted a second portrait of the lady? But, then, the work would doubtless have been signed by him, which this is not. It is very odd. And that mysterious allusion to a talisman of luck hidden beneath her stomacher, of which in your dream she made mention. By Jehosephat!" cried the Q. C., his face lighting up with a sudden, eager excitement, "I wonder—can it be possible? I do believe I have the clue—Yes, yes! It is worth investigating, anyway. You must obey the lady's directions, Newcourt, and carefully remove her stomacher—you must, indeed."

"I beg your pardon, I don't quite understand you," answered the bewildered Tom. "How am I to remove the stomacher from an apparition?"

"Oh, I don't mean that. It is this; you must remove—this," said the Q. C., laying his finger on the velvet and brocaded article in the picture; "or rather, you must have it removed by a competent expert——"

"But why?"

"Why, man! Can't you see? Let us assume now that your ancestor, the lady's husband, objecting (as he evidently did) to his wife's unclothed charms being exhibited on canvas, but not caring to destroy a genuine Rubens, commissioned some other artist to put some clothes on her, an——"

"Oh, I say!" interposed Tom, in his turn full of excitement, as the Q. C.'s idea began to dawn on him, "You mean that perhaps this is the Venus portrait with a stomacher painted over it."

"Precisely; that is my notion."

The expert was employed, and he found beneath the stomacher the lady's bust, plump, white, shapely, as Nature made it. And just below the lady's left breast, across the corner of the canvas, appeared the magic signature, "Peter Paul Rubens."

Newcourt sold the painting for fifty thousand dollars.

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APRIL

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JUNE

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Master Gerrish Bromley.

—The Biographer.

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"He's rich," the girl her father told,
Of him who pressed his suit,
Adding: "He's a soft mark, pa,
And very nice to boot."

—The Maid.

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In Old San Francisco

(Continued from Page 9.)

of a rock which looked damp. I put my hands on them and to my unspeakable joy I discovered that they were quite wet. I knew there must be water near them and tried to trace them up to the source, but they became dry again only a little way up the rock and I commenced to dig with my knife among them. At first I could not discover where the water was creeping from. After a little while however, I discovered a small aperture in the rock shaped something like a bake-oven. The rock was very soft, being decomposed, and I could work on it almost as easily as clay. I dug away at it and presently drops of water began to fall out of it into a little basin at the bottom of the oven. This basin I cleaned out so that it would hold more, and after working at it more than an hour, I was enabled by inserting a reed, which I cut for the purpose, into the basin, to suck up a few drops of water. I think I must have drunk all that fell into the basin for an hour and a half, before I quenched my thirst."

That night he slept near the spring and the next morning found the basin full of clear, cold water. Before resuming his journey he marked the spot by making a cross out of two long branches and hanging them to a tree. He cut his initials in the tree, christened the place "St. Peter's spring," and a few hours later found himself on Dr. Den's estate.

He was heartily welcomed by Dr. Den and was immediately installed as a member of the household. He found much sympathy not only among the members of the family but also among the numerous servants and farm hands—faithful Spaniards and Indians. "They were all faithful and discreet to the last," wrote McGowan, "and when they ascertained that I was a Roman Catholic, I doubt whether all the gold in California's mines could have induced one of them to betray me. They used to say of me, 'Paisano es bueno Catolico.' Would that I were!"

Several pleasant months were spent on the Den ranch. Nearly every night of his stay, he slept on a pallet of straw in a cornfield several hundred yards from the house, it being deemed unsafe for him to remain indoors. It was the middle of August when he reached the Den ranch and the zeal of his pursuers had not yet relaxed. But rumors as to his whereabouts were growing more conflicting every day. According to one report he had reached his old home in Philadelphia, whereupon a writer grew facetious in the columns of the San Francisco "Herald," thus:

"This wonderful genius, this 'Jack-o'-the-lantern' politician with the white hat—this apocryphal hero of the Jack Ketch committee—has again made his appearance upon the stage, lifted his white beaver and exclaimed, 'Here I am, Mr. Merryman.' As a traveler he has thrown Humboldt and Mungo Park entirely into the shade. At one time we hear of him enjoying the laborious acting of that eminent American tragedian at the Metropolitan, and in the same breath he arrives at Santa Barbara, is recognized, retires into the tules, has a magnificent reward offered for him, is pursued by an enthusiastic deputation of the One-Eyed committee who return in disgust—when, presto! change, the Hon. Judge Edward McGowan has arrived in the City of Brotherly Love, and is quietly installed in his family mansion. If Shakespeare lived in the nineteenth century, McGowan would be his beau ideal of an ariel. When Eugene Lue writes another 'Wandering Jew,' the ex-Commissioner of Emigrants will be his model. McGowan is a remarkable man; he has made his mark on the dial plate of time, and whether the committee have the hanging of him or not by way of dessert in the banquet of horrors they are now feasting on, the name of the Knight of the White Hat will be a prolific theme for the pen of the future historian.

"P. S.—Since writing the above, we have just heard the

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Ends October 15th, 1906

"Town Talk" presents to the reading public the following unparalleled clubbing rates for new yearly subscriptions to "Town Talk." This offer will end October 15, 1906. All subscriptions should be addressed "Subscription Department, Town Talk, 1561 Post St., San Francisco, California." Give name, address, city and state in writing us.

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" " "	Fortnightly Review	8 50	7 50
" " "	Golf	6 00	5 00
" " "	Harpers Magazine	8 00	7 00
" " "	House Beautiful	6 00	4 50
" " "	Humorist	6 00	4 50
" " "	International Studio	9 00	8 00
" " "	Judge	9 00	7 75
" " "	Keramic Studio	7 50	6 75
" " "	Leslie's Weekly	9 00	7 35
" " "	Lippincott's	6 50	5 50
" " "	Literary Digest	7 00	6 00
" " "	Life	9 00	8 00
" " "	Macmillans	7 00	6 00
" " "	Madame	5 00	4 40
" " "	McClure's	5 00	4 00
" " "	Men and Women	5 00	4 00
" " "	Munsey	5 00	4 25
" " "	Musical Courier	9 00	7 75
" " "	North American Review	9 00	7 40
" " "	Notes and Queries	5 00	4 00
" " "	Outing	7 00	6 00
" " "	Outlook	7 00	6 00
" " "	Out West	6 00	5 00
" " "	Overland Monthly	5 50	4 50
" " "	Poet Lore	7 00	6 00
" " "	Popular Magazine	5 20	4 30
" " "	Puck	9 00	7 40
" " "	Reader Magazine	7 00	6 00
" " "	Review of Reviews	7 00	5 75
" " "	Red Book	5 00	4 00
" " "	Saint Nicholas	7 00	5 75
" " "	Scientific American	7 00	6 00
" " "	Scrap Book	5 00	4 25
" " "	Smart Set	6 50	5 75
" " "	Sunset	5 00	4 00
" " "	Technical World	5 00	4 00
" " "	Tales	6 50	5 50
" " "	Theatre Magazine	7 00	5 50

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rumor that a telegraphic despatch has been received from the Fiji Islands, announcing the arrival of the Hon. Edward McGowan."

"Query: Where is Ned McGowan?"

Lying on his pallet of straw in the cornfield, one morning, the hunted wretch read the facetious remarks in the "Herald," together with the speculations of other newspapers respecting his whereabouts. He learned that according to one report he had been seen in the State of Sonora, and the thought came to him that he could confirm it by writing to San Francisco a letter dated on the plains near Sonora, and thus slacken the hunt. He immediately did so, entrusting the letter to a messenger. He addressed it to John Nugent, editor of the "Herald," and it was published, causing a big sensation. It was the first great scoop in the history of Californian journalism. This was the caption in the "Herald:"

"LETTER FROM NED McGOWAN

"The Political Mountain of the Nineteenth Century Speaks to the Sea—The White Hat Turns Up Again—Remarkable Adventures of a Political Philosopher of the Modern School, Pursued by Puritanical Bloodhounds."

In his letter McGowan, in a facetious strain, ridicules the Vigilance Committee for their failure to capture him, and attributes his success in eluding them to the circumstance that he was a Catholic, thus making it clear that he felt that sentiment was divided on religious grounds.

"If the Vigilance Committee," he wrote,"are still holding on in expectation of catching me, they might as well disband, for it is not in the cards. * * * I am easily pleased and perfectly willing to die in bed, although I sympathize heartily with the bloodthirsty committee in their mortifying and defeated efforts to elevate me to a high position. * * * I am consoled by the thought of one day setting myself right before the world and repelling the assaults made by these fiends in human form who have so savagely persecuted me and of having the satisfaction of showing who some of 'the best and purest' citizens are. * * * Tell the boys I will see some of them at the inauguration of 'Old Buck' on the fourth of March. I voted to send 'Old Buck' to the Senate in 1843, and also voted to instruct the delegates from California to vote for him in the Cincinnati convention and was also in the glorious state convention that nominated him for the Presidency in 1845. With ordinary luck I will be in Sonora in four or five days and will write you again."

McGowan's sojourn at the Den rancho was a very pleasant one, especially in the winter months when there appeared no longer to be danger of pursuit. He enjoyed the freedom of the ranch and entered heartily into the diversions of the family. Dr. Den kept him in communication with his friends in San Francisco who warned him to stay where he was until they should let him know when it would be safe to surrender himself into the hands of the authorities. "Consequently," he wrote, "I had to stay quietly where I was, which I did till Christmas had come and gone. My life was pretty much the same every day. Occasionally I would ride over to Senor Ignatio Ortega's to purchase whiskey for the Indians; especially on Saturdays when they would say to me in Spanish. "Tomorrow is Sunday; there will be no work and we'll drink whiskey with Paisano." I amused myself very much by hunting. The country abounds in game of all sorts. One party of men killed no less than one hundred and thirty deer in one month. Geese, too, and ducks were very plentiful. A great field sport of the Californians in the dull winter months, and by no means a contemptible one in point of excitement and danger, is lassoing grizzly bears. I saw several of them captured in this way. Both the horses which are trained for the purpose, and the men exhibit great quickness and skill in this dangerous sport. Relying on the sagacity and skill of their horses to keep out of the monster's reach, the horsemen soon have a lasso around one foot of the bear; and as

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quickly as possible each of his other feet is similarly secured, and the horses hold all four of the legs stretched out in opposite directions, while he is despatched with a knife. One party which started out from Santa Barbara succeeded in thus killing ten bears in one day. They are very numerous and exceedingly destructive of cattle."

On the tenth of February, 1857, about seven o'clock in the evening, as the family were eating dinner, Captain J Martin Reese of San Francisco, appeared at the Den residence. He had ridden from San Francisco with a letter to McGowan from E. T. Beatty, Speaker of the Assembly, which was then in session at Sacramento. The letter was as follows:

"Judge Edward McGowan.

"Dear Sir: I have had much conversation with Captain Reese and others in regard to the practicability of having a special act passed by the present legislature granting you a change of venue from San Francisco without the necessity of your personal appearance in that county; and am of the opinion that there will be no difficulty in accomplishing it. It is notorious that your person would be in danger of mob violence were you to go back there, to say nothing of the absolute impossibility of your procuring a fair trial in that community, that I cannot conceive of any honest man's opposition to a law so obviously just and necessary. I would therefore recommend to you by all means to come as quietly and quickly as you can to Sacramento, where you will be at least safe from personal violence.

"Very truly your friend,

"E. T. BEATTY."

McGowan decided to start for Sacramento the following day, on horseback. It was a hard and hazardous trip in winter and though Mr. McGowan purposed going alone, his friend, Captain Reese, insisted on accompanying him, and Dr. Den detailed a guide for part of the journey. McGowan was overcome with emotion at the hour of parting, for his heart was gushing over with gratitude to the Dens. "As I was about to mount," he wrote, "I desired to express to Dr. Den my appreciation of his great goodness, but my heart was too full and the words stuck in my throat—all that was in me of my mother gained the ascendancy and I could not articulate." It was to Dr. Den that he dedicated his printed narrative in these words:

"This book is respectfully inscribed to Nicholas A. Den, M. D., whose kindness to the author may be said to have transcended the charity of the Good Samaritan, in that he did not confine himself to the discharge of a merely Christian duty, which brought with it its own reward, but fearlessly braving the insane clamor of the multitude, and listening only to the voice of unselfish and chivalrous compassion for the hunted and the helpless, nobly sought him out from the inhospitable wilderness, and bravely sheltered him from the fury of a cruel mob. That length of days, prosperity and happiness may be his, is the heartfelt hope of his ever grateful and firm friend."

The journey to Sacramento was begun on the eleventh of February, and after many exciting adventures he arrived in Sacramento on the first of March. His friends rallied 'round him and kept him in seclusion until the third of March when the bill providing for a change of venue in his case was introduced in the Assembly by General Jefferson Hunt of San Bernardino county. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee and was reported back with an amendment making it a general law. It passed the House without a dissenting voice and on the eighth of March it was passed by the Senate. This act of simple justice enraged McGowan's enemies in San Francisco. Anything that savored of mercy to him gave mortal offense to those newspapers that had for ten months been industriously instigating his fellow-citizens to hunt him for his blood.

McGowan surrendered himself into custody and was tried at Napa, before Judge McKinstry. Special counsel were hired for the prosecution by the Vigilance Committee and C. T. Botts, a Sacramento lawyer, appeared for the defense. The trial lasted three days, during which the prosecution sought to prove that the killing of James King of William was the result of a conspiracy between McGowan and Casey. On the first ballot the jury rendered a verdict of acquittal. The Napa "Reporter" announced the following day that "There was not evidence enough against him to hang a cat." "And yet," added the same paper, "had this man, now triumphantly acquitted after an impartial trial, fallen into the hands of the Vigilance Committee, he would have been hung to a dead certainty. This case should teach the people of California the gross injustice, tyranny and cruelty of which masses of men may become guilty when acting under excitement."

Some years after his acquittal McGowan went back to his home in Philadelphia. He returned to this city many years ago and died in St. Mary's Hospital.

(To be Continued.)

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of SAMUEL PERKINS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor and executrix of the will of Samuel Perkins, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor and executrix at the office of Brewton A. Hayne, Esq., 707 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Samuel Perkins, deceased.

DANIEL J. C. PERKINS and
MARY R. PERKINS,
Executor and Executrix of the will of Samuel Perkins, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 18, 1906.

BREWTON A. HAYNE,
Attorney for said Executor and Executrix,
707 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

Letters

The Prurient Reviewer

Whenever a book that is in any way unpleasant, either in the topic treated or the method of treatment, comes into the hands of certain critics it is curious to note with what particularity and at what length the disagreeable features are emphasized and dwelt upon. Even though it be but one insignificant incident in four hundred pages of print, it is seized upon and magnified until it would appear to be the essence and essential element of the whole story. The one atom of decay, the tiny worm-eaten spot, is held up to view, and magnified and dilated until it exercises a hypnotic fascination, and there is no surer way to secure a boom and create a best-seller. It is held that the unpleasant books of the day are mostly the product of the female novelists, and it assuredly is a fact that, with one or two exceptions of men whose reputation rests more on their clever phrasing and epigrammatic smartness than their fair dealing and judgment, the wide-eyed, uplifted-hand, and holy-horror style of reviewing is also mainly the work of women. The unerring instinct which leads them to fasten on the unpleasant facts, or often it is only such facts and incidents as they can distort into something not apparent on the



Mr. Owen Wister

Latest portrait of the author of "Lady Baltimore" and "The Virginian," works published by The Macmillan Company.

surface, leads to a suspicion that these virtuous ones are possessed of information not vouchsafed to the world at large, and that out of their own abundant experience they are able to see with microscopic eyes. Their position is similar to that of a coterie of good women who once organized themselves into an association for the promotion of social purity, and in order to advertise their own chastity, adorned themselves with enormous white ribbon badges. They met periodically to discuss their favorite subject, the relative modesty of the two sexes, and might have gone on to this day, pluming themselves on their rarefied perfection, had they not solicited the co-operation of a well-known author and lecturer, who replied that the very fact of their continued harrowing and plowing of the same field was suspicious of the need of it, and that the constant dwelling on the facts of impurity argued the impure. The white badges disappeared, and we have heard far less about the matter since then. If these excessively feminine critics wish to show their disapproval of any book which concerns itself with more than the flirtations and jealousies of charming young girls, and their courtships by the nobility

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and gentry, let them pass such over to someone with a stronger mind, or else say nothing at all about what they conceive to be the main motive for the composition, the imbedding of one insignificant incident in several hundred pages of what is innocuous.

Keeping Tab on Authors

When George Moore recently delivered himself of the opinion that America had produced but three authors worth consideration and that two of them were unread today, the Lippincott Company promptly came forward to say that as far as Edgar Saltus is concerned it is his own fault, since he has obtained an injunction from the Court of Appeals which successfully prohibits the publication of his books. Now comes the Duffield Company, publishers of the great Woodberry-Stedman edition of Poe's works, with the statement that their sales department contradicts the Moore dictum that he "is unread in America, whereas he is an integral part of the artistic life of Paris." There is only Whitman left of the trio, and if all the people who are writing about him are also reading him, there should be nothing to complain of. It is not safe to assert that any author not of the immediate decade is "not read," for no one has any record of the private movements of readers. That new editions are not bought argues nothing, since real book lovers prefer the volumes they have always handled to anything new, however sumptuous. Lists of best-sellers are no guide, since it is distinctly stated that they are made up of the returns on new books and moreover, no one knows how many volumes it is necessary, or unnecessary to dispose of in order to get place. If the compilations included all books on sale, the first school readers would probably leave all else out of the running. When a new class of several hundred pupils is ordered to provide itself with whatever play of Shakespeare's their literature class is to study, there ought to be a distinct boom in Shakespeare, and when there is a large demand in the public libraries for "Ivanhoe" or "Tales of Two Cities," or Carlyle's "French Revolution," it would be safer to examine the new course of study before generalizing. Most people who have a fancy for Poe's stories are provided with copies at home, and they are not obliged to advertise it to the world every time the spirit moves them to renew acquaintance with "The Cask of Amontilado," and "The Fall of the House of Usher." If Americans were only now making a rush for Poe's works there would be ample reason for reproaching them for the earlier neglect. No doubt Californians are neglecting Bret Harte in the same fashion, yet there is not a family of the Pioneer stock to whom "Miggles," "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcast of Poker Flat," "M'liss," and "The Heathen Chinee" are not as familiar as their own names. They are in no more need of reading or looking up the references than they were of street corner signs before the fire.

Strenuous Recreation

"What is Roosevelt doing now?"

"He is working himself to death taking a rest.

—The Diplomat.

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TOWN TALK

VOL. XV. No. 731 San Francisco, September 1, 1906 Price, 10 Cents



CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

A Veteran Man of Letters now in San Francisco writing the history of the California Missions for "Sunset." Mr. Stoddard was a resident of San Francisco many years ago. Recently he occupied the chair of literature in the Catholic University of Washington, D. C.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by Town Talk Publishing Co.

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Charles S. Smith.....Manager
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San Francisco's Greatness

It is somewhat irritating to find that correspondents of Eastern newspapers are spreading the notion that the work of reconstruction is not being pushed with the vigor significant of enthusiasm and dauntless resolution. But we may solace ourselves with the reflection that this perversion of fact is far less irritating than the truth would be were enthusiasm lacking and indecision affecting the spirit of the community. Fortunately, misrepresentation is doing no harm. The work of reconstruction is progressing satisfactorily; not, perhaps, in the opinion of the impatient and unreasonable, but to the amazement, nevertheless, of persons cognizant of what was feasible in existing circumstances. Thomas Starrett, president of the Thompson-Starrett Reconstruction Company of New York, tells us that San Francisco's progress during the first three months after the fire was much greater than that of Baltimore in the same length of time. Yet Baltimore should have far surpassed San Francisco in development, for that city, being situated close to the industrial centers and having sustained merely a physical loss, had much less difficulty than this city in recouping its energies and material resources. From the circumstance that we reared numerous wooden shacks on the ruins of our business houses, our unfriendly critics have inferred that we were lacking in civic pride and enterprise, but as Mr. Starrett explains, "San Francisco after the fire was like a soul without a body," and "to attempt to hold it in a state of suspended animation while a new and more perfect body was being designed for its reinhabitance was something impossible." In Mr. Starrett's opinion shack-building was imperative, and he predicts that at the end of five years "the town will be so rebuilt that but 25 per cent of the buildings will be temporary structures." Five years would be an eternity were we to dwell in confusion and chaos to the end of that period, but the probability is that in another year we shall have emerged from the dust and disorder to find something of a semblance of a modern metropolis, with a fair assortment of clean streets, an accessible rendezvous or two, and perhaps a fashionable promenade; so inviting a metropolis, mayhap, as to be deemed worth the while once more of the most distinguished mimes of Broadway. With such a prospect it should not be hard to possess our souls in patience. Indeed, so prosperously are we now sliding along that perhaps we should be justified in applying to ourselves that famous aphorism of Saint Simon: "The golden age which a blind tradition has hitherto placed in the past is before us." Assuredly there is no occasion for splenetic atrabiliar reflections. Our fair city has been badly discomposed, but has not all our boasting of the past been vindicated? Deep in our hearts was the spark of skepticism in the wildest bursts of civic pride. We could not have believed all that we claimed for San Francisco, and now we find that our most extravagant estimates were not what they seemed. We had builded greater than we knew. Shaken by earthquake, swept by fire, the population panic-driven in all directions; and within three months thereafter the banks with more money on hand than they know what to do with, every merchant doing vastly more business than he ever did before, wages higher than in any city in the world, with the demand for labor insatiable and capital coming from all quarters in quest of opportunities for investment! Why should we be irritated by the pessimistic utterances of a few myopic critics? San Francisco's pre-eminence as the seat of empire on these western shores is no longer to be questioned. In the language of E. W. Scripps of the great Scripps Newspaper League, who recently visited the city, and expressed amazement at the progress that had been made and the evidences of prosperity, "San Francisco's indispensability to the commercial interests of the world has been recognized by the foremost writers on economic subjects." And in the language of one of them—an eminent authority of Holland who recently set forth in an Amsterdam monthly the reasons for San Francisco's enduring greatness—"The city must always remain the place of settlement for industrial workers on the Pacific Coast; San Francisco Bay is the only outlet to the ocean for a vast fertile interior land, and owing to natural conditions this outlet cannot be duplicated." With all these factors that contribute to the commercial stability of San Francisco, and with many others, we have long been familiar, but the invincibility of them we did not know until the great catastrophe supplied us with ruins to rise from. Doubt not ye lugubrious prophets that within five years San Francisco will be herself again.

A Neglected Philosopher

In a recent public address Mr. William R. Hearst exhibited a highly praiseworthy familiarity with the patriotic maxims of some of our most illustrious statesmen. He quoted impressively from the utterances of Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln to show that the sentiments which today are the inspiration of his political activity animated our greatest patriots in the most critical stages of our country's history. In these confused vortices of the troubled sea of politics it is well for us to be frequently reminded of the shrewd advice of the founders of the republic, and there was one among them with whom we should be on the most intimate terms. With Washington, the one to whom we refer, we do not commune often enough, for the reason perhaps, that the impression prevails that he was skilled mainly in the arts of war. Yet Washington was no inarticulate prophet. On the contrary, he uttered himself with fluency and with an impressive sincerity, and in a style equal from the standpoint of literature to the most cultured of our continental philosophers. Washington grappled like a giant with the naked truth of things, and there was a ray of pure starlight and fire in much of his preaching. Take for example his farewell address. We commend it most heartily for perusal not only to our readers but also to Mr. Hearst and likewise, and particularly, to Mr. Samuel Gompers, the high-salaried head of the Federation of Labor, who is now trying to promote the election of a Congress that will represent, not their constituents, not the fifteen millions of workingmen unaffiliated with unions, but the small bands of organized labor that follow and support in luxury the prophet of the so-called "toiling masses." That farewell address is a fine, luminous philosophical disquisition on government and it was the ripe fruit of study and meditation. Among its most resplendent sentences are these: "To the efficiency and permanency of our union, a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances however strict between the parts can be an adequate substitute. They must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which alliances in all times have experienced. All combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract or awe the regular deliberations and action of the constituted authorities are destructive of this fundamental principle (the principle of

a representative government) and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction; to give it artificial and extraordinary force; to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and according to the alternate triumphs of different parties to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction rather than the organ of consistence and wholesome plans digested by common councils and modified by mutual interests. However combinations and associations of the above description may now and then answer the popular end, they are likely in the course of time and things to become potent engines by which cunning, ambitious and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people and to usurp for themselves the reins of government, destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion."

It would be well, in our opinion, if those words of the Father of his Country could be burned into the heart of every citizen of the Republic. It is needless to say that if they were thoroughly appreciated and all men that are zealous for their country's welfare were mindful of them, the candidates for Congress who have given evasive answers to Gompers' impertinent question because they have not the courage to tell him they will respect their oath of office, would not hesitate to utter themselves in unequivocal language.

Our Imposing Public Buildings

The suggestion of Supervisor Wilson, that the municipality erect a modern six-story office building instead of another enormous palace for a City Hall, is the most sensible word that has yet been spoken on that subject. The City Hall ought to be the city's business office, and there is no reason why it should not look like what it is designed for. Perhaps a more businesslike structure might impress its purpose on the minds of those who are housed therein and in the course of time they might come to believe that they are only the servants of the people, not their lords and masters. The idea of erecting these huge and pretentious castles has come to us from monarchical times. Our Revolutionary forefathers clung more or less to monarchical institutions, and were by no means a unit on the subject of the new form of government. The Federalists stood very much in fear of the consequences of permitting the man on the street to have a voice in affairs, and Alexander Hamilton and his followers advocated the establishment of an aristocracy of wealth, arguing that if the administration would attach to itself, by grants of monopoly and special privileges, the big merchants and land owners, they would make a strong supporting faction in case of popular dissatisfaction. It was presumed that the common mind would need to be overawed by the magnificence of the rulers, and that a display of grandeur would check their presumption. So our public workshops, instead of suggesting the idea of business and dispatch, became imposing palaces which do not give a hint as to the purpose of their existence, and the parks which surround them add still further to the impression of elegant leisure. If the ruins of the old buildings can be restored in a reasonable time and for a reasonable sum, it would be economy to utilize them, but if otherwise, then a fireproof structure centrally located, with fittings and furnishings such as a progressive business man would select for his own use, would serve every purpose.

Educated Incompetents

Some attentive observer of the flotsam of the New York East Side has discovered that about one-fourth of the unemployed vagabonds who frequent the missions in search of charitable aid have had more than a common school education, many of them having passed through colleges and universities as well as high schools. He has further discovered that the percentage is about the average everywhere and that of the one-fourth, three quarters are Americans; that is, nearly nineteen per cent of the native incompetents have had abundant educational advantages of which they can make no use. It is further reported that all these incompetents are more or less neurasthenic, that the majority are addicted to the excessive use of alcohol or drug stimulants and that a fairly large number have gone through school on their muscle, having been prominent in athletic lines, though some show evidences of having been good students. Now the query which the writer of the article, that appeared in one of the medical journals, asks is, "Who is to blame, educators or physicians?" Do the schools and colleges unfit the students for the struggle with the world, using up their vital forces in their effort to gain knowledge or are the doctors to be held to account for introducing the nerve-racked youths to the soothing influence of noxious drugs? Rather, the question should be, to what end are young men kept in schools and colleges when they show early in their career, as they invariably do, that they are by nature unfitted for scholastic pursuits? Why were they not taken from the school room betimes, and put at something at which they could give an account of themselves? Many of these drifting logs, perhaps all of them, have been sent through colleges and universities at the expense of the rest of their families. Perhaps the farm has been mortgaged, or parents have stinted themselves of necessaries, or other children have been sent to work, that the one accounted the most brilliant, though perchance he has been only the most selfish, should enjoy the advantages of an education. Having neither the will to deny himself any indulgence, nor the generosity to forego what he has no moral right to accept, it is not to be expected that such will come through unscathed. The example of the parents of Daniel Webster, who mortgaged their home to send their brilliant son to college is an excellent one, or rather, would be if all sons were Daniel Websters, but more often, plain John Smith commits an irreparable blunder when he sends his commonplace boy, with neither high resolves, intellectual power or definite aim, to disport himself in monkey antics for four years. It is inevitable that John will come through with shattered nerves, not because he has been over attentive to his studies, but because of the orgies and debauches and the experimenting with every form of excitement. The evils of college athletics have been so persistently harped on of late years that the subject has worn itself out; still, it is self-evident that the average graduate of the athletic courses

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Fillmore Street, Near Sutter **San Francisco**

would be of more use in the world were he a coal heaver or a river roustabout, putting his muscular strength to legitimate exercise. Usually he looks forward to being a professional gentleman sport, refereeing prize fights, or promoting contests of some kind. The intellectual cream of this division may possibly edit a sporting column or coach a football team, and he could do that just as well without the college career. There is a third class among these failures, the "scholars," who are looked upon as the real victims of the educational system, the most to be pitied, since their intellectual endowments do not earn them their bread, and it seems to be taken for granted that they, at least, should be provided for in some way. In truth they are not a whit better than the natural born loafers or the sports. They are apt to be of a class that can be successfully crammed but never really educated. They have receptive minds, and like young birds, they swallow all that comes their way. They are always favorite pupils because they remember, and they can be counted on to gain high marks at examinations and to show off before visitors, so they are kept at school as long as there is a class for them to enter, always with the idea that at the end of the passage they will do something wonderful. If there is a medal to be got they may win that, but it will be the last thing they ever will win. The great virtue of this kind of student is the negative one of lacking initiative. Given a task, it will be performed, perfectly, but mechanically; whether it be conning a lesson or breaking up stones, it is all one. Being started at books they keep right on with books as long is one is set before them, and never think of anything else. When the book is taken away they are as bewildered as if they had suddenly become blind. They have been taking in all their lives, and when called upon to give out, they do not know how, so they sink down among the incompetents. Professor Hugo Munsterberg says the brightest minds are not to be found in colleges, and least of all among post-graduate students, for the active energetic ones want to be abroad, accomplishing something in the world, while the slower, sluggish, dreamers are content to cling, like limpets, to the accustomed rock. Physicians may be to blame to some extent for prescribing drugs for nervous students, but the chances are that those that become addicted to drugs are sadly in need of them. Colleges may be held to account for perhaps once in a thousand times for the nervous breakdown, but the real root fault lies further back, not in demanding too much work of students but in admitting and encouraging to the pursuit of intellectual tasks those who were not by nature intended for scholars.

That Sensational Russian Prediction

A Russian newspaper, the "Novoe Vremya," recently indulged in speculation respecting changes likely to be made in the map of the world in the near future, and predicted that the Mikado would next turn his attention to this country and, after exterminating our naval forces on the Pacific, take from us the Philippines, Hawaii and California. When the editor of the "Novoe Vremya" made that prediction he was shadow-hunting. To assume that Japan will soon be able to drive us off the Pacific and also be inclined to do so is almost as vagarious as to postulate the accessibilty of Mars to the latest thing in airships and then to speculate on the weapons that will be employed in the seizure by the adventurous scientists of the Lick Observatory. The editor of the "Novoe Vremya," being denied the pleasure of advising his countrymen as to the easiest way to run a revolution, looks abroad for topics of interest to his readers. And, being a wise editor, he knows that nothing would please them more than to be told that the country that so ardently sympathized with Japan in the recent war was destined to be whipped by the little brown men. So he vouchsafed them that pleasure. Whereupon, most of the learned editors of this country sat up and took notice. And seriously and gravely they seized that Russian journalist's prediction as a theme for discussion, revolving it in the dark depths of their minds and then giving free course to speculation permitting it to ramble to all the thirty-two points of the compass. Wonderful indeed is the collected wisdom of the journalism of America. But what must be the astonishment of that poor editor in the land of a bridled press to find that in the United States, with its multiplicity of live topics through which the editorial mind is privileged to range without the suggestion of a shackle, where the free flight of thought is unhindered, his playful prediction was made the pretext for the spilling of gallons of ink, to the end that the erudite journalists might show how much they think they know about the fate of nations!

A Smash at the Canneries

Another effort has been made to injure the fruit canning industry of California. In the London "Saturday Review" of August 11th we found this letter, purporting to have been written to that journal from Los Angeles by one Rudolph E. Schwerin: "Sir:—Canned meat products are not the only class of American export food products which are open to criticism. I know from some nine years' experience in fruit and vegetable canneries on the Pacific Coast, that goods from such sources are not quite all they are represented to be. Copper, arsenic, and sulphuric acid are some of the ingredients that enter into their preparation. The last chemical is largely used in curing and coloring prunes, apricots, and other dried fruits, and what is quite as objectionable is the practice of soaking the labels off old-canned stock, often many years in stock, and issuing the same under new covers as the season's latest pack. We all know here what the U. S. inspectors' guarantee is worth. Such are invariably politicians, with no professional qualifications, owing their positions to the influence of some senator or congressman, and their only object is to make all the hay possible while their term of office lasts. Foreign nations purchasing American products of this description can only remedy these evils by requiring imports from such sources to bear dated labels, and a certificate of purity from their own appointed inspectors." From Mr. Schwerin's letterhead it appears that his office is in the St. Louis Building, on Second street, Los Angeles. We respectfully commend him to the attention of the men interested in the canned goods industry. The "Saturday Review" is an influential London weekly with a very large circulation, and if the charges made by Schwerin are not refuted the fruit canneries of California will suffer from the ill-repute which will unquestionably result therefrom.

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Heller & Frank, now at 1884 Fillmore Street,
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A Color Scheme

Oh, Celia's lips are cherry red,
And Celia's eyes are blue,
Her cheek is like a ripe peach
Of pinky velvet hue.
And Celia's teeth are pearly white,
Her hair is golden brown,
This combination makes of her
The fairest girl in town.
Now, Celia I would wed, I ween,
If Celia's mind were not so green.

—The Artist.

Perspective Impressions

Won't some kind friend please persuade Mrs. Schiller to hold her tongue with both hands?

Governor Pardee will no doubt thankfully receive the suggestion that it would be wise for him to begin the study of the latest literature of his profession.

Upton Sinclair threatens to write a book dealing with the private lives of Pittsburg millionaires. Anthony Com stock will catch him if he doesn't watch out.

Mayor Schmitz will not accept the gubernatorial nomination unless he finds a man capable of rendering, as mayor, the same kind of service that he has given the city. Then the case is hopeless.

Philadelphia has been supplied with an infallible antidote for habitual somnolence. It is scientifically known in Boston as the pulex irritans. In San Francisco we designate it with a scratch.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow modestly and unblushingly informs us that he cruised alone in his canoe to places in New Guinea, which the German Emperor assured him no white man would approach without risk of being eaten up by cannibals. Too bad that Poultney wasn't here in April, for he might have made some of those other tremendously courageous correspondents look like selling-platers.

"This is thoroughly Rooseveltian, if we may be permitted to coin an adjective," says the "Freeman's Journal." There is no objection to the coining of an adjective if a new one be needed, but in this instance the "Journal" is making no contribution to our vocabulary.

Whatever the car men may think of Mayor Schmitz's attitude toward them the people of San Francisco are of the opinion that he gave them good advice, and that if the advice had been heeded there would not have been any trouble.

It is said that the naval review at Oyster Bay will cost us a great deal of money. Well, we can afford the pageant, and as it will stimulate the spirit of rivalry there should be no objection to it. Anything that inspires men with a desire to excel is beneficial to the service.



WILL THAT RUSSIAN ECLIPSE BE TOTAL?
—McKee in the Indianapolis "Star."



"WHEN THE PIE WAS OPEN'D THE BIRDS BEGAN TO SING."
—Warren in the Boston *Herald*.

Humor of the Strike

[A Dialogue.]

By Theodore Bonnet

Milton: As I was saying, our sense of humor is imperfectly developed. I pointed out that if we could appreciate good satire we'd enjoy the facetious thrusts of Mr. William R. Hearst, who has won the melancholy distinction of being misunderstood by the illuminati as well as by the mob. And now we are in the midst of additional and fresh proof of the soundness of my thesis.

Arnold: To what do you refer?

Milton: To this street railroad strike.

Arnold: Well if there's anything funny about that, then I must confess that my sense of humor is not in good working order. And I'm inclined to think that if you didn't have an automobile you, too, would be insensible to the humor of it.

Milton: My dear boy, the levity of the situation is overwhelming. But of course it isn't cognizable to a person unequipped with a vein of cynicism. That, by the way, is one of the essentials to a perfect development of a sense of humor. While a person without a vein of cynicism may see a joke there are many forms of humor utterly incomprehensible to him. Irony and satire, for example, in many cases, may be lost on him. Indeed satire, as I have hitherto intimated, is nowadays lost on most persons. Or perhaps, I should say that the art of satire is a lost art and like the arts of stained glass and pottery, it was taken away from us because we became so impressed with our God-like attributes that we quit laughing at ourselves on adequate provocation. What! Are you yawning?

Arnold: Guilty, as charged. Weren't you about to say something in reference to the humor of the street railroad strike?

Milton: Yes; I was about to suggest to you some of its humorous sidelights, which, as might have been expected, were thrown on by the press, not with facetious intention, but solemnly and in an impressively philosophical attitude. The newspapers, as you have observed, mournfully lament the unfortunate breach between the street railroad company and the car men on account of its disastrous effects on the community.

Arnold: Yes, the newspapers appreciate the gravity of the situation, and are trying to persuade the company to do the right thing by the poor workingmen.

Milton: Exactly. That's where one of the jokes comes in. The newspapers might have averted the strike if they had had the courage to view the controversy from three sides—those of the city and the company as well as that of the union men. Instead they preferred to acquiesce in the union assumption that it was legally and morally justified in breaking its compact with the corporation, and now they are weeping over the city's sad plight. Don't you see anything side-splitting in the mock lugubriousness of the newspaper attitude?

Arnold: I'm amazed to hear you talk like that. It's evident that you think those poor car men have been getting sufficient pay.

Milton: Is it? Then I must have forgotten the meaning of words and remember nothing but their sound. As a matter of fact, Arnold, I am of the opinion that the car men were shamelessly underpaid. I never could understand why it was that motormen and conductors with all their responsibilities, including even the responsibility of safeguarding human life, were ranked lower in the scale of wages than hodcarriers. But these men were paid under a contract which they entered into with their eyes open, a contract that was morally binding on their union and on the company; it was entered into not because the rate of wage fixed therein was the rate that would be fixed if the law of supply and demand were consulted, but because they were members of a union which was in a position to guarantee certain things in the event of the terms demanded being granted. By breaking that contract they have made it clear that the union is an irresponsible institution. In the circumstances President Calhoun would be very foolish to enter into another contract unless there was absolutely no other way out of the difficulty.

Arnold: I see that you are entirely unfamiliar with the controversy. The members of the union assert the contract was broken by the company, certain provisions relating to hours having been disregarded.

Milton: Now you are quoting the attorney for the union, the wonderful Mr. Livernash, who, being something of a lawyer, shrewdly refrained from disclosing the fact that in the contract is a clause which provides that in the event of differences arising they should be submitted to arbitration. The car men, acting under his advice, preferred to strike. And that's where another joke, or rather a joker comes in. Indeed Mr. Livernash is responsible for one of the most amusing of all the sidelights. Mr. Livernash, as you probably know, is of the sardonic and satirical school of humorists. He's a man of stupendous intellect, and just now he's playing the role of David to Mayor Schmitz's Goliath. As the representative of the men of Israel and Judah in Hearst's Independence League he smote the bewhiskered Philistine, as you must have observed the other day. Was there ever a prettier comedy enacted? The farcical bathos of it all is exquisite, and here's this thick-necked community, so afflicted with fatty degeneration of the sense of humor as to be impervious to the joyous frivolity of it all. If our citizens had but the very slightest vein of cynicism they would roar their heads off with laughter at the huge joke at their expense, instead of trudging through the ruins wrapped in their sullen vanity.

Arnold: Well you certainly have a queer way of looking at things. I fail to see anything to laugh at in this city's pathetic plight.

Milton: That's because you are unfortunately unaware of the fact that there is something elemental and eternal in a joke. Which bears out my argument. A practical joke to be appreciated in this country must be a physical one, as, for example, the old familiar joke of persuading a man to

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In Old San Francisco

By R. Francis Logan

CHAPTER IX.

[Dissolution of the Vigilantes and the Election of David C. Broderick to the Senate.]

It has been said by commentators in sympathy with the Vigilantes of 1856, that they differed from any other extra-judicial body ever organized to administer justice, in that they were moved entirely by the instinct of justice and conducted their trials in strict accordance with the rules of evidence. We have seen to what extent they were governed by the principles of justice in the cases already reviewed. If we were to take up each case that occupied their attention we should find that despite the spirit of justice that animated that organization of righteous men, the heats and jealousies that induced them to fly into red fury were never completely assuaged during all their deliberations. It should be borne in mind that they came into existence during the first year of the administration of the Know-Nothing Governor, J. Neely Johnson, and at a time when David C. Broderick was playing his huge senatorial game as though it were a precontrived puppet-show with all the wires in his grasp. There was in that Vigilance Committee a proscriptive element that directed its proscriptiveness against men of Irish birth, and many of Broderick's most influential supporters were men of that proscribed class. Yet the chief aim of the committee, it was asserted, was to rid the city of political rogues, and it was found that most of the rogues were followers of David C. Broderick. Of course there were other rogues who were treated as such, but there were some who were overlooked through the circumstance that they were members of the Vigilantes' executive committee, a pretty safe place for them to be. It was in that committee that a good deal of fervid and sentimental vaporing about the sanctity of the ballot was indulged, and naturally there were scoffers in the community. However, even though the ballot-box stuffers of the committee were spared, much good was accomplished by the crusade against crooks. It must be admitted that many of the Broderick henchmen were evil characters whose banishment was a most salutary consummation. Fully a score of the most notorious political crooks were escorted to vessels in the harbor bound for foreign ports, most of them to the Panama steamers, and when put on board they were told that if they returned they would be hanged. While this work of exportation was in progress David C. Broderick was summoned before the committee as a witness and this circumstance was interpreted as a hint to many of his friends, who lost no time in finding summer homes in the interior of the State. And that Broderick himself was under no delusion as to the animus of the committee is evident from the fact that he, too, quit the city for awhile. And during his absence he toured the interior counties, occupying himself with his senatorial campaign.

Meanwhile the State authorities were not idle. Under pressure of a strong sentiment aroused among men by whom the usurpation of the judicial functions was regarded as a disgrace to the commonwealth, Governor Johnson appointed to the command of the militia, William T. Sherman, who had resigned from the army, the same William T. Sherman who a decade later, in the cause of law and order, made his memorable march to the sea. Sherman entered upon his duties with that zeal for which he was afterwards famous, but found himself confronted by difficulties which were not to be surmounted. Even a great soldier is helpless when the things that make war hell are to him inaccessible. The Vigilance Committee had obtained possession of nearly all the arms in the city, and in those days, in the era before transcontinental railroads, the problem that confronted Sherman was not easy of solution. The essence of that problem was time. Governor Johnson applied to General Wool of the United States army for aid and was denied. It was said that Senator Gwin was instrumental in persuading the Federal Government to keep hands off, it being to his interest to have the Broderick forces scattered and intimidated. As Sherman could not procure arms he resigned, and the Vigilantes rejoiced.

Two months after the execution of Casey and Cora, two other men were hanged. They were Joseph Hetherington and Philander Brace. The crime for which Brace was hanged was committed two years prior to his trial by the Vigilantes. He had been tried and acquitted by a regularly constituted tribunal, but in the opinion of the Vigilantes his acquittal was unjustifiable. So they put his neck in a noose to glorify justice.

At the end of two months and a half the leaders of the Vigilance Committee were in favor of disbanding. They had exposed themselves to animosities that were injurious to them commercially and socially, and the genuine civic patriots among them, who were imbued with a zeal for the public welfare, became cognizant of the fact that they were associated with political schemers intent on wreaking revenges and promoting private enterprises. Some of the quack reformers were exceedingly bloodthirsty and were eager to hang men on general principles. They were prepared to engage in a bloody welter of reform. It is ever thus when the Constitution, the anchor of law and justice is ignored; the tendency is ever toward Sansculottism. It can do us no harm to reflect on this; that in all the relations of life, unbridled self-interest plunges into dangerous excesses, and hence, that spirit of reform is to be guarded against which seeks to achieve its end in defiance of law.

The violence of the vengeful was checked in time. On the 15th of August, 1856, a resolution was rushed through the executive committee disbanding the Vigilantes. On the 18th of August the city took a holiday to witness the formal disbandment of the organization. For it must be remembered that public sentiment preponderated in favor of the lawless committee; which is not surprising in view of the fact that it numbered five thousand, that the municipal government had long been in corrupt hands, that on the streets after dark life had become precarious so daring was the criminal element, and that in consequence of the terror inspired by the Vigilantes a most beneficial transformation was wrought.

So contemporary public sentiment had abundant reason for its approval of the committee. And on that historic day when the committee was publicly dissolved the streets were

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WHAT THE "CHRONICLE" SAYS ABOUT
"How the Army Worked to Save San Francisco"

"Henry Anderson Lafler, who contributed to McClure's one of the best stories of personal experience in the great fire, is now out with a pamphlet entitled "How the Army Worked to Save San Francisco." It is a crisp and convincing reply to the rather flippant criticism by General Funston on his strictures of the Army methods on the days of the fire. . . . . In this pamphlet Mr. Lafler presents a formidable array of incidents which go to show that the few houses saved were saved in spite of the military and against the orders of officers. He cites many cases, giving the personal experience of men who refused to obey orders by soldiers and gained entrance to their homes and there made a successful fight against the flames. His reasoning is logical and he enforces it by an array of proof which would be convincing in any court of law. . . . Mr. Lafler's little book fills twenty pages and it is so full of good common sense that it should appeal to a large reading public."

At All Newsstands, 10 Cents

The Spectator

"The Public Be Damned!"

As I write, the car men's strike is in nubibus, or more accurately, perhaps, in petto. That is to say in the vernacular it is not yet "on" or "off." Personally I am not concerned with the merits of the controversy. I have my opinion, of course, but discussion of this phase of the issue is not within my present province. I am of the people and I may be permitted to echo the cry of the peaceable citizens of Verona when the clashing of swords announced to the honest burghers that the Montagues and the Capulets were at it again—reiterating Mercutio's petulant ante-mortem rebuke to the rioters amid the brawling of whom he had so lately participated and from whom he had received his quietus. I am of the people and I protest against this unseemly row between two corporations—the corporation of wealth and the corporation of labor; the union of capital and the union of wage-earners. Capital in this instance as always is the upper millstone; labor is the nether millstone; and between the two the people are ground exceedingly fine. To hades with all the infernal gods!

An Incentive to Socialism

How solicitous are these wrangling factions for "the public!" How they toss "the public" to and fro in their discussions and "negotiations!" Yet the rich man and his poor, drudging slave of labor are in truth absolutely indifferent to "the public" except as that patient, hydra-headed beast of all burdens may be used for intimidation and coercion of the rich man by the poor man; or for intimidation and coercion of the poor man by the rich man. As the Lord liveth I am almost persuaded to be a roaring, ranting, radical socialist if in that chaos of theory and altruism I may find even the vague shadow of the substance that men call "Liberty"—some of them in sardonic irony, others in vain faith that it really exists.

An Address to the Corporation

If I were in Mayor Schmitz's place I would say to the United Railroads something like this: "Gentlemen: The commonwealth is paramount. You are but an insignificant element in the chemistry of civic affairs. You are the creature of the people and absolutely subservient to the will of the people. You exist by the people's kindly sufferance and in consideration of the promise on your part that you will serve the people by hauling them from place to place in the city at a fixed rate sufficient to give you a profit on the money you invest in the business you have undertaken. You are not the master; the people are the masters. You must do as the people bid you to do, or the people will deprive you of the opportunity of hauling them to and fro in the city for a price." This is what I would say to the United Railroads if I were a Mayor of San Francisco.

A Speech to the Union

And if I were Mayor of San Francisco I would address the Carmen's Union something in this fashion: "Gentlemen: We are the people; you are only part of the people. You may have rights which your employers are bound to respect, but you have no rights that we the whole people are bound to respect if they conflict with our rights. Therefore settle your differences with your employers as you please, but in that settlement see to it that you do not harrass or even inconvenience the people. I have spoken; it is for you to give heed."

Disciplining a Pair of Despots

Then (if I were Mayor of San Francisco) I would await the event. If my warning should be unheeded I would call a meeting of the leading citizens of San Francisco and I would speak to them in something like this language: "Gentlemen: I have told the United Railroads and their employes that they must not harrass or inconvenience the people by compelling us to settle their private grievances as to wages and hours of labor on the public railroads of the city. The railroad people have defied my mandate and thereby defied you as the representatives of the people. I now propose that we take possession of this railroad and operate it for the people until this corporation and its employes have adjusted their differences." That is what I would do if I were Mayor of San Francisco, and I am sure that my policy would bring all concerned to terms with celerity. If it did not I would proceed to take over the railroad and to operate it for the people diverting the income of the railroad to the city treasury and charging all deficits to the corporation. The matter of payment to the wage-earners would be as my committee determined; if we couldn't operate the road without paying the wages charged by the union we would pay them—that would be merely a detail; our prime object would be to operate the road in the interest of the whole people and reap what dividends and interest it can for the enrichment of its foreign bond and stockholders.

A Wind-Blown Mayor

Unfortunately for this stricken city I am not its Mayor; and I fear that Mr. Schmitz has not the courage nor the inclination to set such a high and mighty precedent in dealing with corporations and unions that presume to play the master with the sovereign people, using the people as their club with which to beat each other's brains out. Mayor Schmitz is a nice man for the place when his duties are such as could be performed by his clerk; he is also a good man for the place when, in great emergencies he has able men to advise and direct him. But on his own volition he is rudderless and an easy mark for every wind that blows, whether it blows out of the realms of gold or the cave of winds where Peter Cornelius and Andrew Furuseth take turns at the bellows. Yet Mayor Schmitz is in caucus with himself on the question of being Governor of the State of California! Oh—rubber!

A Veteran's Return

Again the "Examiner" has a new city editor. This time it is Wells Drury, one of the veterans of the profession. Drury has been actively engaged in newspaper work in the West for over thirty years, and has been through every phase of coast journalism. Away back in 1878 he was working on

CAR STRIKE NOTICE TO PATRONS.

During the car strike we shall be pleased to send one of our automobiles to patrons having engagements for try-ons, etc., in either the tailoring or shirting departments.
Telephone Emergency 82.
The Men's Furnishing Department reopens Saturday, September first.

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VAN NESS AT EDDY

MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT	CUSTOM SHIRT DEPARTMENT	MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT

the "News" at Gold Hill, Nevada, with Arthur McEwen, Sam Davis and others of the old-time crowd who are still in the harness. For some time past he has been on the Sacramento "Union," and came to San Francisco several weeks ago to go into training for his present duties. "Blinker" Murphy, who has held the city desk of the "Examiner" for two months or more, will look after political news again.

Jingles From Wilcox

In an envelope of the Copper Creek Mining Company, Copper Creek, Arizona, postmarked Wilcox, came the verses that follow, addressed "Editor 'Town Talk'". They were unsigned and unaccompanied by anything that might convey a hint to the authorship:

AS THEY SEE IT IN 'FRISCO

While the embers still were hot
There was Johnny On-the-spot
With his bills and brush and pot
Booming 'Frisco.
"Burnt-out ruins, smoky stink,
Sure the town looks on the blink.
This will cheer her up, I think:
GREATER 'FRISCO!

BOOST NEW 'FRISCO DAY AND NIGHT.
BUY YOUR PANTS OF SMART & BRIGHT*
STORE'S ALL IN BUT WE'RE ALL RIGHT.
'RAH FOR 'FRISCO!

Here's a snappy one, about
'S keen as any; DOWN, NOT OUT!
WATCH US RISE, WE WILL—NO DOUBT—
RISE WITH 'FRISCO.

We're not talkin' through our hat;
We've been scorched and shook like that
Terrier pup would shake a rat:
Can't feaze 'Frisco!

One thing feazed me, sure it did,
Soldier boys screwed down the lid:
On the water-wagon, Kid,
Rides gay 'Frisco.

Y' oughta seen the bottles cracked,
Jackies spillin' booze, fer fact
'Twas a Carrie Nation act
Right in 'Frisco.

Jarred me?—more than quake or fire!
I'da called the guy a liar
Who'd say Hell could go no drier
Than dry 'Frisco.

S' long, I've got to get to work,
These times aint no time to shirk,
And them posters kind a perk
Up old 'Frisco.

Soon we'll take them dead walls down,
Fire just helped us do things brown,
Cleared up for a bang-up town,
Brand-new 'Frisco.

'Twas the biggest fire, they tell,
Of its kind on record. Well,
What we do we do like hell
Out in 'Frisco!

Great Experts Have Come to Stay

By way of additional proof of the confidence which Eastern capital has in San Francisco, I am pleased to report that Messrs. Schastey and Vollmer have decided to desert New York and establish their business in this city. They are the artists, who, as the active representatives of Baumgarten & Co. of New York, furnished the decorations and tapestries of the Fairmont and designed the interior construction of all the most expensive rooms in that superb hotel. They are, perhaps, the greatest experts in their line of business in the world. They were the men that did all the interior decoration of the Hotel Ritz, the St. Regis and Sherrys, and of the palatial Haggin residence. When men of their standing decide to give up their business in New York and grow up with greater San Francisco it is evident that the outlook in this city is alluring to Eastern capital. At any rate these men have the courage of their convictions. With men of their reputation in San Francisco nobody will think of sending to New York for decorators.

The Picturesque Mr. Tutt

I hear from the North that Charles L. Tutt, the millionaire president of the Colorado "mill trust," is cruising leisurely from Seattle to San Diego in his yacht, "Anemone," and that on his voyage south he intends visiting San Francisco, where he is well known. Of all the Colorado millionaires, Tutt is the most interesting. He springs from distinguished Virginia stock, and his career, although unique, has been more subdued and less spectacular than that of the average man who becomes rich over night. He is a tall man, considerably over six feet, very thin, with arms reaching almost to his knees, and is exceedingly near-sighted. He stoops in walking, and has been compared to some new sort of bug. But as he possesses far more than the average grey matter, he is popular with both men and women. When Tutt first went West, he got control of a small dairy farm near Colorado Springs His stock consisted of four cows, and he was his own manager. He milked his four cows and delivered their milk at the doors of his friends. This, of course, was before anyone dreamed of the wealth hidden in the Cripple Creek hills.

How the Judge Was Persuaded

Tutt was then engaged to be married to a daughter of Judge Thayer, an eminent Philadelphia jurist. She knew his worldly circumstances, and was willing to share them. The Judge, however, thought Tutt should be able to give his wife

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at least the necessities of existence. So Tutt milked his four cows on the Colorado prairie, and his fiancee back in Philadelphia dreamed of the days when the four would multiply to the point of supporting a family, until the patience of both was exhausted, and they determined to marry. Tutt's ranch house contained two rooms. By putting a camera so close to it that the nail-heads looked like saucers, he produced a photograph of what appeared to be a pretentious enough building, and took it East to show the Judge. They were married on the strength of the photograph. Tutt told the Judge that the ranch was surrounded by a grove of pines. More than a year later, when several rooms had been added to the house, the Judge announced his intention of paying his son-in-law a visit, and it was up to Tutt to provide that grove. He called on his friends, and together they went to the foothills, where they chopped enough trees to make a showing. Then they dug post-holes about the house and planted the trees. It was an awful task, but the grove was there when the Judge arrived. In his luggage was a hammock. He put it up, sat in it, and promptly two monarchs of the forest fell on him. He enjoyed the joke so much that he forgot his injuries. Tutt's luck in Cripple Creek was phenomenal. While the camp was in its infancy, he struck the C. O. D. mine, and his poverty vanished. He invested in other properties which turned out well. Soon he was wealthy. Then, with Spencer Penrose, brother of the Senator from Pennsylvania, and other Philadelphians, he built a huge chlorination works in Colorado City, and his fortune was assured. He now owns several mills in Colorado, one in the state of Washington, where he has a country house, and he also owns another house in Southern California. He recently bought an island, said to be one of the San Juan group, off the coast of British Columbia. Last week, when he went to look at his island, he failed to find it, and was told that it had disappeared on the morning of April 18th.

De Profundus "Dunk" et Taliesen

An editorial writer on the "Call" has resurrected two celebrities that the newspapermen of California had supposed were as dead as Lazarus in the painted cloth. It has been many years since "Dunk" McPherson was consigned to a timely grave by Ambrose Bierce, sexton-extraordinary to the departed who die in mediocrity; and memory halts in its effort to recall the burial date of Taliesen Evans, whose whited sepulchre has been a moss-covered landmark in the cemetery of journalism "since the water came up Montgomery street." It appears from the editorial of the "Call," however, that these journalists of the Jurassic period were not wholly dead, but only sleepy. One of them, the McPherson, is still sleeping, but he talks in his slumber; the other is writing libels on San Francisco for the "Evening News" of Los Angeles, receiving therefor the ordinary stipend for that kind of work—a salary aggregating thirty pieces of silver.

A Sweet Singer of Santa Cruz

"Dunk" McPherson, in his livelier existence was known as "the sweet singer of the avenue," because he walked to and fro on the main street of Santa Cruz like a melodious pestilence by day and a musical effluvium by night. His ostensible vocation was, as the editor of the "Call" describes it, the manufacture of "editorial nincompoopery," and, it may be added, the larceny of other folk's ideas which he resold to the people of Santa Cruz for a song—marked down and handed down, as it were, in the old-clothes shop of a journalistic "fence."

An Editorial Utility Man

Taliesen Evans, whose un-Christian name in the Gaelic signifies "caught another one," (the legend is quaint but risque), had long subsisted on the largess of one of the San Francisco newspapers, culling statistics from public documents and distorting mining news when it was based on the authority of the San Francisco, against which he seemed to harbor a deep and abiding animosity wholly uncalled for and provoked by nothing at all. He was considered a "valuable man" in this peculiar department for many years preceding the close of the nineteenth century, and occasionally he was even entrusted with the writing of an editorial comment based on facts that could not be distorted. Now he is the San Francisco correspondent of the Los Angeles "News" for whose eager columns he writes disparagingly of the city that has nursed him, given him bread and protected him against the inclemency of unkind fortune. The Los Angeles News cannot be blamed for printing abusive criticism of San Francisco. Los Angeles hates San Francisco with an undying hatred, and it would be civic disloyalty for any Los Angeles newspaper to refuse warm hospitality to any libel against our poor, stricken commonwealth. The editor of the Los Angeles "News" may be ignorant of the conditions prevailing in this city, but he would consider it folly to be wiser, fearing, unquestionably, that if he knew the truth it would injure Los Angeles. We cannot in strict justice blame the editor of the Los Angeles "News," but we do blame the editorial writer of the "Call" for digging up these ancient journalists to flaunt them in their cerements before a stricken people. The editorial writer of the "Call" deserves the earnest reprobation of the entire community.

He Gave Drink to the Thirsty

I suppose that for a generation to come personal adventures during the fire will be a fruitful theme of conversation. Every day some new story bobs up. I have just heard how J. H. Harber, the mineral water man, lost all his personal effects. When he heard that Mechanics' Pavilion was full of suffering people, it occurred to him that mineral water would be good for them. He got out one of his teams, loaded it up with bottles of the effervescent fluid and drove post-haste to the pavilion. He made two or three trips, then when the wounded were removed to hospitals further away he followed

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them, working far into the night, hauling mineral water or doing anything with his team that would be of benefit. He was told that it might be a good thing to utilize his wagon to take his own goods to a place of safety. He scoffed, though, at the idea that the fire would reach the St. Francis Hotel. It did, however, and Harber was a heavy loser.

Generosity and Greed

Similar is the record of a lumber dealer who lost every stick of timber in his yard. He put in the day with his team driving back and forth along Pacific Avenue from Van Ness to Fillmore, carrying trunks and baggage and taking passengers. He refused to accept more than everyday rates for his work, and where people were needy he served them for nothing. "I've got nothing else to do," he said, "and I might as well be helping people. But I'll tell you one thing—a person's got to be poor to put his trunk in my wagon. Some of these bloated bondholders have tried to hire me and have offered me enough to pay for my whole outfit. But it doesn't work. This fire's made me poor, and I'm going to herd with my own class." In unpleasant contrast to this is the story of an expressman whose name I do not know—which is a good thing for him. He boasted of having made nearly a thousand dollars on the day of the fire taking passengers and baggage from the Hotel St. Francis to the ferry. "I could have made more," he said. "A frent came to me und he helt oud a handful of tventies, und he said, 'Take vat you vant to haul me und my wife und two trunks to the ferry.' Und because he was a frent, I took only eighty dollars."

A Culturine Quack

Emil Reich, an apostle of the culturines, who once visited this city and who lectures before women's clubs, has published a book entitled "Plato as an Introduction to Modern Criticism of Life," during the course of which he says: "The Armada made Shakespeare, and not the bump of the phrenologist, just as Salumis made Aeschylus and Sophocles; it was the Civil War that made Edgar Allan Poe; behind Chopin was the agony of Poland, and behind Napoleon the French Revolution." What balderdash! And how superficial the culture of the man by whom such nonsense was uttered. Edgar Allen Poe, the most interesting and imposing figure in American letters was born January 19, 1809, and died more than a decade before the opening of the Civil War. Dr. Reich's book abounds in similar inaccuracies and the thought therein expressed is wholly devoid of originality. The idea at the heart of his statements regarding the incentive to greatness in men was stolen from Carlyle who asserted that Christianity gave Dante his inspiration that Shakespeare was the product of middle age Catholicism and that behind the French Revolution was Luther and his Reformation. Behind Chopin was not the agony of Poland but the love of George Sand. He got his inspiration for his moon-haunted music along the Boulevard Saint-Germain and in the drawing rooms of Paris where he was quite a pet until he coughed himself into his grave after his desertion by Sand. Reich obtained many of his impressions of America in this city and some idea of their accuracy may be derived from his chapter on the "American people," wherein he asserts that the intermingling of the sexes at school has been the death of romance. He evidently never heard of some of our Berkeley love affairs. "There is no love of man, wife, child or anything in America," says Reich, but in a later lecture written perhaps long after the one in which he told of the death of romance he said: "The facilities for divorce presented in the United States are an important factor in the beautification process, giving the people free scope to follow their own personality in the quest of their universal. Love is really at the bottom of it all; not money-bags or race, but love." Dr. Reich should train his memory as well as his tongue and pen.

A Deep Sea Anecdote

On one of the big Pacific steamers running out of this port is a captain distinguished for his pomposity, but with a profound respect for wealth and high station. An amusing anecdote of him is now being told in steamship circles and it is regarded as a rich morsel of tittle-tattle by all that are familiar with the ways of this autocrat of the quarter deck. The episode with which this anecdote deals occurred on a recent trip from antipodean waters to this city. Among the passengers were a gentleman and his wife of high social standing and on intimate terms with the owners of the steamship line. Captain — Blank (we will call him) was not familiar with the social connections of this pair, and therefore he showed them only the measure of deference to which they were entitled from a man of high degree. One day the wife of the gentleman being ill, dropped into the nearest steamer-chair on deck. It happened to be Captain Blank's chair, and to the back of it was attached his card. But neither the gentleman nor his wife was aware of those facts. Presently the captain hove in sight intent on enjoying a siesta. When he saw that his chair was occupied by a woman he frowned and walked away. The following day the card on the chair bore the inscription, "Captain Blank only." Long before the end of the voyage the captain learned that the man whose wife had taken possession of his chair was a personage of some importance. He cultivated the gentleman's acquaintance, and one day while they were engaged in conversation along came the gentleman's wife. The captain and the lady were introduced. "I take pleasure in presenting you to my wife, Captain Only," were the words of the introduction ceremony. It was a slip of the tongue. The captain blushed and all hands were embarrassed.

Trailing the "FAKE" in Goldfield

The "vet" correspondents on the firing line in Goldfield are laughing in their sleeves over the hysterical earnestness in which the local sports there are handling the forthcoming pug fight. It's the baby historical event in the camp and the local fathers are bound that it shall win everlasting glory for their town and claims. Hence their rabid sensitiveness that no human on the face of the earth shall have ground to question the legitimacy of their offspring for fairness. A brace of the "vets" who are keenly alive to the humor of the situation, have artfully contrived to turn the news sense of several of the cub reporters in the direction of "Something doing in the fake line; keep an eye on Larry. Sullivan. He's onto the game." Poor Larry Sullivan! Since then he has been badgered to the last ditch with reporters

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anxious for him to give them the inside tip on the "fake" he was onto. The result is that Larry has had fevers and nightmares over "fakes" and has come to feverishly believe that there must be some sort of fake where there is so much talk of it. He has demanded all sorts of guarantees from Gans to insure good behavior and holds a first class mortgage on his prospective winnings and everything else in sight. Several days ago he was adroitly steered against the suspicion that Gans wasn't the nigger in the woodpile after all, but the real smoke was the referee, George Siler, who was being slyly manipulated all the while by the crafty Nolan. 'Twas "a little more work for the undertaker," but Larry feverishly tackled it and opened up a hornet's nest that nearly carried him off his perch as a pug manager in Goldfield. The result of all this artful "fake" sleuthing and quiet joshing has brought Larry so much into the limelight that the other camp sports are beginning to think he is striving to capture the camp glory and now they are beginning to cast bricks at him; not gold bricks, plentiful as they are said to be in the camp. Luckily the fight is only a few days off or what with the newspaper wags who are killing time in that dry atmosphere saturated with the super-sensitiveness of the Goldfield sports to have a square fight the event would surely end as did the famous meeting of "The Society Upon the Stanislaus."

Verdict of the Court Martial

Profound secrecy usually surrounds the deliberations of a court-martial after the evidence is all in, but a hint here and there has leaked out to the effect that the court which tried Lieutenant Dunn at Mare Island the other day for his misconduct while temporarily in command of the receiving ship Independence has found that officer guilty, sentenced him to dismissal from the navy, but joining in recommending clemency at the hands of the authorities in Washington. This rather peculiar procedure is said to be due to the fact that an officer found guilty of "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," must receive the sentence of dismissal. There is no alternative sentence for this offense. At the same time, Dunn's past record in the service has been so exceptionally fine that it is thought that some mercy may be extended him by the President. Dunn has many friends in the navy and out of it, and it is believed by these that a long period of suspension in his case would mean more than is at first apparent on the face of it, for during that period so many of his juniors would be promoted over his head that he would probably never become an admiral, and might even be retired as a commander.

Captain Saunders' Plight

Captain J. W. Saunders, who commanded the steamer Manchuria when she ran ashore on the island of Oahu the other day, has met with disaster after many years of prosperity in his chosen calling. His rise was rapid in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and his first serious blow was about a year ago when the United States Secret Service officers included him among those charged with becoming irregularly naturalized in order to secure the American license which enabled him to serve upon a vessel flying the American flag. The case against Saunders was a strong one, but powerful influences were exerted in his behalf. His papers were revoked, then restored to him, and the case was still pending when his latest mishap befell him. It is an unwritten law in the Pacific Mail company that a captain who loses a ship never again gets a command, and the maritime community is wondering what will be the ultimate fate of Captain Saunders.

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The Dark Lantern Again

Of course, charity is always commendable, but it seems almost a pity that Mr. Phelan and his wealthy associates who control the destinies of the relief fund should have contributed to it. For the result is that they feel they are handling their own money. And the natural consequence of this feeling is an ill-concealed repugnance to any publicity concerning the management of the Relief Corporation. For a long time no money was appropriated for the payment of claims excepting at secret meetings of the Finance Committee. Only such news was given to the press concerning the meetings as Mr. Phelan saw fit to give. The reporters, needless to say, objected to this gum-shoe method of handling the money, and the refugees objected still more. In time, these tent dwellers held mass-meetings, where it was openly charged that the trustees of the fund were grafters—a charge manifestly absurd, of course—and later the newspapers asked the committeemen why, if there was nothing to conceal, they preserved such secrecy. The agitation resulted in the admission of reporters to the committee meetings and the publication of the July budget. With the formation of the new corporation, however, back came the dark lantern. To be sure the meetings are still open to newspapermen, but nothing of any importance is transacted at those meetings. The business of the corporation is practically done, and its important plans are formulated, in the University Club, where the committee lunches daily. Subordinates are forbidden to discuss the affairs of the corporation, and when there is an infraction of this rule the offender is promptly disciplined. Consequently, the public has not much of an idea of what is going on at relief headquarters. Orders affecting the comfort and welfare of thousands of citizens of San Francisco are issued and executed with no warning. There is no discussion of these orders in the papers, and when they are weak the weakness is discovered after it is too late for correction. The committee's point of view, frankly expressed, is that the members are handling their own money, and are free to use it as they see fit. What they gave was considerable; but compared to what the country gave, it was trifling. So I say again it is a pity they did not form a separate fund, which they could administer to please themselves without danger of adverse criticism. Their present method is certain to bring upon them a storm of protest.

The Tale of a Crack

An adjuster for one of the London Insurance companies while adjusting a claim the other day consulted his "dope" book and said, "I find that on the morning of the fire there was a large crack in the front wall of your building."

"Yes," said the policy-holder, "that is quite true; there was a crack in that wall."

"Well," said the adjuster, "under our earthquake clause we are entitled to cut down the amount of your claim about one half, I should say."

"Strange," said the policy-holder, "I asked Jerry Mahoney, the builder, to look at that crack about three years ago, and he reported that it did not affect the stability of the building in the slightest degree."

And then the adjuster plunged into a deep brown study.

One of the Absent Minded

The funniest dishabille story I have heard—outside of the candid autobiographical recital of Henry Anderson Lafler's antics while clad only in an undergarment—is that of a very dignified individual who on the morning of the fire was standing on Pine street, near Mason, calmly smoking a cigar and gazing at the approaching flames. He had on a closely buttoned overcoat of medium length, and it was noticed that he had on a tie, collar and shirt. But when the gaze struck the legs that protruded below the overcoat the pictures of George Washington were recalled—for the gentleman had forgotten to put on his trousers. His attention was called to the omission, and, after one horrified glance, he sped up the street even more rapidly than Lafler footed it for Portsmouth Square; but, unlike Lafler, he was afraid, even though less nymph-like in his attire.

Why An Enterprise is Delayed

The Realty Syndicate of Oakland is not having an easy time developing its Claremont property. It has an ambitious scheme on hand—the building in the Piedmont Hills of a magnificent hotel, to cost some $400,000. The foundations have already been laid, and now an attempt is being made to secure a franchise for running Key Route trains up Claremont Avenue. Naturally, the Syndicate wishes to run them up the avenue to a point near the projected hotel. But there is an Oakland councilman who has his own ideas on the subject. He owns property along the avenue which he also wants to develop. It has occurred to him that if the trains go no further than his property the value of his holdings will increase. Therefore he objects to giving a franchise for tracks the entire length of the avenue. So work on the hotel is at a standstill pending the granting of the franchise which depends on the favor of this property-owning councilman. A little property is sometimes a dangerous thing.

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Spreckels-de Young Rivalry

A friendly rivalry has sprung up between those young dilettante journalists, Mr. Charles de Young and Mr. Jack Spreckels, and their respective employes are sitting on the fence hoping with all their might that instead of degenerating into a hippodrome it will become so spirited and gay as to superinduce a copious flow of coin. So far Mr. Spreckels and Mr. de Young have shown no symptoms of a frenzied finance fever, but their moderation may be due to the fact that they are still under the guidance of their conservative fathers. It was at the Midsummer Jinks of the Bohemian Club that the spirit of rivalry asserted itself in a mild way. The first morning after the arrival of the club members at the grove Mr. de Young made a quick trip to the train in his auto and brought back a cargo of "Chronicles" which he graciously distributed. Fully an hour elapsed before the Spreckels paper made its appearance. Mr. Spreckels felt somewhat chagrined but he got busy and as a result a tug was employed the next day in carrying the "Calls" as near the grove as the waters of the bay would permit and then they were shipped by auto, reaching their destination at the break of day.

The Hearst Style

In all of which there is bright promise of happy development, but such enterprise is tame and unprofitable in comparison with the exploits of prodigal Willie Hearst in the springtime of his journalistic career. In the current "Pearson's" James Creelman tells of Hearst's wonderful doings in the role of a journalistic Napoleon, but he skips lightly over the period in which the "Examiner's" proprietor lifted that journal from obscurity into prominence by the force of his coin and the talent he was shrewd enough to employ. In the beginning Mr. Hearst was merely extravagant. He was inspired by New York "Herald" and New York "World" traditions, but he often made a great deal of noise without accomplishing anything. I recall one instance that was typical of many. When the Hotel Del Monte was destroyed by fire in the year 1886 the news reached this city after the morning papers went to press. The fire occurred about three o'clock in the morning. About one o'clock in the afternoon of that day Hearst thought it would be a good idea to send reporters to the scene of the fire by special train. He chartered a car and an engine and sent two reporters and an artist to Monterey in record-breaking time. But as they did not start until about three o'clock they did not arrive until it was nearly dark, and as all the guests and employes had been shipped to this city there was no news to be obtained. However, the ruins were there to be sketched. But on the way home hot boxes delayed the special and it was so late in reaching town that the whole story had to be handled from this end, and it consisted principally of a thrilling account of the trip to the ruins. From a news standpoint the expense incurred was in vain, but the opportunity it afforded for self-glorification and for exploitation of newspaper enterprise was great. It was by such feats that Mr. Hearst compelled interest in his paper and in a short time surpassed the circulation of his rivals.

Rise of Strike-Breaker Farley

Strike Breaker Farley who is coming out here to handle the street car situation for the United Railways is a unique figure even in unique American enterprises. He is a product of these shifting times. Some fifteen years ago he was keeping a village hotel near New York. He fell ill, sold his hotel and drifted to Long Island. When the Brooklyn street car strike came along in 1895, he was penniless and looking for a job. He got it. The officials of the road quickly discovered that he had the proper grit, was cool, resourceful and they made him foreman of a small squad of men. That was the beginning of Farley's career and of strike breaking as a profession. Both grew by leaps and bounds. When the strike was broken Farley took the names and addresses of the nervy men who had worked under him and asked them if they wanted to help break another strike. They said they did. Less than a month later each of them received a telegram from Farley to meet him in Philadelphia, where another street car strike was on. Every man appeared. This time Farley was in charge, working for a big bonus and fairly launched in the profession he had originated.

A Target for Bullets and Blows

Since then there has not been a big street car strike anywhere east of the Mississippi in which Farley has not been mixed up. He has been assaulted by strikers, he has been shot at a hundred times, and plot after plot has been laid to assassinate him. He carried two bullets for a long time and one of them is still in his body. His skin is a network of scars. He wears his dark hair short and one, looking closely, can see little white marks in the scalp where missiles and clubs and black jacks have brought blood. He is within an inch or two of six feet and is built on lathy,



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wiry lines. He is cool, resourceful and nervy under all situations. His experience in the Chicago strike showed the kind of stuff in him. It was a case of clubs, brickbats and pistols from the jump.

Has Made a Big Fortune

Within the last ten years Farley's business has grown to such gigantic proportions that he has a corps of well trained and well paid captains and soldiers of fortune under him. Outside these he has a small army of "emergency men" on whom he can call at a moment's notice. All kinds of men flock to his banner. In the big New York strike of a year ago he had over three hundred Columbia University students working for him. It is more the excitement than the big pay that attracts a large percentage of his men. Street car strikes are his specialty. Notwithstanding many tempting offers made him he has always refused to tackle any other line. During a strike he has only one object in view: to keep the cars going so that the public may ride. And he declares he can always do this providing the municipal authorities will do their share in preserving peace. Farley has made a fortune out of his hazardous vocation. He got $50,000 for his work in the Chicago strike. In the last New York strike he received $1000 a day for sixty days before the men walked out. On prospective strikes he is frequently retained on a fee of $10,000. Big railroads give him fat fees for the first call on his services. He is said to have netted over a million dollars in his business. Giant street car companies are willing to pay heavily to be successfully lifted out of the hole in which President Calhoun finds himself. In times of peace Farley finds his sole relaxation in raising thoroughbred horses on his stock farm near New York.

It's Up to Farley

The unions are awaiting the advent of Farley and his advance guard of strike breakers with a mixture of curiosity and grim determination. They figure that a great percentage of his men will melt from the ranks when they hear of the many situations open here at big wages with no strike risk attachments. "Forty million bricks for Farley!" is the slogan of the radicals. They claim that at a pinch Farley can never take a car to the ferry without its being reduced to splinters and that no strike breaker that ever lived could get through the shower of bricks that would greet the attempt to run cars in the down town districts. Indeed anyone acquainted with the temper of the hot headed element among the men may well wonder how it will be done. But its up to Farley. He has tackled several jobs that looked as tough.

Irwin's "Fine Writing"

If you see a San Franciscan looking earnestly toward Twin Peaks, then shading his eyes and looking again, you may know that he has been reading Will Irwin's booklet, "The City that Was"; for Irwin has done nothing less than attempt to change our landmarks by insisting that Lone Mountain cross is on top of Twin Peaks. How one cross could be on two peaks is rather beyond me, but Irwin disposes of the matter very easily in the following passage: "Over by the ocean and surrounded by cemeteries in which there are no more burials, there is an eminence which is topped by two peaks and which the Spaniards of an early day named after the breasts of a woman. The unpoetic Americans have named it Twin Peaks. * * * * Many years ago some one set upon the summit of this peak a sixty foot cross of timber. Once a high wind blew it down, and the women of the Fair family then had it restored so firmly that it would resist anything." It might have resisted the winds of heaven, but it could not withstand the efforts of an inaccurate historian who lifted it from Lone Mountain and stood it upon two peaks at once. I have been a little disappointed in Irwin's requiem over the ashes of San Francisco. It was first published in the New York "Sun," and as a newspaper article, done in a hurry, it is good enough; but it should not have gone between book covers without revising. The style is not in any way notable, and there are inaccuracies that should not have come from one who spent years in San Francisco. It is wrong and unfair to say that we have fog nearly every morning and that our temperature is steady at fifty-five degrees. It averages that, which is quite a different thing. He says, too, that there are rare hot days, and that only then are women seen in light dresses on the streets of San Francisco. The observing will testify that the peek-a-boo waist comes near being an all-the-year garment. The statement that San Francisco bay is a "body of water always tinged with gold from the great washings of the mountains" would do well in poetry, but in cold prose it is rather misleading, and calculated to bring about a repetition of the days of '49 rush. Irwin should have done better than this by the city that, as he says, "has mingled the wine of her bounding life with the wine of his youth." William Marion Reedy, of St. Louis, wrote a better and more accurate article without having ever seen the town.



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Expert Opinion on Our Big Fire

All kinds and conditions of "experts" and "authorities" on municipal disasters have been quietly visiting San Francisco and taking notes since the big fire. Not all of them have leaped into the public prints like earthquake prophet Omuri, but their records carry great weight in high and influential places just the same. One of the most prominent among these authorities is F. W. Fitzpatrick, secretary-Treasurer of the International Society of State Municipal Building Commissioners and Inspectors. During the past twenty-five years Mr. Fitzgerald has officially visited the scenes of all the great municipal disasters that have occurred in America. His scathing arraignment of the flim flam set among our architects, contractors and builders is enough to make them want to hunt the debris for cover. To their ignorance or cupidity he attributes the great property loss in San Francisco. As he expresses it, "Nature brought sad havoc; but man made it possible for her to do her worst." He finds that contributed by the architects and builders were "criminal indifference, utter ignorance of sound construction, poor materials furnished under fierce competition, and lax building regulations administered no better than the rest of the municipal government." Mr. Fitzpatrick's report is of vital interest to us because it will be accepted by the state and municipal associations in the East and in Europe and by the biggest building and investing corporations in the same territories. "During my twenty-five years of carefully inspecting municipal disasters of all kinds, and great fires especially," he says, "no where have I seen evidences of less provision having been made against the probable contingencies than in San Francisco. Conflagration was imminently possible, the city was fully ninety per cent. frame, and, with New Orleans, constituted a class at the bottom of the list of cities as far as fire risk goes. Earthquakes of more or less severity were recurring constantly, and therefore the best buildings should have been from fourteen to thirty per cent. better than those of the great cities of the East, while, as a matter of fact, even her best buildings were from fifteen to fifty per cent. poorer built than the highest standard in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and even the new Baltimore.

What Ignorance Cost Us.

What is the result? San Francisco's fire means $315,000,000 wasted in smoke, $1,000,000,000 lost in business to the city and to the country generally, $12,000,000 to clean up the debris, and at least $350,000,000 to put the city where she stood in the scale of cities before the fire. Besides all that, think of the hundreds of lives lost and the thousands of her best people utterly ruined. The sum of these figures represents the cost of the fire. It may be well to say that in all the burnt district it is estimated that the actual earthquake damage would not have exceeded $10,000,000. To counterbalance all this loss the people are entitled to receive, to be quite exact, $132,823,670 from the insurance companies, and it is safe to assume that after litigation settlements, discounting, etc., the people are not liable to get much over $125,000,000 net. Surely not a profitable gamble.

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During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel Del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a home-like place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address GEORGE P. SNELL, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A PERMANENT HOME

Gross Ignorance of Construction

Had the people spent $10,000,000 more in sane construction originally the total fire loss would have been reduced at least $160,000,000. If architects had sanely expended but $600,000 more on the so-called "fire-proof" buildings, or rather shifted that sum from frivolous ornaments to necessary precautions, they would have safeguarded from damage buildings that have been damaged to the extent of $10,000,000. Simpler still, had the single precaution been taken of protecting the windows of those buildings with wired glass, an additional expenditure of perhaps $60,000, their interior and contents certainly would have been saved. It has been established beyond doubt, and we must concede it because confronted with undoubtable evidence, that considerable stupidity, to use a very mild term, was laid bare in the stricken city; there is almost as much in every other city, only it has not been uncovered yet, as it has been in San Francisco. Surely our architects must see that they stand before the bar of public opinion under indictment for the rankest carelessness or the grossest ignorance in matters of construction.

Correspondence

(A Chaperon Down in Edgefield.)

Editor "Town Talk": Is it possible that Mr. Hearst has lost that "fine writer," the Chaperon- I ask you because I came across a paragraph in the Edgefield (South Carolina) "Chronicle" the other day, the style of which is almost identical with that of the distinguished gush-spouter of the "Examiner." Here it is:

"Mrs. Pod Ruggles, who lives down on Pea Ridge, has become quite a social lioness. She gave a sassafras tea and pigs' feet luncheon last night to the ladies of the Jesokus Society, and it was quite a swell affair. She wore her tailor-made suit and benecia diamond earbobs and presided with the grace of a queen. These Pea Ridge social functions are becoming much talked about in neighboring towns."

Sincerely yours,

L. V. MARTIN.

Give Us Light

Editor "Town Talk": Having frequently to wait 10, 15 and sometimes 19 minutes at the Key Route Ferry waiting-room, after recovering an upright position from falling over some package, or getting out of a spittoon, I have wondered why the manager of the best ferry and railroad service in the world can allow such conditions to exist, which prevent me from using this time by reading, writing or recognizing friends. I certainly can see to light my pipe by the aid of the light from a match, but even then who cares to smoke in the dark. I have just learned the manager has recognized this evil and made strong efforts to remedy it, but the glorious State of Sunshine refuses to make a waiting-room accord with the other service of their tenants, the S. F., O and S. J. Railway Co.. This is a characteristic of Land Lords.

I ask your very valuable assistance in giving public notice that if lack of light causes me to break my leg—even if it be only a wooden one—or lose my life in a spittoon, the State of California will be sued for damages.

KINGHORN-JONES,
248 Ash Avenue, S. F.

August 20, 1906.

How It Happened

Bilkins: How did you get so thin?
Wilkins: Oh, worry.
Bilkins: What happened?
Wilkins: I was getting very fat and it worried me.

—The Medico.

Somewhat Equivocal

Miller: Say, what about that second-hand auto you bought the other day?

Filler: Oh, it's all right so far as it goes.

—The Chauffeur.

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Personalities

F. Hopkinson Smith, whose business as a civil engineer, constructor of lighthouses, sea walls, and other deepwater enterprises takes him about the wharves and docks, relates the following conversation which he overheard proceeding between two Boston wharf rats:

"Say, Harry, what's the best way to teach a girl how to swim?" inquired the younger.

"Dat's a cinch. First off you puts your left arm under her waist, and you gently takes her left hand—"

"Come off! She's me sister."

"Aw, push her off de dock."

If it throws no new light on Boston chivalry, it does tend to confirm the opinion that boys are the same all the world over and in every grade of society.

One of George Ade's earliest literary productions was a composition entitled "The River." He was attending a district school not far from a stream, and the allotted task involved the incorporation of at least three pieces of information concerning it. This is how the future author and playright acquitted himself: "The River. I have lived neer it. I have saled over it. I have fell into it. Facks."

Booth Tarkington began his literary career when he was a very small boy and had to call on his elder sister to act as amanuensis. Those goody-goody people who deplore the dime novel and detective yarn influence may draw what consolation they can from the information that the adventures which most interested the young romancer were those of the Jesse James gang, and when the next stage of development was reached and the embryo novelist turned dramatist, stage manager and star actor of the troup that performed in his father's barn for an admission fee of three cents, his greatest grief was that he could not enact the double role of Jesse James and his slayer.

—The Raconteur.

"The Lion and the Mouse"

The play "The Lion and the Mouse," one of the successes of the last season, is said to have acted much better than it read. It has now been "novelized from the drama," and would need to act much better than it reads in that form, too, though of course anything supposed to pillory the great John D. and the Standard Oil trust would attract some attention. In the story there is the incident of John Burkett Ryder arranging with the phenomenally successful amateur novelist, "Shirley Greene," to write his biography, his object being to draw the sting of the wasp, to get her into his employment and in a way, bind her not to make further use of him and his methods as literary material. Something almost as unlikely did occur in connection with Miss Ida Tarbell. When Mr. Sidney Lee, the Shakespearean scholar, was visiting this country a few years ago he met one of the married daughters of the oil magnate at a reception. Mr. Lee was not up in the Blue Book and "Who's Who," and the mere name suggested no connection to his mind. In the course of the conversation the lady remarked that her family had long been desirous of having a correct history of her father's life and career written, and asked who, in Mr. Lee's opinion, would be a desirable person to engage for the undertaking. His reply was that though there were, no doubt, many who could do the subject justice he chanced to know but one of whose abilities he could speak from personal knowledge—Miss Ida Tarbell. The subject was changed.

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GERMEA
FOR
BREAKFAST

Godiva

Milady frowned with a pretty grace,
Her red lips pursed in pert grimace,
Half-anger and half-despair.
"Well, isn't it horrid!" she poutingly cried;
"Today I'm intending to go for a ride—
And I haven't a thing to wear!"

The Groom.

Social Prattle

By Tantalus

Why a Judge is Puzzled

One of the most grave and reverend of the justices of the Supreme Court has been much puzzled over several things that have come to his notice in relation to the interior arrangements of the temporary quarters of the State's highest tribunal. Those temporary quarters are in the Century Club building and the Century Club, as everybody knows, is an eminently respectable institution for the promotion of social intercourse and intellectual pursuits among women. In view of the object and character of the club, the aforesaid jurist has been curious to know why the interior of the building was designed in a way to facilitate surreptitious entrance and exit to an extraordinary degree. "Why," he said to a friend the other day, "it seems to me that I'm discovering, every little while, some new way of getting in and out of my chambers. If this building had been designed for a gambling resort it could not have been better adapted to the purpose of avoiding undesirable intrusion."

By Slow Freight

Sometimes it takes a long time for news to percolate through to us from the other side of the continent. Nearly a year has elapsed since the death in New York of a man of national reputation, a man of great distinction in the social, financial and political spheres, and yet it was not until this week that I learned that it was rumored and pretty generally believed in the highest newspaper and club circles of Gotham that he died from a gun-shot wound. The doctors and police authorities are supposed to have been "persuaded" to hush up the great scandal that threatened to break over the roofs of two homes in consequence of the shooting. The story was told me by a New York newspaper man of the highest standing, now visiting this city, in the presence of a visiting New York club man, who was amazed that I had never heard it. My only reason for mentioning it is that the shooting is believed to have been done by a man from California.

When Mrs. Curtis Returns

According to one of the dailies there is much curiosity in San Francisco society respecting the reception that Mrs. M. A. Curtis will receive when she returns to this city. This curiosity is due to the fact that it has been discovered that Mrs. Curtis has Indian blood in her veins and is married to a negro. If I were to base a prediction on the attitude of San Francisco society towards Indian and negro blood in the past, it would be to the effect that Mrs. Curtis will be received on her own merits. It is pretty generally understood that there is Indian blood in one of California's most distinguished families, and I believe that the family is proud of the circumstance. As for negro blood, that was infused into one of our first families of pioneer days and it never seemed to affect the social standing of its members. However, the attitude of San Francisco's provincial aristocracy wouldn't bother Mrs. Curtis very much, even though it were not very amiable. She is a woman much admired in far more exclusive circles than are to be found in this city.

The Martin Clan

The Peter Martins are no longer thinking of plunging into the winter gayety of New York. They have decided to partake of the hospitality of Mrs. Eleanor Martin in this city. Peter Martin is no longer in a plunging mood. His commercial instinct is becoming more highly developed, and he will stay right here until the financial affairs of the clan are once more whipped into shape. Meanwhile the Misses Harvey are enjoying once more the delightful hospitality of Mrs. Fred Kohl at Lake Tahoe. Miss Eleanor Martin has confided in some of her friends that she will not do any entertaining this winter, but that she will lend a helping hand to her friend, Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, if the latter should find that it would be worth while giving a dance or two. There has been a lot of talk about dances, but I hear that there is very little enthusiasm, the reason being that many people intend to be commuters all winter.

Mrs. Oelrichs May Sell Rosecliff

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs has written to a friend here to the effect that she expects to take a trip to San Francisco to see how work is progressing on her damaged buildings. She also said that she recently received a fine offer for her Newport home Rosecliff and was almost persuaded to accept it. Her losses in this city have made Rosecliff seem something like a white elephant on her hands. I have heard that it was the Gus Spreckels's that made Mrs. Oelrichs the offer and that they would like Rosecliff for their daughter.

McCawley and the Widow

To his friends in San Francisco the announcement of the marriage of Major Charles L. McCawley, of the Marines, to Mrs. John Davis came as a great surprise. Major McCawley has long been in the public eye as the social factotum of the White House during the Roosevelt administration. Always a Beau Brummel and one of the merriest of the merry blades about the national capital during and since the days when his father, the late Colonel McCawley, was commandant of the Marine Corps, "Charley" McCawley performed well and spectacularly the duties of his position. As years went by and he failed to enter the bonds of wedlock with any of the fair ones, by whom he was greatly admired, his acquaintances believed him a confirmed bachelor. Mrs. Davis, whose first husband was Judge John Davis of the Court of Claims, is some years McCawley's senior. As Sallie Frelinghuysen, daughter of the former Secretary of State, she was a leading belle of Washington, and I believe that "Charley" McCawley has long admired her, but until his recent severe illness she is said to have held somewhat aloof from him.

WANTED

By a lady, with a knowledge of French and European travel, a position as companion. References. Address MRS. C. R., Monterey, Cal.

Stage

Claudia on Broadway

Claudia Rodgers is about to give the Broadway johnnies a treat. Claudia has been a long time reaching Broadway, not because she wasn't eligible but because she was very much in demand in San Francisco. When she was at Fisher's she made the acquaintance of some of the gayest young beaux of the 400 and they made her feel that New York wasn't worth while. But after a little experience in the breadline she began to long for the electric lights of Broadway, and now she is contributing her radiance to the famous thoroughfare. She will soon be an Anna Held girl. Anna Held has had a new piece written for her by Harry Smith, "A Parisian Model," and she has brought over twenty-four typical show girls from France, Germany and Austria, and they are to be supplemented by eight American beauties, one of whom, Mr. E. D. Price informs me, is our own fair Claudia. The show will open on Broadway next month.

A Notable Assemblage

Edward E. Rice, producer of nearly fifty distinctively American extravaganzas and musical comedies, was given a dinner at the Manhattan Beach Hotel, New York, on Sunday evening, August 19, to celebrate his thirtieth anniversary as a manager. E. D. Price, still of San Francisco, but temporarily in New York as manager of the Syndicate's Interstate Amusement Company, presided in the absence of Col. Henry Watterson, who had been called home to Louisville. Among those present were William H. Crane, Henry A. Schiller, and many other artists at some time identified with Rice's productions. One of the most popular guests was Genaro Saldierna, musical director of the Columbia Theatre of San Francisco, who made the hit of the evening at the piano by his playing of some delightful old Spanish melodies. The company included nearly one hundred people, prominent in stage, literary and art circles. Congratulatory letters and telegraphs were received from all over the country.

"San Francisco Opera Company"

Frank W. Healy, formerly assistant manager of the Tivoli Opera House, writes from Boise, Idaho, that the company which he organized after the earthquake, from the remnants of the Tivoli Company, and which was augmented by the addition of several vocalists from the East, is meeting with continued success in the Northwest. Mr. Healy named his organization the "San Francisco Opera Company," and opened with it in Seattle, Wash., last May for a short season, but so great was its success that the engagement was extended, the company remaining for eight weeks. A new



MAYME REMINGTON AND HER "BLACK BUSTER BROWNIES"
at the Orpheum.

bill was given each week. "Ermine," "The Strollers," "The Wedding Day," "The Nightingale," "The Mascot," "Princess Chic," "Singing Girl" and "Robin Hood" were the operas presented. Two enterprising managers from Boise, Idaho, engaged the company for a short season in Boise. Again was a success achieved by the company, and so much so that the committee having the entertaining of the delegates to the "Irrigation Congress" in hand and the local managers got together and arranged with Mr. Healy for an extension of the contract. The company will play Boise City until September 19th, making eight weeks all told. This is a great record, as Seattle has never been good for more than two nights to any one company, whilst Boise is a one-night stand. Several San Francisco amusement purveyors are figuring with Mr. Healy, and the company may return to this city shortly. The following is the roster of the company: Frank W. Healy, proprietor and manager; Geo. Knarston, treasurer; Geo. Poetz, master of Transportation; Mrs. McNeill, wardrobe mistress; Teddy Webb, stage director; Edouard Buechner, musical director; Melvin Stokes, assistant stage director; Aida Hemmi, soprano; Eugenie Barker, soubrette; characters, Teddy Webb and George Kunkel, comedians; Joe W. Smith and Melvin Stokes, tenors; Edward Metcalfe, basso; Joseph Lehman, Frank Bertrand and Albert Mueller, utility men; Ruby Norton and Eugenie Ormonde small parts. Sixteen of the prettiest and brightest of the Tivoli girls, including all the dancers of the "Isle of Spice" production of the Tivoli, are in the chorus, and the male section is said to be exceptionally strong. The company will undoubtedly go to Salt Lake after Boise.

Next Week's Orpheum Bill

Ben Welch, than whom there is no more famous dialect comedian before the public, will make his first appearance in San Francisco at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. Mr. Welch is as much at home when portraying the Italian character as he is while chatting away in Hebrew dialect and his character costumes are absolutely correct and his stories droll beyond description. The five Salvaggis, acrobatic and whirlwind dancers who have startled vaudeville audiences all over the world, will contribute an act that must needs be seen to be appreciated. The exponents of terpsichore who comprise the organization have not their equal on earth. The Dixon brothers, musical grotesques, promise an act that will be a distinct surprise. They play upon all kinds of instruments in a way well calculated to disturb the equanimity of the director of a symphony orchestra. Max Hildebrandt, "the crazy German cavalry band leader," will complete the list of newcomers. He has an eccentric act to offer and one that is greatly out of the ordinary. Margaret Wycherly will continue her wonderfully successful and interesting sketch, "In Self Defence," and Mlle. Therese Renz, a great horsewoman, and her beautiful equines will appear for the last times here. Mayme Remington and her "Black Buster Brownies," presenting a most decided novelty, the Oliveira trio of musicians and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete the interesting program. On the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, are attractions of every description and the Zoo is full of rare and interesting animals. There will be a special matinee at the Orpheum on Monday, Labor Day.

Why Belasco and Mrs. Carter Separated

The separation of David Belasco and Mrs. Leslie Carter-Payne after a partnership of sixteen years, merely because the actress took a youthful husband, was not comprehensible to those persons who knew that Mrs. Carter-Payne had been the most profitable of Mr. Belasco's stars. The advantage that would accrue to both of them would have seemed enough to justify the continuance of the partnership. It seems that the officiousness of Mr. Payne prevented Mr. Belasco from carrying out his original plan of ignoring the marriage and proceeding with his preparations for Mrs. Carter-Payne's new play. That was Mr. Belasco's intention and he would have stuck to that project, but Payne became unbearably officious that Belasco decided that it was better for him and the actress with whose reputation his name has been closely connected for sixteen years to part company. It is said that Mrs. Carter will appear next season in "The Sorceress," the Sardou drama in Mrs. Campbell's and Sara Bernhardt's repertoires.

Robin Hood at Idora

De Koven and Smith's single artistic achievement, the perennially popular "Robin Hood," should prove a record-breaker at Idora Park, for its melodious music has seldom been better sung; nor is there any fault to be found with any of the details of the production. The singing force was strengthened for this production and the orchestra was enlarged, and as a consequence the management has achieved a nicely balanced performance. Frank Thompson having been seasoned somewhat by his preliminary canters before the footlights now exhibits the aplomb of a veteran, and physically and vocally meets the requirements of the part of Will Scarlet. He sings "The Armorers Song" with great dash, Arthur Cunningham having recovered from his illness, plays Little John with a delightful swagger and when he sings "Brown October Ale" makes you feel as though you caught the aroma of the invigorating beverage. Ferris Hartman as the Sheriff of Nottingham, revives tender recollections of Barnaby while satisfying you that he sufficiently emphasizes all the drollery of the role. Bernice Holmes is the "Alan-a-Dale" of the cast, and she sings the part very well.

Constance Crawley in "Everyman"

Constance Crawley, the English actress, who made a very pleasing impression in this city during the engagement of the Ben Greet company, is now touring the country at the head of her own theatrical organization. From the reports that have come to hand from cities in which the company has appeared,

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Special Matinee Monday, Labor Day.
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With Bernice Holmes, Frank W. Thompson and Arthur Cunningham in the Cast.

Ye Liberty Playhouse 14th & Broadway OAKLAND

Bishop's Players in
THE MAGISTRATE
By Arthur W. Pinero.

SPECIAL EXTRA!
One Matinee Only, Wednesday, Sept. 5, at 3:30.
Constance Crawley and Her Own Company Presenting the Old Morality Play
EVERYMAN
Seats, $1.00, 75c, 50c and 25c. Now on sale.

I should judge that it is giving excellent performances. Manager Bishop has secured the company for a matinee performance at Ye Liberty, across the bay, in the old morality play, "Everyman," a play that appeals to all students of the drama, and to all lovers of the quaint atmosphere into which the audience is conducted during the action of the impressive symbolical study of life. The performance will be given next Wednesday afternoon at half-past three.

Stockwell As the Magistrate

Pinero's brilliant farce, "The Magistrate," is the offering of Bishop's players for the coming week. This is one of the clever dramatist's earlier masterpieces, and one that has stood the test of time, for it is being revived every little while in some city and it never fails to attract when the title role is in competent hands. At Ye Liberty L. R. Stockwell will appear in that role, and it is one of his favorites, so suitable is it to his personality, temperament and mannerisms. Years ago Stockwell starred in the play, and he became as closely identified with the leading role as he had formerly been with the part of Marks in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

In Commercial Circles

Among the new automobile agencies to open in town is that of the Hovey-Boushey Company at 411-419 Golden Gate avenue. They have the agency for the Pope-Toledo, Pope-Hartford and Pope-Tribune Motor Cars. Their new sales rooms are beautifully fitted with a large, comfortable lounging room for their patrons, adjoining which is their office and stable for their cars, which are constantly arriving. The Pope cars are favorites in automobile circles, and Messrs Hovey and Boushey are fortunate in having secured the agency.

The Pacific Motor Car Company (Gus Costigan) has opened a garage and sales room for the handling of the famous Packard & Stevens-Duryea motor cars at 376-78-89 Golden Gate avenue. They have very nicely appointed sales rooms as well as a large garage with a solid cement floor. They are prepared to make immediate deliveries of the Stevens-Duryea 4-cylinder cars.

Among the new restaurants recently opened is the "Cafe Francisco" at 844 Van Ness avenue, between Eddy and Ellis. Arthur L. Judis is the manager of this cafe, which is beautifully furnished, no expense having been spared in the furnishing of the entire establishment.

Wm. L. Harvey has become associated with J. Selby Hanna, the venture being a commodious garage at Polk street and Pacific avenue. This garage is the only one located in the neighborhood and should be popular, as there are a great many automobiles owned about there.

O. W. Nordwell, the veteran tailor, has opened a shop and sale.room at 1812 Washington street. Mr. Nordwell was burned out at Bush and Kearny streets.

Gantner & Mattern have at last got into their new store at Van Ness avenue and California street. The place is a model one for the display and sale of their knit goods, of which there are none better.

E. C. Heller & Company of 1884 Fillmore street have opened a commodious and artistically fitted retail store at 1194 Van Ness avenue. They have on sale their new fall models. Mr. Heller states that they will conduct both the Fillmore street store and the Van Ness avenue store for an indefinite period.

—The Rounder.

FAT FOLKS.

I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches and hips 14 inches, in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamp. Address, Mrs. E. S. Richards, 360 Sixth St., Riverside, Cal.

TOWN TALK Clubbing Offer

Ends October 15th, 1906

"Town Talk" presents to the reading public the following unparalleled clubbing rates for new yearly subscriptions to "Town Talk." This offer will end October 15, 1906. All subscriptions should be addressed "Subscription Department, Town Talk, 1561 Post St., San Francisco, California." Give name, address, city and state in writing us.

	Regular Price for both	Send Us for both
Town Talk and Ainslee's	$5 80	$4 50
" " " American Magazine	5 00	4 00
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" " " Army & Navy Journal	10 00	8 90
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" " " Lippincott's	6 50	5 50
" " " Literary Digest	7 00	6 00
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" " " Tales	6 50	5 50
" " " Theatre Magazine	7 00	5 50

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Humor of the Strike

(Continued from Page 8.)

sit on his own plug hat. That is a vulgar, plebian joke. It requires a cultivated intelligence to appreciate the drollery of such a joke as the one that Livernash played on Schmitz. There was strategy in that joke and strategy bespeaks an imaginative faculty. There was Schmitz (oh, it was droll) with his eye on the gubernatorial chair, thinking of how he would smash Hearst's Independence League by running for the big job, and of the political capital that he would coin by persuading the men to wait for Calhoun and then persuading Calhoun to accede to their demands. Just get the picture of our Mayor with the vulpine intellect preparing to spring his master coup and then in fancy see him fall into the Livernash trap, and listen to the merry hisses of his old friends the car men. It reminds me of what Goldsmith said about history teaching him that the man acclaimed by the mob today lends his head to ornament a pole tomorrow.

Arnold: It seems to me that you have a taste for sardonic jests. I'd feel I had something of Nero's temperament if I could laugh at such a time as this. I feel sorry for the car men.

Milton: I feel sorry for the city. The car men won't go hungry. The demand for all kinds of labor, you know, is greater than the supply, and from what the car men say I should judge that they would be better off at some other kind of labor. They have been worked too hard, and if they really don't like their job this is a good time for them to find more congenial employment. And if Calhoun can bring in two thousand more men, why so much the better for the city and so much the better for the two thousand men, for if there are that many men willing to take those hard jobs which the strikers have thrown up, then they are more deserving of sympathy than those who could afford to quit work.

Arnold: So you sympathize with strike-breakers!

Milton: I sympathize with all men in need of work.

A Christian Sermon

Women and "Christian Science."

Statistics show that the absurd theory falsely called "Christian Science"—for it is neither Christian nor scientific—has been making alarming progress among the women. The theory is that all disease is merely a form of evil; that evil can be eradicated by faith and prayer, and that consequently all diseases can be cured in the same way without recourse to doctors or medicines. Many women have recently died because of their trust in this nonsense, and many more have deliberately condemned their beloved children to death.

Women are religious, and the so-called "science" appeals to them because it is supposed to be Christian. They read in the Bible how various persons were cured and even raised from the dead by faith and prayers, and they reason that what the Bible says must be true. So it is, if it be rightly interpreted.

Christ said (Matthew, xvii, 20): "For verily I say unto you, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, 'Remove hence to yonder place!' and it shall remove, and nothing shall be impossible unto you." This is the foundation stone of "Christian Science," and when doubts are expressed this text is quoted triumphantly as if it settled the whole matter. To base the system of the supposed scientists upon the Bible was very shrewd. The argument, "Well, if you don't believe in us you can't believe in the Bible," has won thousands of converts.

But when we read the circumstances under which Christ spoke we fail to find any basis for the bogus scientists. He was speaking solely to His three disciples, Peter, James and John, and the promise of cures by faith extended only to them personally, and has not descended to modern practitioners. Moreover, the statement was satirical. Christ had just cured a lunatic whom His disciples had failed to help, and they asked Him why they had failed. "Because of your unbelief," He replied; "if you had faith as a grain of mustard seed you would not have failed."

Now, if the three favorite disciples of Christ had not faith as large as a grain of mustard seed, how can the "Christian Scientists" have the audacity to claim more faith than the disciples?

Nearly nineteen hundred years have passed since Christ announced the unbounded power of faith, and during all these centuries not one person has been able to move a mountain by saying to it: "Remove hence to yonder place!" What is the clear inference? Simply that nobody has yet possessed faith as a grain of mustard seed. Why should the pseudo "Christian Scientists" suppose that they have more faith than all the good people who have lived in the world since the time of Christ?

If a "Christian Scientist" could prove that he or she was the direct descendant of Peter, James or John, and had inherited the supernatural powers bestowed upon the disciples, and if he or she had moved a few mountains about before commencing to experiment upon human beings, then there might be some ground for the belief in "Christian Science." But nobody can show such a descent and inheritance; nobody can move a mountain or a molehill. Why, then, should we risk health and life by trusting to fools and fanatics who have not a mustard seed of sense and less of faith among them? Let me speak frankly to the women, especially to the mothers, who are conscientiously deluding themselves upon this subject.

If the leg of a table was broken, would you try to repair it by faith and prayer? No; you would send for a carpenter. If you lost a valuable stone from a finger ring, would you try to pray another stone into the ring? No; you would send it to a jeweler. If you needed a new dress, would you kneel and try to have faith that the dress would come into your wardrobe? No; you would go to a store and buy the dress. Is there any accident about the house that you would try to repair, or is there anything in the way of personal adornment that you would try to obtain by prayer and faith? No; you would be looked upon as a lunatic if you indulged in such folly.

But is not your own health and life, or the life and health of your child, of more importance than a broken table, a lost jewel or a new dress? If you know that you have not faith enough to put a new leg on your table, a new stone in your ring and a new dress in your closet, how can you possibly restore health to yourself or to anybody else by prayer and faith?

Begin at the beginning, just as Christ says. Get a mustard seed of faith and move mountains. Then practice on tables, jewels and clothes. When you have demonstrated that you can do anything you please and get anything you want by having faith and saying prayers, then—but not till then—undertake to cure yourself, your children and other people. In the meantime, send for a doctor to heal the sick, just as you would send for a carpenter to mend the table, a jeweler to replace the stone, a dressmaker to make the dress. Summon to your aid the common sense which, like all other women, you possess. There is not a "Christian Scientist" in all the world who can bring a dead sparrow back to life by faith or prayer, or in any other way, and as Christ Himself says (Matthew, xvii, 29): "Ye are of more value than many sparrows."

The Rector.

Some Epigrams

From Henry G. McVickar's "A Parish of Two."

In music it is all opera and little overture, but in life it is apt to be much overture and a "sustained note" called Death.

Of all the notes in life the most insistent—the most brain-wearying, is the querulous note. It generally begins with "why," and then follows a question which only a fool would ask and only a fool would answer.

People who think of others are apt to die young. They are known as "shining marks."

The new woman's heart can take care of itself, the new woman's brains need burnishing, for the new woman's health is occupying most of her time and attention.

Very few men live their lives influenced only by one woman. In the book of every man's life there has been more than one heroine. Man is many-sided, a pivoting prism, a different side presenting itself to the world as the years roll by. The woman who appeals to him at one time does not at another. His experiences may not be progressive but are certainly varied.

A clergyman is an habitual debauchee where advice is concerned. There are no men in the world who need to learn the value of silence at critical moments so much as God's deputies.

If you want to please a person, please him his way and not yours; until you are willing to do this don't try at all, for you are only pleasing yourself, not him.

One shares one's joy with all the world, but one's sorrows with the heart's own family, and what a small one it is as one travels on the other side of forty.

If one starts to think of one's self he has very little time to think of others.

A man's moods change from the outside in; something happens to depress him and he is depressed, something happens to elate him and he is elated; but the woman changes from the inside out without any indebtedness to outside causes. The man is a thermometer regulated by the climate of his affairs, the woman is a thermometer regulated by the condition of her insides.

Given a man of intellect and a woman of none, given a man of morals and a woman of none, a man of money and a woman of none, a woman of beauty and a man of none, a woman who can recall to an aged man the lost passions of his youth, and you have the ladder by which a statesman descends into an abyss of obloquy. Of course, there is no fool like an old fool, but remember a bad woman is the devil's chef d'oeuvre.

We have an exaggerated notion of the perversity of the man that beats his wife, but may it not be true that here and there is a wife for whom a sound spanking were not too harsh a punishment? After all, some women are fools even after they are married; as are many men.

The habit of giving way to one's feelings in preaching, or acting, or public speaking generally,—permissible enough on occasions when the duties of the profession demand it—breeds a temperament that permits itself the luxury of public confession when such self-betrayal is eminently undignified.

There are two sorts of force in individuals—one comes from obstinacy and one from a conscious sense of right, but for every-day use give me the former; it can stand the wear and tear of argument and a flood of light, but a mere conscious sense of right from the very intelligence that prompted its deductions, permits itself to waver and doubt.

With most men and women the quickest way to grow apart is to live together.

Have you ever noticed that as women grow older, fat and circumspection come about the same time? A woman who was frail in more senses than one when she was slight, with the accession of fat has an accession of virtue—**The Gleaner.**

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A Beautiful Siren

By T W.H.

He was the richest bachelor in the regiment—hence the most popular, or, more correctly speaking, the most eligible. It was wonderful the numerous good traits, attractive ways and superior blandishments he was found to possess immediately after his sudden access to wealth. Before that, while he was like the rest of us, impecunious, reckless and a trifle rapid, Lieutenant Harold Lannon, United States Infantry, was considered, in the words of Mrs. Kingston, "a very fine fellow, but rather careless, you know," and gossip said she spent most of her time in warning pretty Maud Kingston about him.

"Yes, my dear. I admit all that you say," she would reply to Maud, who seemed inclined to take up the cudgels in Mr. Lannon's defense; "it's all very true; but great goodness! he'll never do as a married man. Why, I've heard"—and here "Mrs. Major," as the youngsters called her, sank her voice into almost a whisper—"that he owes over two thousand dollars, and is today three months behind in his pay accounts. Now, there's Captain Derney—" but Maud, tossing her dainty head defiantly, would march out of the room. Captain Derney was her mother's great card whenever she desired to end an argument.

Maud Kingston was not in love with Mr. Lannon; her heart had been given long ago to a gallant sub in one of the cavalry regiments; in proof whereof she generally wore yellow ribons at the hops, much to the disgust of many of those of her own regiment. But the unknown cavalryman and Lannon were great friends, and he (Lannon) knew of Maud's little romance, which was as yet a secret.

"Mrs. Major," however, in blissful ignorance of this fact, fretted herself sick about the turn she thought matters were taking.

Unfortunately for the unsuspecting Lannon, he belonged to Captain Derney's company. There was no love lost between the captain and his second lieutenant—there seldom is—and Maud's open contempt for the valiant company commander only made Lannon's lot somewhat harder. Reveille and morning drills, inspection of meals, tactics, retreat, tattoo, clothing issues were a few of the duties the captain required of him.

"And what duties will you attend to, sir?" Lannon inquired of him, pleasantly, after the Captain had considerately presented him with a list of what he was to attend to.

"I'll see that you attend to yours;" and, of course, further discussion was uncalled for.

It was, therefore, a great happiness to "Mrs. Major" when Lannon was suddenly summoned home on important family matters; but when the news came to the regiment that the death of his uncle had made of him a rich man—poor "Mrs. Major!"

Years afterward, when Maud Kingston had been Mrs. Temple, of the Twelfth Cavalry, for some time, she often spoke of the circumstance, and how "poor mamma" vented her spleen on Captain Derney, whom she snubbed unmercifully.

We were all glad to hear of Hal's luck (he was always Hal to his intimates), and a few months later he came back to us—the same good fellow as of old—only a rich man—"only."

Then it was that so many of the regiment discovered his numerous admirable traits, heretofore completely hidden from view; but he met their advances with polite indifference. It was amusing to watch them—"Mrs. Major" in the van; and it is still a tradition in the regiment (for these events all occurred many years ago) that she once worked for him the motto, "What Is Home Without a Mother?"—to which some facetious youngster added, "in-law."

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About a year after Hal's luck, our regiment, which had been serving in the Territory some years, was ordered East and consolidated at Fort Lorn. After we had settled the vexatious question of quarters, and got straightened out, there began a life of gayety and excitement which was a revelation. Fort Lorn was only a mile from the city of the same name—a bustling, stirring place, filled with pretty, rich girls and other attractions dear to the heart of the average bachelor. There were calls to receive and make, hops, dinners, card parties, rides, drives, occasional heartaches, and, as this is a true chronicle, occasional headaches.

Hal and I lived together—that is, we had separate bedrooms, with a common sitting or lounging room, which, however, saw very little of his presence. He was constantly on the go, and Captain Derney's joke (the only decent one I ever knew him to perpetrate), that "Lannon lived in the town and occasionally visited the post," was almost the truth.

After we had been stationed at Lorn about half a year, rumor began to couple Hal's name with that of Dolly Seaton, one of the prettiest and brightest girls of the place, but alas! one of the poorest. I had never met the young woman, at this time, but Hal almost bored me to death with her name.

It was "Dolly this," "Dolly that;" "Miss Seaton here," "Miss Seaton there," until, in despair, I promised to go with him some evening and call on her.

"She knows all about you, old man," he said, reassuringly, when I showed some slight hesitancy about accepting his invitation—"that is," he continued, noticing my somewhat startled expression. "I have spoken of you so often that she says she almost feels as if she knew you. Well, what do you say about going down this evening? I'll drive you down." Hal was as impetuous as a woman.

"All right," I answered, and seven o'clock found me in my "best bib and tucker," with a feeling of interest and uneasiness that was quite foreign to my usually placid, easy-going nature.

It was a modest, unpretentious house Hal drove to. Miss Seaton came to the door herself. The parlor was small, crowded and stuffy—the well-known signs of genteel poverty—but as for Dolly Seaton!—she was the most magnificent woman I had ever met. I could well understand Hal's infatuation. Her physique was perfect; her hands white and shapely; a small, well-arched foot she was not chary of showing; eyes dark and lustrous; mouth somewhat large, with full, red lips, and a superb lot of black hair, which she wore well up on her head. When her warm, soft hand met mine in a clinging, almost caressing grasp, I could feel the blood creeping up into my face in a manner that almost destroyed my well-known coolness and indifference. She was beautiful beyond compare—there was not the shadow of a doubt of it; and yet, despite her many attractions, she somewhat repelled me. There were an unnaturalness in her manner and a quick, uneasy look in her eyes that spoke of an ambitious nature and a desire to lead; and in repose her mouth had a drooping, cruel look. That she did not care for Hal I realized almost at once. "Will she marry him?" I asked myself, after I had been in the room ten minutes; and when I left I was ready to answer, "Yes, and wreck his life."

Hal, in spite of his brightness and knowledge, was not at all worldly; to him, women were—well, "Dolly was an angel," and he reasoned no further. She treated him in an easy, bonne camaraderie manner that rather appealed to his frank, generous nature, while his manner toward her was full of knightly courtesy that amused Dolly. That she intended to make me like her I could see plainly.

In the course of the evening Miss Grape came in, and, much to poor Hal's discontent, after a little skirmishing and general conversation, Miss Seaton and I drifted into a little tete-a-tete.

The manner in which she sat near me, her head resting against one hand and one little foot peeping out coquettishly

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from under her skirts, a suspicion of lace barely visible; the apparent interest with which she listened to my most commonplace remarks; her general conversation, and a hundred and one other little incidents, soon convinced me that Miss Dolly Seaton was a clever, worldly girl, in addition to being handsome. Of course, we talked a great deal of Hal; what a delightful fellow he was, how considerate, thoughtful and generous—and—rich!

"Not rich," I answered her. "He has money, but I think his wealth is much exaggerated."

"With only his pay Mr. Lannon would still be a very attractive man," she replied, casting an amused look toward poor Hal, on the other side of the room, quietly listening with patient resignation to Miss Grape's stories of "When I was abroad."

"He doesn't seem to be very happy just now," I ventured to remark. "Shall I go to his relief?"

"Not just yet," she answered. "I want to know whether we are to be friends in the future. I know you are Mr. Lannon's 'Damon' in the regiment; that your opinion of a woman is worth a great deal to him; and I want you to like me. Not on his account, but because I think"—and she bent her face very close to mine—"because I think our natures are very alike. Don't start, mon ami; I read people as well as you do—almost. I know you've lived out your own little romance, and that life is to you simply a matter of days and nights; I know that you believe very little in my sex; but I also know that you are more loyal and just to us than is a boy in the first flush of manhood and youthful conceit. You see, I understand you, and I speak to you candidly and earnestly." She spoke in a low, intense tone of voice—almost a whisper.

"I don't see why we are not to be friends," I managed to reply, in an ordinary tone of voice, though her manner had rather startled me. I recognized that she was quite out of the ordinary run of girls, and that she had a peculiar effect or power over me that I quite resented. I appreciated fully that she flattered me; the remark about "my opinion and knowledge of women" was just the one that a clever, worldly girl would make to put a man in excellent humor with himself; and yet, knowing all this, what she said pleased me, and I felt an almost irresistible desire to make a fool of myself. It was only momentary, however, for, glancing up into her face, I noticed a look that completely recalled me to myself.

A few minutes later we were all in the hall, Miss Grape still talking to poor Hal, while I bade Miss Seaton good-bye.

"Friends?" she murmured, inquirlngly of me, as I held her hand preparatory to saying good-night.

"Friends!" I answered; and then, with a gentle, lingering pressure that sent the blood coursing through my veins, she released my hand, and we left the house.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"But, my dear fellow, I never attend hops, you know that," I said to Hal, one morning, about a week after our call on Miss Seaton. "I don't care for them; they bore me; and—I'm almost ashamed to confess it—my dress suit is so shabby that——"

"Never mind about that; it isn't necessary to wear a dress suit; you can come in uniform. I wish you would, old man. You see, I'm giving the affair, and it won't seem just right without you. You'll come, won't you?"

There was no withstanding such a request, and, though very much against my inclination, I consented.

"Let's see, whom will you bring?" Hal continued, after he had gained his point. There's Miss——"

"There's Miss Nobody for me. 'Ill stag it, and be a bold pirate and rover. In the first place, I'm taking roll-calls, and in the second, I don't know anyone sufficiently well to ask. I'll drop in after tattoo;" and seeing that I was resolute, Hal left to call on some of the post ladies.



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The next few days prior to the hop—or rather ball, for it was quite an ambitious undertaking—I saw little of my room-mate, who was head over heels in work.

It was almost ten o'clock when I reached the hall. They had just finished a waltz, and outside, on the porch (for the air was quite balmy and pleasant), there was a glimmer of bare shoulders and white gowns, with a background of dress suits and uniforms. The first man I stumbled across was our old friend Captain Derney, gorgeous in a wide expanse of shirt-front and an ante-belum dress suit, and hanging on his arm, a vision of lace and loveliness—Dolly Seaton.

"So you have come at last!" was her rather strange greeting, and then, before I could answer, she apologized to the captain and came to my side.

How magnificent she looked! and yet, withal, how restless and uneasy! In an ordinary gown 'Dolly' was beautiful, but in full evening dress, with white, rounded arms, bared throat and bosom that rivaled marble in their purity, her dark hair worn low, with one large red rose peeping forth, her sweet, rosy lips slightly parted, she was simply ravishing.

"Give me your arm, please; I want to walk. Do you know, I think that in five minutes more Captain Derney would have laid himself at my feet, dress suit and all?" Of course, it was only for Hal's sake that I felt very much like punching Derney's head. My part of the conversation was limited. We walked up and down the porch, Dolly talking all the time in such a quick, reckless manner that I hardly knew how to reply to her. Presently there came to our ears the strains of the orchestra, and then I took her in to find Hal, to whom she was engaged for the dance. The hop-room presented a very animated, pretty scene. There were plenty of bright, handsome girls, but Dolly was undoubtedly the "queen of them all." How well she danced, the very poetry of motion! and while I stood watching her "Mrs. Major" beckoned to me from the other side of the room.

"Have you heard the news?" she hurriedly asked me, and, without waiting for an answer, went on: "Mr. Lannon and Miss Seaton are engaged. It was announced tonight."

"Are you certain, Mrs. Kingston?" I asked.

"Certain? Why, Mr. Lannon told me so himself. Do you think it's a good match?"

"Splendid!" I answered, somewhat faintly, however; and ten minutes later "Mrs. Major" had told two or three people that I disapproved of the engagement.

And so they were engaged! Well, it was clearly my duty to hunt up Hal and congratulate him. I wondered he had not spoken of it to me in the early part of the evening, and then Dolly—but of course it was hardly her place to mention it. Just before supper Hal brought her to me; he was a perfect picture of radiant happiness, and looked quite handsome and distingue.

"Old man, you must take this waltz off my hands. They want me downstairs to see about the supper; I'll be back before long to relieve you," and with a bright, happy nod he left us. It was our first dance together. I can remember it as well now (though it occurred many years ago) as if it had been but yesterday. The band was playing "Love's Error" (Dolly laughed as she called my attention to it), and for the first time in many years I danced, not from a sense of duty, but with a keen zest and enjoyment; and Dolly—she waltzed divinely.

"You have heard the news?" she asked me, as we glided around the room.

"Is it true?" I asked, by way of reply.

"Yes."

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"And, of course, you're happy?"

"I'm satisfied," she answered, and after a few more turns she asked me to take her out on the porch, as the heat of the room was oppressive. I found a quiet little corner, and she threw herself down on the bench with a motion of utter weariness.

"Well, what do you think of it? Can't you speak? You've hardly said a word to me this evening."

"What is there for me to say? I'm very glad to know you've made Hal happy. I wish you both all the happiness in the world."

"Happiness!" she echoed, scornfully; "happiness! You speak of happiness! Have you found any in your life? Is there any in the world?"

"Our cases are hardly parallel," I replied. "You are young and beautiful, with the world before you. Everything——"

"Yes, everything. What is everything? Simply nothing. Come, don't pose! I like you better when you are natural and cynical," she answered. "The matter stands simply thus: Mr. Lannon loves me—of that there is no doubt. He is rich, and can supply me with those things I find essential to my happiness, as you term it. He has proposed. I have accepted him. Have I done well?"

"But surely you love him?"

"Love him? Oh, yes; I suppose so. I like him; I admire him; I respect him. Sometimes he amuses and interests me; oftimes he bores me. Of course, he will be good to me, and probably wind up by hating me."

"But why do you tell me this?" I asked. "I am Hal's friend, his confidant; it's hardly fair to either of us."

"Why do I tell you? Well, I hardly know why. I want to—isn't that reason enough for a woman?" And after a little pause, "If this marriage should bring unhappiness into his life I want to feel that I have not been altogether heartless in the matter. Suppose you tell him what I have said."

"Miss Seaton, how dare you insinuate such a thing?"

She looked at me in quite a surprised manner. "Why, I thought nothing could discompose you. Seriously, however, mon ami, I meant nothing. Pardon me; forget what I have said, and take me to Hal."

Seeing that I was still hurt, and did not reply, she laid her little hand in mine, and leaning toward me said:

"Won't you forgive me and be friends?" There was an eager, almost imploring look in her eyes, and her voice was strangely sweet and womanly.

"Friends, Dolly!" I answered; and then (it must have been her strange manner that tempted me), God forgive me! I forgot Hal, honor, manhood, everything, and gathering her in my arms, I drew her to me in close embrace.

She struggled a little at first, then, yielding, put both of her warm, round arms about my neck, and my lips sought hers in a hundred passionate kisses.

"Dolly, sweetheart!" and for reply she only nestled closer to me, her head resting on my breast and her eyes gazing into mine with a yearning, wistful light.

We were standing near one of the windows of the hop-room, and, recollecting this, I raised my head and beheld, glued to the window, the white, ghastly face of Hal Lannon, with a look of reproach and horror in his eyes that will haunt me to my dying day.

* * * * * * * * *

There is very little more to tell.

A few days later Hal left the regiment by resignation, and some few months afterward we heard of his sudden death in Paris.

One year after the events above narrated I married Dolly, and she has been to me a gentle and loyal wife.

Is she happy? I think so.

Am I?

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In Old San Francisco

(Continued from Page 9.)

gay with flags and bunting, the sidewalks were thronged with women that smiled on the heroes as they passed, for it was by a parade that the Vigilantes signalized the end of their labors. There were five thousand of them in line. The procession consisted of three artillery companies with eighteen pieces of cannon, twenty-nine members of the honorable executive committee, two hundred and ninety dragoons, forty-nine surgeons and physicians, vigilant police, citizens on horseback, thirty-three companies of vigilant infantry and numerous military bands. A very imposing array of men, that, sufficiently numerous to divide into very small shares the responsibility for the hanging of Cora and Casey and the cruel persecution of McGowan, now biding his time on the Den ranch, not daring to brave the sentiment that lingered even after the dissolution of the committee. For, by the bye, though the parade was advertised as the last act of that sensational drama of 1856, the curtain dropped on an epilogue in which it was said that if it became necessary to protect the members of the committee against violence or malicious prosecution on account of the acts of the committee, or to guard the purity of the ballot-box, the organization would be revived. That epilogue was in the form of a farewell address, published by the executive committee and distributed throughout the city. So here we have an additional reason for the preponderance of public sentiment in favor of the committee. An army of five thousand men, possessed of all available arms and ammunition, is no small factor in the creation of public sentiment in a community of fewer than fifty thousand souls. From the character of that farewell address it is evident that the Vigilantes felt that there was danger of their being called to account for their acts, and that it was advisable to blackmail the community into an acquiescent attitude.

The influence of the Vigilance Committee was felt in San Francisco for twenty years after its disbandment, but fortunately it was the influence exerted by the sincere and honest men of that organization. They took hold of municipal affairs, nominated upright men for office and gave the city an administration that was a marvel of economy.

But there was one thing they did not achieve, the one thing for which many of them most earnestly strived, the one thing that inspired many of them throughout the career of the committee, and that was the frustration of the plans of David C. Broderick to secure the senatorship.

Let us return again to the senatorial contest at the point at which we digressed. At that point Broderick and Gwin had sat down together and agreed to combine forces. It was then supposed that the most remarkable senatorial contest in the history of California was at an end; that at length, after years of a most desperate struggle for supremacy, the friends of David C. Broderick were about to witness the fruition of his hopes. This was a quite accurate supposition so far as Broderick was concerned. In January of the year 1857 he was elected to the United States Senate. This victory was achieved against odds and in the face of difficulties and prejudices against which none but a man of heroic qualities could successfully contend. And surely Broderick was a man of heroic mould. He was one of the big men that figured in his country's history. And be it understood that this little stage on the western end of the continent was not the only one on which he played his part. Broderick was a remarkable man in this, that while yet filling an humble position, in obscurity, he mapped out his career, an ambitious one, and then proceeded to live the principal role of a great drama, which step by step he unfolded with all the indomitable will and persistence of a Napoleon. He worked, he fought, he strove like a true giant of a man, overcoming obstacles, conquering opposition, and sweeping aside his enemies until

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the dawn of hope became the true light of triumph. I know of few things more touching than the tragic close of this career just as it reached its meridian. It is one of the saddest tragedies of American history. On that tragedy I will dwell later.

In the brief period that elapsed between Broderick's election and his death, many stirring and dramatic events were crowded. We have seen Broderick, an uneducated man, rise from obscurity to the leadership of men by the force of his faith in himself. He asserted his determination to conquer and he did. He possessed that faith which in all ages of the world's history has exalted men. We have seen him at the beginning of his political career in California, in the pursuit of his lofty ambition, disregarding precedent, ignoring the conventions, scorning the beaten path and blazing his own way through territory never before exploited. Sustained by his own prodigious self-assurance, he plodded on, baffled occasionally, but never disconcerted. His enemies triumphed over him but he always retreated in good order and more than once he snatched victory from defeat.

It is popularly supposed that Broderick's death was the result of a quarrel; that because he took umbrage at the discourteous language of Judge David Terry, and spoke of that jurist in insulting terms, he was challenged to a duel in which he was mortally wounded. It is true that his death was thus circumstanced, but there were other elements in the tragedy; or, at least, another conception of the tragedy is warranted by a long line of events by which it was preceded. That Broderick himself believed that he was goaded into giving Judge Terry a pretext for challenging him to a duel we need have no doubt. The last words of the dying man indicate a conviction that he was the victim of a great national political conspiracy, and that this conviction was shared by others is evident from the language of Colonel E. D. Baker, in the latter's oration over the dead body of his friend. Accepting this conception of the tragedy one cannot fail to be impressed with what, under the circumstances, assumes the aspect of providential retribution in the case of Judge Terry, who, many years after, was shot and killed for slapping the face of Stephen J. Field, one of the candidates for United States Senator before the very legislature that elected David C. Broderick. But to appreciate Broderick's conception of the fatal duel we must review briefly the history of his political career immediately after his election, and that shall be done in another chapter.

(To be Continued.)

When the World Was Young

From a Cuneiform Inscription upon an Assyrian Brick

"It's really terrible," she said, earnestly; "I seem all made wrong. Why, honestly, if a man only just looks square into my eyes I shake and quiver, and——"

He bent and looked squarely into her eyes.

"Oh, what made you do that?" she said, blushing; "it really wasn't fair—under the circumstances. But after all, I forget easily and a look doesn't create such a very deep impression. It's quite different when anyone touches me—that is awful! It goes through and through me and my heart beats twice as fast as usual, and——"

He seized her hand and held it hard and fast.

"Oh, don't," she cried, in great distress; "I shall cry! You shouldn't! You mustn't! It will make me think of you, and dream of you, and wonder about you, and want to see more of you, and—and— Well, truly, it will be very nearly as bad for me as if you kissed me——"

And just there—to her great, utter and overpowering astonishment—he kissed her. —The Translator.

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Letters

Duplication of Titles

"Rita," the English authoress who runs Marie Corelli a close second in usurping the office of public beadle and keeping manners and morals aired, is just now calling upon high heaven to assert her own, only and exclusive proprietorship to the title "The Silent Woman," which she made use of a few years ago, and which some squatter is now exploiting. As soon as her attention was called to it, "Rita" wrote to the editor of the cheap weekly with which she would on no consideration have her name associated, calling his atention to the infringement of her "rights" and suggesting that he should select some other title for his serial. In reply she was told that there is no copyright in titles. Then she appealed to the Society of Authors, and received but a confirmation, however, with the additional information that there is a property right, and if she can prove loss or damage, she is entitled to pecuniary recompense. This is not such an easy matter, since most books practically cease to sell at all within a brief time after their appearance, and it would be necessary to show that purchasers had been misled, or to make public contracts and agreements. No doubt it is vexatious and annoying, but fits of temper or even loss of sleep cannot be estimated on a pecuniary basis. "Rita" argues that the title is a part of the printed work, and cannot be separated from it. There is truth in this statement of the case, but if exclusive right is to be granted the law cannot be a respector of persons, and before "Rita" or any one else could lay claim to possession it would be necessary to show that she was absolutely the first in the field. No writer deliberately sends forth one of his brain children under a second-hand title. The errors, when they do occur, are the outcome of justifiable ignorance, for no one can possibly be conversant with every title used, and the probabilities are that authors of note and reputation would be seriously annoyed by the demands of provincial obscurities who might be able to work themselves into a profitable subsistence by dint of an industrious compilation of captions to be used anywhere that they could get themselves into print. A few years ago it became quite a fashion to protest against the use of titles that could be re-discovered in old catalogues. There was a clamor over "Trilby", and another over Morrison's "Hole in the Wall." E. W. Townsend had to change the title of his "Days Like These" after the page plates were completed and the book ready for press, because the name already adopted was found to be a duplicate. The fashion of publishing the same book in America and England under titles which gave no hint that they cover the same contents arose from a desire to avoid confusion, for many books are brought out in each country which are unknown in the other. James Lane Allen's "The Reign of Law" was barred in the United Kingdom because there was already a "Reign of Law" well known in Great Britain, though it was not fiction and there need be no confusion. It is currently reported that the books of the American Winston Churchill enjoy large sales across the Atlantic because the everyday reader is convinced that they are the production of Winston Spencer Churchill, and yet our Churchill cannot be compelled to abandon his rightful name on that account. It is not likely that any great injury is done to an author by the duplication of titles, unless there is an intentional fraud, and as writers generally have a most abounding faith in the perfection of their own masterpieces, there is very little likelihood that they will deliberately appropriate the registered brands and earmarks of their neighbors. "Rita" might be accused of having plagiarized her disputed title from Thomas Hardy, for in his "Return of the Native" there is an inn on Egdon Heath called "The Silent Woman." Edgar Saltus once wrote a novel based on the life of Mary Magdalene, and immediately after its publication he was accused, through the medium of a literary magazine, of hav-

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor and executrix of the will of Samuel Perkins, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor and executrix at the office of Brewton A. Hayne, Esq., 707 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Samuel Perkins, deceased.

DANIEL T. C. PERKINS and
MARY R. PERKINS,
Executor and Executrix of the will of Samuel Perkins, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 18, 1906.

BREWTON A. HAYNE,
Attorney for said Executor and Executrix,
707 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

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ing taken the idea of his book from a story written by a western writer. "That's very interesting," said Mr. Saltus, when his attention was called to it, "but it would be more interesting still if the gentleman had stated which of the four evangelists he considers himself to be." Now it would not be particularly comforting to "Rita" and others in her train, who imagine that the world stands at gaze for them if they were to bring suit for damages and have the defendants prove successfully that so far from deliberately jumping their claims and carrying off the ore from their shafts, their precious names had never been heard of. When E. P. Roe died, a London literary journal chronicled his passing by calling him E. P. "Rose," and stating that his first work was "Barn is Burned Away," and E. P. Roe was better known than "Rita" can ever hope to be, unless like T. W. H. Crossland, as a chronic litigant.

The Industrious White

The long-promised collaboration by Stewart Edward White and Samuel Hopkins Adams, "The Mystery," is having a serial production in "The American Magazine." It concerns a strange vessel found adrift in the Pacific with all sails set, all boats in good condition, no evidence of accident or disease, and yet deserted by all hands. Other mysterious disappearances, unexpected storms and singular electrical phenomena also have part in the unexplained, and those who enjoy something doing and an abundance of thrills may look forward to some exciting reading. Mr. White has just concluded a series of short stories in "McClure's", and the Outing Company announces the immediate appearance of a new book, "The Pass," of the same general style as "The Forest," and "The Mountains." Considering what an active life the author leads, always climbing, exploring, traveling in what would be inaccessible places to most people, the time it takes to make progress and the fatigues of the journeyings, one has to wonder whether Mr. White has acquired the faculty of writing in the saddle, while scaling perpendicular cliffs, and skirting yard-wide shelves on the sides of the mountains. Just what the reviewers will make of "The Mystery" when it comes to their hands no one can foretell, but when, some time ago, the "Bookman" addressed an inquiry to authors of prominence embodying a series of questions intended to discover the relations of authors and critics to each other, Mr. White's reply to the query: "Do reviewers understand the underlying meaning of your books?" was: "Reviewers are the only ones that understand the underlying meaning of my books. I don't understand them myself until I am told about them in the public prints. Usually I try to tell a straightforward story of things as I see them, after which it is gratifying, curious and interesting to see what the ingenious get out of it. It makes me feel profound and philosophic without having to work out the development of those qualities." Which goes to prove that people find in books only what they bring with them, and that the opinions expressed, which are often diametrically opposed to one another depend more on the mind of the reviewer than on the contents of the volume.

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TOWN TALK

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A Bone of Contention



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TOWN TALK

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The Objections to Lawlor

It has become pretty generally known that Mr. Abe Ruef does not concur in the judicial acts of the Hon. William P. Lawlor, a judge of the Superior Court of this city and county. This is unfortunate. In some respects Judge Lawlor is an ideal jurist. In his exercise of the judicial functions he has rendered great and valuable services to this community. By men well informed respecting conditions that have prevailed in this city for several years, it is believed that he has exercised a most salutary influence on a lawless and dangerous element. We refer to the element composed principally of thugs and including those professional criminals that operate only in cities in which they are guaranteed immunity. With Judge Lawlor on the bench no law-breaker can be assured that he shall not be punished for his crimes. For while Judge Lawlor differentiates "jus dicere" from "jus dare" he does not feel that it is merely his duty to hear the evidence. He has a prejudice against negligent officials and makes it his business to see that the police summon all the witnesses and that the District Attorney does not slumber during the progress of the case. He believes with Bacon that "The office of judges may have reference unto the parties that sue, unto the advocates that plead, unto the clerks and ministers of justice beneath them, and to the sovereign or state above them." But by reason of that belief he is somewhat old-fashioned. And that is why Mr. Abe Ruef, a lawyer of the modern school, does not like him. Mr. Ruef, by reason of his environment and the nature of his business in hand, feels that he does himself an injustice to tolerate such a man as Lawlor on the bench. Lawlor, being mindful of the Baconian precepts, insists that "the place of justice is a hallowed place; and therefore not only the bench, but the foot-pace and precincts and purpise thereof ought to be preserved without scandal and corruption." He entertains the notion that it is difficult for justice to yield her fruits with sweetness among the briers and brambles of a push-beset tribunal. And Mr. Ruef, being reputed a man of "nimble and sinister tricks and shifts," is looked upon by Judge Lawlor, not as one of the amici curiae but rather as one of the parasiti curiae. So there is really a gulf between his Honor and the distinguished attorney, and the latter conceives it to be a duty that he honestly owes to himself to remove Lawlor and fill the vacancy with somebody of a more amiable and agreeable nature. It would not be fair to reproach him for giving reign to the sane motive that springs from a situation so prejudicial to his interests. He is in politics—practical politics—and it is said that he is incessantly skirting the edge of statutory inhibition. Moreover, being in the political game, it is important that his followers should have confidence in his ability to safeguard them from embarrassment. With Lawlor on the bench, a man with an uncompromising prejudice against ballot-box stuffers, there is always danger of an explosion. Indeed, with Lawlor on the bench, even the most powerful knaves are denied the pleasure of peaceful slumber. The fact is that in Lawlor lies the hope of eventual municipal redemption from greed and graft. Abundant therefore are the objections to Lawlor as a member of the judiciary, and despite his merits we doubt whether those citizens that are concerned for the civic welfare are sufficiently numerous to defeat the conspiracy against him. San Francisco is very busy rehabilitating at present and Mr. Ruef appears to be in full charge of the works. Conditions are somewhat chaotic, and civic patriotism is badly in need of a stimulant.

Russian Prospects

There are some writers spending a deal of time these days hailing events in Russia as the beginning of the end of the autocracy. They began more than a year ago, when the crew of a warship mutinied at Odessa, and they have seen about fifty beginnings-of-the-end since that memorable event. Almost everything of a sensational character reminds them of the French Revolution, its incipiency and its development, and they are expecting the cataclysm every day. The Czar, in their opinion, is a weakling, who will fly at the first sign of serious trouble and open the way for the revolutionaries. The Czar has acted more than once as though he were too timid to handle a critical situation, but he is far from being the weakling that Louis XVI proved to be when his legislative assembly seized the reins of government. When the deliberations of the Duma appeared to be converging toward anarchy the Czar grasped the situation, dissolved the body and broke up his ultra-bureaucratic cabinet whose cohesion had become impossible. The Czar is now apparently endeavoring to retrieve some of the mistakes of the past made when he was under the direction of the Grand Dukes. He appears to be much more firm and self-possessed than was the miserable French king who signed his death warrant when he put his signature to the commission of a commander of the National Guard chosen by the National Assembly. Though there have been several mutinies in the Russian army they had their source not in political dissatisfaction but in economic questions. The agrarian riots of the peasantry have also been the result of economic troubles. The Russian peasant is too ignorant to understand political questions. From the European press we learn that it is the opinion of German and British statesmen that the situation is not so alarming as the sensational press would have us believe. It is said that the Russian middle class, while in sympathy with a representative government, agrees with the Czar in its conception of a Duma. It has faith in the institution, but not in the men who have proved themselves so insufficiently prepared to fulfil the duties of a Russian idea of adequate reform. Of course if the army in the bulk become disloyal there will be serious trouble, but it should be remembered that England and Germany and other European countries are vitally interested in the preservation of the Russian Government. The French Revolution taught all Europe a lesson, and even the prospect of that revolution aroused Austria and England and was for a time in danger of suppression from an army of the allied powers under the Duke of Richmond. Considering the importance to Europe of preventing the overthrow of the Czar's throne, we are not inclined to the opinion that Nicholas will find it advisable to flee from his dominions.

Immorality of Public Opinion

"Public Opinion is something that cannot be bought," says a writer in the "Examiner." A nice catch-phrase that, and one that should reverberate sonorously in the hollows of a demagogue's chin. It asserts something that the mob will be pleased to accept as axiomatic, but it is pure, unadulterated cant. Public opinion is the opinion of the majority and it is no better than its component parts. As self-interest influences private opinion so does it sway public opinion. The essential character of men is not altered by the process of getting together to express a common sentiment. The same

passions that move individuals move communities, and in all ages cupidity has influenced public opinion. It has impelled nations to rapine and violence. Under the restraint of law it has become artful but never inert. It has fomented intestine war, and has dissolved states by committing the inhabitants of a country to the tumultuous shock of all their discords. Public opinion, even in this enlightened country, has been purchasable. We have seen communities indorse immoral projects for the profit that seemed certain to accrue. We have seen a whole city fall down and worship a millionaire for enhancing real estate by means of his electric railroads, and we have had proof of the accessibility of public opinion to immoral influence right here in San Francisco where the United Railroads was given a franchise to which it was not entitled with the consent of the people, whose desire for immediate profit blinded them to the consequence of the illegal gift. Public opinion is reputed to be virtuous because it is seldom expressed except in respect of matters involving public interests. In such matters it is obviously a selfish opinion. And when it is expressed in the manner most conducive to the promotion of the public interest, the public are sure that it is a sound and wholesome opinion. That shrewd philosopher, Henrik Ibsen, cleverly mocks at public opinion and gives us a hint to the considerations by which it is moved in his great sociological drama, "An Enemy of the People." He therein presents as his central figure a fine type of the earnest, sincere and courageous reformer—a doctor, the chief medical officer of a health resort which constitutes the chief support of a little town. The doctor discovers that the waters are impure, having been impregnated by the refuse from the tanneries owned by certain prosperous citizens. He resolves to give publicity to the facts, whereupon the owners of the tanneries warn the people that their taxes will be increased to make necessary improvements and that the reputation of the springs will be damaged. Then the doctor is looked upon as the enemy of the people and public opinion becomes superheated, the reformer is abused and the members of his family are subjected to insult and abuse. To the superficial thinker and the average worshiper of public opinion this powerful drama makes no appeal. They will be likely to pronounce it unconvincing and extravagant. Perhaps it is, and yet let us reflect on the attitude of some people in Chicago toward President Roosevelt when he inflicted some damage on the main industry of Packingtown, and then let us speculate on what might have happened if Chicago's prosperity depended on the slaughter houses and the President of the Board of Health threatened to do what Roosevelt did.

Union Thugs in Action

Notwithstanding the fact that organized labor was never more propitiously situated for demonstrating the feasibility of winning strikes without violence, it prefers to go armed to the teeth and by intimidation compel the submission of employers. It is becoming clearer every day that the union man's conception of the right of organized labor is that of depriving by force the non-union man of his constitutional right of earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. He is not frank enough to admit the nature of his conception, but he reveals it by his conduct. The aliens along the water front who have made discipline impossible on coasting vessels, and who were dissatisfied with their wages which, under union rules, averaged about one hundred dollars a month, are brandishing weapons and scaring off the sailors that do not belong to the union. The non-union men employed by the United Railroads are finding that their lives are in danger and even non-combatants on the public street take their lives in their hands when they adventure in the neighborhood of a gang of workmen unaffiliated with organized labor. The industrial situation is growing more vexatious every day, and the most alarming feature of it is the belligerent attitude of the unions and the complaisance of the authorities. Of the unions, for exacting all that they can get, we should not too bitterly complain; it is human nature to charge all that the traffic will bear. With some of the unions—the carmen's, for example—threatening at this writing to go on a strike, the public sympathizes, for the men are not receiving too much money for the work they do; but the lawlessness of the unions is another matter. It is part of the creed of organized labor in some states to achieve its ends by murder when those ends cannot be compassed by other means. The bludgeon, it is to be hoped, shall not be the argument of last resort in San Francisco. Invariably, when strikes lead to murder, the crime is deplored by the union leaders, but of late abundant proof has been obtained of the fact that thugs are hired by the unions and paid out of the funds of the unions. A recent case in point was that of the murder of a man named Carlstrom in Chicago, who refused to go on a strike declared by the Carriage and Wagonmakers' Union. George Meller, the president of the union, was one of the men arrested for the murder, and he testified that at a meeting of the union, at the suggestion of the business agent, an appropriation of fifty dollars was made to be paid to a "slugging committee." It was that committee that committed the crime. Let us hope there are no slugging committees in San Francisco.

"Nerves," a Modern Luxury

Drugs or diet for "nerves?" Bromides or salads? Nerves, nine times out of ten, are what our grandmothers in forthright fashion, styled bad temper and treated in drastic manner. Children who indulged in tantrums were spanked and put to bed supperless, and as they grew older were dealt with accordingly. It was not until the last generation that "cussedness" began to be regarded as an amiable idiosyncracy to be tolerated along with red hair or a tendency to freckles—something that could not be helped. "Nerves" are a specialty of the egotistic and selfish, and are usually the direct result of a lack of parental discipline. A headstrong, self-willed child who undertakes to rule the household can generally make itself so disagreeable that peace may seem cheap at any price. Instead of punishing the culprit the mother will, as a rule, counsel the others to give into Mary or John, not as a matter of abstract justice, but because it is easier for her to demand submission from them than to subdue the real rebel. It does not take any child many months, much less years, to discover the weak points of its parents, and it can manage them long before they begin to discern the necessity for discipline. Parents, somehow, seem to be in blissful

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ignorance of much that they might be expected to remember from their own childhood. Boys are as a rule unimpressionable little animals, and when their companions show a tendency toward "nerves" they are either trounced into a normal stolidity or ostracized until they give in. The "nervous" man is usually a mother's darling, an only son who has grown up amongst women and absorbed their ways without the wholesome counter irritant of the world's rough hand. The girl, on the other hand, holds tight to her privileges and cultivates hysteria so that there is no looking at her without danger of a scene. Her "nerves" enable her to rule or ruin whatever society she finds herself in, and she can disrupt clubs, and dismember churches, and turn a town topsy-turvy by the mere mention of opposition. There are always some sane members who can see what the proper remedy is, but none who dare apply it, so, instead of the vigorous opposition, the calm disregard of the threatened outburst, there is universal acquiescence. Doctors, of course, prescribe nerve tonics, and the invalids take naturally to patent medicines, while it adds an importance to be always under diet restrictions, but these remedies, palliatives and excuses come too late. Both should be administered in early youth. Children can often be successfully disciplined by making them wear untrimmed clothing or colored aprons on their naughty days, reserving the more ornate apparel until they have agreed to behave. They can be brought to their senses by having to drink their milk from an enamel-ware cup instead of their decorated china one, and in a hundred other ways made to understand that their privileges will be curtailed if they do not show themselves worthy. It is not necessary to "break wills" nor to set up despotism on the part of the parents in order to establish family government; neither is it any better to abdicate and let anarchy reign. Disordered nerves are a serious matter, but in the modern acceptance, what usually passes for disordered nerves is only unregulated temper, a desire to have one's own way at all costs. Children have no business with nerves at all, and it is noticeable that the people with most to worry them, those who have much to accomplish with small incomes, and many responsibilities, are never victims of the disorder. Nervousness is a fad of the idle and egotistic and should be taxed as a luxury.

That Vanishing Fund

It seems that the apparently inexhaustible relief fund is about gone, and there is nothing permanent to show for it. So far from this being an occasion for regret, it is rather one for fervent thanksgiving. The so-called refugees have been, for the last four months, in the position of the spendthrift heir who has come into his patrimony. As long as there is anything for him to dissipate, he will make no distinction between income and capital, but use both indiscriminately and without restraint. When there is no more left, he will go to work, if he has an ounce of manhood in him. When General Greeley, six weeks ago, said plainly and flatly, that we were encouraging a gang of "Federal paupers" there was wide-spread indignation. Now, the committee in charge of the funds has reached precisely the same conclusion, namely, that there are a lot of able-bodied beggars settled in the camps, who are not only willing, but anxious to remain there, and that as long as they can draw subsistence they will make no effort to support themselves. Ever since the bricks were cool enough to handle, there has been abundance of work for men, not very choice, it is true, but preferable to idleness and charity's dole. Ever since the early weeks after the disaster, when local merchants could secure supplies there has been no excuse for furnishing indiscriminate free meals and had there been less talk of municipal housing schemes there is no doubt that dwellings, flats and apartments would have gone up as numerously and rapidly as stores, but with the continued iteration that the city would provide accommodation, there was no incentive to landlords to rebuild. Now all the beautiful scheme is in ruins. There are no houses, and no money to build them with, and there is no land on which to erect them. In the end, it is every man for himself, and the fathers of families will have to go about it themselves, building or renting, as in the good old days before the shake. The optimism which counted on further contributions must give way before the South American disaster, which now has first call on public sympathy, and indeed, San Francisco, being able to walk alone if she will, would be doing a graceful act if, instead of continual bickering and fault finding, and the maintenance of an army of well-paid stock-clerks and so-called charity workers, she would turn over at least half of what is left to Santiago and Valparaiso in their distress. Incidentally, this relief fund has given us an object lesson in municipal ownership. Six million dollars in the hands of a corporation would have been made to give some account of itself, but in the hands of a public committee it has accomplished nothing that needed doing. It is to the military authorities that thanks are due for the tent shelters, the only supplies absolutely essential that the people could not have procured for themselves after the first upheaval. For the rest, doubtless there will be tons of typed documents, accurately balanced accounts, and printed reports and an endless amount of red tape. It will be beautifully systematic and regular, but to what end? Let us rejoice that the fund is so nearly exhausted. Now the people will go to work.

Jerome For Governor

At this writing William Travers Jerome is thinking of running for Governor of New York on the Democratic ticket, and Mr. Hearst is no doubt on the anxious seat. There is one man in New York who in all probability is able to keep Mr. Hearst out of the gubernatorial chair and that man is District Attorney William Travers Jerome. If Jerome were nominated on the Democratic ticket, the Republican candidate would run last in the three-cornered race and the fight would be between the District Attorney and the Prophet of Municipal Reform with the chances in favor of the former. The "Sun" is urging Boss Murphy to nominate Jerome and the "Post" says that everybody is so disgusted with the Republican machine that if the Democrats nominate a strong and clean candidate their triumph at the polls will be conceded by every impartial political observer. The "Post" thinks that Jerome could fire the party and inspire a campaign as could no other man in the public gaze.

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Within her gilded boudoir lie—
In sooth, a plutocrat supply,
And yet my lady sneers.

A doll, in dingy rags 'tis dressed,
Hugged to a palpitating breast;
Its owner walking down the street,
With pride her intimates doth meet,
And on a friendly doorstep there
They sit, and she displays its hair,
Its underclothes, its hat, its shape,
Its wondrous sash evolved from tape,
With joy akin to tears.

—The Observer.

Perspective Impressions

The silence of ex-Police Commissioner Reagan has become oppressive.

The Cubans are now demonstrating their capacity for self-government in the manner most conducive to the stimulation of the martial spirit.

The bearing-rein is doomed. It has often been pronounced cruel, but to be cruel is not to be despised. It is now said to be vulgar as well as cruel by no less an authority than the Duke of Portland, Master of the Horse to King Edward. It cannot bear up under that stigmatization.

"Ned" Hamilton tells us that J. O. Hayes of San Jose preaches the holiness of the Sabbath and encourages gamblers to break it. And good people, Mr. Hamilton tells us, want to know the reason why. Perhaps it's because he's built that way.

President Wheeler, of our great State University, talked last Monday very much as Ella Wheeler Wilcox usually writes.

John D. Rockefeller is reported to have under consideration a plan for the endowment of a home for chorus girls. It's funny how those millionaires begin to take a fatherly interest in the chorus when it's about time for them to be meditating exclusively on the hereafter.

From the way the newspapers discussed the court-martial one might think that Lieutenant Dunn was the only person humiliated in the scandal. And yet testimony was given to the effect that the woman in the case wore a switch except when it was lying on the floor.

Now watch the has-beens of all political parties crawl under the Independence League's wide-spreading tent, offering shelter as it does to the cast-offs, the perennial job-chasers and insatiable job-holders.



The Wiley W. J. B.—"I wonder if I can stand it until 1908."
—Hager in the Seattle "Post-Intelligencer."



STILL STANDING PAT ON THE SAME OLD SPOT.
—Warren in the Boston "Herald."

Hearst's Subtle Humor

[A Dialogue.]

By Theodore Bonnet.

Milton: No, Arnold, I do not agree with you. I will not, however, dispute the assertion that we have a sense of humor. It would be absurd for me to do so. Our exultant appreciation of Mark Twain proves that we have a sense of humor. All that I wish to maintain is that our sense of humor is not fully developed.

Arnold: If it isn't then there's no people on the face of the earth with a fully developed sense of humor.

Milton: Don't be chauvinistic. There's nothing so fatal to humor as an exaggerated sense of one's importance. That's the trouble with us as a people, and that's why we miss many a good laugh.

Arnold: Well, I mean what I say. As a people we have a keen sense of humor—a fact that's proved by the success of our comic papers and the humorous drama. Why farce-comedy is an American invention.

Milton: Quite true and there's nothing so utterly devoid of genuine humor as the average farce-comedy. The higher and subtler forms of humor are beyond our comprehension. Satire is lost on us. Our loudest laughter is excited by the obvious. So imperfect is our sense of humor that we do not always recognize a comedian when we see one, and that being the case it is to be inferred that there are brands of humor which do not appeal to us.

Arnold: I'd like to know what brands you refer to.

Milton: Well, the Hearst brand for example. Now, don't misunderstand me; I don't allude to the Sunday supplement humor, but to the humor of the Hearst personality and the Hearst propaganda.

Arnold: I don't see anything funny in them.

Milton: To be sure you don't; that's because your sense of humor has not matured. And yet Hearst is the most superb humorist of the day.

Arnold: An unconscious humorist, I suppose.

Milton: No, sir; a tragic one—the very highest type of humorist. His face is never without a half-visible wrinkle of suppressed mirth. But you and others—the whole nation in fact—take him solemnly and as a consequence miss the richest effects of his absurdity. Hearst is the George Bernard Shaw of American journalism. He's as great in journalism as Shaw is in the drama, and his egoism is enough to make the angels shriek with laughter. Fancy a man unannounced by the prophets, advertising himself in screeching headlines as the real thing in redeemers and not provoking a guffaw—not even a grin. And yet you say we have a well developed sense of humor.

Arnold: Hearst, in my opinion, is far from being a laughing matter.

Milton: That's because the subtleties of his personality escape you. We are in the habit of scoffing at the British for their supposed inability to see a joke, but they saw Whistler and they enjoyed him—Why? Simply because he was inspired, like Hearst, with an enthusiastic faith in himself. He proudly proclaimed himself one of the greatest of artists, and somebody said that Whistler regarded Whistler as his greatest work of art. And here we have Hearst out-Whistlering Whistler every day in the week; heralding himself as the great Trust-Buster, lauding himself for his benefactions, circulating his own picture for the adoration of the mob, indulging in self-panegyrics from a pedestal erected with his own money, urging all to accept him at his own extravagant appraisement. Do you believe that he is insensible of the humor of it all?

Arnold: Yes, I do, because I know that those eccentricities are the expression of a self-centered individual having the conviction that he is a great patriot ordained to create an epoch.

Milton: Nonsense! Mr. Hearst is profoundly absorbed in views he never held. He has his tongue in his cheek from one end of the year to the other. He is essentially a humorist, a distinctly American humorist, for his humor is the humor of exaggeration. Here he is at this moment organizing an Independence League in San Francisco, and for what purpose? To secure for workingmen their rights. Is it possible that you don't see the humor of that?

Arnold: I do, but I don't think Hearst does.

Milton: You do him an injustice, my dear Arnold. Mr. Hearst is our most successful journalist, and in these days of stern competition a man cannot be a fool and a success in business. Hearst thoroughly appreciates the humor of coming to the rescue of the workingmen of San Francisco. His Independence Leage is a satire on Organized Labor. He knows that the workingmen of San Francisco are the only men that enjoy any rights or privileges these days. Why, they're running the whole town to suit themselves and if anybody tries to block their game they do a little gunning. Yet Hearst is organizing a league for their succor, and he's doing it with the same motive with which Bernard Shaw writes a drama—to be misunderstood. That's his little joke. And he's splitting his sides with laughter just around the corner.

Arnold: You're wrong, Milton. I believe that when Hearst first started out as the champion of the plain people he did so as a journalist imbued with the notion that to become a great man he must avoid humdrum opinions, and that the success of his venture impelled him to enter seriously into the role.

Milton: You're wrong, Arnold. If that were so he wouldn't pile on the agony in such heavy layers. He wouldn't, for example, come to San Francisco to rescue the workingmen at a time when the whole town was being ground under the heel of organized labor. He's trying with all his might now to make the joke obvious. The people having failed to catch on to his subtle humor he has resolved to deal in the slapstick variety. Hence his tragic air after the manner of the negro minstrel who pretends to feel that he suffered a terrible indignity when interfered with in the course of a chicken-

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In Old San Francisco

By R. Francis Logan

CHAPTER VIII.

[Why Charles Cora Was Hanged by the Vigilantes.]

Two names that have long been linked in the history of San Francisco are those of Casey and Cora. No Californian pioneer that ever opened the chambers of his memory to bring forth the thrilling tale of Vigilance Committee days neglected to mention that "Casey and Cora were hanged." The hanging of Casey and Cora is one of the thrilling traditions of San Francisco, and, as is often the case with traditions, it has become somewhat vague of outline. As a consequence of the constant association of the two names the impression was created that Casey and Cora were partners in crime. As a matter of fact they were not even intimately acquainted. They never were so close together as on the day that their bodies dangled in air in front of the headquarters of the Vigilance Committee. They were the central figures in the first extra-judicial performance of the Vigilantes. It was by putting them to death that the Vigilantes gave notice to the community that they were organized for business and were not to be trifled with. And as the hanging took place in broad daylight, in full view of the participants in the funeral procession of James King of William, it sent a thrill through the whole city and indelible was the impression it made on men, women and children.

So it is easy to understand why the hanging of Casey and Cora is the incident that has long stood out with cameo distinctness in the fireside and curbstone narratives of the dramatic days of '56. But historians have never cited that incident by way of disparagement of the record of the Vigilance Committee. They have deemed it sufficient to mention that Casey, a politician, who had served time in Sing Sing was put to death for assassinating an editor, and that Cora, a representative of the gambling fraternity, was hanged for killing a United States marshal. They do not tell us that the editor was every day inviting his enemies to engage in a gun fight with him, that it was customary for men to vindicate their honor with their pistols, and that Casey, who had been denounced as an ex-convict urged that he was entitled to have the public know the nature of the crime of which he had been convicted and was scornfully denied that small bit of justice. They do not tell us that Cora had been tried by a jury of his peers, that the jury had disagreed and that he was to be tried again when taken from the jail and hanged. These are details which should be weighed by those who would estimate the character of the Vigilance Committee of 1856.

I have told the story of Casey's crime and of the cruel persecution of Ned McGowan that followed. Now let us consider the case of the unfortunate Cora. On the evening of the 17th of November, 1855, General William H. Richardson, United States Marshal for California, was shot and instantly killed by Cora on the southwest corner of Clay and Leidesdorff streets. The shooting grew out of a quarrel that took place at a theatre a few nights before. The quarrel was unquestionably provoked by General Richardson who took umbrage at Cora for attending a performance with a beautiful woman of the half-world who bore his name. General Richardson and his wife occupied seats near them and the General felt that it was very painful and discourteous to his wife to be brought in such close contact with the Cora woman. The General was a fighting man especially when in his cups and that night he was far from sober. He met Cora in a saloon between acts and threatened to slap his face, but the gambler avoided him. When they met on the fatal night the trouble was renewed, and after the shooting Cora pleaded that he killed Richardson in self-defense. But owing to Richardson's social standing and the character of Cora public indignation over the shooting rose to a white heat, and the prisoner was bitterly denounced in the press.

He was tried before Judge Hager by a jury composed of men whose integrity was above question. Nearly all of them afterwards became prominent in the affairs of the city. The jurors were William A. Piper (congressman and capitalist), A. B. Forbes (general manager of the Mutual Life Insurance Company), John J. Haley (later of the Southern Pacific Company), F. Ward Eaton, Charles H. Vail, Edward P. Flint, M. Joyce, Jacob Meyer, Thomas C. D. Olmstead, William H. Stowell, A. Holmes and John M. Easterly. The prosecution was conducted by District Attorney Harry Byrne, who afterwards became the husband of Matilda Heron, the actress, and his associates were Alexander Campbell and S. W. Inge. General McDougall and Colonel E. D. Baker, afterwards United States Senator from Oregon, conducted the defense, and the latter, by his brilliant and impassioned closing address to the jury prevented an agreement despite the force of an adverse public sentiment. General McDougall, in his opening statement said: "We are compelled to fight a foregone conclusion on the part of the community. They have judged the prisoner already and public opinion is pressing us from



OUR FIRST SEAL

all sides. If this prisoner is convicted, I say it solemnly, it will be judicial murder."

Colonel Baker's address to the jury was a masterpiece of forensic eloquence as may be judged from a few excerpts which I present indicating as they do the state of public feeling and the testimony relied upon by the defense:

"The man who is here struggling for life—who is arraigned for the death of one claimed to be one of the purest of our citizens, is said to have followed degraded and vicious pursuits. It is said of him that he is cared for by a woman of very bad relations in life, whose name, indeed, is a reproach. Against this man at the bar the whole public press—that mighty engine of passion and power—have poured out all the concentrated vials of their wrath and indignation. Every portion of his career has been maligned; every motive of his heart has been perverted; every act of his life has been misrepresented; and imagination if not upon its highest and purest, upon its boldest wing, has applied to him every epithet of reproach and related every narrative of shame. Against this we have but one defense—against this we have but one resource, but one hope. It is to be found in time which tempers all things—it is to be found in human sympathy and the

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The Spectator

Reaching Currie Through His Stomach

If a soft answer turneth away wrath, what will a good luncheon do to a critical newspaper writer? This sounds more like the band's cue for a comic song than a rational question; but it naturally follows the little banquet given a few days ago at the University Club, to Barton W. Currie, correspondent of the New York "Post." Currie has been in San Francisco three months. During that time, his letters to his paper have severely criticised the management of the relief fund. Some of the things he said concerning the handling of those donated millions were simply fierce. The Relief Committee smarted under them. Dr. Devine was so irritated that he telegraphed to the "Post" that its correspondent was exaggerating; to which he received a reply that the "Post" had confidence in the correspondent's judgment and veracity. And the critical letters continued. Then Mr. Thomas Magee remembered that he was a college mate of Mr. Millard, of the "Post", and addressed a remonstrance to him. This brought an introduction of Mr. Currie to Mr. Magee, and an invitation to luncheon from Mr. Magee to Mr. Currie. The luncheon was served in the University Club, not in the main dining room, but behind a screen in a more secluded apartment. It was an elaborate meal. There was soup, and fish, and an entree, and roast, and salad, and dessert, to say nothing of wine that ought to warm the heart of the coldest newspaperman. Mr. James D. Phelan sat at the head of the table, Mr. M. H. de Young took the foot. Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. F. W. Dohrmann, Mr. Magee and Mr. Currie assumed graceful attitudes at the sides of the board. You see, the entire Executive Committee turned out to honor Mr. Currie.

They Merely Discussed the Fund

Of course, nothing was said concerning Mr. Currie's criticism of the committee. It was all as if he had just arrived from New York. But the conversation lightly touched upon the difficulty the committee is having to secure control of the New York and Boston funds; and a veiled hint was dropped, to the effect that if the Eastern agents for the donors thought there was mismanagement in San Francisco, the money might not be sent here in a hurry. Then Mr. Dohrmann explained the local situation to Mr. Currie. "The treasury is empty," he said. "We are almost bankrupt. All sorts of unworthy people are trying to raid the fund." He added emphasis to his statement by bringing his closed hand down on the mahogany until the glasses rang. Mr. de Young took another cocktail. "What's the use?" said he; "let's give 'em the money. Then we shan't have to bother with it any more." Mr. Phelan objected to this proposed policy. It was reckless, he said,and declared that the work should be carried on along the original lines. Then some one complimented Mr. Currie on his literary style, comparing it to Stevenson's, and some one else pressed upon him an automobile for use during his stay in San Francisco, and everybody gave him cards to the most exclusive clubs in the city, and nobody let on that the kicks Mr. Currie had been administering to the committee were anything but caresses. In return for all this, Mr. Currie said he was going to write a page story for the "Post," and the committee has since been trying to figure out what he is going to say.

Lafler's Stupendous Letter

At the small price of ten cents you are privileged to find out what Mr. Henry Anderson Lafler knows of the disgraceful conduct of the United States army under General Frederick Funston, in San Francisco, during three memorable days of the month of April. This is a topic that should enthrall the most indifferent reader, for the impression has prevailed that the conduct of the army under Funston was admirable, and to learn how it was otherwise is surely worth while. It has remained for Mr. Lafler to enlighten us. Who is Mr. Henry Anderson Lafler who knows something that we don't know? A keen observer, let it be understood, a modern Teufelsdrockh of Weissnichtwo, a living light-fountain that we should wish to be near, a natural luminary shining by the essence of his own genius; until recently the editor of my esteemed contemporary, the "Argonaut," the loss of which journal was the gain of the "Blue Mule," a magazine of ceruleau fiction made in California, connected with the borax plant of Mr. F. M. Smith, famous for his forty-mule team all of one color. Some weeks ago our distinguished historian enticed General Funston into print by affirming in a letter to the "Argonaut," that the behaviour of the army during the conflagration was disgraceful, and that the situation was handled in a bungling manner by the military authorities. General Funston retorted that Mr. Lafler didn't know what he was talking about, or words to that effect. To prove that he did know what he was talking about Mr. Lafler took up his pen and dashed off another letter, one of such imposing length that it might be surmised that he purposed overwhelming Funston with words, if not with logic. He submitted it to Mr. Hart for publication, and Mr. Hart was staggered. He saw at a glance that to publish the letter would necessitate the issuance of a supplement. His stenographer counted the words and reported that they numbered nine thousand. Even the "Argonaut" could not afford to throw so many words in one lump at the heads of its readers. So the letter was sent back with the suggestion that if it were boiled down to "something like a page" it would be printed. Perish the suggestion! Fancy a Lafler masterpiece, a sample of rhetorical artisry, cut and spliced to fit the procrustean page of a weekly paper! Mr. Lafler, be it known, is no hack writer. For him there was naught to do but spurn the suggestion and get his letter printed in pamphlet form, which he did.

His Great Triumph

The Lafler brochure came to hand the other day along with a request from the author that it be reviewed, a flattering request, implying as it does, confidence in my ability to do it justice. For this brochure I am pleased to say contains much of historic value. No nebulous disquisition this, but a narrative of incidents hitherto unrecorded. From it I con-

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clude that in the canopy of grim fire, aloft in his watch-tower, sat our distinguished historian, taking note of what was happening amid the flames' wild fury. Facts are engraved hierograms for which the fewest have the key and Mr. Lafler is one of the few. He dissents from the views of the majority being convinced that next to the earthquake the greatest misfortune that afflicted San Francisco was the army, and he believes that conviction, be it never so excellent, is vain till it converts itself into action. Hence though it seem an otiosc effort, he has striven to reform the impression that General Funston was a hero in San Francisco and that his soldiers are deserving of the gratitude of the people. Perhaps his diligence has not been profitable, but at any rate he has not been thrashing mere straw in the circumambient atmosphere of nothingness and night. He has at least projected himself into a controversy with a Brigadier-General of the United States army, and that, in these days, when the one unpardonable sin is obscurity, must be pronounced successful achievement.

The Ruthless Soldiery

Mr. Lafler's thesis is that millions of dollars worth of property might have been saved if the soldiers had been wisely directed, and that the city's loss would not have been so great if dynamite had not been improperly employed and if citizens intent upon saving their homes had not been driven away by the soldiers. Inferentially, he assumes, General Funston should be reprobated if that thesis be proved. This, in my opinion, is an unhappy assumption based upon a complete misunderstanding of conditions during the fire. Unquestionably dynamite was not always used advantageously, and there is no doubt that the behaviour of the soldiers was not always exemplary, and yet those circumstances were not sufficient in themselves to annul the blessings that flowed from General Funston's beneficient activities. But Mr. Lafler was in a querulous mood during the fire. He had escaped from his bed-chamber nearly naked but unafraid and it was with a misanthropic eye that he viewed the scenes of horror by which he was environed. It is not unlikely that his dignity was wounded, for, in truth, the soldiers were very rude and seemed wholly incapable of discriminating between the rag-tag and the elect. They behaved outrageously at times, and even exhibited "colossal stupidity," as Mr. Lafler tells us; as, for example, in the case of Mr. O. D. Baldwin, who was ordered away from his home which he was trying to save. Fortunately he knew the officer and was permitted to stay and fight off the flames. There were many other citizens not so fortunate. Mr. Lafler tells us that the homes on Russian Hill of Livingston Jenks, Eli Shepard, Rev. Joseph Worcester, Mrs. Virgil Williams, and others, were saved "in despite of the military." "A score of times," says Lafler, "these buildings were on fire. A score of times the men of the hill, evading or resisting the efforts of the military to expel them from their homes, extinguished the flames." Homes on Telegraph Hill were also saved by citizens who resisted the efforts of the soldiers to drive them away. "Thank God," says Lafler, "there were no soldiers there to drive these humble people from their homes, no soldiers with loot-stained fingers clutching gun-butts to make there a desolation—to lay the feast upon which the flames might feed to gorging unmolested, unchecked, undisturbed." Continuing, our veracious historian informs us that Mr. Edward Putnam and Mr. Osgood Putnam, Sidney M. Van Wyck and others with two fire extinguishers stopped the progress of the fire at Green and Hyde streets, and saved fifty blocks between that point and the bay, but on the following day the Viavi Building, on Van Ness avenue was blown up by dynamite and the brands hurled by the explosion started a fresh fire which consumed most of the property in the unburned section to the northeast. It has not occurred to Mr. Lafler that in all probability if dynamite had not been exploded on Van Ness the flames would have swept over the whole district that lies to the west. He does not appreciate the fact that it was the duty of the authorities to do that which would accomplish the greatest good for the greatest area.

The Swat Triumphant

Animated by the desire to dim the glory of General Funston, to that gentleman Mr. Lafler attributes everything discreditable that took place during the fire. From his letter one might infer that the city was under martial law and that General Funston directed the fire-fighting, whereas General Funston put the soldiers at the service of the civil authorities, and supplied dynamite experts who worked under the direction of the Fire Department. It was unfortunate that in many instances the soldiers, in the performance of duties imposed under general orders, interfered with citizens who might have saved their homes, but it is manifestly unjust to blame General Funston for the failure of individuals to exercise discretion. But Mr. Lafler doesn't like General Funston, for when the General wrote to the "Argonaut" he referred to our historian as "somebody who calls himself Henry Anderson Lafler" who breaks loose in criticism. Mr. Lafler refers in his mammoth letter to General Funston's discourteous reference and addresses him thus: "It ill becomes you, General Funston, to jeer so publicly at the citizens of San Francisco," and then he proceeds to assume that by that discourteous reference, General Funston insulted O. D. Baldwin, Osgood Putnam and numerous other worthy citizens. So it is clear that Mr. Lafler feels that he is something in the nature of a symbol, one that embodies an infinite number of personalities. And it is also clear that he stoutly objects to the sardonic rogueries of the General, and that he has felicitated himself on having given that autocrat of the army a bitter bolus to swallow. Mr. Lafler, by the way, is a stickler for style. No labyrinthic tortuosities for him and therefore he swats the General for his "involved and tortuous English." That is probably the toughest thing he said about him in all those nine thousand words of blistering criticism. For that is the one crime to which the man of the sword must plead guilty—the crime of using his pen clumsily.

Something for the scientists to ponder: Our earthquake of 1868 was preceded by an earthquake and tidal wave in Peru that destroyed several towns; our earthquake of 1906 was followed by an earthquake and tidal wave in Chile that destroyed several towns.

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Scandals of the Navy

It is a curious fact that the Mare Island navy yard has produced more scandals than any yard in the country. Just why this is so it is hard to explain, unless on the theory that it is the only large navy yard which is not close to a large city. The only other large yards in the country are those at New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Norfolk, each of which is an easy step from the cities named, while Mare Island is a long way from San Francisco. The essence of the theory is that men deprived by their immediate environment, for the greater part of their time, of the joys of life, will create joys on their own premises. The case of Lieutenant Edward H. Dunn, executive officer of the Receiving Ship "Independence," is universally condemned, even by officers who are the reverse of Puritanic themselves. It is an unwritten law of the service that an officer must not have his orgies on board ship. If he wants to indulge in forbidden pleasures, he must obtain leave of absence and get out of sight. Drunkenness on board ship is an old story, but the entertainment on board ship of a notorious woman is nearly the limit. The limit is keeping her in the officer's stateroom over night and prolonging the orgy for three days and nights. It is believed that this is the only case of the kind that has ever disgraced the Navy. But there have been other scandals in the service which have been salacious enough to suit anybody. Within recent years an officer on the flagship of the European station was compelled to resign by cable and leave the ship as soon as his trunks were packed for conduct far more shocking and disgraceful than that which was charged against Dunn. "To avoid scandal," the service tolerated for several years the presence in it of an officer who was addicted to an unspeakable and loathsome crime. It was but a short time ago that he was finally bribed to resign quietly by the offer of a position in civil life, which he still occupies, in Washington. Not very long ago an officer on the South Atlantic station was forced to resign by cable, on account of his relations with the wife of a brother officer and shipmate. The case of a chaplain, less than two years ago, was narrated in these columns shortly after his dismissal for shocking practices. By the side of such as these, Lieutenant Dunn is an estimable man. What he did, while not to be tolerated upon an American man-of-war, was nothing but straightforward dissipation of conventional type, of which some of our most respected have been notoriously guilty. That dismissal from the service should be his fate is the almost unanimous opinion of every officer having the honor of the uniform at heart.

Why the Brokers are Envious

Many of the customs brokers of this city are envious of one of their number in securing quarters in the custom house. After the fire, all the brokers used the custom house as a temporary office. On June 9th Collector of the Port Frederick Stratton addressed to each of them a circular letter in which he said, in part: "During the emergency following the calamity of April 18, 1906, I arbitrarily permitted your occupancy of certain space in the Appraisers' Building, in my custody, for the purpose of transacting private business connected with your brokerage firm. Under Department's instructions Government buildings cannot be used for any trade or avocation, nor can office space therein be used for the transaction of private business. * * * I have no desire to deal harshly with you, but inasmuch as some time has elapsed and conditions are gradually assuming a normal state, I have to request that you vacate the office space so occupied by you in this building, at your earliest convenience, and in no case can I permit your occupancy in the building after the 30th instant." This is certainly a sweeping order, but it seems not to have had the desired effect, for a firm of brokers now has and has had for some weeks private offices in the rooms of Internal Revenue Collector Bert Thomas in the Appraisers' Building. A son of Mr. Thomas is an employe of the firm in question. The firm not only announces in its letter heads that its temporary address is the internal revenue office, San Francisco, but gives the revenue office 'phone number as its own. It also has quarters, as announced in the letter head, in the internal revenue office at Oakland. So this is why a whole lot of brokers are grumbling.

Fake Reports of Baldwin's Illness

I have been considerably amused at two or three recent newspaper accounts of the illness of "Lucky" Baldwin, who, according to the dispatches, is critically ill at Winnipeg. That he is desperately sick is related with much detail. It is told dramatically that it is not money that he is fighting for now, but life. Paralysis, I believe, is the affliction—according to the newspapers that have published the dispatch; and they tell realistically of the patient's sufferings. It would all be interesting, if true; and it is still more interesting through the fact that the old millionaire is not in Winnipeg at all, but is in California, well and healthy despite his eighty years of stormy and contention-torn life. Baldwin was in Los Angeles in the early part of last week, and, I believe, has been at Lake Tahoe since. At any rate, word was received here that he intended going from Los Angeles to Tahoe. So it is evident that some one is at Winnipeg impersonating Baldwin. It may be an insane person who imagines that he is the millionaire; or it may be a practical joker. Or Baldwin himself may have a finger in the pie. He has done enough bizarre things to justify a belief that he might be trying to circulate reports of his approaching dissolution. Perhaps he is anxious to see what the biographers will say of him.

Matthews Guarding the Fund

With truly artistic ingenuity, Mr. Arthur Matthews, of the Hopkins Institute of Art, has devised a unique method of distributing the fourteen thousand dollars which was raised by Eastern artists for the relief of their stricken brethren in San Francisco. So far Mr. Matthews has distributed about half the sum, and there are artists somewhat incensed at him for pursuing a policy typical of financial rather than of artistic genius. But Mr. Matthews is no spendthrift. He is exercising great caution to avoid imposition and meanwhile

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there are artists in town who have not tasted truffles and champagne for days. Mr. Matthews has in many instances given as high as one hundred dollars to a single individual and he feels that such a sum is sufficient to raise the hungriest and nakedest victim of the fire to a high degree of affluence. But he does not consider merely the depth of poverty to which an applicant for relief has sunk. He must be satisfied that the applicant is a genuine artist. And there's the rub. To qualify for relief the applicant must prove that he had at least one picture admitted to an exhibition of such character as to merit the approval of the custodian of the fund. No dauber need apply. As Mr. Matthews is of the opinion that there were not more than fifteen artists in San Francisco before the fire and as he has given money to more than fifty it is clear that he is quite sure that he has done no injustice by discriminating on the side of economy. There being a surplus on hand it has been decided to use it for defraying the expenses of an art exhibtion to be held in the autumn. This plan was adopted at a meeting held the other day by twenty-three artists. And it is most repugnant to numerous artists who feel that the money is to be perverted to a purpose not contemplated by the contributors to the fund. They want the money and they object to being put off until the autumn, especially as they are not sure that their pictures will pass Mr. Matthews' critical eye.

When the Snow Begins to Fly

William M. Bunker, representative at Washington of the Chamber of Commerce, came back to town some days ago to find, much to his satisfaction and surprise, that the value of his choicest bit of property had been greatly enhanced by the fire. Mr. Bunker has been making observations and with every new impression received his wonder has grown. The city has shown greater vitality than he ever thought it possessed and he now has visions of a greater and more magnificent San Francisco than it was possible for him to conceive a year ago. "The city," he said, "will now expand from north to south, as well as from east to west, and when the Southern Pacific bridges that narrow arm of the bay the first step will have been taken toward the creation of a monster metropolis." As to the industrial situation, Mr. Bunker has no misgivings. He predicts that as soon as the snow begins to fly in the east there will be an hegira to California, after which there will be no shortage of labor. "And," he said, "no time should be lost in getting rid of that relief fund. We must avoid breeding a pauper class. The sooner it's spent the better."

Stevens Comes to Town

When Ashton Stevens, pale and more emaciated than usual, arrived here from his retreat in the Santa Cruz mountains last Saturday, he brought with him an addition to one of the most carefully selected libraries in the city. The library in question is the property of Mr. James Tufts, night editor of the "Examiner," and Mr. Stevens' contribution consisted of two letters from Mark Twain to Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, who has been staying in the Santa Cruz mountains. Mr. Tufts is a great admirer of Mark Twain. His library includes all the first editions of the latter. He is now compiling an extra illustrated volume of the articles written about Mark Twain. Into this will go the letters written to Mrs. Fiske. As the subject of them is a story now appearing in "Harper's Magazine," they are of exceptional interest. Mr. Stevens' many friends will be pleased to learn that he is rounding into form and will probably be ready for action before the theatrical business is again in full blast.

The Use of Big Words

I chanced to be in a court-room the other day during the hearing of a criminal case, and heard this question asked an ignorant witness: "Did you see the defendent subsequent to the commission of the crime?" "No," replied the witness, "but I saw him after the robbery was done." It raised a general laugh in which I did not join. I have always maintained that attorneys employ very little common sense in their examination of witnesses, and this but confirmed my opinion. To be sure, in a cross-examination, it is their policy to tangle witnesses; but this was in a direct examination, and it is only a fair sample of legal methods. Witnesses of the unlettered class are continually puzzled by questions, the phraseology of which they cannot understand; and even persons that are supposed to know the various ramifications and convolutions of the language are at a loss to comprehend the involved questions asked by attorneys. Like darkies, lawyers are fond of long words. The average lawyer will say "Were they in close proximity" when he really means "Were they near together?" He will invariably say, "What event transpired next?" instead of "What happened next?" He loses time, too, in asking two questions where one will do. The faults alluded to arise, in a great measure, from the attorney's desire to impress his client and the spectators with the extent of his learning. Physicians have the same habit. In talking to the layman, nearly any doctor will say that a patient died of "septacemia" rather than use the plain English term "blood poisoning." "Odema" being a more high-sounding word than "Swalling," physicians are very fond of using it to show that they know Latin. And the truth of the matter is that as a rule their knowledge of Latin is very limited, being confined mostly to medical terms. Both attorneys and physicians would do far better to employ the vernacular in their work, even though they lose opportunities to make an impression on the ignorant.

Back to His Old Love

The lure of newspaper work has been too much for Walter Thompson, author of the famous sentimental song, "Only a Pansy Blossom," and he is back in San Francisco "chasing the elusive item," as the country newspapers would express it. To have a fruit ranch is the dream of half the newspaper men, and Thompson caught the infection. For several years he has been raising apricots near San Jose, but he says that pay day came only once a year and he grew tired of it. Before Thompson did his first newspaper work in San Francisco he was one of a New York crowd who made their living writing blood and thunder novels of the "Deadwood Dick" type. It was then that he wrote "Only a Pansy Blossom," and sold it to a song publisher for five dollars. The song made an instantaneous hit—and the publisher made thousands of dollars.

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Gallant Major Howland

Major Harry S. Howland, who cut a wide swath in social and literary circles in this city a few years ago, and who has many friends in the Bohemian Club and in society, is still winning honors in the Philippines. From a correspondent I learn that he has taken part in all of General Wood's campaigns against the Moros, and that before he returns to San Francisco he will in all probability be promoted for gallantry. He is now the youngest major in the army, being only twenty-eight years of age. Howland first went to the islands in 1899 as a second lieutenant in the Twenty-third Infantry, and served throughout the Philippine campaign. He was in command of a company in the Twenty-third Infantry which was a portion of General Hall's brigade during the attack upon Pio Del Pilar's forces at San Mateo in March, 1899. For his gallantry in this action Major Howland was appointed aide-de-camp to General Hall and subsequently served as aide to General Sumner. He was promoted to first lieutenant in the latter part of 1899. Having shown considerable executive ability he was appointed quartermaster of the transport McClellan in which detail he served from October to February, 1902, taking the ship home via the Suez canal. He was sent back to the islands in May, 1903, and served for two years in Mindanao taking part in all of General Wood's actions against the hostile Moros, and was selected by General Wood as one of the officers of the provisional companies which were organized for service against Datto Ali, in the Cottabato valley, and won distinction for action against the Moros. He was rewarded for these services by receiving an appointment as captain in the Philippine scouts. He organized the 4th battalion of scouts, and commanded it for six months. During the insurrection on the island of Cebu, in 1899, he nearly lost his life when, with but four American soldiers he was surrounded by over one hundred insurrectos who were stood off until reenforced by the rest of the command. At that time he was shot in the right arm, which immediately became paralyzed and the fingers of that arm clenched the revolver with almost a death grip. Howland showed such grit and coolness at this time that even his handful of men did not know he was wounded until the relief came.

Hearst Stars Recuperating

Something like a wave of syncopated ecstacy seems to have struck the east and west wings of Mr. Hearst's bright young men and gay spenders. A notable trio is now in the south trying to recover a lost grip on nature and knock out the imp of overwork. And Mr. Hearst, the most generous of newspaper publishers, is in sympathy with them. Morril Goddard, Jimmy Swinnerton and Ashton Stevens, all representatives of different branches of the paper, and all men who have done yeoman's service in building the Hearst papers into what they are today, are temporarily laid off. Ashton Stevens is better known in the west than any other dramatic critic, and all on account of the bright and characteristic way he "puts" things. That's the Hearst hall-mark: "Get a good thing and play it up, play it up big." Hearst played up Jimmy Swinnerton just as he did Homer Davenport and both made good. Jimmy is the greatest comic artist so far produced by California. He is a Stockton boy, a son of the late Judge Swinnerton. Shortly after Hearst took hold of the Examiner he joined the art staff as an awkward unsophisticated little kid. His little bears to illuminate the initials of the stories on the California Midwinter Fair were his first hit and from that time he fairly sailed into prominence. In those days he was a cheeky young chap fond of playing all sorts of pranks on his friends. One day he showed up at the office his face wearing a deep drawn, woe begone look and

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sighing lugubriously. "Oh, nothing," said Jimmy, dolorously, "I'm off my feed, I guess." Then he added, after a pause, "Miss Neilson of the Tivoli proposed marriage to me last night and said I ought to marry her." At that time fame had not smiled on Alice Neilson and as she was somewhat older than the fragile Jimmy, his friend was shocked. So were the rest of the staff when they heard of Jimmy's predicament. Very quickly the news spread among the heads of the departments: "Jimmy was being sandbagged into marriage by a calculating woman." So artfully did the ingenious Jimmy play his part that not a soul thought of inquiring of Miss Neilson what she meant by her brazen act. Everybody showered sympathy on the persecuted Jimmy. Then the captains of the departments gravely foregathered and deputed one of their number to interview the manager of the Tivoli and get him to exercise his greatest influence to prevail on this woman to yield up her victim. The manager listened to the tale of woe, knotted his brow and said it was "strange." He promised to see the lady and asked the commissioner to call for a full report of her terms, next day. The commissioner called. The manager smiled. "You tell Jimmy Swinnerton," he said, "that Miss Neilson is down at a Market street saddlery shop buying the biggest and stoutest whip in stock and she's going straight to the 'Examiner' office from there to give him the greatest lambasting he ever had." The commissioner rushed back to the office with the news. Jimmy disappeared in the howl of rage and laughter which followed. He was gone a week. He returned looking so crestfallen and penitent that the same commissioner undertook the task of making peace for him with Miss Neilson. Her only reply was that she would not go to the office to chastise him but that if she ever met him on the street she'd— and she looked as if she would. Shortly after this Jimmy seized the chance to go East with the choice aggregation of local talent which Mr. Hearst took East with him to start the New York "Journal." And now Jimmy, on full pay, is trying to get his lungs healed in the mountains.

The Sunday Supp. Genius

Goddard is the inventor of the modern Sunday supplement in its yellowest shade. He is without peer when it comes to turning out hair-raising pages for the sensation-loving readers. Like Brisbane who writes the capital letter editorials for the Hearst dailies he is a big salaried man. When Hearst tempted him to leave Pulitzer of the "World" he started in by giving him $15,000 a year, with a yacht thrown in, trips to Europe and a bonus of a thousand dollars or so every time he got off a specially hysterical idea, which was frequent in the halcyon days of his pay when yellow journalism was ravaging the land without check. Goddard plucked all the monsters from sea, sky and earth and embodied them in type and pictures and when these gave out he invented new monsters that science might discover. And now Goddard is in Arizona, still in middle life, trying to piece out his days with the fine ozone of the desert. Jimmy Swinnerton, barely past thirty, is in the Santa Barbara district, to get warmth out of our winter sunshine and in the valley between them is Ashton Stevens, still boyish looking, raising smiles in those about him with his jests and repartee.

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John Oliver Hobbes

A writer tells us that Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie, the novelist and dramatist, better known by her pen name of John Oliver Hobbes, who died last week, was an Englishwoman. She was; in everything but birth and ancestry. She was the daughter of John Morgan Richards and was born in Boston. She traveled abroad when quite young, receiving her education in Europe, and finishing it at University College, London, where she took a course in philosophy and in the classics. When only nineteen she married Reginald Walpole Craigie, an Englishman of good family, who was a clerk in the Bank of England. She suffered continuous ill health, and she alleged, in divorce proceedings, that her husband treated her with great brutality. Mrs. Craigie won recognition for the name of John Oliver Hobbes with her first novel, "Some Emotions and a Moral," published in 1891. It was not until after the appearance of her second novel, "The Sinners' Comedy," that she revealed her identity. The works of Mrs. Craigie have been characterized as a compromise between her style and her sex. She was a prolific and brilliant writer, and had she not been born to wealth, would have made a star reporter, for she had the gift of seeing quickly and describing accurately, in few words. Her letters from India during the ceremonies incident upon the accession of Edward VII, afterward collected into a volume entitled "Imperial India," were in every respect the most satisfactory of all the accounts of that historic event. Some time ago she was selected to write the authorized biography of Lord Beaconsfield, but after mature deliberation, declined the task. She was the first woman invited to address the National Liberal Club of London, and her entertainment by the Lotus Club of New York, on her last visit to America, in the spring of the current year, was the first of its kind in the history of that institution. Unlike most brilliant writers, Mrs. Craigie was also a brilliant conversationalist. As a lecturer she satisfied the eye and ear, being graceful, composed and always admirably dressed, and having a clear and penetrating voice and perfect enunciation.

Her Stinging Thrusts

Possessed of a caustic wit Mrs. Craigie made many a person wince with her pungent epigrams. Some foolish "symposiast" once conceived the brilliant idea of asking various women of prominence what manner of death they would choose for themselves. Mrs. Van Rennsler Cruger put herself on record as desiring to be kissed to death. She was pointed out to Mrs. Craigie at the opera and the remark quoted, whereupon Mrs. Craigie replied: "She will never find an executioner." Shortly afterward a reception was given to Mrs. Craigie, and Mrs. Van Rennsler wrote declining to attend, adding that she would express no regret at having a previous engagement, as it so frequently proved disillusioning to meet authors after having read their works. The note was shown to Mrs. Craigie who got back at her by replying that "having read the works of Mrs. Cruger one could not possibly be disillusioned in meeting her." Her comments on Amelie Rives' hysterical "Quick or the Dead?" were to the point, for she disposed of the whole subject in a sentence, that "the reader was decidedly de trop" and when asked her opinion of the probability of the incident in the opening chapter, where the heart-stricken Barbara, returning to her home after an absence of two years, seizes a half-smoked cigar lying just where the dear departed had left it, and kisses it passionately, she answered: "Well, hardly; the woman who would do that would have eaten it."

An Appeal to the Philanthropic

The plight of the Pioneer Kindergarten Association is something that might well attract the attention of the charitable. This institution, which was incorporated in 1878, and which continued in operation until April of this year, is now

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absolutely destitute, so far as resources and apparatus are concerned. There were three free classes maintained, one at the Mail Dock, one on the Barbary Coast, and a third at Fisherman's Wharf. The school premises were destroyed and with the buildings went the furniture, decorations, libraries, kindergarten essentials, as well as the personal belongings of the teachers. The schools were dependent entirely on the voluntary contributions of the charitable, and naturally, where there was neither state nor private endowment, there was no surplus in the treasury. The Association has no intention of abandoning its work and would be glad to re-open in



Mrs. Louis Durant Mead.

One of our popular society matrons, Mrs. Mead, is the wife of Dr. Mead of Byron Springs. She will leave Monday for her old home at Chippaqua, Westchester county, New York, and before her return she will visit several of the watering places on the Atlantic coast.

tents if they could secure even that much assistance. Oakland has just held a fete for the benefit of the kindergartens of that city, and some similar effort might be made in San Francisco. It was the Pioneer Association which established the first kindergartens on this side of the continent and it was while connected with the Pioneer schools that the Smith sisters, Nora and Kate Douglas Wiggin made their introductory essay into literature. Mrs. Wiggin's first story was written in order to gain funds for the maintenance of her school and it was the success of "The Story of Patsy" that turned her attention from teaching to writing.

Miller Astonishing the Natives

Joaquin Miller, the most amusing of poseurs, is once more at his favorite diversion; exhibiting the eccentricities of genius to the uninitiated. He is doing the wild-and-wooly at Saratoga where he is visiting his family, and he is, apparently, giving the effete East the worth of its money, for he lies abed until noon writing poetry, and then appears in boots reaching to his knees. For "morning costume" his trousers are tucked into them, after the approved style of the West, according to trans-continental ideas, but in the evening the boot-tops disappear underneath the trousers. Chamois gauntlets reaching to his elbows, fringed and slashed, are also a part of the make-up. He has his evening meal at seven and retires at ten. No doubt he is the center of an admiring throng of women. Many years ago Miller was a lion in the drawing rooms of London. The Britishers raved over the picturesque poet of the Sierras, for up to that time they had never met Buffalo Bill, and the sweet singer with the manner and costume of an American ranger was a rare personality. But there was one man who was not greatly impressed. It was Lawrence Hutton, who caught on to the fact that the poet's "unconventional simplicity" was a pose. In his opinion Miller was afflicted with vanity and affectation, and his eccentricities feigned for the purpose of attracting attention. It was the poet's habit at that time—the year 1870—to load his fingers with rings, to flash three diamond studs and sport a bulky gold watch chain. This is what Hutton wrote: "He is fond of ladies' society and the sensation he creates among them and of the attention he receives. He goes amongst them and gushes and rhapsodizes, and sports sentiment and wishes he were dead and calls himself the loneliest man in the world, and get the female sympathy which he seems to crave. If a low-strung, unsympathetic man should enter this charmed female circle of which Miller is the center, he immediately relapses into boorish silence and goes into his cell. He does not shine amongst men unless they are molly-coddle men who molly-coddle him, or unless they are men of his own temperament, whose eyes roll in fine frenzy constantly and who are always filled with inspiration and celestial fire. Among the Swinburne and Rosetti set I can imagine he does not shine at all. Among men he says little and drops none of the pearls of poetry and sentiment that he is apt to emit freely in the society of

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the softer sex." Mr. Hutton thought his reputation for veracity none of the best, which recalls the comment of a book-trade journal on the announcement of the appearance of his "True Bear Stories," "It must be pretty hard times when that man has to get down to telling anything true." But Miller is a poet, and to him has been vouchsafed the divine afflatus; therefore we should bear with him and indulge him in his harmless conceit. If he be not honestly eccentric he is at least ecentric in desiring to impress with a show of eccentricity.

Bohemia Shaping Itself

Those ultra-bohemians who are loud in their lamentations that "we'll never see the old San Francisco again" are reckoning without the old bohemian spirit that made San Francisco so famous in that line and so dear to the dweller in that stimulating atmosphere. The spirit of the bohemia that existed before the temblor can no more be reduced to ashes than can the commercial spirit of the old San Francisco; both were too strong. True, some of the captivating old bohemian haunts are buried in the bricks and scrap iron that were, but new ones will rise phoenix-like from the ashes and be hallowed by new bohemian joys and times. Most of the good fellows are still left and "when good fellows get together"—you know the old song. Read the signs in the fiery sky of the Latin quarter. There's Matias, Sanguinetti and Luchetti; behold, the smiling faces of that famous trio rising from the ruins, with steaming raviola in one hand and a bottle of the "same old red" in the other. Why, they're a foundation stone to build another Italy on. Even now the nucleus of a jolly bunch of good fellows gathers at Sanguinetti's daily, to eat 'talliarini and drink wine, and jest at the fire that tried to eat them up. What of the unique Matias? It was Matias who sometime before the fire decided one morning that he wanted a change of scene. So the bunches of hungry bohemians that wended their way to his restaurant on Broadway that evening were quite chapfallen when they found the door nailed fast and across the front a huge placard, reading: "GONE TO EUROPE; BACK IN SIX MONTHS.—MATIAS."

Matias Still on Deck

"Who but Matias could commit such a hari-kari of frenzied finance?" commented Porter Garnett. Dixon, Martinez and the others laughed and apparently the incident was closed except to give the errant Matias an ultra royal reception on his return. But no wag reckoned on the temblor. Matias's return celebration was hardly cold when along came the big fire. His place went up with the whole Latin Quarter in holy smoke. Within a fortnight, however, the irrepressible and dauntless Matias was back on the debris that marked all that was left of his famous place. On the crest of the debris he planted a big board, and with a piece of charred wood he scrawled: "WILL OPEN HERE IN TWO MONTHS. —MATIAS." Several days later one of the old waggish set happened to pass the spot. With a growing grin he read the notice triumphantly planted above the ruins. Then mindful of Matias's sign and the trick he had played on his flight to Europe, the wag reversed the board and with a bit of charred

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wood scrawled: "GONE TO HELL; BACK IN SIX MONTHS—MATIAS." Matias says he felt like it but he thinks so much of the board that he had it built into the dining room of his new restaurant where it blazons as a memento of the late catastrophe. Though Matias lost everything those who know him would never expect to hear a lament from him, but he has one—his famous book, the idol of his heart. It was transformed into smoke with all the rest. This book, be it known contained the autographs of all the notables that ever visited Matias's place—and many and varied were the inscriptions, verse, pictures, hasty sketches, bars of music, anything characteristic to show the mood or talent of the writer. The names were a list to conjure with and fascinate any lover of bohemia. Mascagni was there with a bar of music from Cavalleria; Caruso, Melba, Dippel and pages after pages of notable travelers, artists, actors and writers. Now he has started a new book, which in course of time he hopes to make as famous as the old one. It is dedicated by Professor Henry Morse Stevens of the University. Already it has a promising list of the local artists and writers, the nucleus of our new bohemia.

Law is Doing Things

Herbert E. Law is once more making some of our "foremost cits" look slow and apathetic. He hasn't been talking much about the work of reconstruction but he has been doing things. While the others were having published pictures of the buildings they purposed erecting, and complaining about the shortage of labor, Mr. Law was breaking ground and hiring men. He now has nearly all the best mechanics in town on his payroll. He is rushing work on both the Monadnock and Fairmont buildings and he has started work on a new Viavi building and a new private residence. The foundations of these new buildings have already been started, and they are to occupy one of the finest sites in town—at Stockton and Pine streets, within a stone's throw of the Fairmont. This site is on the brow of Nob Hill facing the bay, in the heart of what was once a fashionable residence district, but which in late years was occupied by cheap tenements. The flames purified it and Mr. Law may revive its popularity. Meanwhile many of our other rich citizens, that prate glibly of San Francisco's future and of their loyalty, etc., are drawing rents from their palatial homes and waiting for something to turn up.

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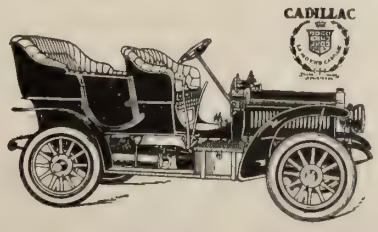
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The Half Has Not Been Told

We hear so much of Cupid's skill
Afield with bow and arrow,
We grow to think he hits at will,
Be margin e'er so narrow;
We're told that Cupid's dart a scar
Has left, or brought sweet blisses—
We're never told how many are
The times he shoots and misses!

—The Materialist.

In the Days of His Obscurity

William Jennings Bryan, perpetual candidate, was not always as well known as he is today. One of his intimate friends tells this story of an early appearance. It was during Bryan's first term as a member of the House of Representatives that he was invited to take part in a big campaign meeting in West Virginia, but, so far from occupying the chief, or even an important place on the programme, he was placed well down on the list, without even a distinguishing mark to guide the chairman as to the particular nature of his stunt. While his predecessor was haranguing the crowd, Mr. Bryan noticed the official eyeing him perplexedly, evidently in serious doubt about something. Just before the conclusion of the speech, Mr. Chairman tiptoed over and asked, in a hoarse whisper, audible to half the occupants of the seats of the mighty: "Beg pardon, Mr. O'Brien, but do you speak or sing?"

—The Raconteur.

Hints for Union Men

In these prosperous times of short hours and all the traffic will bear our representatives of the Labor Trust should be mindful of their interests as well as their rights, so we deem it advisable to apprise them of a few useful facts:

Never be in a hurry. Haste is injurious to the heart. The speedy brick-layer lays about fifteen hundred bricks a day. The wise bricklayer is satisfied if he lays seven hundred and fifty.

Hod-carriers should not be ambitious. Avoid round shoulders by lightening the load.

If a plumber finds it difficult to forget his tools he should tie a piece of string on his little finger to remind him of the duty that he owes to himself.

Let your meals be regular and well chosen. A simple menu for dinner, which may be varied according to taste, is given below:

Celery, salted almonds, caviar, hothouse tomatoes.

Green turtle soup (always stimulating).

Filet of Pompano.

Sweetbreads with white truffles.

Plovers' eggs in aspic (these can be obtained occasionally in the market).

Prairie chicken in casserole.

Haunch of venison.

Forced asparagus. Maraschino punch. Hothouse grapes.

Coffee and liquors.

All of these can easily be cooked on the gas range.

A good sound vintage Burgundy should be drunk with the above. Beer is bilious.

Sanitary underwear, which can be obtained at about ten dollars a garment, is absolutely necessary.

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Gallon Tins, peeled choice, per dozen, assorted $2.88

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No. 2 Tins, 2 doz. case for $3.60

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Clairette, Santa Claus or Silk, Bar 3c
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BREAKFAST

The Ghost City

By Mabel Porter Pitts.

Beneath a shroud of ashen gray it lies
As ghostly still as rose that fateful dawn
Which shrunk to wake the day's o'erbending skies.

Small whirls of powd'ry dust lift now and then
In silent eddies from its pulseless heart,
Then, awed by their own motion, sink again.

Great arms, that scorn the shroud, rise gaunt and bare
Unsteady swaying in the fitful breeze;
Strange flutt'rings, born of nothing, stir the air.

Dark, threat'ning forms start up as if in fright
At one another; things familiar once
Lie desolate and strange beneath the light.

But when the mercy of the night has thrown
A veil across the pleading, tortured face
'Tis then the well-beloved claims her own.

Then life is seen and all her ways of mirth
Give happy greeting; pilgrims from afar
Come back in dream to each familiar hearth.

All follow where their inclinations bend,
All find their joy; no menace rears its head
To hush the word where friend would speak with friend.

Some leave the throng to seek the favored spot
They, only, know; within its sacred calm
The glare upon the night sky is forgot.

O, broken City! Men may leave no trace
To tell the tale of beauty that has been;
And though they set a better in thy place

And though they write thy fall in chiseled stone
'Twill not avail; supreme in loyal hearts
Forever and forever—thou alone.

And thou shalt put aside all hind'ring bars
And rise again to ease the yearning cry
Of watchers dreaming late beneath the stars.

August, 1906.

Social Prattle

By Tantalus

Women's Clubs

The Adelphian, Alameda's leading women's club, will resume its meetings in September. The club has had a longer summer vacation than usual. After the April calamity it gave up its Park street club-rooms to the refugees, and, meantime, its lease having expired, it will use the club-rooms in the Unitarian Church. The club has the money on hand for a club building, but there is considerable division of opinion as to what sort of a building should be erected. Some of the members are very ambitious, and favor one that will eclipse anything in the way of women's club quarters around the bay. Others, while holding this idea, think that with the money on hand the foundations for a magnificent building might be laid and a temporary structure put up until such time as there is money enough on hand to carry out the plans of the ambitious. There are still others who favor putting up a cheaper, less pretentious yet artistic building. The Hillside Club of Berkeley, which is a leader in the fostering of outdoor art, has a building which cost only about $4,000, yet it is admired by all who see it. A similar club in Mill Valley has also gone in for the simple and artistic. And I hear that the California Club's new building will not cost more than $5,000.

Gossip From Los Angeles

My Los Angeles correspondent writes: "Two popular girls who recently announced their engagements are Miss Altadena Green and Miss Frances Coulter. Miss Green, who is the daughter of Colonel G. G. Green, of Pasadena and Wodbury, N. J., will marry Robert Newstadt of Los Angeles, while Miss Coulter, who is a daughter of Rev. and Mrs. B. F. Coulter of Los Angeles, will wed Dr. Robert P. McReynolds of Philadelphia. The Greens have made their winter home in the Crown of the valley for many years and Col. Green built the world-famous Pasadena hotel which bears his name. The baptismal name of Miss Altadena testifies to the sentimental attachment which the family has long had for the pretty section of the valley which nestles in the shadow of the Sierra Madres. Altadena is the youngest of three daughters and is not yet out of her teens. Mr. Newstadt represents a prominent old family of Los Angeles. He is an enthusiastic autoist. The wedding will take place in the early fall in Pasadena, upon the return of the Greens from Lake Hopatong. Miss Coulter is a half-sister of Frank M. Coulter, who manages the large dry goods house established by his father and she is therefore a very young aunt of Mrs. John Van Giesen Posey. Her family is distinguished for unostentatious philanthropy; and the Broadway Christian church in which no collections are taken was established and is maintained by Rev. Mr. Coulter in accordance with high ideals which few pastors are given the opportunity of making realities.

She's a Business Woman

I hear of a society matron of Burlingame who has evolved a new way of adding to her income. She gives dinners which are rather heavy, then at the end of them passes around digestive tablets which she tells her guests will counteract any of the ill effects of overeating. They are really good tablets, and she is careful to call attention to the brand and to their excellent qualities. While she does not take orders for them she has greatly promoted their sale and enjoys quite an income from the commissions.

Meyerstein Changed His Mind

San Francisco came within an ace of losing Fred Meyerstein. That popular young capitalist has been thinking for some time of becoming a resident of New York, and last week he bought his railroad ticket for the transcontinental journey. Then it was that his friends got together and determined to persuade him to change his plans. They knew that he longed for the excitement of Wall Street speculation, having wearied of commercial pursuits in San Francisco, and they sat down and engaged him in a heart-to-heart talk on the pleasures of congenial companionship. And they didn't have a very hard time in convincing him that little old San Francisco is still a pretty good place to live in. The persuaders were Judge Kerrigan, William F. Humphrey and John Drum. Instead of speculating in Wall Street Mr. Meyerstein will devote himself to the promotion of a few local enterprises.

Divorce News Broken at Sea

Since the Huntingtons arrived in London and the gossips have heard that they have been joined by two young men from San Francisco, expression has been given to suspicions relative to a matrimonial match, that have long been nursed in this city. Miss Marian Huntington is of course the young lady in the case. She is one of the very finest catches that ever figured as a debutante in San Francisco, for she is her father's favorite child. When she sailed on the trip to the Orient with her mother she did not know that her parents were divorced. The papers were filed only the night before sailing. The next morning the newspapers, which blazed with the news, were carefully kept away from Miss Marian—not a hard task in the hurry and bustle of preparing for the journey. In the midst of it Mrs. Huntington found time to go to court and be granted her divorce, the proceedings taking just seven minutes. Then followed a reception on the ship to friends who called to say good-bye. I hear that Mrs. Huntington had planned to tell her daughter of the divorce after they got to sea. It must have been a great shock to her even though she knew that it was inevitable.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were the Arthur MacArthurs, Mrs. E. J. Ives, the S. W. Hellers, Mrs. Harry Nathaniel Gray, the L. P. Lowes, Andrew Carrigan, the Cuyler Lees, the H. P. Umbsens, the Frank Marstens, the E. R. Dimonds, the Edward H. Hamiltons, Miss Helen and Charles de Young, the E. L. Hellers and Miss Margaret Heller, R. P. Schwerin, the A. B. McCutcheons, the W. S. Hobarts, Lawrence McCreary, the Misses Dorothy, Sophie and Flora Van Sicklen, the Stanley Websters, Harry Stetson, Rev. and Mrs. David M. Crabtree.

An Early Debutante

The first real swagger function since the fire—the bevardes to the contrary, notwithstanding—was the ceremonial introduction to society of Miss Louise Boyd, the attractive and interesting daughter of the John F. Boyds. Her debut was the motif of a quite pretentious reception at the Boyd home, Maple Lawn in San Rafael, and nearly five

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It is less than two months that I have been a member of the Stock and Eond Exchange. I began with desk room at 1070 Broadway. On August 1st I moved to rooms 29 and 30 Bacon Block.

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hundred of the elect were invited to give eclat to the affair. They responded with avidity and contributed a surprising lot of color and vivacity. Mrs. Boyd and her daughter were assisted in receiving by Mrs. George Gibbs, Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee, Mrs. A. W. Foster, Miss Dorothy Eels, Miss Edith Berry, Miss Helen Chesebrough, Miss Mazie Langhorne, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Bessie Ashton, Miss Janet Coleman and Miss Janette von Schroeder.

Bohemian Club Concert

There is much enthusiasm in the Bohemian Club over the announcement of the annual concert, which is to be given in the Greek Theatre early in October. Undaunted by fire and earthquake, the composers of the club are busily engaged in preparing a programme of unusual excellence, which bids fair to excel even the efforts of past years.

Back From the Orient

That renowned globe-trotter, Miss Laura McKinstry, having seen all that there is worth seeing of the Orient is home again, with quite a repertoire of stories about civil and military society in the Philippines. Miss McKinstry does not profess to have returned for the purpose of assisting in rebuilding the city, but it is understood that she is willing to contribute in her modest but zealous way to the social gayety.

The Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood gave a very enjoyable concert at the Hotel Rafael last Saturday evening. The Misses Sherwood were assisted by Mr. John Beatty, Miss Alice Andrews and Horatio Cogswell.

Among the guests at the Hotel Imperial are S. E. Lucas and L. Leonce of Honolulu, Mrs. Edwin H. Trety and wife, recently from Japan, F. I. Hihn of Santa Cruz, the W. H. Obears of Los Angeles and Bishop M. C. Harris of Tokyo.

Mrs. Grant Morrow has taken a home in Berkeley.

The following Oaklanders have been attending the golf tournament at Del Monte: Mrs. O. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, Miss Avis Sherwood, Miss Mary Sherwood, R. Warner Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles, and Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Moore.

Nate Landsberger informs me that his old master Emile Sauret is no longer identified with the Chicago Conservatory of Music. Sauret's present address is Pension Verdau, 26 Boulevard Philosophes, Geneva, Switzerland.

Miss Gertrude Judd who has been sojourning in Sonoma county, has opened a studio at 239 Broderick.

For the convenience of his San Francisco pupils Hother Wismer has opened a studio at 820 Fillmore near Fulton.

Blinn Joins Braden

Holbrook Blinn is now associated with Edward A. Braden's theatrical forces in the capacity of general stage director and play reader, and this season he will create a Svengali-like character in "The Man and the Angel," a new play by Stanley Dark, which will be produced in New York early in the coming season. Holbrook Blinn is a native of this city. He was educated at Stanford University but left that institution in his sophomore year on account of differences with the faculty that arose in consequence of certain articles which he had written for the college magazine. He collaborated with his college mate, Chester Fernald, in the writing of "The Cat and Cherub," with which he went to London where he made a great hit in the role of Napoleon Bonaparte in "The Duchess of Dantzic." Blinn was in San Francisco several months ago.



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Stage

When the Jester Becomes Critical

Alan Dale, writing from London, scoffs at a British critic for asserting that in the theatre we are a generation behind the British. Dale tells us that the British drama, which he calls "drammer," that being one of his stock methods of being excruciatingly funny, is moribund, and he explains that the failure of an American play, "The Lion and the Mouse," was due to the inability of the British to understand it. Alan Dale is far more amusing than he imagines. He is amusing in a malapropian sense. For he poses as a dramatic critic, and being merely a journalistic wit, when he abandons his specialty of ridiculing a play or an actor in the vein most easily understood in the New York tenderloin, and discusses the drama as an art, then the presumptuousness of the performance impels to laughter. Of Pinero's "His House in Order," he says: "It is Ibsen simplified for the British masses." Therefore, in Mr. Alan Dale's opinion it is not British drama. Because it follows, as I presume, the technique perfected by Ibsen then it is merely, to borrow from Dale, "an imitation." Following the same process of reasoning, much of the poetry that we have always regarded as British poetry is Grecian. And Ibsen's plays do not belong to the drama of Norway because Ibsen imitated the technique of Scribe; and Sardou deserves no credit for he stole his technique bodily from his master, the same Scribe whose artistic methods fascinated Henrik of Christiania. If Pinero's plays, several of which are technically of the Ibsen school, are not to be accepted as British drama, then, to be consistent, much of the best poetic drama of Germany should be classed as Elizabethan. But heretofore critics have been laboring under the delusion that art is without a country, and that when universality is not of its essence it is brummagem. Every pyschological drama that is essentially a character study, that deals in conflicts of the soul, and that exhibits the power of vision and faculty of thought is suggestive of Ibsen. London, Dale tells us, failed to understand "The Lion and the Mouse;" to be sure it did. And what stronger proof does anybody want of the inartistic character of the play? It could have no better test than that of a performance before a British audience, for it is in English and should be understood if it be a work of art. It was not understood because it is nothing more than a makeshift drama, written for commercial purposes and adapted to the understanding of the people of this country and none other. It is a distinctly local play. The conflict that pervades it is not the conflict of an abstract fate. It is not peopled with typical human beings. It was conceived as a topical sketch and was destined for a butterfly existence. That it was extravagantly praised by the Dales of this country is commentary significant of the character of criticism that the drama receives in this enlightened and cultured land. The American drama is undoubtedly a generation behind the British drama, and if the full power of dramatic creation has not yet appeared, it is in a good measure because criticism is about two generations behind that of England. The Beerbohms, the Walkerlys and the Arthurs have been spending years educating the British public and the British dramatist; and the British drama has made great strides in the last decade. Dramatic literature does not flower unless it is nursed. It is flowering in England because of the nursing it has received at the hands of scholars, men possessed of the critical mind that gives value to praise and weight to censure. Sound criticism is absolutely essential to public morals and public taste. The criticism that provokes the tumultuous guffaw is good reading for the illiterate but a reproach to the intelligence of the people by whom it is encouraged.

—Theodore Bonnet.

Price Writes of Old Favorites

E. D. Price, who still subscribes himself from San Francisco, although he is about to become manager of the powerful new Interstate Amusement Company in New York, writes that our local stock people, who have gone East temporarily, are being rapidly placed to excellent advantage. Lolita Robertson, whom Ashton Stevens called "the girl with the lazy Tom-boy smile," has been engaged to support Harry Woodruff in the successful "Brown of Harvard." Reginald Mason, the son of a former British vice consul here, is to play the Englishman with Digby Bell in "The Education of Mr. Pipp." Grace Goodall goes with Frohman's "Just Out of College," to play the stenographer. Elmer Booth has his choice of half a dozen good engagements. Luke Conness has a half interest in a new stock house to be opened on Staten Island this month. Eleanor Gordon has the lead in William A. Brady's "As Ye Sow." But the richest plum in the theatrical pudding has been pulled out by Eugenie Thais Lawton, who is generally regarded as the best stock actress in America. She has signed at a very large salary to become leading woman of the famous Castle Square stock in Boston, and will open shortly in "Mistress Nell." Miss Lawton found herself in general demand when she reached New York. She will be sadly missed by San Francisco play-goers in the Whittlesey repertoire. Edith Evelyn and Lee Baker, who have had remarkable success with their own stock company in Milwaukee this summer are about to transfer it to New Orleans for a forty weeks' season. Virginia Brissac, equally popular here and in Los Angeles, is to appear with Florence Roberts during her Eastern tour.

Margaret Wycherly at the Orpheum

An engagement of more than ordinary interest to local playgoers is that of Margaret Wycherly, who will make her first vaudeville appearance in San Francisco at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. Miss Wycherly will be remembered as having been the leading woman at the Alcazar some seasons since, and more recently for the special matinees at which she introduced the plays of the Irish genius, William Butler Yeats, to San Franciscans. It was these plays, by the way, which first attracted critical attention to Miss Wycherly in New York, where they had a long run of special mati-

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nees at the Hudson Theatre. Last spring the young actress astonished even her warmest admirers by rivalling the feat of the famous Dutch character actor, Henri De Vries, and appearing in six different parts in a one act drama written by her manager, Bayard Veiller, a former San Francisco newspaperman. It will be seen here. She comes with a record of really remarkable success in the east, her little drama having run twelve weeks in New York last spring. It will be played by practically the same company, Miss Wycherly playing six of the nine characters. In the high-school riding act of Mlle. Therese Renz, the most famous equestrienne in the world, will be presented one of the New York Hippodrome features. Gowned in a habit of pure white, standing with her snow-white stallion, Mazeppa, a seven-year-old favorite which has carried his rider amid applause in every capital of Europe, Mlle. Renz may be truly described as an equestrienne vision. It was Mlle. Renz, a member of the famous circus family of that name, who taught the German Emperor's sister how to ride. Mayme Remington and her "Black Buster Brownies," will also be new to this city. Miss Remington herself is good to look upon and her quintette of pickaninnies are as full of ginger as a nut is of meat. The Oliveira trio, two young ladies and a gentleman, will make their first appearance in America. They are musical virtuosi of the highest rank and come direct from Vienna. May Boley and the "Polly Girls" will continue their novel singing and dancing act, and Mary Norman will present another of her original monologues. Arthur Deming, the minstrel, will change his songs and stories, and Terley, the man with the changeable face, and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete the program.



MLLE. THERESE RENZ

The Famous European Equestrienne, Who Will Appear at the Orpheum Next Week.

At Idora Park

Very fortunate were the music lovers of Oakland that Harry Bishop and Will Greenbaum had the courage of their convictions which was vindicated when they began their revival of the old-time comic operas. Girofle-Girofla, the current attraction has been drawing crowded houses to Idora Park for two weeks, and so great is the demand for seats that the charming opera will be kept on for another week. Commencing Monday, September 3rd, that perennially popular piece, "Robin Hood," will be presented by the Idora company with a reinforced orchestra. Bernice Holmes, the contralto, formerly of the Tivoli, will join the company for this production, to assume the role of Alan a' Dale, and Frank Thompson's resonant basso will be heard in the "Armorer's Song," and "It Takes Nine Tailors." Next Tuesday night the management of Idora will give a benefit performance for the earthquake sufferers in Chile.

Cohan and Goodwin Fall Out

The actor's friendship once existing between Mr. Nat Goodwin and Little Georgie Cohan is no longer the lovely thing it once was, and Mr. Cohan has withdrawn from Mr. Goodwin the play "Popularity," which he wrote especially for that actor's use. Mr. Goodwin, it appears, ventured a few emendations in Mr. Cohan's manuscript, a liberty which the author resented. The conversation born of the situation is said to have been loud, simultaneous and fraught with expletives. As a result "Popularity" becomes the property of Mr. Thomas C. Ross, who will appear in it as a "popular young actor." Miss Florence Roberts will be his leading woman, and Mr. Frederic De Belleville a member of the company. Says Mr. Cohan: "I have no quarrel with Mr. Goodwin, but I wouldn't

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write a play for him if he were to hand me out a million dollars. I write my plays, and no one reads them until they go to rehearsal. I don't care to have any of my plays edited —even by Mr. Goodwin."

At Ye Liberty

Constance Crawley who will be remembered for her splendid work as leading woman of Ben Greet's company, and who is now touring at the head of her own organization, will give a special matinee performance of the old morality play "Everyman," at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Wednesday, September 5th. Prices will range from one dollar down to twenty-five cents. The hour has been set for 3:30 to accommodate teachers and school children. Isabelle Fletcher, the new leading woman of Ye Liberty Stock has made a very pleasing impression. She is a graceful, talented actress of showy temperament. Next week she will have fine opportunities in "The Lily and the Prince," a strong romantic play, and with this production Bishop's excellent stock organization will be strengthened by the acquisition of that excellent ingenue, Effie Bond.

In the Limelight

Annie Myers is being featured in Newark with the Aborn Opera Company. Annie's daughter is now a prima donna.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell begins her American tour under the management of the Messrs. Shubert, at Newark, N. J., on October 15, in a new play which is yet to be announced. Mrs. Campbell's company will be the strongest which has ever supported her in this country and will include several of the most prominent actors in London.

A ROSTAND ANECDOTE

There is nothing like the persistent adherence to regulations and methodical unwinding of red tape to bring out all the required facts, no matter what the subject of investigation. Edmond Rostand once accompanied a friend to the mairie on the occasion of the registration of the birth of an infant. Having taken the deposition of the happy father, the clerk next turned his attention to the witness: "Your name, sir?" "Edmond Rostand." "Your vocation?" "Man of letters and member of the French Academy." "Very well. You have to sign your name. Can you write? If not you may make a cross."

IN COMMERCIAL CIRCLES

The popularity of Van Ness avenue as a business center is demonstrated perhaps more forcibly than in any other way by the fact that the down-town banks are opening branches there. I counted seven on that thoroughfare the other day. Prominent among them was the National Bank of the Pacific and the French Bank. The banks are fitting up nice offices and are preparing every comfort and convenience for their patrons. The International Banking Corporation has opened a down-town branch at 415 Montgomery, and will maintain the main office at 2045 Sutter near Fillmore.

The question of the validity of land titles seems to be one of great importance, the records having been burned, thus impairing the title to every parcel of land within the city and county of San Francisco. Thousands of private documents, books, certificates, bonds and contracts were also destroyed and as a consequence great impetus has been given to the business of perfecting titles. The most prominent of the new corporations formed for this purpose are the Western Pacific Record Title Company, the Title Quieting Company, The Lawyers' Title Company, and the Pacific Title Insurance Company. These companies include in their directorate some of the most prominent and influential men in the city, and they will without doubt have plenty of business after the McEnerney law is declared valid by the Supreme Court.

Soda Bay on Clear Lake will remain open all winter. They are going to establish a duck shooting club there. If there is any place in the world where one is sure to get ducks it's in the tules that skirt the shore of Clear Lake. Wild celery is abundant there and the best mallards in the country are to be found there as well as spoonbills and teal.

—The Rounder.

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Hearst's Subtle Humor

(Continued from Page 8.)

stealing venture. Nobody should fail to apprehend Hearst's facetiousness after seeing that picture which he published last Sunday: the one representing a woman weeping at the bedside of her dead child, accompanying which was the explanation that death resulted from starvation; together with the assertion that the child was one of ten thousand that die from starvation while statesmen are arguing public questions in comfortable committee rooms. Didn't you see the humor of that?

Arnold: No I didn't. I thought it was damnably gruesome and shocking.

Milton: I'm beginning to think you haven't any sense of humor at all. There was a splendid joke hidden away in that—a delightful joke. At first blush you'd think ten thousand children were dying every day from starvation while statesmen were talking, but there was no time limit given. That's the joke. Of course everybody knows that there never was a country in the world so free from starvation as this country is today. Hence the humor of the picture. It's a satire—a deft one, too. I didn't think anybody took it seriously, save, perhaps, the Rev. Rufus E. Nunn, who lectured the Mayor Sunday, "for riding in his blue-devil automobile while his friend the laboring man tramps to and from his hard work through ashes and debris." That benighted minister doesn't know that plumbers and bricklayers are riding in automobiles of their own these days. He ought to get out of his pulpit for awhile and make a few inquiries; he'd learn that not only do they ride in their own automobiles but that they're not doing any hard work.

The Woes of Wedlock

She was a bride of less than a year. She had tried to be silent, to be reserved, to wear a mask. But her feelings were becoming too strong for concealment. Honor forbade their betrayal to anybody except her mother, but she felt that she must tell her.

Sobbing, she confessed the cause of all her woe.

"Mamma, he goes out every single night, and I am left all alone!"

Her mother looked at her, her expression being quite beyond the young wife's understanding.

"And I've only been married eleven months," the latter added, with a heartrending choke.

Then the mother spoke:

"Dear child," she said, "how little you know of the real trials of life! I, myself"—she stopped and her own voice faltered—"I, myself, have suffered far more than you can possibly divine. Your—" she hesitated, then went bravely on—"your father has never gone out at all; I—I have never been left alone once—and——"

She paused—and then wringing her hands in an unfeigned agony of distress, ended her confession.

"And I have been married twenty-five years!"

—The Spinster.

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Concerning St. John

The Story of a Posthumous Vengeance.

I was very young—only eighteen—and my husband, older by twenty years, lay dying. In a frenzy of girlish grief, with bursts of passionate weeping, I prayed that I, too, might die—implored him in the name of his love to take me with him beyond the grave.

At last he spoke—clearly, calmly—with the full consciousness of Death's implacable hand cold upon his heart.

"Hell itself would be transmuted into heaven had I the power to grant your prayer, my love, and because I am powerless, however glorious the unveiling of Death's mystery may be, it will still be hell without you. To the soul so nearly freed, all things are made clear—and, out in the mists of the years to some, I behold a mightier love awaiting you. With a curse in my heart I see you thrill to his kiss—yield to his caress—and I—" The pallid lips moved painfully, desperately, with the finger of Death pressing back the words unlawful for mortal lips to utter; but the dying whisper gasped defiantly:

"I swear with my last breath that I shall be at your side forever—guarding you day and night—for—you—are—mine!"

The last words rang with terrible distinctness, and he stared into my weeping face with the strange calmness of death. My sobs were hushed—my grief soothed by the earnestness of the dying promise that stirred no thrill of terror in my aching heart.

It was not difficult to convince my trusting consciousness of an actual, unseen presence following me with loving persistence; therefore, the days and months that followed were unmarked by the loneliness incident to a fresh grief. A great void there naturally was in my life, but at eighteen all gaping voids and shadowed pasts are quickly overgrown by the roses of pleasure that grow thickly in the path of youth.

Two years passed and I no longer sought the solitude of my apartment that I might sit alone wrapped in the blissful consciousness of that beloved, unseen presence. My veins rioted with the blood of wholesome youth and my heart turned to the pleasures of life as the faces of young flowers to the sun.

In early June I accepted an invitation from Mrs. Armitage to join a party of summer guests at her magnificent country home where the pine woods meet the sea. Mrs. Armitage, who had been my mother's dearest friend, was beautiful, gracious, a woman of the world, and her forty years seemed but care-free summers that left untouched her delicate, blonde loveliness.

From my very cradle she had loved me as her own, and it was her tender pleading that allured me to her house that mad, sweet summer, when I cast aside my mourning garments and, arrayed in snowy white with violets on my breast, danced with light feet and happy heart over the lofty balconies that leaned to the kiss of the sea.

St. John, the master, was seldom at home. Indeed, I, who had been on terms of intimacy almost as a daughter of the house since the death of my mother in early childhood, did not remember having seen him. This was accounted for by an absence of years spent on his yacht in far distant waters, or in India, whence splendid Bengal tiger skins came as trophies.

When questioned by curious friends why she did not join in St. John's exciting adventures, Mrs. Armitage smiled her faint, inscrutable smile, and replied with unconcern that she preferred being a hostess of honor at home than a guest of suffrance aboard her husband's yacht.

On the rare occasions of his presence at home St. John seldom mingled with his wife's guests, and into the utter seclusion of his apartments in a distant wing of the old mansion the most venturesome never penetrated.

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Of his intention to remain at home this particular summer Mrs. Armitage informed me the day of my arrival when she came to my dressing room as the maid had given the finishing touches to my evening toilette.

"How very lovely you are, my dear!" she said, looking wistfully into my face, "with your wide, violet eyes, and gold-brown hair and wild roses in your cheeks. Small wonder you wear no other flower in your snowy chiffon. No doubt you will marry again, and brilliantly, too, if you choose." She kissed me with a mother's tenderness and led the way down the wide staircase out to the broad balcony near the sea, in the purple of early twilight.

"Ah! St. John!" He turned at the sound of her voice, and we walked over to where he stood alone.

"I have brought Elsa to you. Take care of her for me. So many guests have arrived," Mrs. Armitage hastened to explain, as she was called away.

St. John was younger than his wife by a few years possibly, but he seemed older, unapproachable, and I listened in dumb, uncomfortable silence to the few perfunctory remarks he made in low, cool tones—conscious meanwhile of the scrutiny of his gaze from the crown of my head to the hidden places of my heart.

He was tall, bronzed, not handsome, but rugged, weather-beaten, and one could fancy him at home where tigers prowled or eagles built their eyries, but the wildest flight of imagination could never conceive him a part of the dainty establishment of Louise Armitage.

His face was strong, and he looked at the world with slow, unwavering gaze through half-closed eyes of grayish brown. Something I could not fathom lay beyond the gaze he bent upon me, and I shuddered in the growing darkness. Laughing voices floated out from the drawing-rooms, and I turned, eager to join the merry party.

In silence he took my hand and led me the length of the balcony—drew politely aside that I might enter the brilliantly lighted corridor where music of violin and harp mingled with laughing voices; but I paused—raised my eyes in questioning impulse to his, and turned again with him out into deepening twilight, where the rising mist whirled in phantom waves around us.

That first night was the solitary occasion of our being alone during the entire month, but in his very presence lay a deep, sweet feeling of utter content, and I grew to wait with restless yearning for his coming, grew to listen for the sound of his voice, to brood with rapture over the rare touch of his strong, magnetic hand.

Once at nightfall the great house trembled in the fury of an ocean storm, and dressing early, I hastened down to the lower corridor usually filled with guests, but at this hour it was deserted. I paused a moment, then impelled by an impulse I did not attempt to fathom, sped the length of the deserted corridor through an alcove leading to the library—a gloomy room, seldom used, and across whose threshold I had not passed for years.

A fire of logs was burning on the hearth and Armitage stood alone in the twilight. His face was turned expectantly toward the door as I opened it, and with his rare slow smile, he crossed to where I stood, reluctant, abashed at my intrusion.

"I hoped you would come," he said gently, and taking a cluster of fresh wood violets from a bowl, leaned over and thrust them into the clasp of my silver girdle. He had gathered them in the storm for me. I smiled with pleasure, and laid my hand in his. He crushed it in the clasp of both his own, and I caught my breath in the swift, sweet tremor his touch invoked. It was but an instant, and with firm hand he opened the door for me to go, and I heard the key turn as I wandered out in the corridor, lost in a maze of bewildering sensations.

That night I feared to close my eyes lest for one unconscious moment I should be oblivious of the new, strange

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joy that tuned my thoughts to wilder harmony than wind or waves, and when at last sleep came, in dreams my soul went forth to him and I listened to impassioned words his waking lips had never dared to utter.

At dawn a strange chill aroused me from those dreams of rapture, and I started—awake, vaguely troubled, and lay with closed eyes in the gray light, while over my consciousness flashed the sudden realization of my treachery, duplicity to my friend—his wife. "She does not love him!—she does not love him!" moaned my heart. "But he is hers! What if their lives are far apart as the stars, he is hers—hers till death!" breathed the still, small voice. It rang like a funeral knell through my brain, and my heart burned with shame and anguish in that hour of awakening.

My very presence in that house was sin, and honor commanded me to go. I looked from my window at the furious storm sweeping in from the sea, and knew with fear and inexplicable dread that my departure would necessarily be delayed—a day possibly.

I stood in dull apathy as the maid dressed me in a white wool morning frock, and it seemed like a shroud, and I like one dead.

"An honorable death!" I reflected, miserably, and made a brave effort to banish the guilty shrinking from a life-long parting from the man whose touch had thrilled to life my unawakened soul.

The day advanced with drizzling rain and fog, and late in the afternoon I wandered out dejectedly and, lost in bitter reflections, walked blindly on and on, until a sudden fierce downpour startled me from my apathy, and I discovered myself in an unfamiliar, distant part of the vast grounds. A thick growth of cypress trees gloomed around me, through which I dimly discerned a moss-grown path leading to an old pagoda fast falling to decay. I turned my listless steps toward the ghostly ruin, where a latticed door swung loosely on broken hinges and where climbing red roses hung down their weeping faces.

I entered, and my startled eyes beheld St. John advancing with his grave smile to meet me. With conscience shocked at the fierce glad beating of my heart, I sank in guilty silence to the garden chair he drew within a sheltered nook, and in a trance of hushed delight listened to his voice.

He sat away from me in the gray light of the latticed window, and spoke of Louise, his wife. He told me of their marriage ceremony performed at the bedside of her dying father in submission to his last demand. Almost crazed with grief, and at the moment unaccountable for her weak compliance, Louise made the sacrifice of not only her own life and of his, but of still another's—that of the man she loved—her affianced husband. In that sad hour she frankly confessed to him the truth, and implored that their lives might be lived apart. He offered her freedom, but she refused to shock convention by accepting divorce, and acknowledged his expatriation to be the simplest solution of the situation. If her own cross had been hard to bear, she had given no sign, still demanding the relentless conformance to convention; the man she had loved—doubtless continued to love—also lived his solitary, loveless life—waiting.

"I loved you," he told me in the same unimpassioned voice with which he had spoken of his wife, "before my eyes beheld you. In a strange, vague way, I seemed to be waiting—waiting for the woman whose tender feet were slowly, gently walking into my life; and when I saw you first—a sweet, white shape in the twilight—my impulse was strong to gather you up in my arms with a prayer of thanksgiving that my own had come to me."

He paused and looked with white face and sorrowful eyes out into the driving storm. I sat in breathless silence, not uttering the word he might have paused to hear.

"Louise is obdurate," he continued, presently, "and all unwittingly has defeated every hope of claiming you openly.

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In bitterness of heart I made honest efforts to abjure your presence—to put away all thought of the only sweetness that has ever entered my existence, lest one breath of slander should stain your young life. Not until the realization was borne upon me that every fibre of your own nature thrilled with the one great passionate love of your existence, and that your every chance of happiness lay in my hands, did I resolve to offer you—my life.

"I offer it in all reverence, because I believe that Destiny demands your happiness of me. Among my possessions in India is a hamlet in the hills, a spot more lovely than words can picture; and it is to that place I would take you, where you can become my wife in sanctity of name as well as soul. A separation can be obtained there without difficulty from Louise, who, finding freedom thrust upon her, will lose no time in availing herself of its possibilities—of that I am convinced. It is for you to decide," he said, gravely, not touching me, not looking at me, lest the strong tenderness of his gaze should influence the girl's heart against the woman's judgment. From under my downcast lids I watched his face whiten to the lips as the moment passed and I spoke no word.

My throat ached with the pain of passionate joy, but words refused to come—words—as if words mattered when God knew I would have crept in the dust to have followed in his shadow.

At last he turned his eyes upon me, and read the truth in my drooping face. Gently, reverently he folded me to his heart, kissed my lips, and across the sweetness of the moment swept a thought of my dead husband—my husband of a month, forgotten as the roses of that dead summer.

With the face I loved pressed to my burning cheek, I promised to go with him that night. His yacht was near and a carriage would reach it within the hour, he told me. "I will meet you here, my love, at midnight; all things will be arranged," he whispered, as he led me out into the darkening twilight. The cypress trees flung weird shadows, and I clung to him in unreasoning terror.

He lifted my face and looked down with his searching gaze. "You have faith in me—you understand it is my life for yours?" he asked, gravely.

"I understand," I told him, simply, and all the sweetness of the past and of the future seemed to gather in the rapture of the terrible betrothal kiss under the weeping cypress. Together we walked hand in hand through the shadows of the night as we dreamed of walking hand in hand through life and beyond—out into Eternity.

There was a dance that night, and in the white lace of my gown I wore a great red rose St. John had given me as we parted at the door—one of the weeping roses from the arbor—and its fragrance drifted like incense through the long hours till midnight. It was crushed to my heart when I stole from the house and my eager feet sped lightly over the moist ground in the direction of the cypress walk. The rain had ceased and a pale moon peered down from rack of drifting clouds. St. John was waiting near the pagoda. I stopped, held out my arms with a low, joyful call, and in the moonlight I saw his answering smile of love, saw him start to my call, when, startled with terror, I descried a figure emerge from the shadows and face St. John. A black cloud scudded across the moon, and for a moment I stood in darkness.

A smothered cry, a groan, pierced the silence, and the cloud drifted from the moon. A figure rose slowly from the ground, and my strained eyes discerned the man I loved stretched motionless across the cypress walk.

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To the spot where I stood, in frozen terror, the figure advanced with the gliding motion of shapes we see in dreams. Nearer, still nearer, he leaned to me. Merciful God! it was the face of my dead husband—mocking, scornful, white with the glare of light unearthly.

Slowly he lifted a pale, compelling hand and motioned me to the homeward path. Stunned with horror, yet impelled by a nameless power, I turned, obedient to the grim signal, and moved swiftly, my teeth locked, the figure following me to the very portals of the mansion, then melting into the darkness. The tension of horror was relaxed, and shriek after shriek, cry after cry, rang with answering echoes through the night.

A vague memory comes of a throng of startled, wondering faces, of Mrs. Armitage gathering me up in her arms and bearing me to my apartment, of long weeks of half-conscious misery, of guarded whispers concerning the body of St. John found dead across the cypress walk, with the deep, blue mark of five fingers pressed into his throat.

. . . . . .

Louise is married to the love of her life, and through my living death I walk, goaded by dread, between two unseen presences. When God, in His mercy, shall end my bitter pilgrimage, and I, too, become an unseen presence, which shall claim me—the man I married or the man I love?

—The Divorcee.

In Old San Francisco

(Continued from Page 9.)

justice of this tribunal—in the merciful consideration of human infirmity—and at last in stern, naked and irresistible truth. * * * * It is idle for us to deny that the shield of character which we attempt to hold up before this defendant is in many parts, frail and broken. He yielded in his youth to temptations which, like thronging devils have pursued him all his life, and he feels today more bitterly than words of mine can express the want of a shield spotless and pure in this moment of his great trial. Whether he be a man of unmixed evil, it is for you to determine; whether there be not something of native good in a man who, amid a life of such vice and vicissitude, has congregated around him the good wishes of many friends—early friends, friends of a better day—it is for you to judge. No such tempations crowd upon you. With you and all of us it is peace and calm and quiet content. With him it is far, very far different; and I say, being so, and so most undoubtedly, amid this career he has been able to preserve the balance of his mind and the control of his temper in regard to public law, and in regard to private right. His quiet career is so much at least to be remembered in his favor. I plead it for him; I lay it before you; I ask you to consider it. Let it be the wand that will bring up from the depths of your hearts, a bright, gushing stream from the fountains of mercy. But while we say this much as to this man we are not willing that the comparison should be made worse than it is. We are not willing that this man, while in some respects so vicious, and in other respects so amiable, should be arrayed by way of comparison, against the life, conduct and character of another man, dead though he be, with every virtue exaggerated and every good quality increased. We are compelled to say that every argument made against our client, by comparison with General Richardson, is false in fact and false in deduction. We make this issue; they force it upon us. I would be recreant to my duty in pleading for this man's life, if I feared to meet this issue, and I do not. * * * * They say that not only was Richardson kind, quiet, peaceful, but that he was a man of generous impulses, of magnanimous conduct, of high tendencies of gallantry, and of chivalry—incapable of assailing a man without preparation, incapable of falsehood in statement, or of aught unworthy of the high sounding names attached to him. * * * * I appeal to the facts. Whatever the prisoner is

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he was peaceful, amiable, kind. Good though the other man was as a husband and a father, he was violent, dangerous, and in his anger deadly. As for being magnanimous and honorable, he was not so; but what he was from the first day that we hear of him he remained to the last—full of faults, though not without redeeming qualities. We must prove it by his general reputation. Why is it that, with the reputation of a peaceable man he was always in trouble? Have you been in trouble? Are you assaulted? Are you seen belted behind a knife and pistol day and night, in season and out of season? Are you reputed to be sudden and quick in quarrel? Are your past lives checkered with adventure after adventure which your best friends dare not repeat? Is that peace? Are you seen at midnight in more than doubtful company, and reckless, drunken, desperate, meditating assassination, regardless whether your victim be friend or foe? * * * * What could Cora expect from Richardson? Could he say with the pistol to his breast, 'This man is too magnanimous to shoot me, he is too honorable to assail me, he has lived a life of purity and peace too long to vary from his usual course?' Gentlemen, there is no character to throw into the scales against us. Richardson bore no flaming sword of reputation to weigh against our cause and make it touch the beam."

After commenting at great length on each piece of testimony that tended to present Richardson as a brawler, Colonel Baker proceeded:

"The other side complain that we have three counsel, and they say, 'Cora is well able to pay for their services. If he had been poor they would not have been here.' Mr. Byrne ought to think better of his profession. Mr. Byrne ought to be governed by better impulses, or rather, he ought to refrain from doing injustice to his opponents. The profession to which we belong is, of all others, fearless of public opinion. It has ever stood up against the tyranny of monarchs on the one hand and the tyranny of public opinion on the other; and if, as the humblest among them, it becomes me to instance myself, I may say, with a bold heart, and I do say it with a bold heart, that there is not in all this world a wretch, so humble, so guilty, so despairing, so torn with avenging furies, so pursued by the arm of the law, so hunted to cities of refuge so fearful of life, so afraid of death; there is no wretch so steeped in all the agonies of vice and crime, that I would not have a heart to listen to his cry and a tongue to speak in his defense, though around his head all the wrath of public opinion should gather, and rage and roar, and roll as the ocean rolls around the rock. And if I ever forget, if I ever deny that highest duty of my profession, may God palsy this arm and hush this voice forever. * * * * I will now proceed to grapple with the great bugbear of this case. The complaint, on their side, is that Belle Cora has tampered with the witnesses. Mr. Byrne has chosen to declare that the line of defense was concocted in a place which he has been pleased to designate as a haunt of sensuality. In plain English Belle Cora is helping her friend as much as she can. It may appear strange to him, but I am inclined to admit the plain, naked fact; and in the Lord's name who else should help him? Who else is there whose duty it is to help him? If it were not for her he would not have a friend on earth. This howling, raging public opinion would banish every friend. The associates of his life have fled in the day of his trouble. Sunshine friends, who basked in the noontide of its beaming, have vanished in the hour of its decline. It is a woman of base profession, of more than easy virtue, of malign fame, of a degraded caste,—it is one poor, weak, feeble, and, if you like it, wicked woman—to her alone he owes his ability to employ counsel, to present his defense. What we want to know is, what have they against that? What we want to know is, why don't they admire it? What we want to know is, why don't they admit the supremacy of the divine spark in the merest human bosom as if to teach what is good in things most evil? The history of this case is, I suppose, that this

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS. No. 1099
Dept. 10

Estate of SAMUEL PERKINS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor and executrix of the will of Samuel Perkins, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor and executrix at the office of Brewton A. Hayne, Esq., 707 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Samuel Perkins, deceased.

DANIEL T. C. PERKINS and
MARY R. PERKINS,
Executor and Executrix of the will of Samuel Perkins, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 18, 1906.

BREWTON A. HAYNE,
Attorney for said Executor and Executrix,
707 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

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man and this woman have formed a mutual attachment, not sanctioned, if you like, by the usages of society—thrown out of the pale of society—if you like, not sanctioned by the rites of the church. It is but a trust in each other, a devotion to the last, amid all the dangers of the dungeon, and all the terrors of the scaffold. They were bound together by a tie which angels might not blush to approve. A bad woman may lose her virtue; it would be infinitely worse to lose her faith according to her own standard. If you mean to say that it is a reproach to this man that he has one friend, and that a woman, to stand by him, I say that that is perhaps her greatest virtue. A man who can attach to him a woman, however base in heart and corrupt in life, is not all bad. A woman who can maintain her trust, who can waste her money like water, to stand by her friend, whether that friend be her lover or paramour, amid the darkest clouds that can gather, that woman cannot be all evil; and if in vice and degradation, and pollution and infamy, she rises so far above it all as to vindicate her original nature, I must confess that I honor this trait of fidelity. That she might go too far in defense of her friend, no man can doubt. If I were charged with the crime of murder, and my friends, insects born in a summer's beam, were to flee from me, if my good name stood me in no stead, if I were bound at the altar, if the sacrificial priest were to have his arm bared and knife brandished to strike—my wife would stand by me, and if she should bribe a juror would I condemn her? Would you? The rigid moralist would condemn, and the stern judge would punish, but her act would accord with the principles of human nature—irrepressible, uncontrollable, higher than all law. That a woman should in adversity and bitterness, and sorrow and crime, stand by her friend in the dungeon, on the scaffold, with her money and tears and defiance and vengeance, all combined, is human and natural. This woman is bad; she has forgotten her chastity—fallen by early temptation from her high estate; and among the matronage of the land her name shall never be heard. She has but one tie, she acknowledges but one obligation, and that she performs in the gloom of the cell and the dread of death; nor public opinion, nor the passions of the multitude, nor the taunts of angry counsel, nor the vengeance of the judge, can sway her for a moment from her course. If any of you have it in your heart to condemn, and say 'Stand back! I am holier than thou,' remember Magdalene, name written in the Book of Life. I feel prouder of human nature. I have learned a new lesson. Hide him in the felon's grave, with no inscription consecrated to the spot; and when you have forgotten it, and the memories of the days are past, there will be one bosom to heave a sigh in penitence and prayer, there will be one eye to weep a refreshing tear over the sod, one trembling hand to plant flowers above his head. Let them make the most of it. I scorn the imputation that infamy should rest on him for her folly and her faith. Let them make the most of it, and when the great Judge of All shall condemn—when in that dread hour, you and I and she shall stand at the common tribunal for the deeds done or aimed to be done at this day,—if this be remembered against her at all, it will be lost in the record of a thousand crimes perpetrated by high and noble souls."

The jury were unable to agree upon a verdict. After being out forty-one hours, twelve men of unquestioned respectability and intelligence, of character unsurpassed in the Vigilance Committee, were discharged. They stood six for manslaughter, four for murder in the first degree and two for acquittal, and yet pending the second trial, the prisoner was taken by force out of the hands of Sheriff Dave Scannell, and hanged by a body of men organized for the purpose of improving the morals of the community. As I have said, the end at which they aimed was a righteous one, but in reaching it they were guilty of conduct, the recollection of which, perhaps,when their normal temperature returned and they meditated on their public services rendered in the feverish days of resentment and rancor, caused them some little mental anguish.

During Cora's incarceration and just before he fell into the hands of the Vigilantes, he was united in marriage to his faithful mistress, who was then twenty-nine years of age. She is said to have spent forty thousand dollars in Cora's defense. She died in this city on February 18th, 1862.

Baker's speech in defense of Cora led to his social ostracism, and when the Vigilantes were active he deemed it advisable to leave town as did also Dave Broderick. The flight of Baker was referred to in after years in these words:

"Some years ago the people of San Francisco chased away an eloquent old man who took refuge in the mountains of Nevada. He was afterward brought back from the sacrificial heights of Stone River, a mangled and speechless prophet of freedom, and fifty thousand people laid him tenderly on the altitudes of Lone Mountain within hearing of the eternal dirges of the ocean—while his glorious words echoed and still echo in the valleys and mountains, from the fountains of the San Joaquin to the sources of the Columbia: 'Years, long years ago, I took my stand by Freedom, and where in youth my feet were planted, there my manhood and my age shall march.' "

(To Be Continued.)

FAT FOLKS.

I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches and hips 14 inches, in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamp. Address, Mrs. E. S. Richards, 360 Sixth St., Riverside, Cal.



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CHARLES M. REYNOLDS CO., San Francisco
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Letters

The Happy Ending

The interminable discussion over the artistry of the happy ending is on again. The "happy ending" is generally understood to be either a wedding or the reconciliation of the principal characters, a pair of lovers, or a husband and wife estranged through some three hundred pages of print; and when they are left smiling into each others' eyes, the gentle reader is supposed to be gratified. Happy endings might rather be called comfortable stopping places, for life stories do not end when the marriage ceremony has been performed nor when the erring husband or wife is convinced that for the present, at least, home is the best place. People who quarrel and bicker and deceive each other, who run after strange gods and experiment in forbidden fields, will not change their habits in a night, and those whose misdemeanors are brought to a temporary end before all the world has made the discovery are far more apt to pride themselves on their skill in escaping detection than to be appalled at the narrowness of their margin of safety. Most of the marriages of fiction, which are the culmination of a long series of schemes, deceptions and trickery, carry in them the seeds of unhappiness, and if the readers who are presumed to lay down the books with a sigh of ecstatic satisfaction were to know of



Mr. Stephen Phillips
Author of "Nero," Courtesy of the Macmillan Company.

parallel instances among their own acquaintances they would supplement the wedding service with a wondering surmise as to how soon there would be a divorce. There are comparatively few happy endings in life. As a rule people settle down to making the best of things and being content that they are no worse. A little observation will usually convince the reasonable that their own cases are not vitally different from those of their neighbors and that a decent reticence will preserve the proprieties. A happy ending might conceivably be the attainment of some coveted honor, the successful solving of some mechanical problem or the working out of some experiment in physics. "The Mill on the Floss" is usually listed among the books which end unsatisfactorily, because Tom and Maggie Tulliver were drowned, but it is not unlikely that people situated as they were, Tom disappointed in his affection for his cousin Lucy, and Maggie practically discarded, reconciled to each other after a long estrangement, were happier in their death than either could have been in surviving. "An Open Question" leaves a young husband and

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In spite of lavish improvements lots in this carefully restricted suburb are being offered at lower prices than in any other Burlingame subdivision. As an investment you cannot do better. Next year prices will be much higher—for the S. P. Co.'s "bay shore cut off" will be completed. Buy now—terms are more than reasonable, only 10 per cent down, balance

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wife drifting out to the ocean in the hope that their boat would be swamped and their lives lost because, coming of consumptive stock and being first cousins, they had elected to die rather than transmit a probable inheritance of disease to another generation, but they were not unhappy and they had no reason to imagine that any one else would be on their account. "Daniel Deronda" is considered an unsatisfactory ending because Daniel did not marry Gwendolen Harleth and she is left in tears, but somehow, poor Hans, and Fred Vincy are looked upon as comic figures for no better reason than that the heroine overlooked them. In general it may be summed up that a book is listed as ending agreeably when the heroine gets all she wants, by hook or crook, and when she is disappointed it is all printed in blue ink. Some genius has formulated the whole dramatic and romantic possibility in a few words: Two men and a woman, comedy; two women and a man, tragedy. Frank Norris once expressed his view that the novel of the future would deal less and less with the heart problems of an enamored pair, and become a romance of business, politics, or some other large interest, with the love interest but a minor incident if it intruded at all. We have had some notable books in the past few years in which the marriage question had no bearing on events. In Samuel Merwin's "Road Builders" there is not the remotest hint that any of the characters had a sentimental interest in anything but seeing that the tracks were laid and the rival corporation beaten. Bailey Millard's A1 "Lure o' Gold" mentions incidentally that there was a woman passenger on the steamer, but that is all. Herrick's "Memoirs of an American Citizen" and David Graham Phillips' "Plum Tree" deal respectively with politics, the one with trusts and monopolies and the other with the boss, but the domestic life is not obtruded and readers know no more about the courtships and family bickerings than the people on the street or in the offices would. People seldom are happy in this world after the first years of childhood. They know that the scenery is only painted pasteboard and the dolls stuffed with sawdust and they have lost the power to make believe. Charles Reade said, "The fortunate man is he who, born poor or nobody, works gradually up to wealth and consideration, and having got them, dies before he finds out they were not worth so much trouble."

Our Best Sellers

San Francisco reappears in the "Bookman" for August with a list of best-sellers, the first since last March. For the month of June the books which charmed the dollars from the supposedly depleted pocketbooks were "Pam Decides," by the Baroness Von Hutton; "The Spoilers," Rex Beach's novel depicting the conditions at Nome during the infamous career of Judge Noyes; "Lady Baltimore," by Owen Wister; "Coniston," by Winston Churchill; "The Girl in Waiting," and "If Youth But Knew." There has been some curiosity to know whether San Franciscans would immediately seize on the very latest and newest or whether they would take up the tale where it was left off, but as in dramatic matters, it is always impossible to predict the local taste from data obtained elsewhere. Plays that succeed in the east frequently fall flat on this coast and it is rarely that our book list is even approximately the same as that of other sections.

Burned Homes Must be Rebuilt

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, having sustained practically no loss in the recent calamity, is in a position to loan money to the people who wish to rebuild. **SAN FRANCISCO MUST RESTORE HER HOMES** as well as her business blocks.

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4-Cylinder Touring Cars and Runabouts

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¶ A large stock of parts for the new cars, as well as the models of several years back, will always be kept on hand.

¶ '07 orders now being taken—deliveries made within thirty days.

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TOWN TALK

VOL. XV. No. 732 San Francisco, September 8, 1906 Price, 10 Cents



Rowing on the Lake at Del Monte is one of the pleasures afforded the guests.



The heavy foliage of the giant oaks creates a restful shade on the grounds at Del Monte and the English ivy as it climbs the trunks of the trees is an attractive feature of the landscape.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by Town Talk Publishing Co.

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Charles S. Smith.....Manager
Ralph A. Grover .....Manager of Advertising

1561 Post St., San Francisco, Cal., Telephone West 4288

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Anti-Union Sentiment

Notice was served on the Republican party of California last week that Congressman Gillett had incurred the displeasure of organized labor by voting in Congress in accordance with his convictions despite the fact that they were at variance with the convictions of Mr. Samuel Gompers. It is the conviction of Mr. Gompers that the writ of injunction should be abolished because it is an instrument which may be employed to restrain union thugs from coercing employers into acceding to the demands of strikers. It is the conviction of Mr. Gillett, in common with most intelligent and law-abiding citizens, that the writ of injunction is essential to the pursuit of happiness which is guaranteed us by the Constitution, and therefore he refused to court the favor of organized labor by voting in accordance with the wishes of Mr. Gompers. He was, therefore, we were told, found guilty of insubordination and sentenced to private life until he should prove himself repentant by becoming a blatant demagogue and the servile tool of the autocratic barons of the labor trust. At first it was reported that the Republican leaders were inclined to revolt against the tyranny of the labor trust and in defiance of Mr. Gompers nominate Gillett for Governor and give the people a chance to find out whether this commonwealth is dominated by the men who insist that this shall be a government for them first and the rest of us afterwards. But calmer counsel is said to have prevailed. It was thought advisable, we are told, to refrain from openly antagonizing labor, and to deny that Gillett was indifferent to the interests of the unions. As, at this writing, the Republicans have not yet met in convention, we do not know what the plan of action is to be, but we should not be surprised if Gillett were nominated even in the face of the opposition of organized labor. For the opinion is widespread among Republicans in this State that the time is propitious for a political contest with a clearly defined issue between organized labor and all the other elements of the civic body. They recall the fact that Pardee was elected despite the enmity and opposition of all workingmen, and they argue that since the last gubernatorial election the arrogance of the labor unions has had the effect of alarming many persons who were formerly in sympathy with them, and who now conceive it to be the duty of every patriotic citizen to discourage the aggressions of organized labor in the same spirit with which they reprehend the incivism of greedy capitalists. In the interior of this State are many sober-minded citizens who are very much shocked at the conditions that have been brought about in this city by labor unions. They have written to "Town Talk" urging a revolt against the tyranny of this gigantic trust that is now threatening with paralysis, in their opinion, the industries of the whole State. No doubt they have been communicating their sentiments to many of the leading politicians in the hope of precipitating a struggle not between labor and capital but between labor unions and the patriotic masses.

Another of Our Sages

Last week we offered the suggestion that it would be well for those friends of the pee-pul who, in their public addresses, quote the familiar maxims of the most frequently quoted sages of American history, were to delve a little deeper into the philosophic literature of their country. We reminded them that Washington was no inarticulate statesman, and we quoted from him to show that while Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln embodied much of the collective majesty and wisdom of a great people, they were not alone in appealing to our reverential feelings. In these troublous times, distinguished by the activity of ambitious men in fomenting discord and dissatisfaction, it were well to familiarize ourselves not only with the preaching of Washington but with that of all those sincere and cultured patriots of the Republic who had read the world's history and reflected on the great struggles "of men intent on the real essence of things against men intent on the semblance and forms of things." The platitudinous maxims of our statesmen may be quoted in the same spirit in which the devil is said to have quoted Scripture; but if we read those statesmen for the purpose of deriving some benefit from their ripe judgments based on their experience of human affairs, we shall find that they are excellent guides to the truth concerning the zeal of a certain class of reformers. The first President Harrison is seldom read nowadays, and yet he was a shrewd student of history and gave his countrymen much good advice. From his inaugural address we will quote to show that he knew something of the dangers that beset republics: "The danger to all well-established free governments arises from the unwillingness of the people to believe in its existence, or from the influence of designing men, diverting their attention from the quarter whence it approaches to a source from which it can never come. This is the old trick of those who would usurp the government of their country. In the name of democracy they speak, warning the people against the influence of wealth and danger of aristocracy. History, ancient and modern, is full of such examples. Caesar became the master of the Roman people and the Senate, under the pretense of supporting the democratic claims of the former against the aristocracy of the latter; Cromwell in the character of protector of the liberties of the people, became the dictator of England; and Bolivar possessed himself of unlimited power, with the title of his country's liberator. * * * * the antagonistic principle to liberty is the spirit of faction—a spirit which assumes the character, and, in times of great excitement, imposes itself upon the people as the genuine spirit of freedom, and like the false Christs whose coming was foretold by the Saviour, seeks to, and were it possible, would impose upon the true and most faithful disciples of liberty." President Harrison was not a friend of the trusts. There were no trusts in his day. But there were politicians stimulating that spirit which has divided mankind in all centuries, which Volney calls "the spirit of egotism," through which the passions are irritated and class hatred aroused.

Machine-Made Music

John Philip Sousa is out with a protest against machine-made music. He says that it is discouraging the amateur musician and driving vocal and instrumental teachers out of business; that in time "Singing will no longer be a fine accomplishment; vocal exercises so important a factor in the curriculum of physical culture, will be out of vogue." There is some truth in what Mr. Sousa says but we believe that he has taken a somewhat misanthropic view of the outlook. No doubt the mechanical devices will discourage the amateur, but is that not a consummation devoutly to be wished? The

amateur vocalist and the amateur musician are among the intolerable nuisances of modern society. "Children," says Sousa, "are naturally imitative, and if, in their infancy, they hear only phonographs, will they not sing, if they sing at all, in imitation and finally become simply human phonographs, without soul or expression?" No, we do not think so. And we are greatly surprised that Mr. Sousa should utter such nonsense. The truly remarkable thing about the phonograph is that it is not without expression; not, at least, in the reproduction of the vocal art. It enables us to catch the spirit of the singer, to realize the varying emotions by which the singer is moved, and through this wonderful piece of mechanism the student may observe the technique of the artist. Many ignorant people think it smart to scoff at the phonograph, but so far as its reproduction of the human voice and its revelation of the method of a singer are concerned, it deserves our profound respect and admiration; it should rank among the greatest achievements of inventive genius. The entertainment it affords is of a far higher character than that to be derived from the mechanical piano player, through which it is impossible to transmit the feeling of the operator, and yet even that is preferable to the monotonous pounding of the average amateur. On the whole, machine-made music should serve to promote musical culture, for it will at least popularize the masters without sinning against them quite so violently as they have been sinned against by the majority of the graduates of our musical conservatories.

Reformed Spelling

There is no need of haste in adopting the Carnegie reformed spelling even if President Roosevelt has given it his sanction. No doubt, in the course of years, the new version will become practically universal, but it will take years, not days to accomplish the change. Spelling reform has been pushing itself unobtrusively for half a century, and people of middle age can readily bring to mind scores of changes that have taken place since the days when they assiduously pored over the pages of Webster's old blue-backed speller. So has punctuation been changed, and today, not only has the colon virtually disappeared, except for certain special uses, but the semi-colon is fast following it, and the exclamation point would scarcely be missed. The italic, beloved by Benjamin Franklin, no longer besprinkles our pages, and the small capitals were banished when the linotype superceded hand composition. One has but to take up any book printed as late as the middle of the last century, to note the number of hyphenated and capitalized words, while the disappearance of the long s, almost indistinguishable from the f, made quite as much a commotion in its time, as the proposed wholesale reformation of orthography now. Individuals, especially those that never took the trouble to master their spelling lessons, will rejoice at the official sanction of their lawlessness, but it will be a considerable time before the plan can be put into universal practice. One practical objection lies in the interchange of books between the United States and other English-speaking countries. The English still protest vigorously against our omission of the u in honor, they cling to s in many words where the American usage sanctions z, and differ from their cousins in a score of other minor particulars. All these things have to be taken into account when books are exported and imported. It must be all of half a century since it was definitely decided that the metric system of weights and measures was to be universally adopted, yet we are still buying by the yard and measuring by the quart. There was the Bible, most carefully revised and improved, and given to the people with joyful anticipation, yet it is a question if one in a hundred has ever seen the Revised Testament. Even the most advanced of the clergy speedily saw the impracticability of substituting the new for the familiar version. There has always been plenty of bad spelling and careless printing, so, for the present, what with the experience gained in reading dialect stories, the Carnegie crazy-quilt will hardly make much of an impression.

Hearst or Jerome

Boss Murphy of Tammany is suspected of having entered into a deal with William R. Hearst by which he is to give the distinguished editor his support in the State Convention. Consequently there is hot indignation among the anti-Hearstites who were grooming the Hon. William Travers Jerome for the job. This situation in New York is of interest to us because we have a branch of Hearst's Independence League in our midst. It was organized for the purpose of furthering Mr. Hearst's interests in a Presidential campaign in 1908. But his Presidential plans are wholly dependent on the outcome of his gubernatorial aspirations, which seemed in a fair way to be realized until Jerome was sprung as an available candidate. It would not be surprising if Jerome turned the whole course of Hearst's political career. He is just the man most likely to prick the bubble of Hearst's ambition, for he typifies in his personality a spirit that appeals to the great body of American citizens in which there is distrust of the whole crew of rabid and sensational promoters of class prejudice. He is a man of tolerance and moderation; of the kind of tolerance that differentiates what is essential from what is not. There is nothing spectacular about him. He does not go about with a lantern in his hand calling attention to his superior patriotism and his determination to exterminate all the evils by which our government is beset. He loathes the corrupt millionaire only little less fiercely than the conscienceless demagogue who would incite men to hatred and strife for the compassing of his own ambitious ends. He is known as a reformer, but in his case that designation by reason of its perversion in the popular mind is misleading. He is a reformer only in the sense that he is an efficient public servant and has contempt for bosses of small calibre. If nominated for Governor he will have the support of nearly all the leading newspapers—Democratic and Republican—of New York. The "Herald," the "Post" and the "Sun" have already assured him of their support, and in the interior such papers as the Rochester "Herald," the Troy "Record," the Utica "Observer," the Troy "Press," the Rochester "Post-Express" and the Rome "Sentinel" are predicting that if nominated he will sweep the state.

The Hub.
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Exhibit of prize-winners of smart good clothes, for this fall and winter, are ready and on sale. Eminent style-advisers, graduates from the best clothes colleges known, have dictated the ideas. Of course, priced correct.

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Fillmore Street, Near Sutter San Francisco

The Japanese Form of Patriotism

The Japanese are invading a new field. Two young men are making a study of scientific horse breeding in Kentucky, and when they have mastered it they will return to Tokio and put their knowledge to practical use by establishing a breeding farm. There is nothing especially new in sending students abroad to study foreign methods. It has been done for at least a century, but the point to take notice of is that the Japanese really learn what they set out to master, and do return to their own country, where they do put their knowledge to use, whereas the government-aided youths of other lands disport themselves more or less in society, have the gayest of gay times, and return eventually with nothing more valuable than tables of statistics and theoretical information. From the thousands of "remittance men" that came to America to learn the cattle or sheep business, or to gain an insight into grain and fruit farming, England derived very little benefit. The majority of them settled into shiftless, no account frontier gamblers and drunkards whose sole enthusiasm was an occasional game of cricket. When an American manufacturer needs to learn something from his European confreres he either goes himself or sends his business manager. The Japanese have a practical form of patriotism which is displayed not in performing the prescribed gestures before their flag or making themselves ridiculous in riotous protestations against its desecration, but in working for the advancement and advantage of Japan. They have a serious object before them, and individually and collectively they work towards that end. Some little time ago the pampered students of one of our high schools, supposed to be within a few weeks of their graduation and entrance into business life, protested against their long sessions, which, by keeping them in class until half-past three o'clock, deprived them of time for recreation. The American students were unanimous in voicing their protest against such cruel and inhuman treatment. It was the Japanese who took the other side, arguing that they were no longer children to be amused and humored, but men and women with the problems of the future to solve. One can scarcely take up a newspaper or a magazine without finding some article dealing with "the new yellow peril," the progress which the Japanese are making in all the manufacturing arts, and the danger that they will not only soon cease to be importers of foreign wares, but will actually export the same products which the world at large has counted on their purchasing. It is a serious menace, but who has been to blame? Why have not American boys and girls been taught the same value of industry and preparation? Why have they not seized the opportunities open to them? Of the thousands of Americans who have visited Japan on business or for pleasure, what has any one brought back but a vague impression of tea houses and bric-a-brac shops? When these young men return to their native shores and establish their breeding farm it will occur to a few thousand other people that they might have started the same industry if somebody had only shown them the feasibility of it, and there will be another howl because the Japanese did not humbly present the case and wait to see whether any one else wanted to try first. We hear lots about "America for Americans," "Canada for Canadians," and all that, but when it comes down to the doing of things there is only Japan for the Japanese, and the Japanese for Japan.

The Unions and the Press

It was the opinion of a very learned statesman that a country having a press but no laws was preferable to one having laws but no press. In his opinion the press might always be depended on to deter the people from jeopardizing the interests of the country. He lived long before the discovery of the advantages that accrue to a newspaper from coddling a vast and powerful mob. In his day the newspaper had ideals up to which it tried to live. It was not free from imperfections, but those from which it suffered were merely the reflex of the personal blemishes of the autocrat of the tripod, who conceived it to be his duty to keep the earth on its axis. Nowadays there are many newspapers that are more concerned for their circulation than for anything else, and to this concern may be ascribed the perversion of the highest and noblest function of the press. There was a time when the profession of journalism suffered more or less discredit through a venal press, a press that was prostituted to the service of special privilege seekers. But the newspapers that bartered their editorial opinions never exercised a very widespread influence. Their venality soon became obvious, their badge of shame conspicuous and then they ceased to earn their subsidies. But the newest type of enterprising newspaper is more to be dreaded than the old. This paper avoids the discharge of its functions even when by its silence human life is jeopardized. The practice has grown up in this country in recent years of shielding labor unions from an adverse public opinion by suppressing the news of depredations and coloring the news of strikes in a way to encourage criminals in their outrageous course of intimidation. When an employer arms himself for trouble, having made up his mind to employ unorganized labor for a while, some newspapers are shocked at the spectacle. The shocking thing about it is that there should be necessity for purchasing an arsenal every time a strike is in prospect. No better proof do we need of the deplorably anarchic spirit of our labor unions. We know that it would be folly for the street railroads of this city to antagonize organized labor without taking the precaution of hiring armed guards, and yet we are pusillanimously tolerant of this state of affairs. We read in the papers that union men meet non-union men coming to town to obtain employment from the railroad, and notify them that they cannot work except under armed guards. Is this not indirectly a threat to kill? If not, what is it? If the union men are not murderous then non-union men do not need the protection of armed guards, and the statement from union men that the non-union men cannot work except under the protection of armed guards is susceptible of but one interpretation. Yet this news is ladled out by some papers as though it were a crime to safeguard human life from organized labor. Perhaps the situation is not so bad as it seems. But it certainly does seem fraught with mischief, and the ugliest and most portentous phenomenon discernible is that of the assumption that labor unions are privileged to practice intimidation.

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The Peril of Socialism

(A Dialogue)

By Theodore Bonnet

Arnold: Here's another backnumber literary man preaching to us on that prophylactic against all diseases—the classics. Those cranks on the classics ought to wake up and —

Milton: Read Ella Wheeler Wilcox, I suppose.

Arnold: Oh, of course, you had to drag her in.

Milton: No, I didn't have to; I might have suggested that other up-to-date apostle of culture, Mr. Elbert Hubbard, of whose ability I would have a higher opinion if he did not have such a great vogue. It's his misfortune to be appreciated mostly by the masses. But, joking aside, who is the backnumber to whom you referred?

Arnold: Mr. Paul Elmore More of the New York "Evening Post."

Milton: What has he been saying?

Arnold: That classical discipline is a safeguard against the present peril of Socialism. He says that the peril of Socialism and other eccentricities of political creed is due to the fact that many young men are crammed with economical theory when their minds have not been weighted with the study of human nature in its larger aspects. Did you ever hear such rot?

Milton: It's not rot. There is a good deal of truth in what he says. You don't think so because you are in need of the very discipline which he advocates. The classics, my boy, are a wholesome study.

Arnold: Perhaps; but I prefer to keep abreast of the times. When a man is absorbed in the study of Socialism what's the good of wasting his time in the companionship of men who know nothing about that science?

Milton: But, my boy, they did know something about that science. And one may learn a great deal from them on the many theories of government. Indeed, I am half inclined to think that even in so backnumber a work as Plato's Republic you can find much Higher Thought than is to be winnowed from a ton of Mr. Arthur Brisbane's editorial disquisitions on the rights of the plain people. At what do you smile?

Arnold: At you for making such a blunder. The snobbery of learning will out. Evidently you are unaware of the fact that the first propagandist of Socialism was Saint Simon, who was born toward the close of the eighteenth century; so how could they have discussed it in Plato's day?

Milton: It may seem strange to you, but they did. Perhaps if Saint Simon and Rousseau and Fourrier and Adam Smith and Karl Marx had never read the classics we'd have no Socialism today. There were so many communistic theories rampant in Greece four hundred years before Christ that Aristophanes wrote a play to satirize them. Even in ancient Greece there were men who realized that human nature cannot be converted into altruism by statutory laws.

Arnold: Well, how do you make out that classic discipline is a safeguard against Socialism if, as you suggest, Saint Simon got his ideas on Socialism from the classics?

Milton: Don't confound me with Mr. More of the "Post." I have merely asserted that there is some truth in what he says. I think the classics are a wholesome study because they ripen a man's judgment and teach him to differentiate the realities from the idealities, the fantastic from the genuine. I also think that they tend to assuage that ignorant hatred of the symptoms of a high civilization which demagogues love to foster, and that from them one learns to appreciate life and laughter. But the classics are not a safeguard against the peril of Socialism. There is something far more efficacious than the classics.

Arnold: And what is that?

Milton: Christianity, a creed that is identical with democracy.

Arnold: It doesn't seem to have been much of a safeguard in Europe.

Milton: That's because it has been abandoned in Europe. Of course I refer to genuine Christianity, not the new fangled creeds that are springing up every day on the presumption that the old original has been disproved. You know, Arnold, every fifty years or so Christianity is disproved. The schools of negation that have disproved it are interludes in its history.

Arnold: I hope you're not going to argue that a Christian cannot be a Socialist.

Milton: No, I won't go so far as that. There are forms of Socialism not inconsistent with the religion of Christ, but I will say that Socialism is something more than a philanthropic movement or a political platform, that wherever it spreads there is to be found the substitution of worship of the materialistic for divine worship. Moreover, it is a significant fact that all the high priests of Socialism were at war with religion. Marx in his "Secret Societies in Switzerland" wrote: "We wage war against all prevailing ideas about religion. The idea of God is the keystone of a perverted civilization, and it is needful to sweep it from the face of the earth." Prudhon asserted that God and humanity are two irreconcilable enemies and that Atheism ought to be the law of morals. The Socialists in control of the French Government have announced that their fight is against all religion. Hegel, the distinguished German Socialist, argued in favor of supplanting Christianity with the worship of humanity. And of course you know what Rousseau's views on religion were.

Arnold: Yes, I know, but the Socialism preached by those men is not the Socialism that is spreading in this country. I am not interested in those destructive theories of government that were preached by Rousseau and Marx. I am aware of the fact that ideals can never be embodied in practice; that as for our ideals we must be content with an approximation thereto, and my Christianity is all right, for I am in favor of conquering by persuasion.

Milton: Then you are a safe, sane and conservative Socialist, one of the dilettante class. Your school doesn't constitute a peril. Its disciples are confined mainly to the culture clubs. The philosophers of that school will never abolish kings nor repudiate the pride of citizenship.

Arnold: No, we are all patriots and we have no fight with Christianity.

Milton: But there are Socialists that have, and many of them are right here in this land of freedom and skepticism where even our pessimists of the pulpit are reminding us that our most cherished theories of life are as dreams going the way of a thousand forgotten heresies. Socialism is spreading in proportion to the growth of indifference to Christianity. Which reminds me of what Ruskin said of the history of the nations of Europe up to a certain period : the acceptance of Christianity, the practice of it, the abandonment of it and then dissolution.

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In Old San Francisco

By R. Francis Logan

CHAPTER X.

[The Political History of the Broderick-Terry Duel.]

David C. Broderick's last words were: "They have killed me because I was opposed to the extension of slavery and a corrupt Administration." No impassioned speech was that for the swaying of an emotional and sympathetic audience but the feeble and solemn utterance of a dying man, of a man conscious of approaching dissolution, through whose fast-clouding brain there flashed a beam of light; and ere his soul took flight, to his friends he faintly whispered the truth that he had read in letters of fire.

Let us try to see the motive of the tragedy as it was revealed to Broderick. We must first come to an understanding of political conditions in California at the period with which we are dealing. In January, 1854, just three years before the opening of the legislative session at which Broderick was elected, Senator Douglass of Illinois brought forward at Washington his proposition to organize Kansas and Nebraska, and introduced his famous bill containing a clause to the effect that the people should decide for themselves whether the new states should be free or slave-holding. That bill served to widen the breach already existing between the North and South. Broderick was a Northern Democrat. William M. Gwin was a Southern Democrat. They were the leaders of two bitterly hostile factions in the Democratic party. When the Legislature met, pressure was brought to bear on Broderick to persuade him to prevent the election of Gwin. It was pointed out that it was to the interest of his faction to control the Federal patronage in this State and therefore he should have a friendly colleague who would not attempt to obtain a share of the patronage for the "chiv" element. Broderick saw the wisdom of that policy, and accordingly, after his election to the long term, as the successor to Senator Weller, he threw his support to ex-Congressman McCorkle, who became a candidate for the seat vacated by Gwin in 1855, and which had been vacant ever since owing to a deadlock in the Legislature. A protracted struggle over that seat followed, the candidates being Gwin, Milton S. Latham, McCorkle and Stephen J. Field. Becoming apparent however, as it did, that McCorkle could not win, and a split occurring in the Gwin faction, Broderick was finally induced to join forces with his old enemy, but not until Gwin promised that he would make no claim to patronage. Gwin was elected and he immediately published an address to the people of the tSate containing these words:

"From patronage then and the curse it entails I shall gladly in future turn, and my sole labor and ambition henceforth shall be to deserve well of the State, and justify the choice of the Legislature in honoring me a second time as a representative of its interests. I have hinted at other aid than that received from those whom I had regarded as friends; I refer to the timely assistance accorded to me by Mr. Broderick and his friends. Although at one time a rival, and recognizing in him a fierce but manly opponent, I do not hesitate to acknowledge in this public manner, his forgetfulness of all grounds of dissension and hostility in what he considered a step necessary to allay the strifes and discords which had distracted the party and State. To him and to the attachment of his friends to him, I conceive, in a great degree, my election is due; and I feel bound to him and them in common efforts to unite and heal, where the result heretofore has been to break down and destroy."

In view of later developments it is well to keep these expressions of gratitude, acknowledgement of indebtedness and renunciation of patronage, in mind.

Immediately after Broderick took his seat in the Senate he quarreled with President Buchanan, and on the floor of the Senate arraigned the Administration in a masterly speech. Senator Broderick be it understood, was almost a fanatic in his hatred of that element in the nation which was inclined to placate the disgruntled and disloyal politicians of the South. With Seward he believed that the conflict was irrepressible, and he was opposed to all suggestions of compromise. He knew that Buchanan was in sympathy with the movement for the extension of slavery and his instinctive ineradicable feeling of patriotism rose superior to all purely political considerations. As a State Senator in California in 1851-52 he opposed the endorsement of the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850, denounced the political conduct of Senator Douglass and applauded Senator Bryan's assertion that Douglass was a "Northern doughface and political charlatan."

In his first year in the Senate he made the rupture between himself and the President an irreconcilable estrangement by asserting in a burst of indignation that he would never cross the threshold of the White House while Mr. Buchanan was its occupant.

As a consequence Broderick lost the Federal patronage and with it control of the Democratic party of California. The State convention held in the fall of 1857 was organized against him, and in the second year of his Senatorship he found himself unable to reward his solicitous friends or to sustain himself against his political enemies. When he returned to Washington he found that the admission of Kansas with the Lecompton constitution endorsing slavery had become the burning question. It was favored by the Administration and was opposed by Senator Douglass who had performed a political somersault becoming the leader of that faction of the Democracy by which stern opposition to slavery was fostered. Broderick allied himself with the Douglass forces and Gwin stuck to the Administration. Gwin was rewarded for his fidelity to the Administration by being permitted to fill the Federal offices in California with Southern men or men in sympathy with the South.

When Broderick returned to California after the session of 1859 he undertook to rally his scattered followers to the

(Continued on Page 33.)

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Mandragora

What shall we do who find an asphodel
Which blooms but for the dead? What shall we do
With shadows and old echoes of an hour
That cannot come again—what shall we do?

The corridors that lead among the stars
And know no starlight—they are ours. Oh, you
Who were to me both life and death, be now
One other gift—forgetfulness, I sue!

—The Sigher.

Perspective Impressions

We learn through the Hearst news service that Mr. Bryan was welcomed home by an ovation to a certain distinguished editor.

President Ruzvelt having laid a heavy hand on the spelling-book, it's up to William of Germany to trifel with the Kalinder.

Harvard College now has the largest telescope in the world. We are now so close to Mars that we can see there isn't a ghost of a chance of ever finding out whether it is inhabited.

If we could only agree upon a schedule of wages and hours and devise some way of making it binding then we could get together and make the debris fly.

A problem in mental arithmetic: If every time the cost of living is increased five per cent, union workmen strike for and get a raise of forty per cent, how long will it be before the unorganized professional men and clerks have to go to the Poor House.

Every man is a pessimist when he is melancholy and an optimist when he is happy.

It is a crime against organized labor to accept the wages that are scorned by a union man.

The latest notion of organized labor is that every man has a vested right in his job after he quits it.

John D. Rockefeller is reported to have nodded in approval of the Rev. Charles A. Eaton's assertion that most rich men are poor because they are not living for the hereafter. And why not? John knew very well that the Rev. Charles A. Eaton didn't mean him. John is living for the hereafter. He thinks there are oil wells on the other side.

Colonel William J. Bryan declined to be welcomed to his native shores with a brass band. The colonel prefers to supply his own music, through the instrument that to his ears is more melodious than any other—his own chin, the abiding place of Aeolus.



Follow Your Leader, the New Republican Game.
—Lovey in the Salt Lake "Herald."



"Then Waltz Me Around Again, Willy, Around, Around, Around."
—Bush in the New York "World."

The Spectator

The Oelrichs' Union

Now that Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs is a widow there will probably be much speculation among the idle gossips of society respecting the development of a fresh romance in her life. Society will not feel that Mrs. Oelrichs is in need of the sympathy which is usually bestowed on grief-stricken widows, for if her bereavement has touched her heart with sorrow it is because death has softened that seat of emotion and filled her with tender recollections of her girlhood days when the handsome debonair clubman came from the heart of New York's swelldom to woo the pretty black-eyed daughter of the Bonanza King. Mrs. Oelrichs is still young and handsome, and she has not drunk deep of the joys of married life, for she was mismated. Some years ago the Oelrichs's drifted apart, and their estrangement was no secret. Their friends knew that the union had proved unhappy, and in time rumors of an impending divorce were published. Hermann Oelrichs came to live in San Francisco, which he found more agreeable as a place of residence than overgrown New York with its eternal bustle and excitement. He liked the climate, the atmosphere of the clubs, the easily accessible hunting and fishing preserves, and above all he liked the luxuries of the table that, in his opinion, were of surpassing variety and quality. And if there was one thing that more than any other could hold Hermann Oelrichs it was a delicately flavored dish. The cuisine was the sanctuary of his greatest passion, the chef was the minister of his religion. In all my life I never met a more enthusiastic gourmet than Hermann Oelrichs. He could write a sonnet on a duck even after it had been digested. While eating it he would grow positively eloquent in his description of what it looked like and felt like as he handled it before turning it over to the cook. So it was not strange that in the last five years of his life he spent most of his time trying to solve the problem, How to hold diabetes in check without forsaking any of the joys that produced it. It was a hard problem. He avoided sugar and used a substitute. His wine was so dry that it was almost bitter, and after each meal he took something to aid digestion and lighten the burdens of his much-abused liver. Every little while he would go to the Springs and take mud baths and mineral waters, but all the while he was disintegrating.

The Financial Settlement

During the contest over the estate of James G. Fair Hermann Oelrichs and his wife were on friendly terms, and during Mrs. Oelrichs' absence in the East her husband held her power-of-attorney and also that of her sister. He devoted all his time to the business of the estate, and when it was settled he persuaded the heirs to join in the Fairmont Hotel enterprise. When that hotel was projected wise business men shook their heads and predicted that it would prove a losing venture, but Oelrichs saw the city growing and was sure that before the big white palace was finished his judgment would be vindicated. Everybody felt that it was more than vindicated when the Laws took it off Mrs. Oelrichs hands. In the meantime, Charley Fair had died, and in the settlement of his estate Mrs. Oelrichs quarreled with her husband because he approved some of the claims made by persons who had rendered valuable services in the fight against the Widow Craven and in the settlement with the heirs of Mrs. Charles Fair. Oelrichs having been on the ground knew of the moneys that had been earned, and of certain obligations that Charley Fair had incurred. But Mrs. Oelrichs seemed to think that she was being gouged. She was taking advice from people in New York who knew nothing of the situation in San Francisco and finally, at their instigation, she revoked her power-of-attorney, and later she had a financial settlement with her husband, paying him five hundred thousand dollars. From the way he began to splurge after receiving that money his friends inferred that previously Mrs. Oelrichs had not been very generous.

When Tessie and Hermann Were Married

When Hermann Oelrichs married Tessie Fair, nearly twenty years ago, all the friends of the California heiress felt that she had made a match almost as brilliant as the one made by Flora Sharon, who had married into the British nobility, and that she was quite as fortunate as John Mackay's stepdaughter, who had become the wife of the Prince Colonna. For in those days the Holy of Holies of New York society seemed to the new rich of San Francisco almost as inaccessible as the drawing-room of a Duke's palace. Hermann Oelrichs was known to be a representative of the bluest blooded set of the metropolis, and consequently Tessie Fair, who had just emerged from her teens, was looked upon as one of the luckiest of mortals. Everybody knew that Hermann Oelrichs would open for her the door to the charmed circle of the elect, and in those days the girls of Tessie Fair's set knew of no place this side of heaven quite so well worth entering. Those were the days before Burlingame, when the leaders of this twentieth century 400 who now figure in the columns devoted to gossip of the smart set were flushed with joy when they found their names in the "Call's" Tuesday supplement devoted to "parties" from Tar Flat to Nob Hill.

Young and Phelps

Lucien Young, who recently reached his captaincy in the Navy, is slated to relieve Captain T. S. Phelps as officer in charge of the local naval recruiting depot when Phelps assumes the command of the fine new armored cruiser "California." There are no officers in the service better known or better liked on the Pacific coast than Young and Phelps, and the many friends of both are rejoicing in the good stations that await them both. The "California," it is understood, will be attached to the Pacific squadron. Captain Young has been on special duty at Mare Island for some months past, but his new duties will bring him to San Francisco. Mrs. Young and Miss Young recently arrived from the East and will no doubt take an interest in social life this winter.

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The Poet and the Poppy

A correspondent has called my attention to an Oakland poet who recently shook out his long hair and galloped unbridled through the realms of fancy, and I am asked why I refrained from criticism. My correspondent appears to be laboring under the delusion that I have constituted myself the Lord High Executioner of trespassers in the sacred Pierian precincts, whereas, I delight in encouraging venturesome spirits in their efforts to get into the primal element of song, for I feel that if it should require courage to become a poet then many an inspired minstrel might be too timid to twang his lyre. It is better to have ninety-nine Montgomerys inhaling the incense of the illiterate than one mute, inglorious Milton languishing in the great Empire of Silence. However, I will not deny my critical correspondent the privilege of appraising Mr. D'Asquith who recently versified in the Oakland "Tribune." Says my correspondent: "Our California poppy has inspired many verse-smiths to reveal their souls in song, and some have done it well; but D'Asquith's revelations in his lines entitled "On Finding a Poppy Growing on the Berkeley Hills" move me to hilarity. There are forty-eight lines, and a laugh in every line—in some, a roar. The poet, after apostrophizing this Berkeley poppy, concludes that it must be lonely, and says:

"So methinks thee home I'll bring,
If the earth to thee will cling;
For indeed 'twould make me grieve,
If thee here alone I'd leave."

Then comes disaster, The poet's knife slips and—but let him tell it in his own passionate words:

"But, ah, alas, my blade of steel
The little roots have cut in twain;
Words not can tell how now I feel
Since I your little form have slain;
But I not meant thy life to take,
Defenseless one a corpse you make,
And I indeed do now regret,
That I, dear little one, you met."

Then does the poet utter wild words of remorse and regret. A few of them will do:

"Art thou suffering, fair one,
As thy life doth ebb away?
Dost thou pray for death to come,
And thy torture take away?

There's more of it, some of it worse than I have quoted; but my typewriter bucks, the keys tangle, and the ribbon curls.

As she blossomed in splendor, a knife blade did end 'er, and D'Asquith rhymed o'er her doom; O, pity the poppy that verses so sloppy should follow her e'en to the tomb."

The Dane's Austere Brother

"Battling" Nelson, like Jimmy Britt, has a brother—but the Dane's brother is no human smoke-stack. He is a divinity student, and while he deplores Battling's avocation, he takes an interest in it and visits him in his training quarters. He is an outspoken young man, not a bit slow in expressing his opinion. He strongly objects to profanity, and when bad words are used has a habit of telling the profane one that such language is highly objectionable. In this he has the support of his fighting brother, who neither swears, smokes nor drinks. The ministerial brother objects strongly to the class of people to be found around training quarters. In Marin county, while Battling was preparing himself for his triumph over Britt, a partially intoxicated man came in and slapped the fighter on the shoulder, remarking, "Good boy, Bat; go in and win." This called forth an emphatic expression of opinion from the divinity student. "I'd hate to be a prize-fighter," he said, "and have drunken loafers handling me. I think it's perfectly disgusting." He also expressed his disapproval of the attitude of California girls toward their male acquaintances. "Do you know," he said in amazement, "what I saw on Market street yesterday? Why, I saw a girl walking with two young men, and each of them was smoking a cigarette. How a decent girl can walk with a man who is smoking a cigarette is more than I can understand. It's shocking, and would not be tolerated in Minnesota." How different from Willie Britt, whose favorite occupation is to smoke a huge cigar, hold court before an admiring throng, and tell the waiter that the crowd looks as if it could stand another bottle of the same thing.

Deceived by a Bogus Baron

Who is the American girl that was married at Manila to a bogus baron? The witnesses to the marriage were Rupert D. Ferguson and his wife Lolita, of San Francisco, and though the identity of the wife has been kept secret it was rumored that her name was Otis and that she was a niece of General Otis, but a newspaper correspondent ascertains that this was not true. The groom deserted his bride in Paris after taking her jewels with eight thousand dollars. The baron gave his name in Manila as Santos Dolivo Dobrowski von Dumersmark. The bridal couple went to Paris for their honeymoon and there the bride was deserted, and a few days later her husband was arrested in Hamburg for a forgery committed in Marseilles. Owing to the great secrecy with which the case has been handled it is believed that the bride belongs to a very influential family.

A Brick Episode

A curious sight was witnessed near the lower end of Washington street the other day. There were two vacant lots each piled high with bricks and fire debris. In each lot were three men, and all six were busily engaged in throwing bricks. Despite their industry no progress was made, for the simple reason that as fast as one crew threw bricks across the boundary line into the next lot, the other crew threw them back. The exact reason for this useless effort the spectators could not learn, but from the owners of the lots, who stood in the street directing operations, it was learned that mutual charges of trespass had been made, B accusing A of making his (B's) lot a dumping place for his debris, and A maintaining that not he, but B, was guilty. So A hired a crew to throw back B's bricks, and B had employed men to chuck back the bricks that had originally been on A's lot. It was fun for the crowd that had gathered. B's crew would hoist half a dozen bricks into A's lot, B encouraging them to frenzied effort. The half dozen bricks, or a like number, would be promptly heaved back into B's territory under excited and voluble instructions from A. The

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workmen didn't seem to care. The ownership of the bricks was immaterial to them. They were receiving good wages and the longer the quarrel kept up the better they were pleased.

Livernash & Cornelius

E. J. Livernash, the legal adviser of the Carmen's Union, is no longer, I am told, on the Hearst payroll. After his election to Congress he quit the newspaper business, but for a time he was connected with the Hearst political bureau, his services being required on account of his influence in organized labor. When Livernash was running for Congress he had many friends in the "Examiner" office, where he had been employed as a reporter for several years, but in the course of his political maneuvering he alienated his old associates and now he is not on speaking terms with a man on the Hearst staff in this city. Richard Cornelius, the man with whom the ex-journalist is associated, has absolute confidence in the Livernash judgment. Cornelius is a man of socialistic tendencies. He is a Cornishman, illiterate but shrewd, and he has grown quite prosperous as a labor agitator. When he organized the Carmen's Union he was a conductor on the Presidio and Ferries Railroad. Shortly after he started the work of organization Superintendent Vining got wind of what was happening, and for a long time Cornelius was kept under surveillance. His home on California street near Walnut where the first meetings were held was watched by Vining spies stationed behind the wall of the Laurel Hill cemetery. Before long it dawned upon Cornelius that the employes of the road were being discharged with suspicious regularity, and upon investigation he learned that men lost their jobs immediately after visiting his home. Thereafter he became more cautious and in the course of a few months the union was organized. Now Cornelius is receiving $175 a month as president and business agent of the union; $100 a month as civil service commissioner; $100 a month as an officer of the international body of the Amalgamated Association of Street Railway Employes. Of late, I hear, he has been purchasing real estate.

The Rising Vote

The labor leader has many of the qualities of a political boss, and his methods are those that have been tried and found successful in practical politics. He selects for his lieutenants men of some influence in their respective circles and by getting positions for them makes it to their interest to be loyal to him and hazardous for anybody to dispute his leadership. It requires a deal of courage to question the wisdom of the leader, and when a vote is taken it is always a rising vote. In consequence a genuine expression of opinion is not obtained. Imagine a union meeting, a roomful of men with the strike advocates judiciously distributed among them. Imagine a rising vote on the advisability of striking. Conjure up the picture of a man who does not wish to strike arising and saying so. One can almost hear the hisses, the yells of "scab," the storm of protest that would split the circumambient. When the carmen struck on the present occasion, and when they rejected the offer to go back to work at three dollars a day, leaving the question of hours to arbitration, the rising vote was employed. Most likely, had there been a secret ballot, the result would have been different. The secret ballot is employed by the unions only when the leaders really want to know the real wishes of the men—a matter that seldom bothers them. How little the rank and file of the members amount to when pitted against the managers and their followers was illustrated during the last teamsters' strike. It had been announced before the strike that the men would, while out of work, receive a certain sum of money. A much smaller sum was given out, and one of the strikers arose at a meeting to protest against the pittance. He reminded his fellow members of what had been agreed upon, and wanted to know why the appropriation had been cut. He was greeted with, "Sit down, you —— —— —— and mind your own business. You're not running this union."

The Loss of the Manchuria

Arthur H. Dutton, a master mariner, formerly of the navy, has written for me as follows in reference to the Manchuria's loss:

"It was imprudence, not ignorance of navigation, which led to the stranding and probable total loss of the Pacific Mail Steamer Manchuria on the coast of Oahu last month. Captain J. W. Saunders, her commander, with whom I have sailed, is one of the best seamen I ever saw. He can handle a vessel in narrow waters or in any tight place as well as the best, and, while I have met men who were abler navigators, he was much above the average of merchant service skippers in the art of navigation. Granting that the morning was dark and the weather thick; even granting that the much-advertised "new current setting to the northwest" existed, a little more caution in making his landfall would have saved Captain Saunders the misfortune of losing his fine vessel. He knew that he was near land. He was expecting to pick up the land at any

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moment; he knew that there are no lights on the part of Oahu he was approaching; he knew that the coast is a rocky, dangerous one; he knew that he would probably pick up the land before daylight. Nevertheless, Captain Saunders drove right on, through the darkness and the rain-squall that shut out the view ahead. It is an axiom of navigation that caution should be exercised in making the land in darkness or thick weather. Knowing he was close to land, it was proper for Captain Saunders to have slowed down until daylight at least, when, even in a rain-squall, the land would have been discovered in time to avert disaster. No matter how sure he might have felt that he was on the right course, precautions should have been taken against the unforeseen errors that are always apt to arise—and suddenly—in compass or from current."

"Was He Imprudent?"

"Having made the initial mistake of plunging on when close to land in darkness and thick weather, Captain Saunders made another error. He took the land made out to be Makapuu point. Unless he was absolutely sure of it, he was wrong in governing the shaping of his course by what he "thought" the land to be. The fact that land was made; the fact that the identity of that land was not positively known; and the dangerous character of the coast in that whole region made it imperative upon the good navigator to stop and back immediately, when finding the land was close aboard, instead of merely changing his course and—keeping right on. As I have said, Captain Saunders is an excellent navigator and an excellent seaman, as far as his professional ability and knowledge go. Whether he is prudent, whether his judgment is all that it should be, are questions to which doubtful answers have been given by the loss of the Manchuria. On the other hand, Captain Saunders may be the victim of that folly of owners who insist on speed, speed, speed,—quick passages being placed above safe ones in importance. Many a captain, and perhaps Captain Saunders is one of them, would gladly have obeyed the dictates of their own prudence but have been governed by the mandates of the owners instead. But I know that after the Rio de Janeiro was lost in the Golden Gate on February 22, 1900, the Pacific Mail Company issued orders, which should have been issued long before—that its captains should not attempt to make port in fog. It would be interesting to know if the policy of prudence established then has been abandoned."

Jack London's Dream

Despite the setback to his plans occasioned by the earthquake Jack London declares that he will have his 45-foot boat completed in time to sail on his world-wide voyage from this harbor October first. Right after the big fire it looked as though the sailing date would have to be postponed on account of the difficulty in obtaining the proper materials, but that problem has unexpectedly been overcome. The problem was of great moment because the boat must be built on lines to accommodate the limited number of people to sail on her. There will be but five souls on board: Mrs. London, the sole passenger, Jack London, who will navigate the little craft, Mrs. London's uncle, 60 years of age, who will help sail her, and two Asiatics, a cook and a cabin boy. The boat is of a very simple style to handle, being of ketch-rig.

The Call of Romance

Hawaii will be the first port visited: then it's away to the glorious South Seas, Samoa, Tasmania, New Zealand, Australia, New Guinea and up through the Philippines to Japan. Then Korea and China, and on down to India and the beckoning ports along the Red Sea, Mediterranean Sea, Black and Baltic Seas. Then on across the Atlantic to New York and around the Horn to San Francisco and home. That is simply the broad outline of the trip; there are picturesque details, like a winter in Petersburg, a sail up the Danube to Vienna, others up the Nile, the Seine and like historical streams. The boat is being outfitted to meet these river excursion demands. There will be a small engine to furnish the necessary power when the mast is removed. It will be a voyage like unto that taken by Stevenson into the South Seas only on a great deal larger scale. From the plans laid out at present the trip will consume several years. Of course the voyage will furnish a great abundance of "copy"; in fact, London is already under contract with one leading magazine to recount the details of the trip. It's the ideal dream of the romancer as planned—but, should war break out, or the wild "calamity call" of some great journal in search of an "emergency man" to write up the "everlasting beat" crack the air about the little craft as she lies idling on the Nile there is no doubt the intrepid spirit of Jack London would respond and the trip would go glimmering—but that would be another story, and Jack London would write it.

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Nolan's Hardest Fight

Billy Nolan earned enough execration in the recent fight to bury an ordinary mortal, but he'll emerge somewhere, somehow from it—that is, if he is to be judged in the light of his past experiences. He has fought his way to the front on occasions when it looked as though he didn't have the ghost of a chance, but mistaken judgment has floored him with a dull, sickening thud just as it has in the present instance. Some years ago he started in the furniture business out on Ninth street with the proverbial shoestring. How he ever did it nobody knows to this day, but he cleaned up something like fifty thousand dollars in the course of a few years, according to those who know him best. He began to branch out and fly high, and everything he touched seemed to move the Nolan way, till one day he met a line of friends headed for the "ponies." Nolan joined them. Within the year his furniture business was gone, together with everything else he possessed. Out of the ruins he managed to rake out enough to take him into the country, and his creditors did what they could with what was left. Thereafter he did some pretty hard grubbing to get his head above water. He had a number of ups and downs but failed to hit the right side of easy street till the lucky day when he met Nelson and snapped on to his management.

Her Modest Claim

Among the absurd claims presented for settlement to the rehabilitation committee, there was one for two sittings of eggs, stolen from under a couple of brooding biddies. The owner failed to state how long they had been undergoing the process of incubation, and whether they were, in consequence, rated as chickens or eggs, but the demand should be honored in view of its modesty. The bereaved lady might have claimed compensation for her disappointed hopes, based on the market price of spring broilers, the value of the eggs to be laid by the future pullets, the clutches to be hatched from such eggs as were not sold and the feathers yielded by the dressed fowls. Any poultry journal will furnish a table showing the profits to be derived from a pair of chickens, multiplying in geometric ratio until there would seem to be room in the world for nothing but chickens. The editor of a Florida religious weekly, a clergyman, by the way, recently announced that he was the owner of six hens, from which he calculated to hatch, during the next three years, twenty-six thousand, three hundred and forty-six chickens. Half of these he expected to die prematurely, and the other half would go to furnishing the ministerial table, but in the meantime, some of them would be producers, so that at the beginning of the fourth year he counted on twenty-five thousand, three hundred and forty-five laying hens and pullets, yielding an income of thirteen thousand, three hundred and ninety-one dollars. The figuring is reminiscent of Mark Twain's calculation that as each of us had two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so on, people must have been jostling each other off the earth a few generations back.

The Edible Dog Industry

"The Honolulu Kennel Club, which is to give a bench show next month," writes my correspondent, "has included in its prize list a class of dogs which is something new to dog shows. This class, for which substantial prizes are offered, includes all breeds of edible dogs—that is, dogs bred and raised to supply an article of food. The native Hawaiians, or at least a large number of them, are very fond of dog served at their luaus, or native feasts. This is a fact, however, not openly discussed nowadays, but never seriously denied. Dogs of several breeds suitable for food are raised by the Hawaiians, but they are all usually classified under the generic name of "poi dogs." It is not, however, wholly on account of this custom among the Hawaiians that the Honolulu Kennel Club has decided to make awards in this class. The probabilities are, that had it not been for an-

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other circumstance the usual policy of ignoring edible dogs would have prevailed. The circumstance took its rise in the enterprise of Albert F. Judd, who is shortly to bring from the Philippines about two hundred families of a northern Luzon tribe of Filipinos who are said to be great dog eaters. Judd went to the Philippines some months ago to obtain labor for the plantations. The Philippine Commission cordially approved the plan and gave what aid it could. It was announced some time ago that an experimental colony of two hundred families would arrive within a few months. But the planters did not say that these prospective immigrants were dog eaters. That information was not officially or publicly announced by anyone. But the news leaked out and it gave great stimulus to the breeding of edible dogs, the idea taking hold of many of the native Hawaiians that such dogs would command a high price as soon as the dog-eating Filipinos arrived. In view of the fact of an increase in the industry of raising edible dogs and the interest aroused among the native Hawaiians respecting them, the Kennel Club decided to receive entries and award prizes in the edible dog class."

The Gallant McArthur

On September 16, Major General Arthur McArthur, U. S. Army, one of the best liked of the several generals who have commanded the Military Division of the Pacific in recent years, will be relieved from his present duties in this city and will proceed to Washington, D. C., where he will take the place of General Corbin as Chief of Staff of the Army, the highest position in the service. General McArthur's military record is second to that of no officer in the Army. Like all genuine soldiers, who have won their spurs and their stars by sheer merit and not by the gallery-playing, wire-pulling and press agency so popular by many of our spectacular generals, McArthur is a modest, courteous man, one who "looks the part" as well as acts it. From his youth, when, as a subaltern during the Civil War, he fought his way from the volunteer into the regular service; through the years of hard Indian fighting on the plains during the strenuous days of the '70's; and in the most trying months of the Philippine insurrection, McArthur invariably displayed qualities typical of the soldier-born. His departure from San Francisco is regretted by all who have come in contact with him, but as the military chief of the whole country, and not of a mere division, it is expected that he will occasionally return to the West, which he, like the gallant Chaffee and the lamented Lawton, looks upon as his real home.

Abandoned the Service

The latest bright Federal engineer to resign from the Government service and enter in the broader field of activity offered in civil life is H. T. Powell, who has just resigned from the U. S. Revenue Cutter service to take the Pacific Coast agency of a New York commercial house. Powell came West just after the Spanish war and entered the Coast Survey, becoming chief engineer, later entering the Revenue Marine. He has spent the past few winters in this port and married a belle of Sausalito, where he and Mrs. Powell are prominent in the social whirl. Although a comparatively young man, Powell has advanced rapidly in the engineering profession and his selection for the post newly offered him has greatly pleased his former friends and shipmates. He and his wife will make their home in Sausalito while he is in business in San Francisco.

Has He Suffered?

I wonder if John Philip Sousa, who has conniption fits when he sees a pianola or phonograph and protests against their use, has ever endured the agony inflicted by a rural cornet band when that instrument of torture is engaged in giving birth to a "piece" on Saturday night. I am inclined to doubt that he ever received a shower bath from a cornetist doing a solo full of "spit" notes, or that he ever heard the fiddler at the village dance, whose efforts resemble nothing so much as running over a cat. As for mandolins, guitars and banjoes, who should want more than one dose of them played in unison by a "club" at a lodie social. Village pianists—suggestive of Maiden's Prayer, Ripples on the Oskewowwow and the Pee-Wee Bird Waltz—are damned, in an artistic sense, without reprieve. The only hope for the unenlightened but well intentioned rural musical folk lies in the mechanical instruments. Only through a phonograph, reproducing perhaps the efforts of Mr. Sousa himself, might the village "cornet band" be made to realize the criminal crudity of its playing, either inspiring it to better things or shutting off its wind entirely. Only in the same way might the village soprano or tenor be convinced that civilized people do not sing with pinched noses and strangulated throats. As to the banjoists, back to the tom-toms with all their tribe. Thus it may be seen that music machines have a purpose not dreamed of in the philosophy of Mr. Sousa. Even he, with an artist's customary intolerance, could hardly deny that some phonographs reproduce band music excellently, and even so elusive a thing as the voice with the far greater part of its original charm.

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A Fortune in Loot

Down south of Market street is a picturesque colony of Russian Jews who have prospered through the San Francisco fire. They have bought and sold iron, steel, copper and brass from the ruins of the city, and have had an army of men and boys working for them. The work done by the foragers was so bold and open that the general public, observing them digging in the bricks and ashes, would not imagine that they were unlawfully engaged. Yet many a lot was stripped of all that it contained of value before the owners knew that anything was going on. Brass was the favorite loot, and copper wire was considered a prize. South of Market the work was done systematically by men and boys, who piled up what they had gathered ready for the wagons that followed them. The junk was taken to this south of Market Russian Jew colony, where it was disposed of at a price that would have been good—had the scales been correct. The buyers impressed the sellers with the fact that they were giving them within one cent per pound of the market price. But the scales lied outrageously, and a profit of several cents a pound was made. Up to a short time ago there were dozens of these buyers of junk in the vicinity of Howard and Sixth streets—long-bearded, venerable men, serious of mien, eloquent of hands, earnest in their assurance that they were ruining themselves by paying such outrageously high prices for the loot that came to them by the wagonload. They have reaped the major part of their harvest now—and a great harvest it was. One partially completed and slightly injured building north of Market street was stripped of plumbing fixtures worth thousands of dollars. The police, I am told, seemed to know nothing of what was going on. While the wholesale looting south of Market was at its height officers on the beat were never in the vicinity when a wagon was loaded; but they always met it on the way to the market-place, and always stopped it for a conference with the driver, who had a way with him of convincing the officer that the law was not being violated.

Balzac on Fortune Tellers

I see that a Seattle judge has pronounced a fortune teller a vagrant, and has ruled that the state law forbids fortune telling. An ancient profession, often carried on with honor, has fallen into low repute. There is no one readier than I to condemn the charlatans that bleed the public with their pretended fortune telling—who, with no qualifications beyond a certain low cunning, prey upon the purses of the credulous. But the activity of these swindlers does not disprove the fact that there are people endowed with a mystic and to us unexplainable power that enables them to peep into the future. The great novelist, Honore de Balzac, whose study of every condition of human life was profound, recognized this power, and wrote much of it. A chapter of one of his best books, "Cousin Pons," is devoted to a description of a visit by Madame Cibot to the fortune teller, Madame Fontaine—devoted mainly to a disquisition on fortune-tellers and an explanation of their powers: "That certain created beings should have the power of foreseeing events in the germ of causes, just as a great inventor sees an art or a science in some natural phenomenon unobserved by the ordinary mind, is by no means one of those abnormal exceptions to the order of things that excite a clamor. It is simply the working of an obscure natural faculty, which is, in a measure, the somnambulism of the spirit. * * * * If past events have left their traces, it is reasonable to infer that coming events have their roots. * * * * The moral world is cut out, so to speak, on the pattern of the natural world; the same effects will be found everywhere, with the difference proper to varied environments. Thus, just as the body is actually projected upon the atmosphere, and leaves within it the spectre which the daguerrotype seizes, so ideas, real and potential creations, imprint themselves upon what we must call the atmosphere of the spiritual world, produce effects

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upon it, remain there spectrally (it is necessary to coin words to express these unnamed phenomena); and hence, certain created beings endowed with rare faculties can clearly perceive these forms, or traces of ideas." It is thus that Balzac explains the frowziness and generally unkept appearance of clairvoyants: "The splendid gifts which make a seer are generally found among those whom society calls 'common, or unclean.' These brutish beings are the chosen vessels into whom God has poured the elixirs that amaze humanity. Such beings have furnished the prophets, the St. Peters, the hermits of history. Whenever thought can be kept to its integrity, rounded as it were within itself, when it is not frittered in conversation, or spent in schemes, in literary work, in the speculation of science, in administrative effort, in the conceptions of an inventor, in the service of war, it is apt to burn with repressed fires of prodigious intensity, just as the uncut diamond holds its rays within itself. Let the occasion come, and at once this spiritual force breaks out; it has wings to waft it over space, the eye divine that sees the all of existence. * * * * Men of superior mind, with all the facets of their intellect well worn, can never exercise these supreme powers excpt through miracles, which God occasionally permits. Thus it happens that necromancers and fortune tellers, both male and female, are nearly always mendicants with untutored minds, being apparently of coarse fibre, pebbles rolled over and over by the torrents of poverty, ground down in the ruts of existence, where they have exhausted only their physical endurance. The prophet, the seer, is Martin the laborer, who made Louis XVIII tremble as he told him a secret known only to the king; it is a Mademoiselle Lenormand, a cook like Madame Fontaine, some half idiotic negro woman, some herdsman living among his horned beasts, a fakir who by killing the flesh has won for the spirit the untold powers of somnambulic faculties."

Wickson and Wheeler

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of Berkeley did not enhance his prestige in the university town, I am told, when he took occasion to express his disapproval of the language of Professor Wickson while the latter was making an address at the first university meeting, this term. Professor Wickson is regarded as one of the great personalities in the faculty of the Greater University, and his many admirers who know him to be a very sincere and zealous educator were very much displeased at President Wheeler's attitude. If it were believed that the incident presaged trouble for Professor Wickson a great storm would sweep over Berkeley, but it is thought that President Wheeler is not inclined to arouse an adverse sentiment. It is said that he realized that day that he made a mistake and that the droop of his head was a reverential bow to the sacred memories of Le Conte and Syle.

Howison Bars Lost Souls

Professor Howison has again found a disturbing element in his classes at Berkeley. Just two years ago he declared that women are not students and objected to their presence. Now he objects to newspaper men. Some time ago he characterized men of this particular calling as "lost souls." What a small and select class the venerable philosopher will have if he denies his teaching to women and lost souls. The reporter to whom Professor Howison denied the privileges of his class represents "The Daily Californian," a paper which is read by only a few loyal students who steal a moment or two during lectures to read it. He may, therefore, not suffer the full penalty of his calling. When Howison lost a pet dog some time ago, he is said, in the pressure of his grief, to have declared that philosophy was good enough as a profession but it would not bring back his dog. Yet much is forgiven the philosopher, if only for his witty reply when asked his opinion of the lusty-lunged football rooters. "Why ask my opinion? The Rooters are pigs. Go to the agricultural College for that."

Wheeler Bars Nude Models

Benjamin Ide Wheeler is certainly a man of many cares. The perplexing questions that confront him are endless. The other day he was asked to tolerate nude models within the confines of the university, and he threw up his hands. President Wheeler is no Comstock, but he draws the line at undraped models as a feast for the avid eyes of young people going through college. About five years ago when he was asked to sanction models in the altogether, he refused, saying that it would not be proper to parallel at Berkeley a course held at the Hopkins Institute of Art, one of the affiliated colleges. But the home of the Hopkins Art Institute vanished in smoke and fire and the life class hoped to be vouchsafed the hospitality of Berkeley. President Wheeler shuddered at the thought of nude models becoming features of university life, and President Wheeler is no prude. He is sensitive to the charms of a graceful figure in a stylish frock, and he can look unabashed on a pair of gleaming shoulders at an evening function but—well, nude models are not to be admitted to Berkeley.



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The Pull at Berkeley

My attention has been called to the fact that the sophomores who were dismissed from Berkeley University last term for buying examination papers, have been permitted to re-enter with their former standing, while the men, who, in a spirit of fun trimmed the ambitious whiskers of a fellow-student, have not as yet been given their diplomas. I have been informed that even in the classic shades of our State University, the potency of political pull is felt, and in view of this singular discrimination in favor of immorality and against inane practical joking color is given to what previously was rejected as idle rumor.

Hearst's Lust For Skyscrapers

The height of the new "Examiner" building has not yet been fixed. Mr. William R. Hearst wants to make it a 26-story building, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, who is to pay for it, wants to make it a 15-story building, and Mayor Schmitz, who doesn't like skyscrapers, hasn't yet been persuaded to indulge the Hearst passion for tall structures. Meanwhile the architects are possessing their souls in patience. As Mr. William R. Hearst is usually successful in his efforts to convert his mother to his way of thinking she will probably consent to pay for a 26-story building. The distinguished newspaper publisher is eager to have the "Examiner" housed in the very tallest structure in town. Tall buildings are his latest hobby. He has already had plans drawn in New York for a 40-story building for the "Journal," and when that is finished it will tower above every skyscraper in the metropolis.

COQUETRY

A dainty maid on the velvet stair
Smiled coyly down at me,
And threw me a rose from her perch up there,
With demurest coquetry.
I caught the rose in my finger-tips,
And pressed it close to my longing lips
As a bee that from clover the honey sips;
And I swear
That my eyes must have told their ardent speech
To the maid perched up there, just beyond my reach,
On the stair!

O, that rosy mouth, and those golden curls,
And that saucy, elfish smile!
Sterner hearts than mine such a princess of girls
Might easily beguile.
So I thievishly sprang up the velvet stair,
Caught close in my arms this damsel fair,
And kissed her, smack on the mouth, so there!
Shock you? Bah!
This precious wee witch, you shall straight be told,
Is my own little Millie, just four years old—
I'm her pa!

—The Happy Parent

A Social Item

Extract from the local paper's elaborate report of a ball at Moree (N. S. W.):—

"The ladies chatted cheerfully, and the gents bestowed every attention and consideration towards their respective fascinating paramours."

—The Exchange Editor.

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Social Prattle

By Tantalus

Adelphians Open the Season

The Union meeting of the Adelphian Club of Alameda—the first meeting of the season—was held last Saturday in the club's new quarters, the assembly rooms of the Unitarian Church. The members feel elated over securing these rooms, as they are in decided contrast to their former cramped quarters on Park street. Saturday's meeting was largely attended by members and friends and was made the occasion for an unusually beautiful display of elaborate gowns. The literary program was short and excellent. Nat. Landsberger, accompanied by Mrs. Landsberger on the piano, excited a storm of applause by two or three violin selections. Mrs. Philip Teller read, with eloquence and feeling, "King of Keys," a sketch by Mrs. Ermentine Poole Long. Harry Perry, a baritone new to Alameda, proved himself a singer of unusual merit. Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup also sang beautifully. The club will now settle down to its winter's work.

Gossip From Los Angeles

The elopement, writes my Los Angeles correspondent, of Miss Mary Louise Patterson, a belle in the exclusive St. James Park set, and J. Harvey McCarthy, a successful real estate operator, furnished an interesting bit of gossip in social circles last week. Miss Patterson, who is an orphan and a Kentucky girl who made her home with her grandmother, Mrs. C. C. Patterson, expected to be married in the South in the fall, but decided, in haste to accompany her fiance to the parson's at Santa Ana, on a flying trip in his purple automobile. The young people did not break the news until the day after the ceremony and then left for a tour through the northern part of the State. Mrs. Patterson-McCarthy is a cousin of Evelyn Prewitt who recently became Mrs. Harold Fletcher Elliott. * * * Miss Maude Reese Davies, daughter of the late millionaire lumberman, J. M. Davies, has settled upon September 25th as the date of her marriage to Brigadier-General Robert Wankowski, of the Governor's staff. The matrimonial plans of Miss Davies and her military lover have been particularly interesting in that they have experienced the proverbial roughness of the course of true love. The romance is one of long standing but when plans for the wedding were all but perfected a season ago Miss Davies suddenly changed her mind. * * * Edward A. Heinzeman, son of the late wealthy druggist and physician, Dr. C. F. Heinzeman, recently took a bride in the person of Miss Katherine Mohrman, a strikingly handsome young woman. The Heinzeman-Mohrman nuptials were solemnized in Santa Barbara. It was in the historic Mission Santa Barbara, between the mountains and the shining sands that Miss Lena Adela Reed, daughter of the Los Angeles pioneer physician was married last week to the young attorney, Frank Gilbert Henderson. * * * Announcement was made a few days since of the bethrothal of Miss Martha Spencer, daughter of Dr. John Spencer of San Francisco, to Otto Wedemeyer, son of the late Major W. G. Wedemeyer, U. S. A., of Los Angeles, and brother of Mrs. John T. Griffiths. Mr. Wedemeyer is in business in New York. The wedding will take place shortly in Palo Alto, where the Spencers have been residing for a few months.

Miss Pierce's Musical Triumph

According to the press, Berkeley has been very much agitated over the musical triumph of Miss Pierce, who is soon to join the Schuberts' English Opera Company at the Lyric Theatre in Philadelphia. As a matter of fact, Miss Pierce's friends do not feel that there is occasion for a big fuss over her engagement. Nor has that gifted young lady had her head turned by her very encouraging prospects. She feels that she is only in the student class, and though she has a very sweet voice, she also has a pretty accurate conception of the vastness of the field of art, and looks upon her engagement by the Schuberts merely as a forward move by which she will gain experience and be enabled to make further progress.

Bohemian Club Concert

Another musical event of more than ordinary interest and worth keeping track of is the Bohemian Club's annual concert which is to be given at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, on the afternoon of October 2, for which a large orchestra and a chorus are now in rehearsal.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jaynes, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hanify and R. A. Halcombe have been at the Hotel Del Coronado and enjoying the delights of Coronado Beach.

The automobilists have been taking advantage of the excellent roads and delightful weather by running down to Byron Hot Springs. Among the most recent parties to enjoy the trip were: Mr. and Mrs. James R. Burnham, Miss Burnham, and Mr. Charles D. Bates, Jr., of Oakland, R. B. Callaghan, S. B. Barnett, Theodore J. Steiny and Albert C. Parker of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Arnung and Miss Arnung of this city, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Hanlon, Mrs. P. C. Rockwell, Mrs. White and Mrs. J. Edlin.

No More Glee Club

The University of California Glee Club is dead,—dead for want of funds, like many another that has had a checkered and somewhat dissipated career. But, speaking no ill of the dead, let us recall the Mills College episode, when the Glee Club flirted. The newspapers, at the time made much of that organized indiscretion. It was so easy to prove that since,



Miss Costigan

Is she looking for her father—or a Stevens-Duryea? It does not matter. If she finds one she will find the other.

when one young man goes to sing to one young lady, he flirts, when a whole Glee Club of young men goes to sing to a whole seminary of young ladies the result will be a flirtation equal to the sum of all the voices plus the sum of all the responsive glances,—but Mrs. Mills exonerated them.

Mansfeldt Club Recital

A welcome oasis in the desert condition of things musical was the seventh recital of the Mansfeldt Club, held at the De Young residence on the afternoon of Saturday last. The talented young pianistes of the club gave an afternoon of music worthy of their more than local reputation. Miss Josephine Coonan opened the program with Brahms' Rhapsody, B minor, and Scherzo, E flat minor. Miss Hazel Knowles of Berkeley has not heretofore taken part in the programs of the club. In her three numbers Miss Knowles fully demonstrated her versatility and brilliancy as a pianiste. Miss Eula Howard has already made somewhat of a reputation as a Chopin player. Her numbers from this master were the D flat Nocturne and the Scherzo in B minor. Miss Howard's interpretations show strong individuality. Her mishaps of travel, including such slight matters as a journey from her home at Grant's Pass, a wreck and a missed train, would have completely incapacitated a less determined spirit, but damaged this little lady's playing not a whit. Miss Selma Werner was fully equal to the Liszt Etude de Concert and the difficult Strauss Schuett paraphrase of the Fledermaus Waltzes. Miss Fernanda Pratt closed the program with Grieg's A minor Concerto, in admirable style and with temperamental display, Miss Joan Baldwin playing the orchestral accompaniment on a second piano. On the whole the concert was a most creditable performance, all of the participants giving evidence not only of a high degree of technical cultivation, but something of the instinct for interpretation not often found in performers of their years.

Miss Ball to Lecture

Miss Katherine Ball, the cultured drawing teacher of the School Department, and one of the founders of the local Japan Society, has decided to become a professional lecturer. She has had a deal of experience as a lecturer in clubs and has proved both entertaining and instructive. Her first public appearance will be made at Christian Science Hall, at Sacramento and Scott streets, next Thursday evening. She will talk on "Stories of Old Japan" and will illustrate with stereopticon slides, using her beautiful prints for that purpose.

A Message From Mrs. Osbourne

Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne, wife of the well known literary man, wishes it to be known that she and her two children are still among the living. I have received her card bearing her address, Torre S. Giorgio, Portofino, North Italy.

Mrs. V. C. Baird, David J. and Thomas A. Baird are at the Hotel Imperial.

The event of the week was the marriage of Miss Ethyl Hager and Lansing O. Kellogg.

Mrs. William J. Younger and Miss Younger are being entertained by all their old friends. They will return to Paris in September.



Miss Eula Howard



Miss Hazel Knowles



—Genthe, Photo.

Miss Joan Baldwin



Miss Selma Werner

Members of the Mansfeldt Club

Millionaires Breaking Into Society

The anti-Clark faction down in Burlingame are ravenously discussing the report that Senator Clark and Steel Magnate Charles Schwab are behind the movement to build the great rival grand opera house in New York. Cause: The failure of the 400 in the New York society set to properly recognize the leaders of the new set of multi-millionaires who are invading that metropolis. It is to be a fight to a finish with no talk of compromise as long as the money lasts. Ever since the Pittsburg crowd, as they are called, and the Montana copper kings moved to Manhattan with their families they have had nothing but trouble in a social way. It galls a man who can give his wife a million-dollar yacht or a two million-dollar rope of diamonds any time she thinks of asking for one not to be able to get a little pasteboard to an Astor tea no matter how piteously she cries for it. Schwab and Clark have erected the two most costly and magnificent mansions on the continent in little old New York and yet the New York swells don't even seem to be aware that they're in town. Then they tried to wedge into that famous front row of boxes in the Metropolitan Grand Opera House, but they failed to break the stocky bond defense of the Belmonts, Astors, Vanderbilts, Morgans, Iselins and the rest of the 400 behind them. Schwab, when he failed to get one of the best boxes, wouldn't take any. Young Mrs. Clark wasn't so haughty. She felt that she really must be in the atmosphere, so she accepted a box in the tier above. It was a cruel snub to her, for it is an unwritten law of the house that the occupants of that tier are forbidden to mingle with the elect in the parterre row. But it was the nearest she was able to get to the heaven of her desires.

Clark and Schwab Satisfied

When the irrepressible Hammerstein began talking generally of starting a new opera house in New York he was given a tip that if he conducted it on the proper high class and fashionable lines he could command satisfactory financial backing. On this hint he promptly acted. Hence the birth of the great rival to the Metropolitan Opera House, with Clark, Schwab, and a number of other new multi-millionaires as its chief backers. The parterre boxes in the new house are not going begging by any means; the invading army of new millionaires are all anxious to break into the coveted line. They are putting up money so fast that Hammerstein is able to bid almost any price for stars of magnitude, to be added to his new company. Already he has secured Melba, Tetrazzini, the De Reszkes, Bonci, San Marco, Schumann-Heink and Gadski and is scouring Europe for more of the same standard. Altogether it looks as if there was going to be some new and very drastic changes in the make up of New York society. And as New York sets the pace for the rest of the country may not society in other sections experience like changes?

Tenth Symphony Concert

The Symphony Concerts in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley are to continue despite the happenings of April. The University Orchestra will give six symphony concerts, on the alternate Thursdays of September 13 and 27, October 11 and 25, and November 8 and 22. The director will be, as here-

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tofore, Dr. J. Fred Wolle, Professor of Music in the University of California. Tickets will be $5.00 for the reserved section and $3.00 for the unreserved section. Single admission tickets will cost one dollar for a reserved seat and seventy-five cents for general admission. Single or season tickets may be obtained by addressing the office of the Regents, Berkeley, and sending check in favor of the Regents of the University of California; or they may be obtained at the Co-operative Store, the Sign of the Bear, Sadlers', and Abbotts', in Berkeley; at Sherman, Clay & Company's and Kohler & Chase's in Oakland, and at Kohler & Chase's in San Francisco. The program of the opening concert, the Tenth Symphony Concert of the University Orchestra will be as follows: "Marriage of Figaro" (Mozart), (a) "Morning Song," (b) "Evening Song"; "The Second Symphony" (Beethoven); Norwegian Melodies (Grieg) (a) "Folk-song," (b) "Cow-keeper's Tune," (c) "Country Dance"; "Jubel-overture" (Weber). These symphony concerts are given by the University of California as a service toward the higher life of the community. The undertaking is absolutely without an element of private gain. The University Orchestra contains the best professional players in the vicinity of San Francisco. The first series, given from February to May, proved a very great success, both artistically and financially, the audiences having ranged from 3,000 to 6,200. It is hoped by the University that the community will so co-operate with the undertaking as to make possible the plan of making the University Orchestra a permanent institution. That such an annual series of symphony concerts in the Greek Theatre should become a lasting tradition of California life would mean much for the highest happiness and well being of the community.

The Patronage of the Dead Solicited

The Harpers have just reissued one of James De Mille's books, "Cord and Creese," which was popular thirty years ago, and have been made the recipients of a communication, addressed to the author, now dead more than a quarter of a century, in which he is importuned to become a patron of a clipping agency: "The press clipping enclosed herewith will convince you that we can fill your particular needs, and you will wonder how you could ever do without us." This sort of thing is becoming so common that one begins to wonder how the agencies themselves do without an obituary clerk to keep them posted. Even an unabridged dictionary would be of some advantage to them, since there is an alphabetical list brought down to date, and the office boy might, in the intervals between fly catching, post up once a week. One of the peculiarities of these and similar institutions is that they seem to be conducted by office boy intelligence, and because a name is unfamiliar, it is immediately presumed to be that of some beginner just breaking into literature, and consequently, gullible enough to be caught. There have been several instances in which authors dead more than a century have been importuned for subscriptions and in the height of the souvenir spoon craze, jewelers were as guilty as the clipping agents.

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Stage

Evolution of a Fitch Play

Some time ago I wrote that it was almost incredible that the author of Beau Brummel could have written the trashy plays that have emanated in recent years from his worshop. Now I learn that he is not entitled to the credit of having written "Beau Brummel." This news comes through William Winter, who says: "About 1887 Mansfield applied to me for a list of plays such as I might consider expedient for revival, and, in reply to his request, I directed his attention to several old comedies, long disused. In particular, I mentioned the comedy of 'Beau Nash,' by Douglas Jerrold, a copy of which I sent to him to read. That play contains the well-drawn character of Richard Nash, 'the Tiberius of a silk stocking' and 'by the grace of impudence, King of Bath'—in his day a remarkable man, of whom the biography was written by no less an author than Oliver Goldsmith. The play contains, also, an amusing story, comic incidents, good equivoke, and various pungent examples of the caustic pleasantry for which its author was distinguished; for instance: 'Virtue's a work of time; you cannot raise a character like a salad;' 'Nothing was ever written in English that wouldn't have been finer in something else;' 'A man's in no danger as long as he talks his love, but to write it is to impale himself on his own pothooks;' 'People with one leg in the grave are so devilish long before they put in the other! Like birds, they seem to repose better on one leg.'" From that play Mr. Mansfield derived the idea of acting a beau. Winter then submitted to him the scenario of a play most of which was borrowed from the Jerrold comedy. And then Mansfield employed Fitch, to whom he submitted Winter's scenario and some ideas of his own borrowed from Captain Jesse's memories of Beau Brummel. Fitch put the mass into shape, sprinkling it liberally with lines in the dialogue derived from Captain Jesse's book, and thus was the play built.

Why Ibsen Did Not Employ Shakespearean Themes

G. Lomes Dickinson, a London writer, has been trying to explain why Ibsen did not select for his dramas themes similar to those employed by Shakespeare. He might spend his time with as much advantage in explaining why Shakespeare did not employ the themes on which the dramas of Greece were founded. Ibsen did not employ Shakespearean themes for the reason that the mythical and historical stories that supplied Shakespeare with his plots no longer hold interest for us. The lordly, passionate life with its chivalry, its splendor and its bloodshed is now but a tradition. Heroics are fustian. We have become matter-of-fact. We are in a scientific, not a poetic age. The drama depends on the personality of the dramatist, and the first rapture of his intellectual activity is derived from those stirring characteristics of mankind that are familiar to him, or what is really interesting in the color of his time. All of which is not hard to understand.

Orpheum Vaudeville

Chinko, renowned as the youngest and best of all English jugglers, will make his first appearance in this city at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. Some of his work is extraordinary beyond description. He comes direct from London, where he has been a sensation for several seasons. O. T. Fiske and Nellie McDonough, character sketch artists, will present Mr. Fiske's greatest success, a little one-act play, entitled "Good News." There is a combination of humor and pathos in the work of these clever people that must needs be seen to be appreciated. When they last appeared here they scored an immense hit. There are bicyclists upon bicyclists but there is only one Minnie Kaufmann. What she cannot accomplish while whirling on her chosen dumb steed is not worth seeing. She is a world wonder and the best member of the celebrated Kaufmann family of bicyclists. The Italian trio promise a distinct surprise to San Francisco. They are male vocalists of international reputation and will undoubtedly create a sensation in this city. Ben Welch, who has set the community laughing, will change his Jewish and Italian stories and parodies and the Dixon brothers, European grotesques, will vary their musical eccentricities. The five Salvaggis, decidedly graceful and agile acrobatic dancers, Max Hildebrandt, "The Crazy German Cavalry Band Leader," and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a varied and interesting program. There will be a special matinee at the Orpheum Monday, Admission Day.

At Ye Liberty Playhouse

"In the Palace of the King" is the attraction for the coming week at "Ye Liberty Playhouse." Miss Isabelle Fletcher will appear in the role of Dolores. Manager Bishop is now preparing for an elaborate production of Harry D. Cottrell's play, "Before the Gringoes Came," in which is depicted the romantic life of the Spanish period in California's history.

Bohemian Club

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Robin Hood a Hit

At Idora Park Robin Hood and his merry band are still holding sway, and from present indications they will continue to do so for some time. The performance ranks with any light opera performance ever given here. The costuming is superb, the chorus is large and well drilled, and Director Steindorff gets out of the score all there is in it. Seats for the performance may be obtained by mail from Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store at Thirteenth and Broadway, Oakland.

Ettinge Conquests Paris

O. H. Harris, manager for Julian Ettinge, who created quite a sensation at the Orpheum some time ago, has written to me from Paris to tell me that Ettinge has taken the French capital by storm with his wonderful impersonation of American girls. A leading Parisian daily has pronounced him the biggest American hit in years and Segaud, a celebrated French portrait painter has made a life-size poster of Ettinge, with which Paris is flooded.

By Way of Comment

"I see that a dancer has married an Archduke near Paris," said the boarder who reads all the papers.

"She evidently kicked—I mean aimed—high," said the idiotic boarder.

"She certainly took steps to secure him," the oldest boarder suggested.

"I've no doubt she'll lead the poor man a pretty dance," sniffed the landlady.

And then the idiotic boarder ended it:

"Well," he said, "let's at least give her credit for getting there with both feet."

—The Reporter.



Minnie Kaufmann

The Bewitching Trick Cyclist, Who Will Amaze Patrons of the Orpheum.

Some Epigrams

From Elliott Flower's "The Spoilsmen."

In politics there's no friendship but the friendship of necessity or convenience.

It's sometimes necessary in politics to do some things you don't want to do in order to be able to do some other things that you really ought to do. That's where the reformer makes his mistake. He wants to do everything his own way, and he loses the chance to do anything at all in most cases.

A man frequently relies on his wife to make things right with his conscience.

Half the stories that are told of public men aren't true of the men they're told about. You can't tell a story of an unknown man with any success; you've got to put it onto someone who is known, and if the latter is wise he's mighty glad to have you do it. That's what helps to keep him before the public. It's the only thing that keeps a whole lot of men from being forgotten, and they know it. A good story travels farther and sticks to the memory longer than a good speech and it's still making votes for a man when his vote on some important bill is lost in the shuffle.

It is all right to be a celebrity if one can choose one's own time for receiving the tributes of one's admirers.

Friendship, even when it isn't entirely selfish, is largely a matter of personal convenience in many instances.

The social method of celebrating an event is to feed one's friends. If great honor comes to a man in public life there is a banquet; if Mrs. Grundy has a distinguished guest, there is a dinner; if Miss Grundy's engagement is announced there is a luncheon. The first thought that occurs to the average American when it is desired to do honor to any occasion or any person seems to relate to good things to eat and drink. If the President of the United States did not stick pretty close to the White House, he would certainly have dyspepsia, for whenever he stirs abroad he is called on to eat; and the distinguished foreigner who visits this hospitable country must almost hate the sight of food by the time he gets away. The height of the social season, when debutantes, visitors, engagements and anniversaries hold the attention, is a period of discouragement for all whose capacity and digestion is not exceptionally good. One must eat to show appreciations of an honor, or to confer an honor or as a delicate method of extending congratulations.

The average reformer is so busy being honest that he hasn't time for anything else. The minor, individual interests of his constituents are too insignificant to hold his attention. His business is at the City Hall and not in the ward, and he is so full of his own schemes that he can't see their need except in the aggregate. His intentions are all right but his methods are all wrong. He goes on the theory that he is a superior being, which may be right, but he proves that he is an inferior politician.

It is too much trouble to be offended with some one whom you care nothing about.

It is seldom that a man is in such desperate straits that he does not think he can win if given a little consideration and help. The thing is to inspire another with the same confidence.

A Dissensus of Opinion

Being desirous of investigating a subject of greatest importance, not only to myself, but to mankind in general, I approached one whose experience justified the question, and said:

"My friend, what is the best time for a man to marry?"

"I was married," he replied, "at the age of twenty, but I have always felt that was too young. If I had to do it over again I should wait until I was twenty-five. A man has so much more experience at that age."

Thanking him, I approached another and said: "My friend, what is the best age to marry?" And my second informant replied: "I was married at about twenty-five, but it's too young. Thirty is about right. A man has judgment, then. He knows women better."

To the third man I repeated my question: "What is the best time for a man to marry?" And he smiled as he replied:

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"I fell at thirty, but it's too young. Thirty-five is about right. A man at that age knows something. His taste is formed."

"What," I said to the next man, "is the best time to marry?"

"Not when I did," he answered, sternly. "I joined the silent majority at forty. Alas! I thought I knew it all, but I am convinced that a man's judgment is not really ripe enough to enable him to take this important step until he is at least fifty."

In despair over this wide divergence of opinion, I approached an old gentleman of seventy, convinced that I would find the truth.

"Sir," I asked, "when were you married?" There was a gleam in his eye as he replied:

"I have just arrived at that distinction."

"And when," I asked with eager voice, "do you consider the best age for a man to marry?"

And the old gentleman smiled a joyous smile as he replied:

"My boy, just as soon after he is born as possible."

—The Bachelor.

BOARDING-HOUSE GEOMETRY

Definitions and Axioms

1. All boarding-houses are equal to the same boarding-house.

2. Boarders in the same boarding-house, and on the same flat, are equal to one another.

3. A single room is that which has no parts and no magnitude.

4. The landlady of a boarding-house is a parallelogram; that is, an angular oblong figure that cannot be described, and is equal to anything.

5. A wrangle is the disinclination of two boarders to each other, that meet together, but are not on the same floor.

6. All other rooms being taken, a single room is equal to a double room.

Postulates and Propositions

1. A pie may be produced any number of times.

2. The landlady can be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions.

3. A line may be made at any time from any one boarding-house to any other boarding-house.

4. The clothes of a boarding-house bed, being produced ever so far both ways, will never meet.

5. Any two meals at a boarding-house are together less than one square meal.

6. On the same bill and on the same side of it there should not be two charges for one and the same thing.

7. If there be two boarders on the same floor, and the amount of 'side" of the one be equal to the amount of "side" of the other each to each; and if the wrangle between the one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other boarder, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal each to each. For if not let one bill be the greater. Then the other bill is necessarily less than it might have been. Which is absurd.

8. The case in which the landlady has a pretty daughter who distracts the attention of the boarders from the superfluous items in the bill needs no demonstration.

9. To describe a plain boarding-house circle. Let a pretty girl be the center, then a collection of spiteful old cats will probably form the greater part of the circumference.

Let a nice young man enter the circle, and take up a position near the center. Then the spitefulness of the remarks at the circumference will be equal to the sugariness of the remarks in the center each to each; and the reputations at the center will shortly be worn as threadbare and scraggy as the shoulder-blades at the circumference.

10. To describe an ideal boarding-house. Take any real boarding-house, and make everything as opposite as possible, only more so. Then eliminate all the old tabbies of both sexes. Q. E. F. Quite an easy feat!



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FOR

BREAKFAST

The Vengeance of Valerius

A Roman Painter's Story

All the world has fiercely condemned the picture, but since all the world has viewed it, I am satisfied. Strange, is it not, that an artist should prefer his masterpiece to be universally censured rather than praised. Well, you will understand presently. I was not born in Rome. I am an American. But to you—to all—I am Valerius. As a barefooted lad, trudging after the cattle over the New England hills, I dreamed of Romé; as a man with my life consecrated to a cause, I have loved the Eternal City as much as did ever the hapless Ovid. Like the Valerius that renounced his Roman deities to become a Christian for the sake of his Athanasia, I have resigned my name and country to be a Roman for the sake of my art.

In this old palace amid the olives and oleanders, I have lived since the day Fame found me starving and loaded me like a Zeus, with the golden apples of Fortune. It is a beautiful ruin and splendid enough to have been the abode of a Syrian empress. Its sculptured columns gleam white and cool through the green foliage and its walls and domes are rich in carvings of Sibyls and Satyrs, and frescoes of bold heroes and descending angels that Giulio Romano himself might have painted. There is a gushing fountain in the atrium where the pigeons splash and preen their wings, and behind the white marble terrace there are groves of magnolia and orange and pomegranate trees, and hedges of arbutus and clipped box, with myrtle and tulips, and jessamines and hydrangeas and fritillaria everywhere.

You do not care for Rome, you say? I cannot understand that. The Ghetto is not Rome, and the fever you dread never hurt me. But then, I am a Roman.

It was on a spring afternoon, as I wandered in the Colonna gardens that I first saw my Lais. From the ruins of the Temple of the Sun I had strolled along the upper terrace, where stand the Tower of Nero and the pine stem that marks Rienzi's fall, when she passed me in company with the old man, her father. I could not put in words the feeling that pulsed through me as I beheld her beautiful face. Never again in life will my heart thrill with such a sensation of joy. But it was not so much her beauty that I noticed at that moment as the sublime innocence that looked out of her eyes. It was not exactly that seraphic expression that one may see in Boticelli's or Garofalo's cherubim, or Mino's Madonna, for it was not holy; instead it was a vivid indication of that womanly purity that precedes all passion, the shining spirit of the maiden that has yet to love and live.

Standing near together with Rome outstretched at our feet, and breathing the sweet odors that were blown up to us from the aloes and citrons below, we watched the sun set behind St. Peter's; or rather they watched the Turneresque spectacle, while I fed my admiration with eager scrutiny of her.

She was a perfect Greek type, not too tall, but supple and strong and peaceful as the huntress Diana. Her eyes were a deep dark blue like the Aegean sea in the sunlight, and to look at her mouth was to think of Lucullus's cherries. She was not a daughter of the people as could be told at a glance, for her habit was costly and she had the pose of a princess.

She was indeed my Lais, the ideal of my dreams, the study for my greatest canvas. Not the vile Lais of Alcibiades, but that Lais of transcendant beauty whom Appelles found drawing water at the well of Akrokorinth, and led with the Eastern Aryballos on her head, to the banquet of the painters in the city of fair women, to be taught by him the mysteries of love and to meet death by woman's jealousy on the steps of the temple of Aphrodite.

THE LIQUEUR OF POLITE SOCIETY



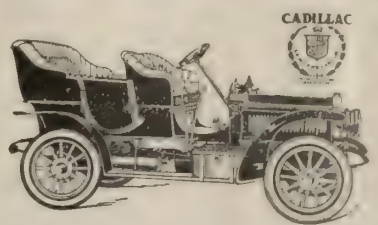
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For years I had treasured this character in my mind as the central figure of my most ambitious artistic conception, but I had sought for a model in vain. Every female that had come under my glance had been scrutinized as a possible Lais, but that dominant and essential expression of innocence, combined with perfect feature and form, had ever eluded me. I am not a cynic and I know there are many good women in the world, but only he that has tried to find a face that is at once classic and ideal in its maidenly purity can comprehend the difficulty of my task. Conceive my joy, therefore, when my eyes fell upon this radiant incarnation of the nymph of my fancy walking in the Colonna gardens.

Suddenly the old man tottered and fell, and with a cry the girl dropped to her knees and bent above him. I hastened to her side and was greeted with a supplicating glance that would have made a Samaritan out of a Judas. It took me but a moment to judge the nature of the stroke that had felled the enfeebled man and to realize its effect. His eyes closed and his heart fluttered faintly for a few minutes, then ceased to beat altogether.

She seemed on the point of swooning, but, when I spoke to her, recovered herself with an effort. Replying to my question, she gave me the address of her abode, and then, followed by her, I bore the lifeless form in my arms from the gardens. Entering a vehicle, we were driven to one of the stateliest palaces in Rome, situated almost in the shadow of the dome of Agrippa, and I carried my burden up the marble steps and deposited it in the apartment she designated.

That night when I returned home I put all my brushes away, vowing to myself I should never paint again until she sat before me to give my inspiration wings. And in the months that followed, this purpose was not infracted. I saw her almost daily. Patrician as she was, courted of princes and famous throughout Europe for her beauty, I at first despaired of attaining my object. She had no taste for art beyond a cold admiration for those noble masterworks that are objects of passionate veneration to the artist, and I dared not offend her by asking her to pose for me. Nor was she vain, as are so many beautiful women that will lend their face and figure to the painter for the glory of immortality on canvas.

Beset with conflicting doubts and fears, I spent all my time when not at her side rambling through the familiar places, wrestling with the problem before me, and dreaming of her—always dreaming of her as my Lais, the image of chastity that should give me the deathless fame Angelico's angels gave him.

Long days I spent thus dreaming in this city of dreams; in the little garden of the Rospiglioso Casino, gazing up through the ilex leaves at Guido's Aurora soaring in eternal youth, and the joyous Hours frolicking in advance of the sun; in the Villa Medici of the Pamphli woods; in the Borghese, beloved of Raffaele, sitting before Titian's Graces and Loves, or Alexander's Nuptials, or Albano's Seasons; in the Vatican with the colossal Isis, and the Volscion Jove, and the pontiff Caesar, and the Ganymede of Leucares, and the Ariadne that was once called the Cleopatra, reclining in voluptuous beauty; or at night roaming, like a spirit of the past, among the majestic ruins that once echoed the rumble of Nero's chariot wheels—that arch-fiend that could weep at a strain from the harp of Terpnos, and yet had patrician virgins stripped and burned to light his golden car along the Corso.

All places, all times were the same to me, in that she was ever before my eyes and in my thoughts.

There was but one way in which my hopes could be realized. I must marry her.

On reaching this conclusion, I at once ardently applied myself to the accomplishment of my purpose, and in the course of time I found myself growing in favor in her eyes.

The idea of marriage was a new and strange one to me, for I cared nothing for the love of women. All my soul was in the work that leaped into being at the touch of my painter's wand. Art was my mistress and my life. I was as simple

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and contented a celibate as any humble Galilean fisherman.

Distinctly, I did not love her—not as men love women. But I worshipped her, in an artistic sense, as my ideal of the beautiful. I loved her as Michael Angelo loved the statues he carved from the Parian stones. But as for passion, I never so much as thought of it.

I studied her from a psychological as well as a physical standpoint; and while she was so pure and perfect, I recognized the fact that dormant in her veins was all the ardor of Aphrodite Melinis herself, which at the kindling would flash up fiercely. This was as I wished, for, with all the innocence of my Lais, I desired to reproduce that indefinite languor in her eyes that told the reason of her leaving the well to follow Apelles, and caused her blushes in anticipation of the happiness in store for her. To commit this expression to canvas ere yet that slumbering fire was kindled to flame—this was my dream and my desire. To embalm with the brush that maidenly trembling on the verge, that rapturous breathing-space between the budding and the bloom; in a word, to picture the promise, not its fulfilment.

And I must marry her.

She was very proud, and the royalty of Rome was at her feet. But I was a celebrated painter, and painters are honored in Rome. Acceptance of me involved no dishonor. However, I am convinced she was won more by my intensity of purpose and superior will than by any other influence. It was, to an extent, a question of the power of mind over mind, and, as in all such cases, the more puissant mentality was victorious.

Ah, my happiness the day she became mine! That day I took down all my brushes again, and prepared my canvas and arranged my colors, and even strewed some flowers on the floor of my atelier in my exhilaration. Then I called her to me and told her of the ambition of my life to paint her as Lais.

She listened in surprise, and a strange look swept over her face. Then, when I ceased speaking, she said quietly:

"I am your wife. Instruct me."

And then I took from its place the white robe I had provided, and bade her put aside her wedding garments, and this she did to the last vesture, standing white as Psyche. For a little time I surveyed her marvellous symmetry in profound rapture, and then I draped the white garment about her and tied sandals upon her feet and arranged her hair as I wished it, and, with unspeakable gratification, posed her before my easel.

Now more than ever I realized how perfectly she accorded with my ideal Lais, for her beauty of form was only surpassed by her beauty of face. She was nothing less than a Greek goddess. If Hermes, who made woman out of sport, had viewed this, his handiwork, he must, like Swift, have wept at the genius of his own creation.

From that day I was happier than ever I had been before. All my soul was in my work, so much so that I scarcely spoke from dawn to dawn. She posed patiently, and when weary wandered out into the open court to watch the pigeons, or, with her mandolin, sat pensively under the vines that grew against the columns without. With the setting of the sun she went to sleep in the apartment set apart for her, while I stole forth to roam through the silent streets for half the night, like a re-embodied Odysseus.

The days went by, and I worked on and on. It was a strange honeymoon, perhaps, but I never thought of that then. I was a monomaniac, you will say, and so have it, if you like.

She had no interest in my work, and never so much as looked at my canvas. Like all true artists, I am sensitive to praise and sympathy, and was piqued at her indifference; but I did not reprove her, thinking that when the picture was complete she could not fail to be proud of the genius that had immortalized her beauty. She obeyed my wishes—that

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The Security Savings Bank Building is in process of re-habilitation and deposits are being received. ALL demands of depositors have been met since May 28th and the business of making new loans will be shortly resumed. New accounts are being opened.

S. L. Abbot,
Vice-President and Manager.

was all—as implicitly as one under the influence of the hypnotist.

I would sooner have cut off my right hand than have held her to my breast with passion, and thus, by an hour's madness, marred the dream of a lifetime. I never so much as considered such a thing. Had the alleged power of the old magicians been mine, I should have given her an elixir of eternal youth, and thus preserved her as she was forever. Pygmalion so loved his ivory Galatea that Venus, in pity, endowed her with life, but I would have changed my human Lais to a statue, that in the enduring marble her perfection might never be sullied by time or trial.

As a zealot worships his God, I worshipped her innocence.

One day he came. He was one of the few admitted to my confidence since the consecration of my life to art. An Englishman, well born and wealthy, and fair and young, who looked upon existence as a plaything. He knew art, but was not an artist; he knew poetry, but was not a poet; he knew the world, and was worldly; but we had long been friends.

He had come from somewhere up in the Riviera, where he had idled away the summer.

He had always visited me at his pleasure, and I had no thought of denying him the freedom of my palace now; only I cautioned him against interrupting my work.

He took to coming in the afternoons when her posing was done, and they sat under the trees together while I continued my labor of love within doors until the dying sun deprived me of light.

Each day they passed an hour thus, and I gave no heed to them. What time had I to play the ridiculous part of spy upon my innocent wife and my old friend when my great picture was so near to completion—the beautiful picture that but to look upon made my heart beat fast with exultation and happiness.

There are still Romeo's ladders in Italy.

One morning, when she entered the studio and assumed her pose, a shadow seemed to sweep over me—a vague feeling of something wrong. I tried to work but could not. My inspiration was gone. There was a change in her, however. What was it?

I gazed for one awful moment into her eyes, and then my brush dropped from my hand and my head fell on my breast.

My hope of years was blighted in that moment.

The revelation came lurid and sudden as a flash of lightning over the midnight sky, and I saw all—all—as clearly as if I had been an actual witness of my undoing. What folly to think to deceive me—me, who read her soul as an open book!

For a long time I sat there in a sort of stupor, and yet thinking—thinking with the intensity a drowning man does. Alarmed by my prolonged abstraction, she would have approached me, but I beckoned her back. I marvel I did not leap up and seize her by the throat and crush her false life out.

At last I instinctively took up my brush again and attempted to resume work. But my hand had lost its cunning. A deadly apathy was upon me.

And I had left so much of my great work to the last!—so much of the utmost importance. With the noble, classic figure virtually finished, the fair face yet lacked that subtle and elusive expression that was to be a vision of virtue to the world, and to crown her as the incarnation of ideal maidenhood. But that expression was gone forever.

I tried to supply it from memory, but even as it had faded from her face, so it had vanished from my mind's eye.

To think to deceive me! Worlds of more substantial proof could not have been more conclusive.

"I shall not work today," I said, and without looking at her again, I walked blindly out of the atelier, and on, on, I knew not whither.

I was like a man mad. I could see it all now. "Fool!" I cried to myself, "to believe a woman may live without love."

My art and my heart died within me that day.



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Returning home, I informed her she would not be required to pose again, and locked myself within my studio. Then I sat down before my picture and gazed with dry eyes at its soulless beauty.

"It is not the Lais of Akrokorinth," I muttered. "It is the other Lais—the Greek hetaira—that Demosthenes scorned and Diogenes adored for her shamelessness."

And then a frenzy took possession of me, and seizing up a knife I rent my picture into shreds.

The outburst of passion was succeeded by a terrible calmness, and presently I prepared a new canvas.

"She shall be paainted in her proper character," I said to myself, and straightway I began work on that other Lais—that wanton's picture that you and the world have done me the favor to condemn.

But it was not I that painted that vile thing. It was a demon within me. My art was dead. And yet it is called my masterpiece.

I scarcely ate or slept till the picture was finished. During all this time I seldom saw her or him. The fools noted only that I was blindly absorbed in my work, and little suspected what I was doing. He came every day; he came when he pleased—I neither heard him nor saw him—I did not care now.

In the afternoons she was driven in her carriage along the fashionable thoroughfares, admired by princes and paupers, pointed at as the most beautiful woman in all modern Rome.

Her proud sovereignty should be short-lived. A terrible purpose inspired me, and my hand moved with marvelous accuracy and power. It mattered not that I worked without a model. I saw every line and curve and color of her sumptuous figure as plainly as though she were reclining before me. Her image was as indelibly impressed upon me as the seared forms on laurels of steel.

Ah, the loveliness, the accursed sorcery of her, lying there with the very soul of Venus Pandemos in her siren eyes. Her face should be forever the type and symbol of wanton abandonment. All the world should look upon her, and know her shame, and ravish her with their eyes, and curse her and point to her as the incarnation of infamy. Through all the ages to come she should live in her insolent nudity, looking into the most degraded eyes with the fever of an unholy impulse—shameless, shameless, not merely to one man, or to two, but to all men, for all time.

Was it not the very refinement of cruelty and revenge—the very sum and crown of malediction? Tiziano would have painted like this, had he been inspired with such a purpose. Never again could she have the courage to look friend or foe in the face, for none could mistake her, having once seen the picture. It was a perfect likeness, only for that look in her eyes—that look that should cause her to be scorned by the virtuous and gloated over by the vicious and the vile of every nation.

If she were not mine, then she should be all the world's.

You know what a storm and sensation the painting has created since it was hung up to the public view. They revile it, but they go to look at it again and again. They cannot deny its genius and its greatness.

They revile it, and that affords me the greatest happiness.

Many offers for its purchase have come from the cities where it has been exhibited, but all are refused. My "Lais" shall not be cloistered; it belongs to the world.

I shall never take up the brush again. My work is done. I only sit here in solitude, watching the pigeous, or weaving fresh garlands for the statue of Flora in the wide window there, while relating the story of my vengeance to whomsoever cares to hear.

She is gone away, I know not whither; perhaps with her Apelles to another banquet of the voluptuaries in the city of jealous women.

—The Romancer.

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(Continued from Page 9.)

anti-Lecompton standard, and Senator Gwin, the pet of the Administration, the boss of the Democratic machine in California, came back in the full pride of power resolved to win indorsement of his conduct, and there followed a most exciting contest, one that involved in addition to the paramount political issue of the day the great prize of personal supremacy.

There had been an extraordinary change in the affairs of Broderick and Gwin since that memorable day when the leader of the "chiv" faction acknowledged his obligation to the giant New Yorker and confessed the heavy debt of gratitude imposed upon him in respect to the dispensation of the Federal patronage. We now find that stateman in an attitude of defiance toward his benefactor. Broderick's inflexible devotion to principle, his unfaltering patriotism, his loyalty to his country rather than to his friends, had proved disastrous to his political interests, to all that, to him personally, was of vital concernment. On the other hand Gwin was so circumstanced that by giving reign to his natural sympathies, and taking his stand in accordance with the impulses that moved most men of Southern birth, he prospered at the expense of his colleague. But in the viscissitudes that brought about this metamorphosis the most bitter hatred was engendered.

In the campaign of 1859 we find David C. Broderick touring the State denouncing Gwin from every platform in the most vehement language. So great was the virulence of this campaign that the whole State was aroused. Broderick's most sensational speech was delivered at Sacramento on the evening of August ninth. He began by saying: "I came tonight to arraign before you two great criminals, Milton S. Latham and William M. Gwin," and then he proceeded to read several letters to support the charge that both Latham and Gwin, during the senatorial contest of 1857, had agreed to surrender to him all the Federal patronage. These charges he had frequently made during the campaign and they had been vigorously denied. So on that memorable evening, to substantiate what he had been saying, he read a letter addressed to him by Gwin and signed by that stateman. The letter contained this language: "While in the Senate I will not recommend a single individual to appointment to office in the State. Provided I am elected you shall have the exclusive control of this patronage so far as I am concerned; and in its distribution I shall only ask that it may be used with magnanimity, and not for the advantage of those who have been our mutual enemies and unwearied in their exertions to destroy us." This letter was known during the remainder of the campaign as the "scarlet letter."

All through the envenomed campaign it was thought that a duel between Broderick and Gwin was inevitable, for neither was without experience in the field of honor. But Broderick was destined to meet a duelist far more accomplished in the use of weapons than Senator Gwin. That man was Chief Justice David S. Terry of the Supreme Court, a Southerner of the Lecompton wing of the Democracy. In a speech at a Lecompton convention Judge Terry referred to the members of the Broderick faction as "the personal chattels of a single individual whom they are afraid of." "They belong," he said, "heart and soul, body and breeches, to David C. Broderick." A few days later Broderick met D. W. Perley, a friend of Terry, in the International Hotel in this city, and during a conversation on the subject of the Terry speech he said: "I paid and supported three newspapers to defend him during the Vigilance Committee days, and this is all the gratitude I get from the damned miserable wretch for the favors I have conferred on him. I have hitherto spoken of him as an honest man—as the only honest man on the bench of a miserable, corrupt Supreme Court—but now I find I was mistaken. I take it all back. He is just as bad as the others."

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It will never be known whether Terry deliberately provoked Broderick into supplying him with a pretext to challenge him to a duel. But that Broderick's friends took that view of the quarrel there is no doubt. They inferred that such was the case from the fact that it was well known that efforts would be made to force Broderick into difficulties. However, Terry did not challenge Broderick until the latter refused to meet Perley, who announced his intention of holding the Senator responsible for his insulting language. But Perley was a man for whom Broderick had great contempt, and virtually told him so in a letter declining to accept the challenge, basing his declination on the fact that Perley had given publicity to the quarrel causing it to be made the subject of newspaper comment, thereby violating a rule of the code duello. In this, the closing paragraph of his letter, however, he intimated that he would be prepared to meet his enemies at the close of the campaign: "If I were to accept your challenge, there are probably many other gentlemen who would seek similar opportunities for hostile meetings, for the purpose of accomplishing a political object, or to obtain public notoriety. I cannot afford at the present time to descend to a violation of the Constitution and the State laws to subserve their or your purposes."

At the close of the campaign, or, to be precise, on September 8, 1859, Judge Terry addressed this letter to Senator Broderick:

"Hon. D. C. Broderick.

Sir:—Some two months since, at the public table of the International Hotel, San Francisco, you saw fit to indulge in certain remarks concerning me, which were offensive in their nature. Before I had heard of the circumstance, your note of 20th of June, addressed to Mr. D. W. Perley, in which you declared that you would not respond to any call of a personal character during the political canvass just concluded, had been published. I have therefore not been permitted to take any notice of those remarks until the expiration of the limit fixed by yourself. I now take the earliest opportunity to require of you a retraction of those remarks. This note will be handed to you by my friend, Calhoun Benham, Esq., who is acquainted with its contents, and will receive your reply.

"D. S. TERRY."

To that letter Senator Broderick replied as follows:

"Hon. D. S. Terry.

"Sir:—Your note of September 8th reached me through the hands of Mr. Calhoun Benham. The remarks used by me in the conversation referred to may be the subject of future misrepresentation; and for obvious reasons I have to desire you to state what were the remarks that you designate in your note as offensive, and of which you require of me a retraction.

"I remain, etc.,

"D. C. BRODERICK."

There came this note from Judge Terry:

"Hon. D. C. Broderick.

"Sir:—In reply to your note of this date I have to say that the offensive remarks to which I alluded in my communication of yesterday are as follows: "I have heretofore considered and spoken of him (myself) as the only honest man on the Supreme Court bench; but I now take it all back"—thus by implication reflecting on my personal and official integrity. This is the substance of your remarks as reported to me; the precise terms, however, in which such an implication was conveyed are not important to the question. You yourself can best remember the terms in which you spoke of me, on the occasion referred to. What I require is, the retraction of any words which were used calculated to reflect on my character as an officer or a gentleman.

"I remain, your obedient servant,

"D. S. TERRY."

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This note elicited the following:

"Hon. D. S. Terry.

"Sir:—Yours of this date has been received. The remarks made by me were occasioned by certain offensive allusions of yours concerning me, made in the convention at Sacramento, reported in the "Union' of June 25. Upon the topic alluded to in your note of this date, my language, so far as my recollection serves me, was as follows: 'During Judge Terry's incarceration by the Vigilance Committee, I paid $200 a week to support a newspaper in his (your) defense. I have also stated heretofore that I considered him (Judge Terry) the only honest man on the Supreme Bench; but I take it all back.' You are the best judge as to whether this language affords good ground for offense.

"I remain, etc.,

"D. C. BRODERICK.

At this point there was no alternative left for Judge Terry. He had pressed the issue entirely ignoring the fact that he had provoked the indignation of his benefactor by using language fully as offensive as that of which he had complained. Senator Broderick might have adopted a more conciliatory tone. It has been suggested that Terry gave him ample opportunity to recede from his position, but it must be remembered that Terry had assumed a most arrogant attitude and by his conduct implied that he should not be expected to respect the feelings of Broderick, whereas his own feelings were entitled to the most respectful consideration. It should also be remembered that Broderick's enemies were eager for something tangible that might seem to justify them in branding him as a coward. However the issue was joined, the challenge was issued and the arrangements for the duel were made by Calhoun Benham representing Terry and J. C. McKibben representing Broderick. It was decided that the meeting should take place on a farm near the upper end of Lake Merced, just over the county line, and that the duel should be fought with pistols at a distance of ten paces. The date fixed for the duel was Monday, September 12th. All parties met as agreed but the chief of police appeared on the scene and arrested principals, seconds and surgeons. The following morning at sunrise they again met at the appointed place and this time there was no interference.

At the word "Fire!" the men raised their pistols and Broderick's exploded before it had reached the desired level. The ball entered the ground nine feet from where he stood. Judg Terry fired at the word "Fire" and his antagonist fell to the ground with a ball in his left lung. Three days later Broderick died. His death was sincerely and passionately mourned, and popular indignation was aroused to a high pitch. There was talk of lynching Terry and when Senator Gwin was leaving for Washington a large canvas frame was flaunted in his face, bearing the inscription "It is the will of the people that the murderers of Broderick do not return again to California," and below were Broderick's last words: "They have killed me because I am opposed to the extension of slavery and a corrupt Administration." At the head of the editorial columns of the anti-Lecompton newspapers, these words said to be Broderick's parting injunction to his friends, and one of his last utterances, were printed: "If I die, protect my honor." "I die for principle." It was pretty generally believed in San Francisco that David C. Broderick died a martyr; that Terry's pistol was a weapon employed in consummation of a foul conspiracy that had its inception in Washington. This may have been a purely romantic conception, but it was the fixed and ineradicable notion of men familiar with much of the unpublished history of those stirring times. To us, at this late day, it may seem somewhat extravagant. For we cannot appreciate the esteem in which Broderick was held or the appraisement of his character, abilities and qualities for high achievement made his numerous ardent admirers. It was their firm conviction that had Broderick lived he would have won the highest honor in the gift of the American people.



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Usually the study of a man by his contemporaries is like studying a mountain with a magnifying glass. But that was not so of Broderick, and if we attempt to estimate his worth as a leader of men at this day we are bound to feel that we are in the presence of a powerful historic personality. Think of it! He died before he reached his fortieth year, and yet, though born in poverty, reared under disadvantageous circumstances, denied the assistance of an education, compelled to shape his career among strangers, he entered the Senate of the United States in his thirty-seventh year. No creature of circumstances was this man, but one whose dexterity triumphed over the most perplexing combinations. Surely it were not extravagant to cast for him the glittering horoscope that was conceived by his friends, the men that knew of his irresistible magnetism, of the extraordinary energy which was manifest in his resolute struggles with poverty and obscurity and the amazing ambition that could not be curbed. And it was because those men were sensible of the color and stature of that wonderful personality that they suspected his enemies of having conspired to remove him from the broad stage of national politics on which he seemed destined to play a most conspicuous part. I have tried to present in a manner most suitable to intelligent deduction the incidents in his career upon which that grave suspicion of the dead man's followers was founded. I will now quote from Colonel E. D. Baker's oration over his body to show that there was one brave man of that period, who, despite the recognition of the code duello, did not hesitate to assume the responsibility of giving expression to the sentiment that existed. He said: "Fellow citizens, let no man suppose that the death of the eminent citizen of whom I speak was caused by any other reason than to which his own words assign it. It has been long foreshadowed; it was predicted by his friends; it was threatened by his enemies; it was the consequence of intense political hatred. His death was a political necessity, poorly veiled beneath the guise of a private quarrel. Here, in his own State, among those who witnessed the late canvass, who knew the contending leaders, among those who knew the antagonists on the bloody ground; here the public conviction is so thoroughly settled, that nothing need be said. * * * In the contest which has just terminated in the State, Mr. Broderick had taken a leading part; he had been engaged in controversies very personal in their nature, because the subjects of public discussion had involved the character and conduct of many public and distinguished men. But Judge Terry was not one of these. He was no contestant; his conduct was not in issue; he had been mentioned but once incidentally—in reply to his own attack—and, except as it might be found in his peculiar traits or peculiar fitness, there was no reason to suppose that he would seek any man's blood. When William of Nassau, the deliverer of Holland, died in the presence of his wife and children, the hand that struck the blow was not nerved by private vengeance. * * * * But I am here to say that whatever in the code of honor or out of it demands or allows a deadly combat where there is not in all things entire and certain equality, is a prostitution of the name, is an evasion of the substance and is a shield blazoned with the name of chivalry, to cover the malignity of murder."

David C. Broderick was the ante-Rebellion martyr.

[The End.]

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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the directors, held on the 17th day of August, 1906, an assessment of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable on or before the 1st day of October, 1906, to the treasurer, Adolf Becker, at the office of the corporation, 1575 Ellis street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 1st day of October, 1906, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 20th day of October, 1906, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

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(Seal) E. FEDDE, Secretary

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Letters

Uncut Pages

The old complaint of the trouble of cutting the pages of magazines is again to the fore. Some purchasers think they are imposed upon if their periodicals are uncut, and rail at the publishers for putting the additional burden upon them, while the publishers, on the other hand, have practical reasons to offer for sending out their wares "unfinished." Most of the publishing houses make arrangements for binding the numbers of their own magazines, and the covers are made in quantity, uniform in style and size. It is obvious that if the edges are trimmed at a dozen different intervals, and with only rule of thumb measurements, there will be a dozen different margins, each varying a little from the rest and all from the pre-arranged binding, making an unsightly and ill-fitting volume when the home handicraftsman essays the task at the end of the year. Magazines, at best, have none too much margin, and if there is a second trimming, it is reduced until the pages are not only inartistic, but after frequent handling the printed surface is encroached on by thumb marks. On the other hand it is not such a stupendous task to separate a dozen leaves, and there is even a pleasure in doing so for a favorite publication. Some there are who will rag the



Mr. Edward Channing

Author of "Short History of the United States, "First Lessons in United States History," etc. Courtesy of the Macmillan Company.

pages apart with the stem of a pipe, the butt of a lead pencil, or the forefinger, and some who will seize upon a soiled table knife rather than employ a suitable implement, but such are not to be classed with book-lovers. They are of those who keep their place by dog-earing or turning a volume face downward, or who will break the back by bending the covers, rather than hold a book in hands. As a rule, publishers send their periodicals forth both cut and uncut, and the purchaser need but indicate to the dealer his preference. Those who buy stray volumes, just "something to read," without choice, or those who care for only an occasional number for the sake of a special article, are best suited with the cut numbers, while regular readers who preserve their copies for eventual binding find the improved appearance which results from the uncut edges are more than compensated for their little trouble. Instead of writing to the publishers or complaining to the newspapers, a word to the book dealer is sufficient.



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Hardy on Buildings

Thomas Hardy, who was an architect before he was a novelist, still keeps up an interest in his early occupation. He has some original ideas, especially with regard to the restoration of old buildings, and says, were he practicing his profession, nothing would tempt him to undertake such a hopeless task. He ranks the human interest in old edifices above the architectural, and therein lies the difficulty, since sentiment does not cling to replicas and imitations, however good. Mr. Hardy can tell some amusing stories of the outcome of these renovations and house cleanings. He knows of an instance where there were interred in the chancel of an old church the bodies of a popular actor of a bygone generation and his wife. In another place in the same crypt reposed the remains of a venerable vicar who abjured women and died, a bachelor full of years. Both tombs were marked by mural tablets which were taken down at the renovation of the building, and replaced so that the inscription relating to the theatrical couple now adorns the tomb of the divine, while his does honor to the histrionic pair. Mr. Hardy's ideal method of preserving old buildings is to enclose them in a glass structure, like curiosities in a museum, safe from meddling fingers, relic hunters and the ravages of time, while something new is erected alongside for practical purposes. He does not, however, propose the plan as a workaday solution of a twentieth century problem.

His Inheritance

The "Woman's Journal" of Boston credits Richard Harding Davis' literary ability to inheritance from his mother, Rebecca Harding, who wrote sketches and stories before he was born. Mr. Davis might be supposed to owe something to his father, also, who was one of the best known editors of the United States. However, there was enough to "go round," and Charles Belmont Davis, "Dickie's" "little brother," can tell a tale that will postpone bedtime. Richard Harding Davis tells this incident as an instance of the entente cordiale between brothers of the pen craft. A poet and a novelist, both popular men of the day, met at a club. Said the novelist to the poet, "Did you read my story in —— magazine last month?" "Not a bit of it," was the answer. "I began it." Vigorous puffs at a cigar, and after a decent wait: "Interrupted?" inquired the author. "Well, no."

Something Moore Didn't Know

In a recent survey of American literature, George Moore found only three authors whom he could commend—Poe, Walt Whitman and Edgar Saltus. Part of his praise of Saltus lay in the remark that he is not now read. The J. B. Lippincott Company, which is Saltus's present publisher, says it would be difficult now for Saltus to be read: "It is not that the demand for his books is lacking, or that they are out of print. Their publication has been legally enjoined." Mr. Saltus has published about two dozen books, and of these, twenty were brought out by a firm that failed. From the ruins a new company was established and the author objected to its methods. He continued to object until the Court of Appeals sustained him and restrained the company from further issuance of his works. Then, and since then, other houses offered to take them over, but Mr. Saltus refuses to permit them to appear. He is master of the situation until his copyright expires, and as far as the general public goes, his novels are as far out of reach as the lost Sybilline books.

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The Tragedy of a Life

Our genial and newsy friend, The Knave, has been lamenting in the Oakland "Tribune" over the misfortunes of the Hon. Bernard D. Murphy, familiarly known from San Diego to Siskiyou as "Barney" Murphy. He tells us that the life of that gentleman is a real tragedy, his old age being "one of poverty and many sorrows." The details of the tragedy he sets forth in this language: "Possessing immense landed estates, he was a leading banker and a man of affairs, of broad mind and liberal ideas. His home was the center of cultured hospitality of the old school. His purse and heart were ever open to the call of charity and friendship. He possessed in an eminent degree the confidence and respect of his fellow-men. He was loved all over the state. He stood near the highest offices within the gift of the people of California, but had often stood aside to either promote harmony within his party or permit some friend to take the opportunity that was his. This is the man who was smitten by fate as the Lord smote Job. His honor is still stainless, the love of the people is still his, the confidence of his neighbors is still unshaken;" but, "through no fault or vice of his own, his great fortune was swept away by calamity after calamity," and "when he claimed and coveted the governorship at the hands of the party he had served with such fidelity and such liberal hand, it turned him down." How many there are of us that would be willing to live the Murphy tragedy if like him we could earn the encomiums so compactly presented through the medium of the Oakland "Tribune"! Not because of the pride that we might take in earning so agreeable an appreciation, would it be worth our while to live the tragedy of that life, but because of the compensation that it must involve. But if the life of "Barney" Murphy be a tragedy then the noblest aims of existence are not such as we have been led to believe. It is quite true that he has suffered. Indeed, all that the Knave has said of him is quite true. And right here it is worth reflecting that there is not, perhaps, another man in California to whom a newspaper writer could ascribe so many virtues without being suspected either of satire or subsidy. Dead men are frequently accorded as high praise through a mistaken sense of the sympathy due bereaved relatives, but it is seldom that it would not seem like mockery to paint a man in life in the glowing colors that are cautiously reserved for the post-mortem portrait. "Barney" Murphy is one of the exceptions. And yet we find that his life is regarded as a tragedy! The modest philosopher of the Santa Clara Valley who has come to poverty in lordly abandon, with an alert mind and a fine taste for the creature comforts of which he has not been wholly deprived will in all probability smile grimly at the Knave's picture and throw up his hands deprecatingly when he reads these lines. Nevertheless, we refuse to sit idly by while a man of his noble parts is held up to the sympathy of all Alameda County. We rise to protest. His life is not a tragedy, except in the sense in which the life of every man is a tragedy. There is a universal drama founded on the conflict of man's feeble will and the mystical force that encompasses him. It is a drama that abounds in catastrophes, but it is within the power of the central figure to rise superior to them. That is what "Barney" Murphy has done. Like Job he has suffered misfortune but unlike that sorely-afflicted individual he has never cried out in invective, indignation or despair. He is the true Christian philosopher. The man whose purse and heart, as the Knave tells us, were ever open to the call of charity and friendship, must find that the hopes that blossom but to wither in life's journey are reconciled with the peace of a tranquil mind. The felicities of material triumphs may have eluded "Barney" Murphy, but if, for everything we miss, as Emerson tells us, we gain something else, the life of the Santa Clara sage has been crowded with blessings. In our admiration of "Barney" Murphy, is swallowed up every impulse to pity. We believe that of him may be said what Stevenson said of another, "The tale of his failure is the tale of a success." Therefore we deny that his life is a tragedy, and if it seem indelicate to have thus told him so to his face instead of waiting for him to be gathered to his fathers, we can only plead that it is never too early to call attention to a good example.

Roosevelt's Promise

"Shout aloud the name of Bryan anywhere in the political woods," says "Current Literature," "and Echo promptly answers 'Roosevelt.'" And says a Washington correspondent: "It is surprising to learn how many Republican leaders believe that Theodore Roosevelt will be their party's candidate for President in 1908." "Town Talk" has all along believed that Mr. Roosevelt meant what he said on the night of his election when he declared: "On the fourth of March next I shall have served thee and one-half years, and this three and one-half years constitutes my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form. Under no circumstance will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination." It would be pretty hard to evade gracefully either the spirit or substance of that declaration, and therefore we felt it would be vain to reckon with President Roosevelt as a potential candidate. His sincerity on the occasion of that utterance is not to be questioned, and it is not questioned, but it is believed that, in view of the socialistic pestilence that threatens the country and which could not have been foreseen, he will be amenable to the call of patriotism and ignore his resolution. If he wished to justify his deviation from the purpose hitherto announced, he could quote the philosophy of Abe Lincoln, according to whom it is better to break than to keep bad promises. It might also be urged in justification of the abandonment of Mr. Roosevelt's position that a promise made without consideration is of no more value than a one-sided contract. President Roosevelt really entered into a compact with nobody but himself. He did not make the declaration until after his election. If he had made it before election he would have been morally bound by it. However, we never seriously considered, until last week, the suggestion that Mr. Roosevelt would change his mind. It was the New York "Sun" that prompted us to reflect thereon. That paper has all along insisted that Mr. Roosevelt could not be persuaded to accept renomination, but last week the "Sun" thus uttered its views editorially: "Let no one be deluded with the idea that Mr. Roosevelt's dominance is on the wane, that his star is in declension. He is far yet from his apogee and is today a more potential force with the people of this country, Republicans and Democrats alike, than any other day hitherto. There is no one else in their minds, not one; no Taft, no

Root, no Cannon—not one at all in all that vast ineffectual procession." According to the "Sun," that Mr. Roosevelt will be a candidate appears now to be of the widest popular acceptance, and that paper asserts that there is only one sound reason for dismissing his disavowal of further pretence to another term, and that is that it is the prerogative of genius to control its own motives, assured that whatsoever its decision it will enjoy the approbation of the multitude. The "Herald" asserts that "the country is determined that its Presidential candidates shall be Theodore Roosevelt and William J. Bryan." The "World" says that every Republican candidate for office will want Roosevelt to run, and that he may be nominated in spite of himself. All these speculations and predictions regarding Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy are based upon the assumption that it will become necessary to save the country from the peril of socialism, with which it will be threatened by the nomination of William J. Bryan. But it is not certain that the Democracy will stick to the twice-defeated Nebraskan. Mr. Bryan is the ultimate hope of a Democracy afflicted with Hearst-panic. In another year Mr. Hearst may be a member in good standing of that popular organization known as the Down and Out Club. In that event, Mr. Bryan's prestige would be gone. Even now the conservative leaders of the party are making wry faces over the prospect of being forced to accept him. A few weeks ago he was regarded as the harbinger of a reunited Democracy and victory in 1908, but as soon as he returned from Europe he began talking of Federal ownership of railroads and the enthusiasm of his followers petered out.

Our Naval Strength

"The striking thing about the ships that paraded before the President," says a writer in the Los Angeles "Times," "is that in five years from this time the whole outfit will not be worth more than it will bring in the junk market." This is a sample of the kind of misstatement that breeds sceptics among newspaper readers. We are surprised that it appeared in the "Times" because General Otis, the proprietor of that prosperous journal, is a man of martial spirit, who believes that to secure peace we should be prepared for war. A gallant veteran of two wars, he is heartily in accord with the Administration policy of naval expansion, and he knows that the best way to promote that policy is to persuade the public of its soundness. But the public, if convinced that a war vessel becomes useless after five years' service, will not be very enthusiastic over the expansion policy. If every five years we had to renew a navy large enough to entitle us to rank as a naval power we should soon become bankrupt. There are vessels in our navy today that were in it during the Spanish war, and they are still far removed from the junk pile, though eight years have elapsed since the close of that memorable toy conflict. It is true that the "Iowa" and "Indiana," relics of the Spanish war, have been eclipsed by those powerful leviathans, the "Louisiana," "Virginia," "New Jersey" and "Rhode Island," but they are still capable of giving a good account of themselves. And, though they are drifting toward the obsolete list, it is consoling to reflect that vessels of similar type in other navies are keeping them company. The United States is now keeping pace with other nations in naval construction, and it has become a world power in something more than the territory under its protection. We have in commission and under construction twenty-six battleships and thirteen armored cruisers, eleven coast defense ironclads, a large fleet of unarmored steel vessels, upward of forty gunboats and nearly sixty torpedo boats and submarines. In 1881 we had only thirty-seven ships, only four of which had iron hulls. Now we have three hundred and twenty-seven ships in commission, and they are manned by thirty-three thousand officers and men, exclusive of a marine corps of six thousand, a force much larger than the regular army before the Spanish war.

Praise From Pardee

Governor Pardee tells us, with the air of a prophet, that Mr. Gillett, the Republican nominee for Governor, will make a good Governor "if he is Governor himself." Governor Pardee did not intend to call attention to the state of his feelings when he uttered that remark, and yet the obvious implication that it carries clearly indicates that it was not the sentiment of an amiable mood. It is one of those equivokes to which men give expression when they are masking disappointment and envy behind a smile. If Governor Pardee is in doubt as to whether Mr. Gillett would consent to act as a dummy in the gubernatorial office then he has no very strong convictions as to the soundness of Mr. Gillett's character, and cannot therefore feel that in any circumstance that gentleman would make a fine Governor. Governor Pardee expressed the belief, that, if elected, Gillett will be "governor himself," but the whole of his language on the occasion of those utterances was that of a hard loser making a feeble effort to look cheerful. There was a splenetic note in his announcement that the Convention which nominated Gillett was dominated by Ruef and the machine, and it might well have been eliminated in view of his efforts to force his nomination through the power of his own machine built of public patronage. It would have been far more to the credit of our fairly efficient and zealous executive if he had taken the pill without a grimace. His friends will regret that he was not more gracious and that he did not meet defeat philosophically and good naturedly. "Town Talk" believes that Gillett will be elected and that he will be "governor himself." We think he will be elected because the Democratic party is in a badly demoralized condition and because of his personal popularity and his record in the service of the people—a record untarnished and that entitles him to confidence and respect. There is nothing in his record to justify misgivings. Gillett has always done his own thinking and acted on his own convictions.

Bryan, Hearst and Gompers

"The Apostle of Discontent" is what Mr. William R. Hearst has been dubbed by his critics. That he has well earned the title we do not believe Mr. Hearst will deny, but he is not the only apostle of discontent. Mr. Gompers and Mr. Bryan have also earned that title, though it would probably suit them all better to be called Champions of the Plain People or Defenders of the Toiling Masses. But the titles that would be to them most acceptable are somewhat

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misleading, for they have all furthered the interests more particularly of organized labor, which is comparatively a small and select class. Mr. Hearst, especially, has done a great deal for organized labor. He has done enough to entitle him to the everlasting gratitude of union workingmen. But in his zeal for organized labor he has not commended himself to the esteem of all the plain people, many of whom are employers of labor, as for example the store-keeper who does not consider himself one of the capitalistic class unless he has become the owner of a string of department stores. The plain people are, after all, "the people." The butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker (providing he isn't in a trust) are of the plain people; and so is the farmer, the bookkeeper, the inventor, the teacher, the doctor, the reporter, the druggist, the man of letters and all the infinite toilers unaffiliated with the cooks' and waiters' union; and they have not prospered as a result of the industrial strife through which a few million mechanics and laborers have won higher wages and shorter hours. Rather should it be said that the success of organized labor has been detrimental to their interests; or, at least to the interests of a large number of them. For organized labor has established an artificial economic system, depending on none of the constant elements in human nature that regulate economic action, and though a blessing to the unions, its operation is not to the advantage of those that find their cost of living but not their income increased. However, the plain people, the toiling unorganized masses, do not question the right of the labor unions to better their condition so far as they are able, providing that in so doing they do not attempt to pervert the institutions of the country. Nay, the plain people would sympathize with their brethren of the labor unions in their efforts to improve the condition of their members if it were not for the attitude of hostility toward all other elements of the populace lately assumed by the American Federation over which Samuel Gompers presides. Mr. Gompers appears to have assumed that the American Federation of Labor is one of the uncoordinated branches of the Government, and that laws made for the whole people but not favorable to the special interests of the unions should be abrogated. In other words, Mr. Gompers, who is very much offended at the greedy rich for arrogating special privileges to themselves, wishes to secure some for himself and his followers. And Mr. Hearst and also Mr. Bryan, the twin Apostles of Discontent, have persuaded the followers of Mr. Gompers that they should not be content until they get those special privileges. So it is clear that Messrs. Gompers, Hearst and Bryan are not imbued with the spirit that animated the founders of this republic. The framers of our constitution desired to make of this a government of and for the people, not a government of and for classes.

The Greedy and Selfish

The discontent which Mr. Hearst, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Gompers so industriously foment is not to be found among the plain people. It is confined exclusively to organized labor. We believe it to be the opinion of the plain people that our Government is adequate for every purpose for which it exists, and that there are considerations which admonish us to cherish our union and to cling to the government that supports it. From the very inception of this government our political creed has been that the will of the people is the source and the happiness of the people, the end of all legitimate government on earth, and we know of no reason why we should amend our Article of Faith by proclaiming organized labor an institution divinely inspired for the proper exercise of the functions hitherto intrusted to the representatives of the people. Rather are we inclined to the opinion that there should be organized action to curb the aggressions and assuage the rancor of this institution that has undertaken to coerce the legislative representatives of the people into legislating exclusively for its benefit. If there is legitimate cause for discontent in this country today it should exist, not among labor unions whose members, through the support of a generous public sentiment, have obtained ease, comfort and luxuries, but among the plain and patriotic people who love their country and its institutions, and who behold organized capital on one hand resisting the efforts of a courageous President to abrogate the law of greed, and on the other an organized band of selfish workingmen clamoring for the repeal of laws that restrain them from anarchy. It will be surprising, if, in view of this attitude of organized labor, the resentment of the plain people is not soon excited. The fierce demagogue distilling poisonous dews and the pestiferous preacher of cant with his preposterous untruths clad in hell fire are becoming intolerable bores. They have not sufficient ingenuity to divert us by inventing plausible pretexts for their uproarious protests. They are tilting at windmills. They are wasting their zeal in the propagation of phantasms. President Roosevelt has rendered them innocuous. He has begun the work of regulating railroads, he has abated numerous trust evils, he has prosecuted the big land thieves, he has called Standard Oil to time, he has caused the dissolution of the Paper Trust, he has given us a pure food law, and he has stimulated respect for our national institutions. So clearly is his worth recognized that there is not a sane man in the country who does not believe that organized labor and capital combined could not beat him were he to run again for the presidency.

A SENSIBLE TIP

Jaggles: What's the best thing for a fellow to do when he's committed bigamy?

Waggles: Why, look out for No. 1.

—The Laugher.

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Why We're Thankful.

We're thankful for life
And the sweet joy of living;
Thankful for love
That to death is forgiving.
Thankful for toil
In the dark or the light,
And rest in the daisies
When life sighs
"Goodnight."

Perspective Impressions.

That monumental braggart of the perennial shoulder-chip, the swaggering Castro, now has a toy revolution on his hands and he's no longer brandishing his tongue.

About the toughest thing that can happen to a man is to be called upon to deny that he didn't stay bought.

Mr. Langdon was probably nominated for Governor on the strength of his good intentions. The purity of his purpose is undisputed, but in execution he is somewhat dilatory. Perhaps he has been too busy getting ready to run for the gubernatorial office.

From the "News" of Charleston, S. C., comes a plea for a more passionate note in American poetry. Is Ella Wheeler Wilcox out of print? Or has she become austere with age? Or has the revelation come with maturity that metrical rhymes are not essentially poetry?

Much would be forgiven if Mayor Schmitz would only vouchsafe us the boon of a sprinkled town. Please, Mr. Mayor, grant us that little favor. Bring your massive brain to work on that great problem, How shall the dust be kept down. We know it is tremendously perplexing, but you might experiment with a few watering carts.

"Current Literature" says that a great moral upheaval is now taking place in this country. Would it not be better to call it an unmoral upheaval? As we see it the force that is being exerted springs from an awakened sense of wrong rather than from a love of righteousness. We are upheaving against injustice because we want all that should be coming to us, but we have not yet begun to exalt virtue for virtue's sake. In other words, our morals are a negligible quantity and the Higher Critics are becoming smarter every day.

President Wheeler has entered Rugby in the Berkeley curriculum, and pronounced all other forms of football irregular and banal. We have at length come to the official recognition of brawn as one of the things to be developed under the scholastic tree. Perhaps we are drifting to the conclusion that the Persians were right in their theory that their curriculum—to ride, to shoot and to speak the truth—is the better part of a boy's education. We recognize the importance of outdoor exercise and presently, perhaps, we shall look to character as something to which we should not be wholly indifferent.



HE KNOWS JOHN D. A-PLENTY ALREADY.

JOHN D.—"We should all know each other better."
THE PUBLIC—"Yes, Mr. Rockefeller, I should enjoy it, but I couldn't afford it." —Bartholomew in the Minneapolis *Journal*.



William J. Bryan: "The world said I'd never do it, but I have them hitched together now."
—Morris in the Spokane "Spokesman Review."

Across the Sierra Madre.

Where the Cliff Dwellers Lived Mines of Fabulous Richness are Undeveloped

By the Interviewer

The next great rush of gold-seekers will in all probability be over the border line into Mexico and across the Sierra Madre mountains, which is now being opened up by the Cannanea group of mining men at the head of which is Colonel William C. Green of the Green Gold and Silver Company. In the direction of this historic but undeveloped mining region the Harriman group of railroad builders are now projecting new lines, and Wall street financiers are engaged in extensive water power development preparatory for the huge enterprises that are soon to be undertaken.

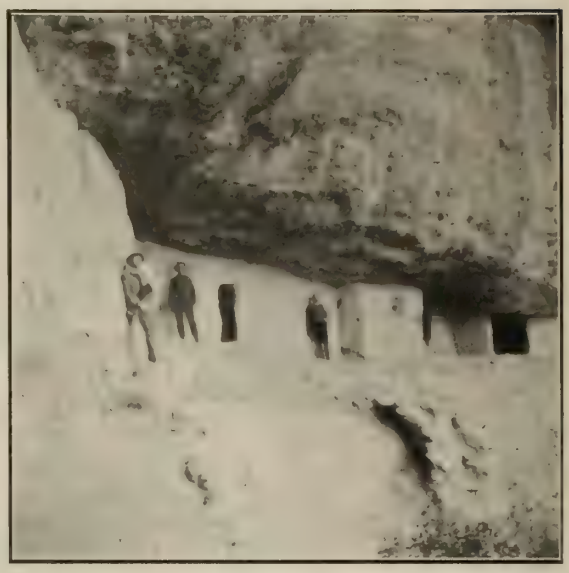
A few months ago F. A. Stearns of Oakland, and a friend, C. D. Galvin, made a trip across the Sierra Madre mountains from El Paso, via the Candelaria mine on the Coralitos Ranchos. They were accompanied by a guide and traveled with pack animals, and when they reached the Tres Aurigos mine, near the Aros River, they established a camp and spent several days there prospecting, taking photographs and enjoying the wild scenery.



At the Forts



Hidden Shaft. Old Spanish Mine on S. Slope of "Utah" Possibly the Lost Toyopa.



Cliff Dwellers' Caves

"The country," says Mr. Stearns, "furnishes abundant evidence of having been inhabited by a race of industrious people, far more numerous than the native Mexicans of today. One day I found an old mine with the dip or slant to the tunnel such as the ancient miner was accustomed to have so that he might work into or out of the mine on a slant, much like stairs zigzagging down into the mountain along the ore body on such a grade that he could carry the ore out in sacks made of hides. An earthquake had thrown a large body of rock from the roof of the tunnel, blocking the passage. We lowered ourselves with a rope over the obstruction and found a stope some thirty-five feet in height by twenty in width and about one hundred feet in length from which ore had evidently been extracted. As there was no dump at the mouth of the tunnel we concluded that the ore must have



In the Caves

been carried away to smelters in the neighboring gulches where we had found slag dumps, lime kilns and old stone walls. I believe that is one of the richest undeveloped mining regions in the world. We visited a large number of old mines in which a little modern development has brought to light ore of incredible richness. We brought back from those old workings ore that assayed from $1,780 to $3,300 a ton. This is the section of the country to which Geronimo is said to have fled and in which his son, Apache Kid, was killed only three years ago, leaving it, for the first time in a century, open and safe for the modern mining operator."

Mr. Stearns says that the country is most picturesque and rich in vegetation. It is a beautiful, tropical garden, containing cane brakes, palms and many species of wild flowers. It was at one time the paradise of the cave dwellers, whose places of habitation are still to be seen on the overhanging bluffs.

"The gulches," he says, "contain retaining works or 'patios,' consisting of low, broad stone walls across the gorges, evidently designed to prevent the soil from washing away, and thus forming flat garden plats for cultivation of the soil. On many of these small stretches of ground are trees that are, perhaps, from 900 to 1,200 years old. The Mexicans say that none of the work was done by the early Spanish settlers."

On the return trip they passed through Hop Valley, in which are situated some very famous cliff dwellings.

"The dwellings visited by us," said Mr. Stearns, "contain nineteen rooms. In the outer walls are small port-holes, through which a spear might be thrust to push an unwelcome visitor down the face of the cliffs. The entrances are all in the shape of the letter "T", with a wide space for the shoulders and a narrow space for the feet, so that a person in entering had to bend his face to his knees, making it easy for a person inside to crack him on the skull as he entered. It was in this region that a colony of some five hundred people, established by some Spanish priests to work the rich Toyopa mines, were massacred by Apaches. It is said that they buried a vast amount of bullion."

It was one day's journey from this place to Mound Valley Pass, and it was another day from there to Colonia Juarez, where the party took the train for El Paso.

Resurgam.

(Chant Royal)

By Louis Alexander Robertson

The cataclysmal force to which we owe
Our glorious Gate of Gold, through which the sea
Rushed in to clasp these shores long, long ago,
Came once again to crown our destiny
With such a grandeur that in sequent years
This period of pain which now appears
Pregnant with doubt, shall vanish as when day
Drives the foreboding dreams of night away;
Born of the womb of Woe, where Sorrow sighs,
Fostered by Faith, undaunted by Dismay,
Earth's fairest City shall from ashes rise.

Portentous of her lasting overthrow,
Scarce forty fateful seconds seems to be;
And when the stars had faded in the glow
Of the fierce baleful after-blaze, though she
Shed for some harrowing hours the tristful tears
Which showed her heart was torn, the Soul that cheers
And drives Despair forth from the creature clay,
Glowed in her breast and did to her display
Great stately structures soaring to the skies;
If from our cosmic creed we do not stray,
Earth's fairest City shall from ashes rise.

Garbed with chaste Grecian beauty she shall grow;
Her white hand hold's Fortuna's fate-forged key
To where a world's ships, speeding to and fro,
Shall pause and pay a rich restoring fee.
Corruption, greed, and everything that bears
A semblance to them, every thought that sears
The heart and seeks the conscience to betray,
Must die ere born, lest later on decay;
Destroy the fabric seen with Fancy's eyes;
If we our crime-condemning laws obey
Earth's fairest City shall from ashes rise.

When first her burning tears began to flow,
Her sapphire surges sobbed with sympathy;
The stars of heaven heard that wail of woe
And chanted a responding threnody;
The weeping waves, the mystic midnight spheres
Dispelled her doubts and drove away her fears
Of doomful dawns. Almighty God! Are they
Not Baal's blind and blatant priests who say
The seismic curse was Thine? Thy Voice replies—
"Heed not the heresy they preach and pray,
Earth's fairest City shall from ashes rise."

Oftimes from Shasta's cloud-kissed crest of snow
Soul-winged I drift o'er river, grove and lea
To where I hear old Triton's trumpet blow—
Where from the tide the wave-wombed Deity
Rises resplendent; with enraptured ears
The Goatfoot's fluting reeds afar she hears;
Oft Bacchus calls her from the sparkling spray,
His vine-bound brow on her white breast to lay;
Now in one hymn their voices harmonize,
This message doth the melody convey,—
Earth's fairest City shall from ashes rise.

ENVOY

Thou demon Fate, that erstwhile sought to flay
And scourge us to the death, thou canst not slay
The faith that every future blow defies;
Though we thy stealthy steps can never stay,
Earth's fairest City shall from ashes rise.

September, 1906.

The Spectator

Scattering of the Fair Estate

If old Jim Fair is not snickering in his grave it is because he is absolutely dead to the world. If his shade is not guffawing hysterically somewhere behind the curtain of this mundane stage then the joys of heaven are somewhat abridged, for it would be impossible to conceive a diversion more grateful to that sardonic jester than the spectacle of his heirs repenting their rash violation of the parental trust. Old Jim Fair was particularly avid for the pleasure afforded by the writhing in discomfiture of those by whom his wishes were ignored, and never was so little respect shown for his desires as was exhibited by his own children. Far be it from me to suggest that the hand of retribution has reached out of the grave, but I cannot repress reflection on the singular and repeated emphasis that has been given to the unwisdom of the Fair heirs in making sport of the solemn instrument by which the thrifty old miner sought to keep his estate intact. If that trust clause had not been broken Mrs. Oelrichs and Mrs. Vanderbilt would today be drawing more money than they could spend from their father's estate, and the principal would be in such shape that they would have no occasion to worry about it. But they wanted the money in hand, and to get it they scattered millions. First they entered into negotiations with Mrs. Craven over her bogus will which she shrewdly persuaded them to endorse and which they afterwards had to repudiate in order to save themselves from a gigantic fraud. Finally they had to pay her to quit and before the litigation was ended they were out hundreds of thousands of dollars even before they paid one and a half millions in attorney's fees. Then came the death of Charley Fair, as a result of which his wife's relatives got nearly half a million that they never could have touched had the trust not been broken. A little later Mrs. Oelrichs sold some local real estate at a price which experts said was a million less than it was worth. Then she gave her husband a half million, which he bequeathed to his relatives, and at this writing she is said to be preparing to plunge into another contest which will no doubt be hailed with delight by numerous attorneys.

The Squabble Over Money

The ill luck that flowed from the broken trust clause was expressed not merely in financial terms. It entered even into the family circle evoking a note of discord and finally rupturing domestic ties, for it was over the disbursement of moneys that Hermann Oelrichs and his wife quarreled, and most bitter were the feelings engendered. The intimate friends of Hermann Oelrichs were not surprised that he should bequeath his estate to his brother because they knew of his feeling toward his wife. And they also knew that a half million would be very acceptable to the family of Charles Oelrichs. A contest between Mrs. Oelrichs and Charles Oelrichs will be watched with a great deal of interest, for it will mean a split in New York society the effect of which may be felt in San Francisco, Mrs. Peter Martin being a daughter of Charles Oelrichs. But perhaps a contest over a few paltry hundreds of thousands will not be of sufficient importance to arouse any emotion in the plutocracy. That Mrs. Oelrichs will succeed in breaking her husband's will I have not the slightest doubt. When Mrs. Oelrichs gave her husband a half million dollars there was a string tied to the gift. Before getting the money he had to agree that he would bequeath his estate to his son. That agreement is not in writing, but it will be established by oral testimony.

A Bit of Calhoun Repartee

When Patrick Calhoun, President of the United Railways, came out here to handle the strike he saw a great deal of the chiefs connected with his side of the controversy and practically nothing of any of the men in opposition. He had a gentle curiosity to find out what some of their opinions of him might be. One day a reporter on one of the big dailies managed to break his way into the inner sanctum and capture an interview. As he arose to leave Mr. Calhoun said: "Oh, by the way, I suppose you have heard some of the men express their opinion of me: what do they say?" The reporter hesitated. "Do you really want to know?" he answered. The ghost of a twinkle shot through Calhoun's eye. "I guess I can stand it if you can," he said. "Well," returned the reporter, "the most of them agree that you are a — — — — — —", and he continued a strong and varied string. "Well," said Calhoun, at the conclusion, "all that may damn a man but it will never win a fight."

The Schmitz-Ruef Rupture

The myriad tongues of Rumor have been vibrating sonorously ever since the Santa Cruz convention, telling a story of sensational import respecting a clash of interest between those huge figures in our municipal drama, the Honorable Eugene Schmitz, whose spirit was chastened by fire and the omnipotent Abe Ruef minister of the Ulterior. Prior to the convention that same story was droned into my ear by a small voice, but without arousing my interest. I received the impression that it emanated from headquarters, that it was a piece of fiction akin to the novel with a purpose, deftly contrived to ease obligations that were becoming burdensome. In the sinister game of politics, the affectation of unfriendliness is a time-honored stratagem, one that kept many a dupe in amiable mood. Knowing of the Damon-and-Pythian relationship that has long existed between the Hon. Eugene and his shrewd manager, of their protracted devotion to the same canteen and their mutual assumption of glory and responsibilities, I was not inclined to accept the story of the rupture. Even when I was told that Abe was holding communication with the Mayor through mutual friends I was incredulous. But since the Santa Cruz convention something like verisimilitude has been given to what seemed to be a bold and unassuming narrative. And yet I am not hopeless of a reconciliation. Perhaps there has been some little misunderstanding, but it may not prove to be so serious as the



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alarmists believe. If Abe cannot smooth his pathway to the throne of grace he is not the man of infinite resources that I have taken him to be. Meanwhile it may prove somewhat hazardous to mix up in this family quarrel.

Hatton's Triumph

Readers of "Town Talk" will please take notice that the nomination of Congressman Gillett for Governor was predicted in these columns some weeks before any newspaper in the state announced that he would be a candidate. I now wish to confess that the prediction was not made on the strength of a divine revelation, but entirely as a result of my confidence in the judgment of George Hatton, to whom Mr. Gillett is indebted for the fruition of his hopes at Santa Cruz. Months ago Hatton planned the coup by which Pardee and Mr. Ruef's protegee were given their quietus down by the sad sea waves, and from what he told me of the strategems that he purposed bringing to bear in Gillett's behalf I was convinced that the man from Humboldt could not be frustrated in his ambitious designs. Hatton is now given the recognition as a strategist that he has well earned. His skill in the fine art of political manipulation is conceded by everyone sufficiently expert to appreciate the subtleties of the master hand. Hatton first came into prominence as a political manager in the role of personal representative of Senator George C. Perkins. Previously he acquired a knowledge of the political game as a newspaper reporter, having for years been the special representative of the Oakland "Tribune" at state conventions and sessions of the legislature. In that capacity he formed the acquaintance of every prominent politician in the state, and in his correspondence exhibited a remarkable insight into the trend of affairs and a faculty for apprehending the drift of sentiment and strength and weaknesses of candidates. In the event of Gillett's election (of which there is scarcely any doubt) Hatton will in all probability play an important part in the councils of the Republican party, for, by reason of his confidential relations with both Gillett and Senator Perkins, he should have great influence over a very powerful political machine. At this time the indications are that very cordial relations will soon be established between the dispensers of both Federal and State patronage, and with both sources of political power in conjunction, Abe Ruef will have a hard time trying to retain control of his little local machine. It has been said that Abe got under the Gillett tent at Santa Cruz, but that story may be safely pronounced a canard of the enemy. Neither Hatton nor Walter Parker, who handled the Los Angeles delegation in the interest of Gillett, would confer with Ruef during the convention, and the San Francisco boss returned home deeply chagrined at his inability to nominate a judge for the Court of Appeals. The slate was broken both by Judge Kerrigan and Judge Cook, and those popular jurists have been warmly felicitated on their notable achievement.

Troubles of a Deputy

William B. Hamilton, acting Collector of the Port during Frederick Stratton's absense, is firmly convinced that the fates conspire to save up all the troubles incidental to the collector's office until such time as his superior is away. The latest thing that is worrying Hamilton is a movement among the smaller salaried men of the customs house toward obtaining an increase in pay. There are about fifteen of them who get below $100 a month, some receiving as low as $70. They maintain that this is not enough during these times of high prices to keep their families decently. So they asked Hamilton to back them up in a request to the Treasury Department for a raise in salaries. It was expected that he would corroborate what they said as to the increased price of living. Hamilton pondered over the matter for some time, then wrote each of the men a note, advising them to wait until the next visit here of an agent of the Treasury Department. Hamilton knows that it's not wise to bother the Treasury Department too often, but the men, being ignorant of that fact, are indignant. They point out that it may be six months before a treasury agent comes out again, and that meanwhile they will be struggling along with the old salaries. With still greater indignation they refer to the balky automobile that was recently bought, they say, at Hamilton's recommendation for the use of customs officials. I have referred before to that automobile, which was to take the place of a hack, when, in reality, the hack takes the place of the auto, which is in the repair shop so much that its original price of $3,000 will soon be doubled. But Hamilton is not to blame. At the present writing, Wednesday, the auto has not been seen around the customs house since Friday, and the officials ride in the hack. Well, to return to the men; they complain, unreasonably of course, that Hamilton should have urged the purchase of an automobile that is seldom used—while he refuses to give them a lift toward an increase. The murmurs of discontent have reached Hamilton's ear—and that's why he's worrying himself thin. If Stratton doesn't return soon he will find a mere shadow occupying his deputy's chair.

Typical Los Angeles Enterprise

Postmaster Fisk has dropped politics for a few days, and is trying to find out how a newspaper can increase its circulation by 20,000 in one day. The postmaster doesn't own a newspaper. If he did he might be worrying less than he does over an apparent huge increase in the circulation of the Los Angeles "Times." On Tuesday of last week he received notice that on the next day, the "Times" would begin delivery to 20,000 San Francisco subscribers. Then the deluge began. For the benefit of those who do not realize what an overwhelming addition this is to the regular work of the postoffice, I will state that 20,000 copies of the paper means an extra weight of forty-five pounds for every mail carrier in San Francisco on his first delivery. The postoffice has been simply overwhelmed and the whole force has "Times" nightmares. With the help at hand it is almost impossible to handle the paper mail adequately with this addition. Of course, if these papers are not for genuine subscribers the "Times" has no right to send them at newspaper postage rates. And there is a strong suspicion that they are not genuine subscribers—in fact, the manifest impossibility of adding 20,000 to the circulation of a paper in one town in one day is apparent to almost anyone. I have heard of several here who are receiving the "Times" without having ordered it. The department at Washington has been communicated with in regard to the matter, which presents a really serious problem. It is the law in regard to newspapers that a sample copy may be sent to one person for only three days in succession at newspaper postal rates, and that the number of samples sent to any town must not exceed the number of the paper's subscribers in that town.

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How Stratton Showed His Confidence

As an aftermath of every historical event comes a flood of claims to having been "first." The man who opened the first store, the first saloon or restaurant in the burned district will brag of it for many years to come, and the boast will be taken up by his descendants. As a rule, the pioneer can be depended upon to blow his own horn; but only through the friends of Collector of the Port Frederick Stratton is it learned that he was the first San Franciscan to show, in substantial manner, his faith in the city's power to emerge triumphant from the disaster of April 18. For many days following the fire there was panic among wealthy men who had lost heavily. They discharged their employees, threw their hands into the air, and yelled, "Ruin is upon us." Bankers shook their heads and predicted a financial panic. While these portentous forebodings were being uttered merchants called on Stratton and asked that they be allowed to take their goods from the government warehouses and from the ships in which they were brought hither, without paying the duty—in other words, asked for government credit. It was a hard thing to ask of a collector of the port, who could not grant the request without serious risk to himself. But, after some hesitation, Stratton yielded. He knew the result if the merchants failed to make good—that he would have to pay the duties himself. It was not a risk of a few thousands of dollars that he took, but he placed a fortune in jeopardy. And there is no doubt that his position would not have been worth the proverbial thirty cents had the merchants whom he trusted "welched." It is to their credit that they did not, and that the collector's faith in the city did not cost him a cent. Stratton remarked after the fire that he had fractured the law in a dozen places. This trusting the merchants was an instance. It was a technical violation of the law, although a public official is supposed to exercise discretion. If his judgment turns out to be right, all is well; otherwise disaster comes to him.

A Notable Woman

Mrs. Elvira P. Thorndyke, who died in Alameda last week, was in many respects a notable pioneer woman. She was essentially a pioneer, having come to California in 1848. A year later she went to Washington, where she remained for two or three years. She was the first white woman to go to Puget Sound, she and her husband spending the winter of 1849-50 at Port Ludlow. From there they went to Arizona, where Thorndyke became a famous Indian fighter, then returned to California and settled in Alameda County. Thorndyke died there about twenty years ago. After his death Mrs. Thorndyke built a beautiful home at Decoto—a home that was the refuge of all wanderers of the highways. From five to ten tramps called there daily, and none were turned away. The doors of the house were never locked, and nothing was ever stolen. Mrs. Thorndyke was an ardent spiritualist, and gave away a fortune for the advancement of that belief. She was also a woman suffragist, and in defense of either this belief or of spiritualism she was an eloquent platform speaker, capable of moving audiences to tears. She wrote verses on spiritualism that were widely quoted. Mrs. Thorndyke's forebears were of Mayflower stock. Among her most cherished documentary treasures was a paper relating to the stewardship of Miles Standish over the estates of her ancestors, the Newtons, who have been so prominent in New England history. Their homestead in Rockland, Maine, has been in the family for many generations. Mrs. Thorndyke was born in Maine in 1825, and at the time of her death was 81 years of age. Her funeral services were held according to the spiritualistic rites, and her body was cremated. She leaves a number of relatives—a son, Melbourne Thorndyke, the traveler and mining expert, who is known from California to South Africa; two daughters, Mrs. Ada Krebs, of this city, and Mrs. Charles Thornton, of Madagalpa, Nicaragua, and a granddaughter, Mrs. Joseph Bley, of Alameda.

Her Nurse Saw Spirits

What is one person's religion is another's superstition. During her last days in an Alameda sanitarium, Mrs. Thorndyke derived great consolation from her belief in spiritualism. The nurse, who occupied a cot in her room, had old-fashioned ideas on the subject, and regarded her patient with suspicion as one in league with Satan and his disciples. She was awakened one night by hearing Mrs. Thorndyke carrying on an animated one-sided conversation. She asked her patient whom she was talking with, and Mrs. Thorndyke told her that the spirit of one of her deceased relatives was in the room. The nurse's over-stimulated imagination brought before her eyes, floating up and down in a corner of the room, a ghostly wraith, and she refused to spend the remainder of the night in the room alone with her patient. Then came the climax. Mrs. Thorndyke talked much of a pet cat that had died, and wondered whether it had a spiritual existence. One night, when the sanitarium was still as the grave, there rang through the corridors an unearthly shriek. It came from Mrs. Thorndyke's room, and when half a dozen nurses rushed in they found their fellow-worker in hysteria, able to say coherently nothing but "Cat." In time they calmed her, and between sobs she told them that the spirit of Mrs. Thorndyke's departed cat had leaped on her. One of the nurses took a quick glance around the room. "Pooh," she said, pointing to the sanitarium tabby, which, frightened half to death, was huddled in the corner, "that's no spirit cat."

Neglected Marin

It has long been my belief that the development of Marin County, one of the most beautiful spots on this great earth, has been retarded by the lack of transportation facilities. This fact was recalled forcibly to my mind the other day through a conversation with a resident of Belvedere. He was in a hurry to catch the 6:30 boat, the last one for the night. Missing that, he would have to take a boat to Sausalito, and pay several dollars to be taken to Belvedere in a

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launch. Now to me it seems almost incredible that there should be no night boats to Tiburon, the landing place for home-going Belvedereans. Belvedere is one of the most charming residence places in the state. As at Sausalito, a few miles away, its cottages are on a terraced hill, half hidden by trees, and with a glorious outlook. Fishing, boating and bathing are immediately at hand. But the encouragement to live there is small when one must catch a 6:30 boat. There is no lingering "along the line" for Belvedereans. They cannot enjoy dinner in a San Francisco restaurant or spend the evening with friends on this side of the bay. Like a warning spectre that 6:30 boat beckons them, and they must foot it fleetly for the ferry lest they have to go home expensively by way of Sausalito. It may be argued in behalf of the railway companies that the population of Marin County does not justify night boats to Tiburon or better service than that forced upon the people of Sausalito, Corte Madera, Larkspur, San Anselmo, Ross Valley and San Rafael. The best argument is on the other side; to-wit, that if there were adequate boat service the population would increase. With twenty-minute boats, and with trains that run on time, there is no reason why Marin County should not be as thickly populated as Alameda County. In point of time none of the towns mentioned are any farther away from San Francisco than Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley or Fruitvale. And they are far more beautifully situated. Even the Piedmont hills or the Fruitvale foothills cannot compare with the wooded slopes of purple old Tamalpais. There is no climate to match the balmy air in the sheltered nooks of Marin. Mountains, forests, streams, all combine to make it the beauty spot of California—far more attractive than any of the artificial landscapes of Southern California. Within easy driving distance of that part of Marin that should be full of suburban homes is some of the most magnificent and inspiring scenery in the world. To the Summit is only a three hours' drive from San Rafael—a drive up winding roads, through mossy woods, under giant redwoods. And from the Summit one can see the Pacific rolling at his feet, can see vast stretches of hills, green or brown, according to the season, and purple-wooded canyons with streams or lakes between. The whole of Marin County is a scenic delight—a neglected delight because there is not enterprise enough among the railway companies to make the county as accessible as it should be. In time there will be a ferry slip at North Beach for the Marin County boats, which will go every twenty minutes and connect with swift trains that run on time. But, judging from what has happened—or, rather, what has not happened—in the past, you or I will not live to see it.

An Unequal Duel

It was a joyous passage between "Pop" Cahill and an "Examiner" unknown the other day, and the unknown got the worst of it, as might have been expected. I refer to the editorials that appeared last week in the "Examiner" and the "Call" in which Hearst and Spreckels were used by the doughty champions as clubs of wrath, or more accurately in which Hearst was a club and Spreckels a keen Toledo blade—to put it in tournament metaphor. Cahill began it by accusing Hearst of inciting the poor, ignorant carmen against their employers, whereupon the unknown retorted by calling Spreckels "John Doughead." Then Cahill came back with some swinging strokes that flayed Hearst and finally skinned him alive. The unknown now realizes that the rapier is mightier than the meat-ax.

Bierce and Cahill

Reduced to classical terms, this encounter may be likened to a bout between Juvenal and Horace—a trial of arms between the satire of invective and the satire of ridicule. Of all the satirists that have flung their shafts in verbal combat amid the fierce turmoil of Californian journalism only two have achieved permanent eminence as masters of irony. These adepts in an art as ancient as Isaiah are Ambrose Bierce and Edward F. Cahill; and both of them have followed the Horatian method; both of them have invariably fought with the weapons of ridicule. Bierce is the more mordant; but Cahill's satire is more incisive; Bierce's rapier is edged with scorn; Cahill's "vorple blade" is tempered with a sarcasm so keen that its wounds are scarcely felt until the cold breath of universal laughter congeals the trickling flow of the victim's leaking vanity.



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Thrifty "Rube"

My old friend, Brigadier-General Rubicon Otis (dear old Rube) passed through town the other day en route to the Orient in command of a personally conducted caravan of loungers et al, from Los Angeles. I am informed that the General assessed the pilgrims $500 per. As the horde numbered 141 the gross proceeds of the spec. amounted to $70,500, from which, it is estimated, at least $10,000 will be deducted by Rube as compensation for the trouble of originating the scheme and conferring upon the mob the honor of his presence. In addition to his "cumshaw" Rube will travel free of all cost. It is a pretty cheap bunch touring the Orient on $500 under the espionage of this aged warrior—about as cheap as anything except the cut-rate missionaries that have gone to China this season. They will unquestionably excite the well-bred laughter of the Far Easterner, native and foreign, wherever they swarm. Rube is entitled to great credit for his enterprise, and he is also entitled to every cent he has skinned from the regular rates of the steamship companies, the hotelkeepers, and the railroads. I wouldn't give $10 for the tips that will be distributed by this crowd during their cruise and journeyings, and I wouldn't undertake to pay for the extra service that they will demand, if I were as rich as John D. Rockefeller or Pierpont Morgan.

A Belated Warrior

One objective of this journey is the river of Luzon that Brigadier-General called "the Rubicon." Perhaps the General will now call it "our Mecca." He is probably as profoundly conversant with the meaning of that stereotype as he was with the "Rubicon." I hear that he has promised his followers to "celebrate his eightieth birthday on the field of battle," where, if all accounts are true, he arrived three hours late, after the danger had passed and the enemy had disappeared. It is proposed to assemble the "party" on this field of battle and compel them to listen to Rubicon's account of his participation in "the affair." The General has an imagination surpassing that of John T. Gaffey or of Walter Parker. But joking aside—General Otis has a war record. His despatch from the Philippines was legitimate material for the jests of a scoffing world, but the truth is, as I heard one of his admirers remark not long ago, he went to the front and he was willing to fight and risk fever and bullets while some of us hugged the hearth and had our patriotism fired by the news from the front. General Otis obeyed his country's call more than once, and I am sure he will not begrudge me my humor since I sincerely proclaim him one of the heroes of the nation, for that he unquestionably is.

Medicos Made While You Wait

The records of the State Medical Board, the body that examines applicants for physicians' diplomas, contains some queer stories—alarming ones, too, for that matter, as indicative of the efforts made by the unworthy to secure the certificates that entitle them to put M. D. after their names. The records of the board show that a recent applicant was graduated from the medical department of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of this city, on May 17, 1906. He received a diploma duly signed by Dr. Winslow Anderson, president of the college, and Dr. D. A. Hodghead, dean. This diploma was shown in the offices of the State Board of Medical Examiners when the man filed his application for a license prior to taking the examination. He also filed an affidavit alleging four consecutive terms at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. An inspection of the books of that college showed his name enrolled from 1902 to 1906. One should think that would be enough to convince the board that his credentials were all right; but special attention is paid to graduates from the College of Physicians and Surgeons. This applicant was further investigated, and it was found that from 1903 to 1905 he taught in the grammar school of a neighboring county. When confronted with the evidence against him, he acknowledged that he had attended two medical college terms instead of four. The managers of the college were not asked to explain why they allowed his name to go on the books as having attended four terms. The law authorizes the State Medical Board to pass only on applicants, and not on colleges. However, the conduct of this college in question was the subject of a spirited discussion at a recent meeting of the board, and an effort will be made to curb its peculiar activities. A move in this direction has been made. State Boards of Medical Examiners all over

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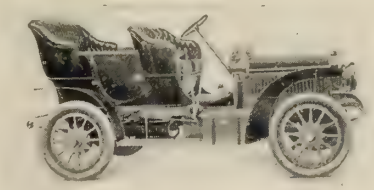
the country have been apprised of the record of the college, and they have been asked to send to the California board the names of all applicants for medical certificates who present diplomas from any of California's medical colleges. As to the immature applicant, the board thinks it has a perjury charge against him. The board's attorney interviewed District Attorney Langdon regarding bringing his case before the Grand Jury. The District Attorney looked favorably on such action, but said that the grand jury was too busy to take up any more work. However, the matter has not by any means been dropped. The man is now an interne in a local hospital. He is not qualified for the position, and no doubt the hospital management would be liable for damages in case his lack of medical skill should result fatally to a patient. The course of the hospital management in employing a man who has violated the state laws is hard to understand.

Students Complain of Being Gouged

From Berkeley comes complaint of the financial burdens imposed upon the students. A very indignant correspondent writes me that the State University is honeycombed with graft, and that unless a halt is called an explosion will occur quite as denotating as the one that was caused by Secretary Mr. Kowen, through whose fingers slipped large sums of money intrusted to his care. "Nothing goes through, either in student or administrative affairs," writes this correspondent, "without some financial trouble. "The Occidental Magazine," "The Californian," "The Blue and Gold" and "The Journal of Technology" have all been entangled, to use a mild term. The Administrative Board has acquired the assessment habit, and the student with wry face must dig into his pockets and pay. And 'non-payment' appears to be synonymous with 'no registration' in any college course. At present the Reinhardt Hospital assessment is exciting a good deal of adverse comment. The sentiment of the student body is against paying a fee for the benefit of an official physician. Two hundred students have asserted that they will not enter, in case of sickness, the hospital which is maintained at their expense. But the students are helpless, since the Reinhardt certificate is the only valid one in cases of sickness. Some time ago the Prytenean Society, composed of all the women students, intended to endow a bed in the Roosevelt Hospital in the town of Berkeley, for the use of students, but the members were persuaded to turn their money over to the Reinhardt Hospital. I heard a woman student say the other day that with the gymnasium assessment, which has been raised from a dollar to a dollar and a half, and the Reinhardt assessment of two and a half dollars a term, she was expending eight dollars a year for nothing—enough to furnish her with shoes for a year, no inconsiderable item to a student working her way through college."

Mary to Erupt Again

Mary MacLean is about to break forth again. In her own words, her new book is to be a "paralyzer." "It is the true story of my thoughts and emotions. It is even truer and more real than my first book, and so I fear it will be hard to find a publisher who will dare to bring it out." No fear. There are publishers enough who would bid high for the privilege. If Mary really means to be less reticent than in her first outbreak some means should be devised for restraining her, on the same grounds that lunatics are prevented from wandering at large, not always on account of the harm they may do others, but out of compassion for the spectacle they may make of themselves. Mary MacLean's revelations are virtually a public act of disrobing, and she should be restrained. Mary has no hesitation in pronouncing herself a genius, but in truth she is only a fool. She imagines herself original, whereas she is only bold, and her excessive sensitiveness is only crankiness. She has been compared with Marie Bashkirtseff, whose Journal created such a sensation a generation ago, but there is at least this much of a difference, that whereas the Butte City egotist has herself taken the world into her confidence in her communings with her beautiful stomach, and her irritation at the family tooth brushes, it was the ill-advised vanity of the Russian girl's mother and aunt which gave her musings to the public after the author of them was in her grave. Besides Marie was indiscreet only once, whereas this is Mary MacLean's third offence. It is getting to be a habit. She professes to find men, hateful, especially young men, who are all puppies, but she once magnanimously singled out two of the sex that were found to be exceptions—Herbert Stone, the Chicago publisher who introduced her to the world of print, and Gellett Burgess, whom she found interesting, supplementing her confession by saying: "Elements are necessary to my happiness, there are so many elements which go to make my world," a philosophic utterance vague enough to answer for the doctrine of a new cult.



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Markham's "Ten Best"

Edwin Markham, whose livelihood is derived from the newspaper fame of "The Man With the Hoe," and whose "stuff" would be rejected by every editor in America if signed by any other than the Markham manual, has induced an "easy" editor of the Eastern states to pay him for a list of "ten best books." He names Maurice Hewlitt's "Richard Yea and Nay" as "the best adventure and passion of the England of the Crusades." I had always thought that Scott's "Ivanhoe" was "the best;" but I am now convinced that I was mistaken; Hewlitt is greater than Scott. He "nominates" Joseph Conrad's "Lord Jim" for the best in "a sense of the power and terror of the sea;" and I will not quarrel with this judgment, merely expressing my surprise that he should have hit it so exactly in the hurry and bustle of his turbulent review. Robert Hitchens's "The Garden of Allah," he says, is the best book exploiting "two souls projected against the color and mystery of the desert." Evidently Poet Markham has never seen anything in the "Arabian Nights" that could in any way compare with Mr. Hitchens's tawdry imitation. Mrs. Edith Wharton's "The House of Mirth" is Markham's "best book" delineating "the tragedy and the comedy of our hollow fashionable society." I will make no effort to dispute this dictum; it is not worth while; the subject of "our hollow fashionable society" does not interest me, and I will not attempt to compare "The House of Mirth" with "Vanity Fair," nor to remind the old-fashioned reader that Balzac was greater in "the tragedy and comedy" of "hollow society" than is Mrs. Wharton. When it comes to "the best" "apotheosis of the poetic spirit," our laureate of the Clod names May Sinclair's "The Divine Fire." I have never heard of May Sinclair and I don't know what an "apotheosis of the poetic spirit" may happen to be. I am unable, therefore, to say whether Walter Pater was "better" than May Sinclair, or whether "Marius the Epicurean" is a better "apotheosis of the poetic spirit" than is "The Divine Fire." Markham, self-constituted Pope of Letters, insists that Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle" is "the best" exposition of "the awakening of the conscience of the nation." Here again I fail to catch the drift of Poet Markham's superlative. Except for purposes of mean comparison I would not say that Dickens had "awakened the conscience of the nation" except to offset Poet Markham's implication that Upton Sinclair is a better book-writer than was Charles Dickens. "The Sea Wolf," by Jack London, is in the Markham list as "the best" "adventure on the sea and conflict of the primitive passions." As Conrad's "Lord Jim" has already been recommended in similar strain I am forced to the conclusion that Poet Markham's memory is shorter than his poems. In any event, he has either forgotten Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and its "adventure on the sea and conflict of the primitive passions," or he doesn't believe that Stevenson was a better writer than is Jack London—and Markham may sit on either horn of the dilemma. I bunch the three remaining Markham estimates of "the best books" because the reasons for their superiority are frivolous. Stewart Edward White's "The Blazed Trail," ("flavor of the woods and lumber camps in the great Northwest"); Dexter's "The Breath of the Gods" ("the conflict in Japan between the old traditions and the new ideas"—absolutely false in conception and banal in treatment); and Frank Norris's "The Octopus" ("the struggle of plundered men with corporate oppression"). I can find better "flavor of the woods" in "As You Like It," better "old traditions" of Japan in Mitford and Lafcadio Hearn or better "new ideas" of that country in Chamberlain and Lafcadio Hearn; and if Victor Hugo isn't a better writer of books on "the struggle of plundered men with corporate (or any other) oppression," rate me a larger incompetent in these matters than the author of "The Man With the Hoe."

Alms for Oblivion

If I may be permitted to venture a prediction, based on existing circumstances, I would say that in the next generation the "best sellers mentioned by Edwin Markham will be as obsolete as Dr. Bird, Major Downing, Sam Slick, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Marian Harland, Fanny Fern, "Orpheus C. Kerr," W. G. Simms, Bertha Clay, and Laura Jean Libbey. As for Edwin Markham himself—well, let him occupy a niche in the temple of oblivion with N. P. Willis and G. Percival, and Something-or-other Pollard. For, alas, and alack, these were the "best sellers" of their day, and Willis was the Edwin Markham of his time.

The Latest Sensational Match

The announcement of the betrothal of Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart and James Henry Smith did not come as a surprise as reported by the press dispatches this week. When it became known in Newport some time ago that she was applying for a divorce, the gossips of America's Fastest Set at once concluded that the gayest of bachelors, the multi-millionaire Smith, would make her his bride. Everybody in Newport picked James Henry out as the man most likely to play the regulation role in the regulation comedy-drama of the 400. But immediately after the divorce was obtained it was reported that the elusive bachelor with the fifty millions had made other arrangements. According to gossip at that time the woman whose emotional nature had placed her

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among the most noted divorcees of New York was not to become the mistress of the late William C. Whitney's magnificent palace on upper Fifth avenue, which is now the property of "Silent" Smith. It was said that Smith was balking, having formed an attachment for a distinguished unmarried woman, no less a personage than Miss Cornelia Bryce, daughter of the Lloyd Brices. Mrs. Rhinelander Stewart has been a member of the most exclusive clique in New York society, the clique whose leaders frowned on the heroines of quick matches made in the shadow of the divorce court. Her very warmest friends were Mrs. Oliver Harriman and Mrs. Ogden Mills.

The Silent One's Debut

"Silent" Smith was introduced to the local smart setters when he visited this city in March, 1901, in the train of Mrs. Stuyve Fish. Two months prior to that visit he was unknown to the New York plutocracy. He was a Wall street speculator and a member of one or two clubs, but had never made his appearance at any swell social function. For years he had been waiting patiently for a wealthy uncle to die, and one day the news came from Scotland that the old gentleman had passed away, bequeathing a fortune of fifty millions to his American nephew. This uncle was a Scotchman, who emigrated to America in 1834, and who after working for awhile as a clerk in a store, became a money-lender, established banks in Georgia, amassed a fortune, and in the sixties went back to his home in Scotland. As soon as "Silent" Smith got possession of the fortune he became a social splurger. He made his debut in society at the age of fifty, at a St. Valentine's ball, which he gave at Sherry's. It was the biggest affair of the season, and that it was very swell is evident from the circumstance that Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. and Mrs. "Stuyve" Fish constituted the reception committee. The following day it was announced that the millionaire had resolved that for every function which he gave he would donate to some charitable institution a sum equal to the cost of the blow-out. I believe that was his last ball. Since then he has been spending most of his time entertaining the ladies.

A Fig for Care

To the rip-roaring chorus, "For he's a jolly good fellow," R. A. Crothers, proprietor of "The Bulletin," was inducted into office as President of the Press Club this week. The supporting officers of his administration metaphorically clashed their swords above his head and like good soldiers of fortune they enthusiastically declared that nothing in the earth, sea or sky should deter them from making the Press Club, and notably the present administration, the greatest ever. Spirits were at full tap, for, according to the Treasurer's annual report, there was some four thousand dollars in bank—and more to come from insurance. As one of the speakers feelingly expressed it: "In some ways the big fire was one of the greatest boons that ever visited San Francisco, for it destroyed more tags and let loose more insurance money than any combination of pipe dreams that ever happened. Flushed with this glorious insurance money, the Press Club rises like a phoenix from the ashes ready to resume its gay flight into glad realms, with a flutter now and then into the inviting flowery meads of old Bohemia." Moved by such prospects is it a wonder that the club feels keenly the magnitude of its position and is prepared to set the pace for the Bohemian, Family, Cosmos and Pacific-Union hop-alongs? Four thousand dollars in the treasury—and MORE TO COME. You can hear the chorus ringing for a block around the Press Club, "For everybody's a jolly good fellow."

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This season even Paris has outdone herself in the many new creations for woman's use and adornment that she has given the world, especially in

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If Joaquin Were Miserably Rich

Joaquin Miller is reported to have recently stumbled upon some paying claims in Shasta County, which is presumed to be the explanation of his descent upon the East, and certain editors are beginning to worry, lest the long-haired one be corrupted by wealth and cease to sing the joys of owning nothing. But even if the gold claim story should happen to have more than a grain of truth in it, there will be no occasion to grieve. Miller's poverty is nothing worse than a species of frenzy such as minor poets exhibit in life much easier than in verse. The Poet of the Sierras could write as soulfully as ever even though he were afflicted with a million dollars. About two years ago it was learned that this moneyless poet owned a tract of land in the heart of the oil region, and when interviewed on the subject he thus poured out his soul: "But while I am now on the borders of millionairedom I find that whatever gratification I may feel is tempered with the regret of a writer and a Californian—the first that it was made through sources other than my pen, and the second, that it was made in the oil of trade, from a level plain, and not through the gold of my beloved California hills. It is not often that a poet steps from the most ordinary of circumstances to wealth, and I am wondering what I will do with so much money. I shall use it for my fellow-man, and for my friends who occasionally come to me at my little place on the tops of the Oakland hills." And yet during the Lewis and Clark Exposition the sweet singer chanted in a strain that made me think he had never been anything but an Oregonian.

The Superstitious Sailor

One of the dailies stated a few days ago that sailors attributed the wreck of the "Manchuria" to the presence on board her of one Hancock, a ship's butcher, who is known as a "hoodoo." They are wrong in regard to that, as Hancock was not on board. However, the men of the sea who know of an incident that happened shortly before the boat sailed have no trouble in assigning a reason for the disaster that befell her. They tell that while the boat was in port Captain Saunders ordered from her decks several freight clerks who made it a habit to gather there to eat their luncheon. The clerks were angry, and two or three of them expressed the earnest hope that Saunders would lose his boat—which he did. You can't talk sailors out of such ideas, and if you tell them that they are victims of superstition they will come back at you with an avalanche of stories corroborative of their beliefs. For instance, they will tell of a freight clerk who was in thirteen wrecks before he left the sea. Several steam schooners met disaster while he was on board, and he was clerk on the "Queen" when she caught fire at sea in 1904, fourteen lives being lost. It was at about this time that he gained the reputation of being a hoodoo. Shortly afterward he left Seattle on the "Valencia," bound for this port. When she was off Cape Flattery immense seas struck her, doing such damage that she had to put back to Seattle for repairs. Captain Lloyd of the "Valencia" and Captain Cousins of the "Queen" wrote the clerk a joint letter in which they offered to pay his fare by rail to San Francisco. He refused, and, daring fate, came down on the "Valencia." She got through all right—but, as everybody knows, she was afterward wrecked with terrible loss of life. So this clerk's malign influence hung over her. At any rate, it would be hard to persuade seafaring men that such was not the case.

Not of the Naval Service

Naval officers have been amused that some papers have held the Navy responsible for the loss of the transport "Sheridan." The fact is that the Navy had nothing whatever to do with the "Sheridan" or any other transport. The Army transport service is conducted by the Quartermaster's Department of the War Department, its officers being men from the merchant service. There is an Army quartermaster on each transport who represents the War Department directly, but the navigation is wholly in the hands of officers from civil life. Captain Thomas Peabody, who commanded the "Sheridan" when she went ashore, is a navigator of long experience, well acquainted with Hawaiian waters, and from information now at hand the stranding of his vessel was due, not to any error in navigation, but to the bursting of a steam pipe when the vessel was in a critical position, near a lee shore, where

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her lack of motive power after the breaking of the important pipe rendered her unmanageable. Peabody's ability as a navigator in waters all over the globe has been recognized for years, and his present misfortune has aroused the sympathy of many friends in San Francisco, where he and his family have made their home for the past six years. In past years, when he commanded sailing ships, Captain Peabody usually carried Mrs. Peabody and his young daughter with him on his long voyages, and at one time, when his ship caught fire, he and his family had to take to the boats to save themselves from the burning hull.

Sartoris Has a Son

The dispatches tell us that Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Sartoris are receiving congratulations in Paris over the birth of a son and heir. The grandson of General Grant has never honored these shores since his marriage two years ago to Melle. Jermaine Cecile Noufflard, a Parisian beauty and godchild of the late Comte de Paris. Shortly after his departure for France he took occasion to vent his opinions on Washington society in no measured terms in an article in "Harper's Weekly," thereby hoping, doubtless, to cast retribution on the heads of the social leaders who never would take either him or his pretentions seriously, characterizing hostesses who had entertained him as being without manners, gentility or breeding. Young Sartoris' career in this city while en route to the Philippines and also in the army was nothing if not meteoric. Being the son of Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, he deemed that an open sesame to every phase of social, political and military life. His pursuit of well-dowered daughters was carried on assiduously, but he did not receive much encouragement and finally he sought to forget his numerous disappointments by securing an appointment in the army during the Spanish-American war, rising to the rank of Captain of Volunteers. On his return from the Philippines the dashing Captain blossomed forth as a contributor to the press, issuing vivid and picturesque phrases on our Eastern possessions as seen from the viewpoint of a three months' outing on the islands. Of course, every one knew that Algy earned his reputation for dash during his memorable effort to catch the first transport homeward-bound, but this did not disturb Algy in the least. He dearly loved to see his name in print.

The engagement of Miss Ida Stratton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stratton, and Herman Erickson of Flushing, Long Island, has been announced.

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Our Homeless Art Institute

The hopes and aspirations of those connected with the Hopkins Institute of Art seem to be buried under the lowest ruck of things on the hill. The students are fled, the officers scattered and the patrons engrossed in private pursuits. In a vague way it is understood that Captain Fletcher is looking after things but as yet he has advanced no plan of resurrecting the remains of the old school or of gathering the scattered devotees. Verily the problem is a hard one at this moment. According to the Searles deed of trust the property goes to the University of California unless it be used and maintained by the Art Association as an institution of art. If the University of California fail in its turn to carry out that same provision of the trust deed the property is to revert back to Searles. Before the fire there was an understanding whereby the University paid the taxes, used a suite of rooms for regent's meetings and lent its name to cover all the things in the big building, while the Art Association nestled beside it comfortably and undisturbed by worldly anxieties. The temblor has sadly disturbed this easy-going alliance.

Pity the Poor Artist

The great bulk of the art works in the big building were destroyed in the big fire. University students, however, saved enough to form a nucleus for another good collection. Some of the paintings are in Berkeley and others out at the affiliated colleges, where the damages to them have been repaired. The saved statuary, dumped during the fire on the lawns of the Flood, Crocker and Huntington properties, have been gathered and stored in a makeshift basement on the site of the old building, where a janitor keeps watch over them. Joe Redding's "Ariadne" is among this lot, as well as several other well-known pieces. In the old school the instructors appeared on the catalogue as being under the jurisdiction of the University, but that was for University purposes. The Art Institute looked after them. There is, therefore, very little prospect of the school resuming at an early date. Before the temblor there were a number of private art school in the city where drawing and illustrating were taught; but even those places have not as yet resumed business, so the way of the art student in town looks uncertain and dark for some time to come.

Beer to Make Oakland Famous

Nothing shows more amusingly the marked metamorphosis through which Oakland has passed since April 18 than the jubilation expressed recently by a real estate reviewer in one of the dailies of that city in commenting upon the plans for a new brewery to be erected there. In the days before the earthquake Oakland insisted that she was eminently more respectable and religious, if somewhat less important, than her twin sister of San Francisco. Nothing pleased her more than to announce to the world that she was "The City of Churches." But Oakland evidently now aspires to the same manner of fame that Milwaukee has acquired, for the aforesaid real estate news editor has been permitted to write without any subsequent rebuke: "The new brewery which is to send the name of Oakland all over the Pacific Coast is being rushed as fast as possible." He also said in the same article: "There is no city of its size that consumes more beer than Oakland." And not even the W. C. T. U. of that city has been heard to raise its slim, small voice in protest against the new reputation that Oakland is acquiring.

Illegal Voting in Berkeley

In order to protect the good name of the University of California, George Edwards, an alumnus of the class of 1885, has been obliged to warn the undergraduates against registering to vote in Berkeley when they are not entitled so to do. Many of the politicians of the college town are university graduates, and naturally have quite an influence among the students at the state's big educational institution. They have more frequently applied the principles of practical politics than remembered the high ideals of citizenship with which their professors tried to fill their heads. On many occasions these alumni, in their lust for office, are said to have induced students from elsewhere in California, whose legal residence of course remained in their home towns, to register as from Berkeley and vote at municipal and state elections in that town. This illegal student voting has in more than one instance determined elections in Berkeley, and the defeated candidates have often expressed great bitterness because of it. Thus far, however, the influence of the University in the college town has been sufficiently great to hush up the matter. But with the marked increase in Berkeley's population in the last few years, the University is fast losing the hold it has had upon all affairs, both political and social, in that town. The true friends of the University perceive that illegal student voting will no longer be tolerated without bringing public reproach upon the institution that is supposed to teach principles of honest citizenship as well as Latin and commercialism.

Higher Criticism

Biggs: "She's entirely self-taught."

Riggs: "How fortunate! She has nobody to blame but herself."

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Social Prattle

By Tantalus

A Burning Question

By the time this is cold in print society's burning curiosity will be satisfied. But at the present writing the smart set is on the Guessing Stool craning its neck for a glimpse of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, who is expected to arrive in San Francisco any day. Old friends of Tessie Fair are simply pining to know whether she will wear weeds for her husband. There are those who believe that, as their separation was irrevocable, the ethics of crepe permit her to wear raspberry, burnt amber or any other fashionable color she choose. They say it would be mockery to swathe herself in black for a husband she did not tolerate in life. On the other hand, there are those who believe that Mrs. Oelrichs will don the conventional mourning garb. It was rather a delicate matter for friends who knew of the strained relations to write letters of condolence. Most of them merely wrote and offered their homes during her visit, as hotel accommodations are rather limited. But Mrs. Oelrichs has never violated her rule to never be a home-guest of her San Francisco friends. By so doing she is absolved from the duty of returning the compliment when people from these parts stray into Gotham. Although Mrs. Oelrichs frequently dines en famille with the Rudolph Spreckels's she never even accepts a latch key from Nellie Jolliffe Spreckels.

The Herbert Laws had about decided to lease the Livermore place on Russian Hill for the winter when the rush of business connected with the repairing of the Fairmont influenced Mr. Law to make that place his headquarters. Accordingly the family have had several suites fitted up and will make their home there. According to present figuring the hotel will be opened to the public on January 1.

The Livingston Jenks have deserted their big house on the hill and are building a new place in Berkeley. Mrs. Jenks complained that the view from their windows of the ruins of the city gave her the blues. They have a beautiful residence in Ross Valley, but Mr. Jenks decided the trip there was too far in winter, hence the new house in Berkeley.

No Display For Them

The marriage of Ruth Merrill and Mr. Hammond was so quietly solemnized that the nearest neighbor could not hear the tinkle of wedding bells. The Merrills are very unostentatious people who have never flaunted their wealth or position in the public Ragfair. Young Mr. Hammond is the son of the lumber king, and to be related to lumber these days is to be germane to Croesus. Nevertheless, the wedding was not gushingly bavarded by those diligent society scribblers who tell us of the "loveliest bijou and bric-a-brac imaginable" which the bride received. It was the very sensible wish of both bride and groom that their nuptials be shorn of all display. Miss Merrill was not even attended by a maid of honor, much less a bridesmaid. She had recently been cheated out of that role herself and had probably decided that bridesmaids were unnecessary appendages in the wedding train after all. The day of the earthquake Miss Merrill was to act as bridesmaid at the marriage of her cousin, Zelda Tiffany. The temblor shivered this plan into bits—the wedding was a Sausalito affair and most of the wedding party were hemmed in by the fire on this side of the bay. The bridesmaids were to wear pink gowns, which were burned early in the morning at a downtown dressmaker's.

No "Bunny-Hug, No Prize

The "Bunny Hug" does not even survive in the modest summer resorts where ungilded youth and pleasure meet. And its not Ned Greenway, per se, who has rooted it out of the byways. Its the automobile which has leveled the "hug" as well as distances. Society people have been choo-chooing around the country, putting up at convenient resorts and lending a "finished" air to places that heretofore were content with year before last's fads and fancies. Recently a merry party of autoists landed at a popular resort on the Russian River. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Follis, the Latham McMullins, the George Martins, Miss Drum, Miss Tompkins, Ogden Hoffman, and one or two other society personages, were in the party that motored up from San Rafael. They sauntered into the pavilion where a dance was in full swing and decided to take a few turns. They did not know that there was to be a "grand prize for the best lady dancer," or "Lath" McMullin would probably not have glided around with Mrs. Jim Follis



The William R. Hearsts

And the Youngster Who Will Some Day Control a String of Newspapers.

just as the committee of three were about to award the prize to a girl with an Eiffel tower pompadour and a kangaroo dip. One of the committee happened to observe that the "swell guys" did not "bunny hug" and it was all off with the prize. The observant judge wanted to hand it to Mrs. Follis but the other two insisted on postponing the award. And the next night the dancing was strictly Greenway good form. Thus is the seed of reform unwittingly scattered over the land. But when the "swell guys" went in swimming next morning the girl with the Peter Pan waist and pompadour had her innings. "Twenty-three for the bunny hug," she said, above a

whisper, "but even if it is good form I don't go in swimming in my corsets!"

She Wants to Be a Nurse

When one observes the half-baked society aspirants whose paste-board passions only are aroused at the snuff of pink tea served by near-somebodies, it is incredible to think of the opportunities thrown away by Frances McKinstry. Here is a girl for whom Blingum threw wide its arms; whose presence was desired on Nob Hill and Pacific Avenue; whereever the smart set spread its tents there was warm welcome for her. But the youngest daughter of the house of McKinstry found no pleasure in the flippant frivolings of society. She wished to enter a convent, to become a Sister of Mercy and it took the combined efforts of her entire family to prevent her from consecrating her life to religious duties. And now the family are bending their energies toward rooting out her desire to be a district nurse. Frances has just nursed her mother through a painful illness and she herself became inoculated with the "nursing" germ. Her sister Laura, who is one of the most popular girls in society and a bridge whist expert, at one period in her life had the "nursing" fever herself. At the time of the Spanish war Laura donned the crisp white nurses' habit and made lint bandages for the Red Cross. But the lure o' society soon proved stronger than antiseptic bandages and the ways of nursedom knew her no more. In fact, I hear that she strongly opposes Frances' "notions" and has been instrumental in keeping her from following her natural bent.

Hillside Club Has a Home

The members of the Hillside Club, of Berkeley, which had a house-warming last Saturday, feel very proud of having put up a $6,000 clubhouse within a year without going in debt for it. It was only twelve months ago that the lot was bought, and it was decided to have a building put up as soon as possible. The members energetically got to work, and the result is a beautiful and artistic structure, situated near the Hearst residence. The Hillside Club is made up of men and women whose object is to beautify and improve the hillside portion of Berkeley, north of the University. For years they have carried on an energetic campaign, and the result justifies their efforts. The slopes from which one can look out through the Golden Gate are dotted with homes that, inside and out, show evidence of the best taste in construction and furnishing. The club has helped largely toward the steady real estate boom that Berkeley has enjoyed for several years past.

Bohemian Concert

The Bohemian Club Concert, which is to take place at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, on Tuesday afternoon, October 2, has aroused much interest in local musical circles. Never before have the composers and musicians of the club had such an opportunity, and it is safe to predict that they will rise to the occasion. Works by W. J. McCoy, H. J. Stewart, Theodor Vogt, Joseph D. Redding and Wallace A. Sabin will be performed, and the orchestra and chorus are already in active training. The sale of seats opens on September 17, but already many hundred of tickets have been spoken for.

Among the recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado were Mr. G. T. Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Briggs, Mr. J. D. Hodge, Miss N. Sheehan, Miss W. Murphy, Mrs. C. A. Hutchins, Mr. J. L. Frothingham, Mr. and Mrs. L. Abrahams, Miss Pearl Abrahams and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton.

Mr. Alexander Stewart has announced a musicale to be given by his pupil, Miss Helen Dunham Sutphen, violinist, next Tuesday evening at the Home Club, East Oakland.

MARBLEITHIC

Subscriptions are invited for shares in a Company to be incorporated under the laws of Nevada for the purpose of manufacturing in San Francisco, tiles, stair-treads, wainscoting, coves, bases and other building materials known as Marbleithic. The Company will have an authorized capital of $250,000 in 25,000 shares of $10 each.

This material has won for itself the first place in the Eastern States and Cities, where it has been extensively used in National, State and Municipal buildings, as well as in Railroad Stations, Hotels, Merchants' Exchanges, Banks, Public Schools, Hospitals, etc.

Where it has been laid it has given unqualified satisfaction; after years of hard usage it has shown no signs of wear or deterioration.

It has been endorsed by the most eminent American Architects, who pronounce it better than vitrified or glazed tile. An arcade in Providence, R. I., 440 feet long and 19 feet wide is paved with it. This was done after an expert had been sent to New York, Chicago and Philadelphia to ascertain which of all tile floorings was the best. It has been down for several years and is as sound as the day it was laid. In the Fort Worth railroad station it has been in use for five years and no wear or weakness is at all noticeable. Its polish grows finer with use and scrubbing.

In the Algonquin Hotel, Dayton, O., they have 18,000 feet of it. All their baggage is trucked over it and every year it gives better satisfaction. They say that it is infinitely preferable to some very fine mosaic in the same building. Marbleithic is laid in the First National Bank, Fairmount, Va., and is as good and solid as the day it was laid, five years ago.

Under hydraulic test it withstands greater pressure than marble. This makes it preferable for stair-treads, for it resists abrasion better, for wainscoting shapes made from marble are often set aside on account of cost. They can be easily made of Marbleithic and are absolutely free from faults and seams. These advantages are due to protected methods and machinery. Eastern percentages of raw material, labor, etc., have been adapted to local conditions, and the cost of manufacture of all the varied shapes, sizes, designs, colors, etc., can be reduced to such a figure that nothing may be feared by coming into competition with the weakest and cheapest of all floorings, terrazzo. The local plant will have for the first few months a daily output of 2,000 square feet, but provision has been made to expand it to 6,000, or even 10,000 feet per day, should the demand arise.

For this purpose 8,000 shares of the Pacific Marbleithic Company's stock will be offered at $5.00 per share; if it were found necessary to take 10 cents per foot less than the price paid for terrazzo, the plant running at its minimum capacity of 2,000 square feet per day, or 600,000 feet per year of 300 days, would leave $90,000 available for dividends, which would be 36 per cent on the par value of the stock, or six per cent per month on that purchased at $5.00 per share. A local Trust Company acts as the Company's depository. No subscription for less than 200 shares entertained. For fuller information address L. A. R., Town Talk Publishing Co.

A Hager Mot

The latest mot attributed to Ethyl Hager, who became Mrs. Lansing Kellogg last week, was sprung by her in reply to an inquiry, after the fire, as to where she was living. Her home on Franklin street, at the rim of the ruins, was spared, and it was there she was living. Her reply was: "The first house after you leave the ferry."

Dr. Abrams Off to Europe

Dr. Albert Abrams is on his way to Europe, where he will spend about a year in familiarizing himself with the latest results of research work in his profession. Dr. Abrams is one of our literary physicians. He has written several works on medical topics in a view that appeals to the unprofessional reader as well as to the scientist.

The reception given in honor of Mrs. Beach Soule in Oakland last week was one of the very biggest affairs in point of attendance ever pulled off across the bay. The Soules are among the most popular people in Oakland. Their home has long been a centre of culture and hospitality.

The Mackenzie Gordon song recital in the Unitarian Church, Alameda, last week, was a brilliantly artistic success. Mr. Gordon sang no less than nineteen songs. Mr. Landsberger and Mr. Maurer gave a beautiful rendition of Beethoven selections. Mr. Landsberger's marvelous tones excited great enthusiasm and he was obliged to play two encores.

Dr. H. J. Stewart has taken up his studio work again. He is at 2117 California street.

It is said in naval circles that Rear-Admiral W. T. Swinburne, who recently relieved Rear-Admiral C. F. Goodrich of the command of the Pacific squadron, will make his home somewhere in the North, instead of in San Francisco or some of its suburbs. Formerly most officers on this station who maintained establishments on shore located them either here or at some of the trans-bay cities.

Gossip From Stockton

"The wedding of Miss Genevieve Peters and Dr. Six," writes my Stockton correspondent, "was an unusually solemn affair, taking place as it did at the bedside of the bride's father, Major J. D. Peters, who was thrown from his buggy and severely injured several weeks ago. As he is now far advanced in years it is extremely doubtful that he will ever be able to leave his bed. Miss Peters' engagement was never formally announced, as she wished to keep it secret. It was kept as secret as a dozen near and dear friends can keep such an interesting bit of news. Mrs. Six was Stockton's most popular belle, and as she is a woman of many graces of mind and heart and also a great heiress she had many suitors and quite an experience in affairs sentimental. * * * * It may interest you to know that when the California Promotion Committee wanted a man to do missionary work in New York they came to Stockton to find a suitable person. Colvin Brown was selected for the job. He was formerly Secretary of Stockton's Chamber of Commerce. Some months ago he resigned that position to join a banking institution that was about to be started. The Secretaryship was then offered to Alexander Oullahan, who thereupon resigned his position with J. D. Peters. But the banking enterprise fell through and Brown held on to the Secretaryship, much to the indignation of Oullahan's friends. As a result Oullahan went into business and now J. M. Eddy, formerly editorial writer on the Stockton "Independent," is Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce.

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Editor and Poet.

The poet in wrath to the Editor wrote,
For his heart was tried and sore:
"Your check for my poem received. I could earn
In the doing of chores much more!"

The Editor answered at once and said:
"Your letter and verses are bores!
We could manage to do without poets like you,
But not without folks who do chores!"

—The Rejected.

Stage

"The Hypocrites"

A correspondent writes me of the first performance in New York last week, of Henry Arthur Jones' new play, "The Hypocrites." He says: "The play was warmly approved by a large audience. It will surely prove a great popular success. The title of the play suggests satirical comedy and its intellectual motive is similar to that faintly conveyed in "The Whitewashing of Julia." But the prevailing atmosphere is dramatic, the technical structure in many ways resembling "Mrs. Dane's Defense," and the moral tone recalling the popular melodramas in which Mr. Jones first established himself as one of the foremost of modern English playwrights. In such a mingling of genres there is scope for much detailed criticism; but first and last it was evident that on the broad canvas he has chosen Mr. Jones has painted with large, bold, and in the main convincing brush strokes. By a curious coincidence the theme is similar to that which Bernard Shaw lightly broached in the same playhouse last year in "Man and Superman"—and then as lightly abandoned. A young woman of good but humble birth has been betrayed with a promise of marriage, and the fact becoming known to the young man's family, the question is raised whether he shall marry her and legitimize their child. The situation is similar to many which Mr. Jones has treated in the past, and where Mr. Shaw keeps it in the vein of comedy by having the young folks already secretly married, Mr. Jones places it in the field of drama by having the prospective father engaged to be married to a young woman of his own walk in life. The hypocrites in question are the young man's family. In the case of a youth of the local parish who has got into a similar difficulty (though with a woman of light character) they are all for the conventional moralities and insist on publishing the bans, in spite of the fact that such a marriage means the ruin of his life. But when they discover the predicament of their own son their tune changes and they unite in a conspiracy of falsehood to prevent a marriage recommended by all motives of humanity and justice. They make the unfortunate young woman herself the tool of their hypocritical deception. She is loyal and quixotically brave, and rather than disgrace the man she loves she signs a paper exonerating him, and even appears before the local worthies to attest his innocence. This is in the third act, and the resulting scene is one of great strength and absorbing interest, somewhat similar in conception to the scene in which Carteret examines Mrs. Dane.

Thais Lawton's Triumph

The San Francisco and Los Angeles friends of Thais Lawton (She has dropped the Eugenie) will be glad to know of her overwhelming success as leading woman of the famous Castle Square Stock in Boston. She made her debut September 1, in Henrietta Crosman's role in Mistress Nell and was overwhelmed with applause and flowers. The Boston "Globe" says: "Those kind powers who so shifted the cards that Miss Lawton was brought from the Pacific Coast deserve the most grateful thanks. She is the real thing. She made the little rascal Nell fairly sparkle with realism. Castle Square patrons may congratulate themselves that they are to see this winter an actress who shows in every word and movement that she is refined and a born actress. Joe Jefferson knew what he was talking about when he predicted that she would rank among the greatest actresses in America. She rings true." The "Post" says: "She has everything in her favor; she looked and acted the character; she was the character." The "Herald" predicts that "Miss Lawton is the actress for the many parts that will fall to her. It is obvious from her Mistress Nell that she has a temperament that will qualify her alike in comedy and farce, in tragedy and comedy. It was a supreme moment for her, aware that the most critical of play-going publics was watching her, but she revealed perfect command of all her resources. Miss Lawton was engaged in Boston largely upon the recommendation of E. D. Price, who had absolute faith in her because of her splendid achievements under his management while upon the Coast."

Price to Launch Lillian

E. D. Price, of San Francisco, has assumed the general management of the Interstate Amusement Company, with handsome offices at the Savoy Theater, New York. His first undertaking is to launch the tour of Lillian Russell, who appears at the Illinois Theater, Chicago, September 17, preliminary to a New York season at the Savoy a fortnight later. The beauteous Lillian, like another former comic opera favorite, Marie Tempest, is going in for straight comedy. Her new play, "Barbara's Millions," is by Paul Potter, from the French of Frances de Craissette. She has a notable company, including H. Reeves Smith, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Har-

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Orpheum Vaudeville

R. G. Knowles, "the man who went around the world on a wave of laughter," and who is said to be the first American to make an Englishman laugh, will make his first vaudeville appearance in San Francisco this Sunday afternoon. He comes via South Africa, Australia and New Zealand, where he has been giving an entire evening's entertainment by himself. The pointed patter talk and original songs for which he is renowned will undoubtedly win him immediate favor here. McMahon's Minstrel Maids and "Watermelon Girls," nine in number, and in an old-fashioned black face exhibition, should receive a warm welcome. These young women sit in the traditional semi-circle and indulge in songs and witticisms after the style of the conventional minstrel show. Miss Helen McClay is interlocutor and the Misses Haney and Bookman occupy the ends. The vocal corps is efficient, and in addition to the ensemble several melodious solos are sung. The Watermelon scene, which constitutes the after-piece, affords opportunity for some exceedingly lively dancing and other festivities. The Aribos European novelty acrobats will appear for the first time in this city. They are strong men and agile and introduce a lot of expensive paraphernalia in their work. Tim McMahon and Flora Chappelle, a versatile couple, will present their original conceit, "Twenty Minutes from Train Time," abounding in comedy of all kinds. They are clever singers and dancers and thoroughly up to date. Chinko, the phenomenal young English juggler; Fiske and McDonough, the unique comedy duo, Minnie Kaufmann, the world's greatest trick cyclist of her sex, the Italian trio of operatic vocalists and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a varied and interesting program. Every kind of amusement is to be found on the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, and rare and interesting animals of all descriptions are to be gazed at in the zoo and home of the happy family.

Being Off the Map

The masons are now at work on the foundation of the new Columbia Theatre, but it will be many a weary month before we really get back on the theatrical map and in touch with the latest delicacies of the dramatic season. We shall see none of Frohman's companies for many a moon. John Drew will soon appear in Pinero's "His House in Order," but he will not venture across the continent in the dog days. Mr. Frohman will also produce Alfred Sutro's, "The Price of Money," with William H. Crane as the star. We haven't yet



M'MAHON'S MINSTREL MAIDS AND WATERMELON GIRLS
Who Will Enliven Proceedings at the Orpheum Next Week.

seen "The Walls of Jericho," the play that brought Playwright Sutro into the limelight. Frohman also has unnamed plays by Augustus Thomas and George Ade, but the plans regarding them seem to be vague. Several foreign artists will visit this country under Frohman's wing, among them Ellen Terry, who will make a farewell tour, but it won't include San Francisco.

"Robin Hood" Still On.

A remarkable run is that which "Robin Hood" is having at Idora Park, considering the public's familiarity with the old favorite and its recent revival in this city. But the people are hungry for good music, and they are getting it in Oakland, where Bishop and Greenbaum are giving them the very best in the realm of light opera. "The Idol's Eye," one of the most amusing of musical comedies and one in which Ferris Hartman scored one of his greatest triumphs, is now in course of preparation.

A Play of the Spanish Period

"Before the Gringoes Came," a drama of the old idyllic period in California's history, when the Spaniards were in possession of immense tracts of land over which roamed their herds, and when conditions were conducive to romance, will be produced at Ye Liberty Theatre next week. I am told that the author has caught the spirit of the times in which his story is laid and that it abounds in color and atmosphere.



D'Annunzio, From An Italian Caricature.

THE THREE LOVES

Once upon a time a man was beloved by three women, and he cast about in his mind for a plan whereby he might discover which fair one loved him most. At last he said: "I will propose to each in turn, a course which, though alluring and seductive, is yet wrong in the sight of God and man."

With honeyed words he hinted of his plan to the first woman.

But with startled eyes she shrank from his, exclaiming: "Nay, nay; I love thee, but not enough to sin for thee."

Dr. H. J. Stewart

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Again he suggested his desires to the second woman.

With radiant smiles and shining eyes, she replied: "Aye, my love, I love thee! even enough to sin for thee."

But he asked his wish of the third woman.

Her fair face saddened, and her eyes filled with tears as she answered: "Beloved, I love thee far too much to sin for thee."

And yet the man wondered which fair one loved him most.—"The Princess."

Some Epigrams

(From "The Helpers," by Francis Lynde.)

When one has sown the wind and the whirlwind harvest has begun it is easy to imagine that the first few strokes of the sickle have gathered in all the bitterness there is in the crop.

It is one of the little martyrdoms of sympathetic souls and thereby to suffer vicariously for the misdoings of the erring majority.

There is reason to suspect that Shakespeare never went hungry, else he wouldn't have said: "Sweet are the uses of adversity." They are not sweet; they're damnably bitter. A man may come forth from the winepress with bones unbroken and insight sharpened to the puncturing point; but his capacity for evil will be increased in just proportion.

The necessities breed a certain familiarity with evil. Moral metes and bounds have a trick of disappearing in the day of physical dearth. When hunger has driven a man over the ethical boundary a few times the crossing becomes easy; and when hunger drops the whip inclination is very likely to take it up.

The man who allows his friend to help him in any crisis of his own making should at least be able to give bond for his good behavior.

With every embrasure gunned and manned the fortress of this life must always be pregnable on the human side; in the last resort one must trust something to the chance of loyalty in the garrison. —The Gleaner.

The Reeds.

By R. T.

Along the marsh in the morning glow
The reeds were swaying to and fro;

And whenever the wind came sweeping by,
They would bend their heads, and sigh—and sigh.

A shepherd passed, and he plucked a reed,
And slit the stalk, and made it bleed,

And fashioned a pipe whereon to play,
And piped, ah! many a happy lay.

All day he piped, and lawn and hill
Were wild with echoes sweet and shrill.

But still in the sullen marsh below
The reeds were swaying to and fro;

And whenever the wind came sweeping by,
They would bend their heads, and sigh—and sigh.

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A Few Suggestions for the Improvement of the Ancient and Honorable Institution.

From the report in the daily papers of this city it is evident that marriage as at present approached is a failure.

The institution is not conducted on the same lines that obtain in an ordinary commercial transaction.

The ordinary woman is trained to catch a man, not to keep a husband. She has an ante-nuptial manner that implies cheerfulness, economy and contentment. She turns out to be a parcel of assorted follies and caprices enclosed in a decorative wrapper falsely labeled.

The ordinary man selects a wife when his mind is confused by the fumes of love. He isn't responsible for what he does.

The man and woman contemplating matrimony should be required to give a correct description of themselves under oath. Were it discovered after marriage that either had substantially misrepresented his or her condition or character, the contract could be annulled.

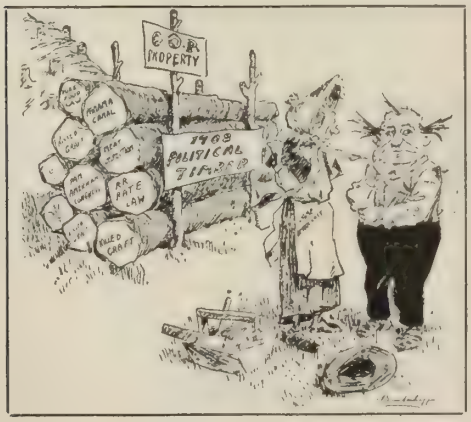
Why should dishonesty be permitted at the altar and perjury in the divorce court?

There should be matrimonial advisers skilled in the matching of temperaments employed by the State to keep the uncongenial apart.

And there should also be professional pacifiers.

A severe dispute has broken out at home, and it is feared that complications may develop. The husband, or wife, calls through the telephone for a professional pacifier, who hurries to the house, investigates the case, administers sedative advice, and recommends great care and cheerful diet. The inflammatory symptoms diminish under treatment, and the cause of irritation is eventually removed. For these services the pacifier receives five dollars a visit. Is it not cheaper to pay that fee than to let ill-nature run its course, or to part with one hundred dollars for a conciliatory costume, the price the ordinary husband frequently has to pay to cure an outbreak of matrimonial discontent?

—The Sociologist.



Democracy: "Say, how are we going to build a platform when the G. O. P. has sawed all the timber?"

Brinkerhoff in Toledo "Blade."

A Pertinent Query

Briggs: "I hear that Jones is completely knocked out by overwork."

Mrs. Briggs: "Business or pleasure?"

—The Josher.

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The Security Savings Bank Building is in process of re-habilitation and deposits are being received. ALL demands of depositors have been met since May 28th and the business of making new loans will be shortly resumed. New accounts are being opened

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The Emperor and the Judaean.

[From the Latin]

By L. T.

Domitian, the Emperor, in his eighth year of office, caused a decree of the Senate against alien usurers to be promulgated. The terms of the Decree was that henceforth only native Romans should have license to lend money at interest in Rome.

Now this Decree was aimed especially at the Judaean money-lenders, who, flocking to the city, in greedy bands, were amassing huge fortunes out of Roman extravagance.

For I know not how it is, but the people of that turbulent and fanatic little nation have implanted in them, beyond all others, the instinct of making money, in search whereof they will exile themselves to the utmost limits of the universe; so that, as is the common saying in Rome, "where cash is, there look out for Judaeans."

Furthermore, in the arts of commerce, but most of all in the art of usury, they so excel that, wherever they settle, they absorb like sponges all the business of the district, quickly ousting the native financier. Wherefore have arisen against them many persecutions both in Italy and in the Provinces, so that they have been plundered, stripped, tortured, and massacred without mercy. Yet no sooner have the flames of proscription subsided, than those who have escaped with their lives, reinforced by others, are again in their old haunts and at the old trades, as though nothing had happened to disturb them.

Thus, the Divine Nero had made torches of them by the thousand; nay, it is well remembered how that august Prince gave orders that a whole pine forest on the Apennines should be felled for this purpose; since he found the supply of pitch unequal to the supply of Judaeans. Again, the Divine Vespasian, and after him the Divine Titus, had expelled them from Rome by stringent Decrees. Yet here they were back in the City, silent, unobstrusive, busy, as heretofore—a monument of unconquerable acquisitiveness.

But the method of the Divine Domitian for driving the Judaean usurers from Rome, if less violent than that resorted to by the Divine Nero, was more systematic and, for that very reason, more successful. For while there are many points of resemblance between the characters of these two Divine princes—witness the fact that Domitian is called by many writers "the Flavian Nero," and by a satiric poet "the bald Nero"—yet in this they altogether differed; namely, that the Light of the Claudian Dynasty was a Creature of Impulse, whereas the Star of the Flavian Line was a Creature of Calculation. Savage they were, both; but the one with the insane eruptiveness of a fiery Vesuvius, the other with the cold, protracted, merciless frost of a Scythian winter. The Claudian overreached himself by the very violence of his mad outbursts; just as a double dose of aconite, or toad-poison, defeats its own object. The Flavian, equally cruel, was nevertheless always master of his cruelty, which was the more dangerous for being thus trained and disciplined. The Claudian, in a frenzy, had lighted the Campus Martius with a thousand Judaeans. Then, his frenzy diverting itself into other channels, he had forgotten that such persons as Judaeans existed. The Flavian, beginning, as it were, mildly, with a Decree of the Senate, meant nothing less than the extermination of all Judaeans from Rome. Moreover, like a weasel—if it be not impious to compare gods with vermin—having once his nose on the victim's trail, he might be trusted never to desist until he had tracked him down.

So quietly and stealthily worked the Divine Domitian by the aid of his informers, who swarmed, like dungflies, in every street of Rome. There was nothing sensational, no public torch-lighting, no general massacre. A Judaean was de-

(Continued on Page 32.)

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About the many sacred Stories
In which the Land of Egypt glories;
How Nilus, of the rolling Flood,
Once on a Time has been a God,
Out of whose fertile Mud did spring
The Form of every living Thing;
And how to primal Cats he'd given
The Faculties of highest Heaven;
With many another such-like Myst'ry,
That's told in Egypt's sacred Hist'ry.
"They're true," piped Ibis, "Word for Word;
"They're true, as I'm a living Bird."
"True, in a certain Sense, I ween,
But never in the Sense you mean.
In fact," the Crocodile replies,
They're just instructive Alleg'ries,
Describing, in poetic Phrase,
The wondrous Course of Nature's Ways.
For instance: Cats were surely meant
Women alone to represent,
Who still 'mong Men (or Rumour lies),
Like Gods, an Empire exercise;
And still their Prototype they match
In equal Power to bite and scratch.
While as for Nilus' fertile Clay——"
"Stop!" shrieked the Ibis. "Stop, I say!
Sceptic, incredulous! Absurd!
These Things are true—aye, Word for Word."
"Nay! nay!" the Crocodile replies;
"They're just instructive Alleg'ries."
So they disputed all that Day
Of sacred Cats and Nilus' Clay;
But while the Wrangle they pursued,
Ibis forgot her callow Brood,
Who, hungry, cried in Vain for Food;
So, starving, with the dying Day
Those helpless Nestlings passed away.
Still, heedless of her murdered Brood,
Ibis the Argument pursued,
And might be arguing to this Day
'Bout sacred Cats and Nilus' Clay,
But Hippo, who had overheard,
Put in a shrewd and timely Word:
"It doesn't matter, Friends, a Jot
Whether those Tales are true or not;
Whether mere Alleg'ries you make 'em,
Or whether, Word for Word, you take 'em;
For, Faith, this Argument polemic
Is, when all's spoken, academic.
But in those Records which you quote
Some Maxims practical I note,
Which should—as all good Beasts agree—
Be acted up to, lit'rally.
For Instance, Birds who rear a Brood
Are straitly charged to give them Food."
A referential Glance evinced

RECOMMENDED
TO THE
LADIES



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Is now permanently located in the Union Trust Building, corner of Montgomery and Market. Take elevator and go to fifth floor. If you have any evidence that will lead to the conviction of any one engaged in assaulting, intimidating or coercing American citizens engaged in helping reconstruct San Francisco, you are invited to report the same to our Legal Department and claim reward for $100.

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His Meaning plain. The Ibis winced.
Ashamed and sad, she hung her Head.
"I take your Meaning, Sir," she said.
"If, 'stead of wasting useless Chatter
On Prehistorics, which don't matter,
I'd carried out the God's Command
In what lies present to my Hand,
And brought my starving Young Relief,
That would have shown the best Belief."

Moral.

Too many, in a general Way,
Conduct themselves, from Day to Day,
As if the "Sermon on the Mount"
De verbo wasn't meant to count;
But yet adopt the sternest Poses
In championing a lit'ral Moses.
And then we have some public Men,
Who want to build the Town again,
And started work on City Hall
By raising quite a legal Squall.
Of course, we know they Understand
The Graft that lies right next to Hand.

—The Aesopian.

In Commercial Circles.

Another bank has opened a branch on Van Ness avenue—the Anglo Californian Bank, Ltd., which has erected a building at 1020 Van Ness to be devoted exclusively to the purposes of the bank. They have a safe deposit department, equipped with boxes from $4.00 per year upward and special storage spaces for books, etc. These branches on Van Ness avenue, of our large banks, have become necessary on account of the large retail business there.

John C. Klein, formerly general manager of the Oakland "Herald," and prior to that for years associated with New York newspapers, has associated himself with Geo. Sperry in a new line of business. The firm will deal in cement, fire extinguishers, water filters and heaters. Water, cement and fire extinguishers are certainly in the minds of the people and, as the agencies held by the firm are the best in the land, it will no doubt get the cream of business.

Cuyler Lee states that he delivered four 1907 30-35 H. P. Cadillacs to the Government through Major Krauthoff and also sold one to the United Railroads and one to Colonel Kelly. The new Cadillac is a model car and is finding many admirers.

H. S. Crocker & Co. have opened an "up-town" or as some say "West-End" store at 1244-46 Sutter street just below Van Ness. They will maintain the high excellence in merchandise established by themselves many years ago, and as far as circumstances will allow they will maintain a complete stock of high class stationery, pocket-books, purses, bags, etc., in their Sutter street store.

Bullock & Jones have opened their furnishing goods department at Eddy and Van Ness, on the floor below their tailoring department. They will maintain the usual high quality of haberdashery always carried by them on Sutter street, and will show some stunning imported fall novelties.

—The Rounder.

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The Emperor and the Judaean.

(Continued from Page 29.)

nounced for lending money on usury, in violation of the Senate's Decree. He disappeared. A snowflake in Tiber melts not more silently nor more rapidly. Ere three moons had revolved, not a Judaean usurer was to be found in Rome.

Stay; one there was, who, still persisting in his place and traffic, contrived to evade the vigilance, or to purchase the compliance, of the informers. This man had been in Rome for thirty years, and, with wise forethought, had assumed a Roman name when he first entered the City; adopting himself, by Greek leave, as the common people say, into the family of the Corvi, and painting above the door of his shop the title, "M. Corvus," which all men could see was good Roman. But his real name, after the Judaean national hero who spoiled the Egyptians, was Moses.

I think it more likely, indeed, that his Roman name, now thirty years established, had concealed his Judaean origin, than that, his Judaean origin being known, he had bought the informers' silence; since it was the common practice of informers, under the Divine Domitian, to extort large bribes for silence, but to denounce their victim just the same, thereby earning a double reward. But be that as it may (for I have no sure information on the point), it is certain that this Moses, the Judaean, under a Roman name, continued to ply his business among the Roman nobles as heretofore; albeit, by so doing, he risked his life, and that which he valued more, his gold, a hundred times daily. For once let the suspicion that he was a Judaean have reached the Divine Domitian's ears, and this Romano-Judaean had vanished like a dream, and all his "shekels," which is their outlandish native term for cash, had been absorbed into the Imperial Fiscus.

These risks, then, he endured, being a Judaean and wedded to acquisition. But the Roman nobles, and, in particular, their wives, sought unto him daily for financial accommodation; whether it was that they needed cash to pay some gaming debt, or to buy the venal favours of some hacked and hirsute gladiator. For the Roman ladies, under the Divine Domitian, were exceeding partial to the heroes of the arena, and if these fellows had left behind them an ear, or half a nose, in the circus or the Colisseum, the mutilation rendered them only the more adorable to high-born beauty. So that she whom a Cornelius or an Aemilius had wooed in vain would be on her knees to some swaggering scum of a Milo, imploring, with tears in her eyes and gold in her hands, for love that had to be bought at an extortionate figure. Such was the price of gladiatorial ugliness under the Divine Domitian.

But the usurer Corvus, having long experience of Roman ladies, would by no means lend them cash unless they were willing to deposit with him jewels, or other valuables, as a pledge of repayment. Moreover, being a Judaean, and by that very fact astute, he was careful always to have a pile of coin lying exposed upon his table, knowing that if a Roman lady, wanting money, saw money, in hard cash, before her eyes, her lust to possess it became so unbridled, that, rather than depart without it, she would consent to any terms.

By this means, the wily Judaean would, for a loan of 100,000 sesterces, often get into his possession gems worth thrice that sum; and once he had them in pledge they were as good as his, since fashionable Roman ladies seldom designed to pay their debts, in the days of the Divine Domitian.

On the evening of the 14th day before the Kalends of October, A.U.C., DCCCL., Aurelia Tormentilla visited the shop of the Judaean, Corvus. Now, this woman, a Lusitanian by birth, and of great beauty, had been brought to Rome, a slave, five years before, by the Pro-Praetor of that Province. C. Aurelius, the Senator, had purchased her, being captivated by her loveliness; and she had prevailed upon him to

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make her a freedwoman, in token whereof she had added to her own name that of her patron and liberator. It was even said that the Senator—so enamoured was he—would have stooped to yoke her to himself in wedlock. But therein he was baffled by the Divine Domitian, who one day, seeing the beautiful Lusitanian, and being taken by her fresh young charms, gave commandment that she should leave the Senator's house, and be transferred to the Imperial mansion on the Palatine; which was done, and little comment was aroused thereby, for such transfers were common in the days of the Divine Domitian.

When she first entered Caesar's household, Aurelia was but in her seventeenth year, and now, having reached the age of twenty-one, with beauty matured and person developed, she was, in truth, a magnificent example of feminine loveliness.

The Judaean had seen and admired, but had never spoken with her before. It was dangerous for a man to talk with Caesar's favorite in the days of the Divine Domitian.

When Corvus saw who his visitor was, dark forebodings of evil overshadowed him. He surmised that she had come upon the usual errand that brought noble ladies to his shop. This thing troubled him; since either to grant or to refuse a loan to the Imperial favorite was equally fraught with peril.

"What would you, Lady?" says he, while he regards her with his keen, restless eyes.

"Cash—hard cash, O Corvus," she replied.

"How much?" he inquired.

"A million sesterces," she said.

The Judaean, astonished by so large a demand, answered that he must first see what she proposed to leave with him as deposit.

"Jewels or portable treasures—none," said she, her tone pregnant as it were with hidden meaning; "yet something to you more valuable than all the pearls and sapphires in the Empire. I will deposit with you the secret that shall prevent your disappearance."

At this word, so significant, so sinister, the Judaean gazed at her alert, fearful, suspicious. Perchance, the danger at which she hinted was real. Perchance, it was fictitious. Experience of Roman ladies, seekers after cash, had taught him to receive their statements with abundant salt.

"From whence should disappearance threaten me who am so humble, so obscure?" he inquired.

"All disappearances in Rome have but one author," she said. "And he now decrees, O Judaean. My name is Corvus."

"By Pollux," she replied, smiling satirically, "and my name is Aurelia. We are all Romans nowadays. I a Roman—from Lusitania; you a Roman—from Hierosolyma; and the bulk of the citizens Romans—from Antioch. Truly we live in a mixed community, my Latin Moses. . . . But away with dissimulation. Let there be plain speaking between us. I know your secret. I know your impending fate. I know, also, my own. We lie beneath the shadow of a common doom, you and I. But, by joining hands, we may yet evade it. Attend. Give me your ear. The thing is urgent."

She leaned forward, speaking in a hoarse whisper. He heard her, with close attention, keeping his piercing eyes fixed all the while upon her face.

"He, that bald-headed god, whose slave I am, betrayed himself, last night, in the unconscious mutterings of troubled sleep. 'Twas thus I learned your secret, and your impending fate. 'Twas thus, too, I learned my own; comparing word with word, and piecing together the disjointed fragments of his sleep talk. You have lived long enough, O Judaean, to serve his ends. Tomorrow he will summon you to the Palatium. There you will be seized and carried to the dungeons below; where the stake, for your impalement, stands fixed and ready. While I, of whom this mundane Jupiter is now sated, am to be handed over to his gladiators to use me as



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they will before dispatching me. I swear to you by Orcus that what I say is true."

Her tone, her look, her horror, her indignation were such that the usurer could no longer doubt her.

"How, then," he demanded, trembling and pallid, "can we escape from the fate in store for us? If we attempt to flee——"

"Flee?" she cries, while her beautiful bosom pants and heaves. "Whither can one flee beyond the reach of this Imperial tyrant, whose spies are in every city; whose legions occupy every land? Nay, friend. There is no safety in flight. Another—a bolder way must be sought. And Lusitanian arts, with Judaean gold, will find it."

"What way?" he demanded in a voice so low, so tense, that it was barely audible.

"I will tell you. I have the confidence of Domitia Augusta, who makes cause with me against that Tyrant, whom she loathes and fears. Yea! By a strange freak of the Fates, you may here see the wife and the favorite, usually bitter foes, leagued in friendly alliance against their common oppressor. This morning I whispered suggestions in her willing ear. With caution, certain freedmen of the household were approached. They responded. All is now in readiness, save the hard cash wherewith to buy the inattention of the Praetorian guards. Given that, success is sure. Failing that we are lost. Come! Will you any longer refuse me my million sesterces?"

"Stay," said the Judaean. "Has any one, saving yourself, guessed my secret relations with that tyrant, who now perfidiously schemes to make away with me his tool and accomplice?"

"No one."

"And when he, my divine Principal, is removed," he demanded, with trembling lips, "will you swear not to divulge the secret?"

"I swear it—by Pluto's self—if you but give me the million sesterces."

"They are yours," replied the Judaean.

Next day was the Divine Domitian slain, and the Divine Nerva, being elected by the Senate, assumed the purple in his stead.

Yet none knew that the last of the XII. Caesars (for the termination of which line be the gods eternally praised!) had, in effect, himself provided the hard cash wherewith the inattention of the Praetorians, at that fatal crisis, had been bought. For Aurelia Tormentilla, subsequently married to C. Aurelius, the Senator, kept her oath, nor ever revealed to any that Corvus had, now for seven years, been nothing else than the secret agent of Domitian himself, who, in the Judaean's name, had fattened on the ill-gotten gains of a more than usurious rapacity.

Which truth, being now disclosed, sheds an illuminating glow upon the Decree of the Senate against alien usurers; of which it was the effect, as it was beyond doubt the intention, to clear the field for the campaign of the Divine Bloodsucker.

AN UNMISTAKABLE SIGN

St. Peter: The last arrival is a Chicago man.

Gabriel: Indeed! What leads you to think so?

St. Peter: Nothing seems to be large enough to suit him.

—The Seraph.

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A Constitutional Amendment.

(Article XVI. The Duties of the President.)

1. It shall be the duty of the President to see that the wells of English are not defiled and to give his personal attention to the coinage of words in a mint to be established by the Government. He shall report to Congress annually as to the latest wrinkles in spelling and chirography.

2. At stated intervals the President shall prescribe the rules that shall be observed in football contests at Annapolis and West Point.

3. At least once during each session of Congress the President shall make a "roughing trip," and he shall be required to shoot at least one bear and chop two trees, unless temporarily incapacitated, in which event such duty shall devolve on the Vice-President, or, in his absence, on the Secretary of State. Photographs of the Executive eating bear steak, in proper surroundings, shall be freely circulated for the benefit of the public at large.

4. The President shall not be required to talk all the time, but on National holidays, and two or three times a week, he shall make learned discourses wherever and on whatever topic is appropriate.

5. The length of the speeches is not prescribed, but if, in the opinion of a majority in Congress, they lack in scope or dramatic power, the Chief Justice of the United States may impeach and try the President before a committee of the Professional Women's League.

6. The President shall be required to maintain a convenient family to assist him in retaining interest in lawn tennis, automobiling, rough riding, etc., but at no time shall any member of the family appear publicly before the age of two, or be required to hobnob at large more than one hour daily. On the children shall be bestowed the admiration due to the father.

7. Congress may enact a law for the appointment of an assistant President, to attend to the diplomatic and business details of the Government, if the President is prevented from doing so in fulfilling the requirements of paragraphs 1 to 6.

—The Legislator.

FICTION BABIES

Encouraged by the success of "Bruvver Jim's Baby," Philip Verrill Mighels' next book will be another story concerning a little boy. While the western world, which was the most concerned about Bruvver Jim, his baby, and his surroundings accepted it as a fairly good story which more than suggested "The Luck of Roaring Camp," the east fairly boiled over with interest, and the columns of the New York "Times" Supplement were all but monopolized with letters debating and discussing its merits and defects. Mr. Mighels' book appeared at about the same time as Josephine Daskam's "Memoirs of a Baby," and comparisons between the two infants and the methods of their respective creators were often little short of heated. Binks and "the baby," each had his champions, and if there had been a prize offered to be awarded by popular vote, there would have been bets and hair pullings too. Since writing her humorous biography, Josephine Daskam has become Mrs. Bacon and is the happy mother of a little girl. Binks, the delightful little child of her imagination, was not scientifically brought up. Indeed, he persisted in poking his pudgy fist through all the theories that were tentatively tried on him, and it was therefore somewhat surprising when Mrs. Bacon secured a trained nurse for her darling in the flesh. On being reminded that she had flouted all the dicta and doctrines of the cult in her book, Mrs. Bacon proved herself all woman, for she smilingly admitted that though Binks had not a scientific training she intended that Anne should have.

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Correspondence.

[A Believer in Christian Science Answers "The Rector."]

San Francisco, Sept. 5, 1906.

Editor "Town Talk."

Dear Sir:—In last week's publication I noticed an article on Christian Science written by one who signed himself "The Rector". In this article he begins by saying that this sect is composed of women. One would suppose from this statement that there were no men. If he would take the trouble to go to any Christian Science meeting he would find there more men than in any other religious gathering. Men of all profession—doctors, lawyers, writers, business men, traveling men. Christian Science is a help to them morally, mentally, physically and financially. Does he wish to make us believe that they have not a "mustard-grain" of sense?

"The Rector" says Christian Science is "faith cure." This is a mistaken idea. It is a belief in the all-powerfulness of God and in His great love for humanity; that we are His children, created "in His image" and as such cannot suffer sickness or pain or do evil, but that these conditions exist in our mortal mind, and disappear when we become in harmony with the Divine Mind or God, of whom we are a part.

He states that when Christ said "heal the sick," He was speaking to only three disciples and that this injunction was for them alone. He evidently does not know that verse where Christ said, "Verily, verily, they who believe in Me shall do these works also, and greater than these, for I go to my Father."

In fact it is easily seen that "The Rector's" entire article is founded on utter ignorance of even the first principles of this religion.

Yours for a better understanding of this great Truth,

A BELIEVER.

AT BYRON HOT SPRINGS

The automobile arrivals at Byron Hot Springs for the past week are as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Kunell, Miss G. Jenett, R. J. McMullen, F. W. Frost, in a Pierce-Arrow; Joseph F. Carrigan, Mr. and Mrs. C. Page, S. H. Page, R. H. Pease, Jr., in a Packard; Oscar Heyman, Alvin Heyman, in a Packard; Miss Adelle Aronstein, Jos. L. Emanuel, Mrs. Jos. Emanuel and child, Herbert L. Frank, in a Packard; Mrs. E. S. Heller, Miss Van Meyrs, John S. Drum, E. S. Heller, in a Packard; Joseph S. Greenebaum, Louis Samuels, Sol Aronson, in a Packard. Among the other arrivals are as follows: From San Francisco: Dr. and Mrs. Philip Mills Jones, Dr. C. L. Heller, Mrs. John Morrisey, R. L. Eaton, John A. Hammersmith, Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Campe, J. H. Hamm, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Moroney, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. M. Cummings, David Kerr, Dr. Geo. H. Derrick, Mrs. Garet Derby Wright, Miss Howard Wright, Mrs. Frank Moffittt. From Goldfield: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Berghauser, R. L. Berghauser.

IT CERTAINLY WAS

The Prisoner: Y-y-y-y-your h-h-h-honor, I w-w-wish to s-s-s-s-say th-th-th-th-that I-I-I-I-I———

The Judge (interrupting, smilingly)—Sentence suspended.

—The Court-Crier.

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Letters

Reminiscences of a Sportsman

Though Mr. J. Parker Whitney has chosen to entitle his somewhat bulky volume "Reminiscences of a Sportsman," it is by no means entirely given over to sporting reminiscences, and though the author has been an ardent disciple of Izaac Walton since his eighth year, he has not confined himself entirely to fishing, but has followed other forms of the chase as well, and has hunted prairie chickens when Illinois was "the plains," moose in the Maine woods, and grizzlies in California, where he arrived at the ripe age of seventeen years, ready to fill his pockets with nuggets, and suitably equipped with a shotgun, knife and a line. Fishing has, however, been his favorite pursuit, and for nearly fifty years he has not failed to spend some portion of every year at the Maine lakes. Mr. Whitney has wandered all over the west, and gives interesting reminiscences of New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming and other Rocky Mountain territory in the days before the railroads, when Indians and bushwhackers were an ever present terror and buffalo roamed literally by millions over the country. He narrowly escaped being the discoverer of Leadville, but if he had picked up some of the rich ore, as well as his two stray horses, the chances are that he would



Mr. Jacob A. Riis

Author of "The Making of An American," "The Battle with the Slum," "Theodore Roosevelt," "The Citizen," etc. Courtesy of the Macmillan Company.

have regarded it as an annoying interruption to his legitimate business, which was hunting and fishing. At all events he passed over the episode with fewer words than the average Argonaut devotes to a recital of how many more blocks of Market street he might now be the owner of had he been willing to accommodate some land-poor pioneer with a stray twenty. There are anecdotes and recollections of many celebrities, amongst them General Grant, General Lew Wallace, Governor Russell of Massachusetts, Jay Gould, Richard Olney, Edwin Booth, Edwin Forrest, and Daniel Webster. There is some early railroad history, as well as a number of good dog stories, and quite a minute and extended account of the method of catching salmon in the sea, which the author may be pardoned for making the most of since he was the discoverer of that particular branch of the sport. There is a hard-luck insurance story which comes in so pat on the top of our present day troubles that it deserves reproduction. On the ship that left Boston for San Francisco via the Horn, there was to have taken passage a Mr. Bragg and his family, but as the loading was somewhat delayed, they took advantage

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of the opportunity to make a visit to friends in a neighboring town, and were overlooked and left behind. They, however, took passage on the succeeding ship of the same line, which had begun to load earlier and on which Mr. Bragg had shipped some ten thousand dollars' worth of furniture, having given up his business in Boston, intending to establish himself here. The original plan was for the family and the goods to make the voyage separately, but owing to their having missed the first vessel, the plan was disarranged. Mr. Bragg had placed a heavy insurance on his furniture, but now he decided to cancel the policy and save the premium, reasoning that in case of a disaster in which his goods were lost he and his family would likewise be drowned and there would be no one to profit by his prudence. The second vessel proved to be the better sailor, making the trip in a month less time, but as she was entering the Golden Gate she struck on a rock and sunk, everything on board except the passengers being lost; and the cautious shipper made the trip in safety but arrived penniless. The various chapters which make up the "Reminiscences of a Sportsman" have been, for the most part, published serially as contributions to outdoor magazines and have been collected in the order of their appearance, without rearrangement, so that they are without topographical or chronological sequence, a matter of no serious import in a book of this kind. Naturally one does not look for literary flourishes and fine writing, but it is a pity that the proof reader was not more exacting at times. Published by the Forest and Stream Company.

Latest Books

Amongst the announcements of new books to be brought out during the coming season the Macmillan Company mentions "White Fang," by Jack London. This is a dog story which is to reverse the "Call of the Wild," the hero being a native Esquimaux canine of great intelligence, brought from his northern home to become in time the peer of his civilized brethren. The Macmillans have also on their list a new novel by Marion Crawford, "A Lady of Rome," a selection of short stories entitled "Ghetto Comedies," by Israel Zangwill, and another tale of the Tennessee mountains by Mary Murfree. Pierre Loti's "Disenchanted" will also be brought out in its English form. It concerns harem life in Constantinople. We had a hint some time ago that it was in the nature of a second experience of its fascinating author. There are also to be found on the list the collected poems of W. B. Yeats, Bram Stoker's "Reminiscences of Sir Henry Irving," Clifton Johnson's "Highways and Byways of the Mississippi Valley," Stephen Gwynn's "Fair Hills of Ireland," Edward Everett Hale's "Tarry at Home Travels," Marion Crawford's "History of Rome in the Middle Ages," and a number of others of more or less importance according to individual taste. But these would alone furnish a year's feasting, and in our present condition of restricted library accommodation, it is well to know where the good things are to be had as well as what they are to be.

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE

CAFE ODEON, Inc.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the directors, held on the 17th day of August, 1906, an assessment of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable on or before the 1st day of October, 1906, to the treasurer, Adolf Becker, at the office of the corporation, 1575 Ellis street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 1st day of October, 1906, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 20th day of October, 1906, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

Office, 1575 Ellis street, San Francisco, California.
(Seal) B. FEDDE, Secretary.

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Department No. 7, No. 2376.

GEORGE B. JEWELL, Plaintiff, vs. ALICE JEWELL, Defendant. Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, SEND GREETING TO ALICE JEWELL, DEFENDANT.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer to the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of the plaintiff for more than one year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 31st day of August, in the year of our Lord, one-thousand nine-hundred-and-six.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DUNCAN E. M'KINLAY
and
JORDAN, ROWE & BRANN,
Plaintiff's Attorneys
Monadnock Bldg.,
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TOWN TALK

VOL. XV. No. 734 San Francisco, September 22, 1906 Price, 10 Cents



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TOWN TALK

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Charles S. Smith.....Manager
Ralph A. Grover .....Manager of Advertising

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Tinkering With Government

As a result of the agitation in favor of direct nomination or election of United States senators by the people many of the state are violating the spirit of the Constitution as thus expressed in Section III.: "The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two senators from each state, chosen by the legislature thereof for six years, and each senator shall have one vote." In eleven of the Southern States senators were chosen this summer by direct vote of the people. The law will be technically complied with when the several legislatures meet, but the admission of the men thus chosen, to the Senate, will be in violation of a most important fundamental principle of this government. We regret to see some of the states of this union falling into the grievous error to which they have been led by vicious demagogues. The method prescribed by our Constitution for the selection of the members of our national legislature was not conceived and fashioned at leisure with no idea of the moral needs and legitimate interests which were likely to be developed with the growth of this country. On the contrary, it was adopted as the result of a profound study of political science and of the history of political institutions from the foundation of modern states, by men sincerely desirous of solving the great problem of the harmony between liberty and power between order and progress. They were not intent upon establishing a Utopia; they had a firm grasp on the realities that confront the governments of man. Their purpose was to establish a truly representative government, one most conducive to the best interests of the rich and poor, the strong and the weak, and they knew that of such government the essence is the division of the central power. They wished to make this a government of the people by the people, but in perfecting their system they took into consideration the frailties of human nature, and they made provision for a check on the prejudices of the numerical majority. They realized the importance of balance, and it was to achieve balance that they established two houses of Congress. The shallow-pated reformers that wish to destroy that system tell us that it is old-fashioned; that it is not serviceable under conditions that now exist. Listen to them and you would imagine that there have been no ages of great reforms, no epochs full of ambitions and hopes; that our ideas today are all new. And it is these mushrooms statesmen who have yet to learn that human nature has been laid bare in all the elements of which it is constituted, that our system of government has its root in the efforts of all nations to subjugate conflicting forces, who would cast aside the principles upon which it has been founded and substitute others, the futility of which has been demonstrated so often that it has become an axiom of political science. A Congress chosen directly by the people would essentially be a legislature of one chamber, and no such legislature was ever the basis of a free and enduring government. The founders of this Republic wished to avoid that very state of affairs which would result from the election of Senators in the manner in which Congressmen are elected. Their wisdom has been frequently vindicated; we have often seen the importance of having one chamber of our legislature zealous for the interests of the union rather than for the self-interests to be subserved by servile obedience to the dictates of the mob. We are not unaware of the fact that there has been abuse of the system established by our forefathers. Under that system Senators have been elected in the interest of powerful capitalistic combinations, but the Upper House has never lost sight of the fact that the source of its power is in the people. It is just far enough removed from public clamor to act as a check, to intervene in crises and declare the law to be the rule of government and insist that it be respected. As at present constituted it does not represent a constituency, nor does it consult the wishes of a class or section, but it was ordained for a higher purpose by wise statesmen conscious of the fact that the noble sentiment of right is extinguished whenever man finds himself in the presence of unlimited sovereignty whatever may be its form and name.

The Great American Viand

Whenever other topics fall short, it is always in order to fall back on pie and invoke the shades of indigestion. Pie is blamed for everything that cannot be attributed to a Puritanical conscience, and even then, it is frequently asserted that pie, rather than piety, is at the root of some phases of sanctity. And yet, coming right down to the facts; what is there objectionable about a bit of good bread eaten in conjunction with stewed fruit? Pie for breakfast is the abomination of all abominations according to the gospel of the health faddist, and yet, granting, for the momentary sake of the argument, that all that is urged against the savory dish is well founded, what better time for the indulgence than in the morning, when there is all day and more or less active occupation to help in the digestion thereof? There are pies and pies. The soggy crusts shortened with salt pork or bacon fat, and dried in the oven rather than baked are about as bad as anything conceivable, but scarcely worse than the sour and heavy bread which the same reckless housekeepers produce, and that curious concoction, the vinegar pie, a backwoods substitute for lemon, which could be warranted to take the coating from a tin kettle, has nothing to commend it. But our British relatives, who find the American predilection for pie an incentive to mirth or ridicule, regale themselves on bread and marmalade, and consider the combination a healthful and palatable addition to their breakfast egg and tea. Though they would not for worlds indulge in pie, they do not disdain tart as a dessert after dinner, and the difference between pie and tart is only the width of the Atlantic. An English tart would not find itself lonely amongst the pies of a New England buttery. In England a pie is made with a filling of meat, and a tart has fruit between the crusts, while in America any dish composed of an upper and a lower crust is called pie, without distinction as to the contents. Admirers of the late Frank R. Stockton will recall the episode in "The Merry Chanter," wherein the baker and the English lord fell into an argument over a pastry, the baker asserting that it was a pie, and that he was a competent judge, as pie baking was a part of his trade, while the lord planted himself on his insular conservatism and maintained that, not being composed of meat, it must be a tart, and the question was left suspended in the air because the particular edible before them happened to be of the pumpkin variety. While, on the

one side it is asserted that the consumption of pie is responsible for the filling of thousands of graves every year, on the other, there are thousands of people ready to assert and to back up their assertions by incontrovertible proofs, that they have eaten pie all their lives and are still in a good state of preservation.

The Hibernia Run

The enemies of the Hibernia Bank, by whom was started a shameful rumor designed to embarrass that institution through the fears of its depositors are no doubt very much chagrined over the result of their conspiracy. Instead of injuring the bank they advanced its interests by giving wide publicity to the exceptional conservatism of its policy. There are some banks in this country that would spend a great deal of money for so fine an advertisement. Even some of the most prosperous banks would be alarmed over the prospect of a run similar to that to which the Hibernia was subjected, but the steady procession of depositors that passed through the doors of that old reliable institution created not the slightest flurry behind the counters. The vaults were full and there was no occasion for alarm. The incident has served to emphasize what has so often been said in the last few months respecting financial conditions in this city. San Francisco is enjoying great prosperity. The recent catastrophe momentarily checked her progress but she had so much capital on hand that she was well prepared for a fresh start. Despite the frauds that have been perpetrated by welching financiers of Eastern insurance companies the storm has been weathered and money is plentiful. In almost any other community a run on a large savings bank would cause a panic, and the effect would be felt in every other fiscal institution, but the people only scoffed at the wild-eyed Hibernia depositors and increased the size of their bank accounts. In one sense the run should not be deplored, for the effect was to dissipate all doubt, put an end to pessimistic speculation and confound the revengeful individuals that sought to cause trouble and distress.

Weinstock As An Arbiter

Mr. Harris Weinstock, who was named by the carmen as the third member of the Board of Arbitration, is a man of very fine character, qualified by temperament and training to assist in the solution of perplexing industrial and economic problems. But we do not agree with the "Bulletin" that he is "the man for the place." Indeed our opinion is quite to the contrary, and we are thus expressing it within an hour after reading what the "Bulletin" said on the subject, regardless of what the views may be of either Mr. Weinstock or Mr. Calhoun. We do not think that Mr. Weinstock is the man for the place because he is so situated that it is possible for him to be unjust to himself in acting in the capacity to which he was appointed. For that reason we think it was unfair for the carmen to appoint him. The essential quality of an arbiter chosen to act for both sides in a controversy is disinterestedness, and it will hardly be assumed that it is a quality of which Mr. Weinstock is possessed in view of the fact that he is a merchant of this city dependent to a large extent on the good will of union labor. Of his fairness and honesty we have not the slightest doubt, but we believe that he would prefer not to be called upon to decide between the carmen and the railroad. It was unfair to appoint him because if he refused to serve he would incur the displeasure of the union, and to serve without a predisposition to favor the union would require more courage than an arbiter should feel called upon to exhibit.

Ingratitude To Hearst

From current events it appears that organized labor is a good thing to coddle if you are running a newspaper and wish to command the patronage of merchants by whom advertising space is bought, but that while you may achieve a circulation among workingmen you cannot depend upon them to promote your personal political interests. Organized labor is exceedingly fickle. To William R. Hearst is organized labor indebted more than to any other individual or set of individuals for the triumph of its principles and for the great advancement that has been made by the cause of unionism. William R. Hearst is unquestionably the greatest benefactor that organized labor has ever had. He stands preeminent today among the champions of the toiling masses, more radical than any of them, more aggressive, more insatiable and less easily to be satisfied by concession. He is the great high priest of the down-trodden, intolerant of that indestructible tendency to inequality which resides in human nature. He has undertaken to restore equality among individuals regardless of the fact that each individual desires to raise himself above his equals and that most individuals are animated by the desire to bring down their superiors to an equality with themselves. These are tendencies in human nature for which Mr. Hearst has great contempt. Having a superior comprehension of the wants of society and recognizing himself as an enlightened force through the medium of which the redemption of mankind may be achieved, he has undertaken to revolutionize the politics of the country, depending of course, on the co-operation of that powerful element which he has uplifted and glorified. But how has that grateful element responded? We are almost ashamed to tell. Here in California, where Mr. Hearst began his beatific task of emancipating the workingman, a party was organized by some patriotic gentlemen at his suggestion for the virtuous purpose of perfecting a stupendous and somewhat audacious plan for landing him in the Presidential chair. That party nominated Mr. Langdon for Governor, and it was taken for granted that organized labor would rally vociferously to his standard. But organized labor did nothing of the kind. Despite all that they owe to William R. Hearst the leaders of organized labor scoffed at his candidate and proceeded to whoop it up for one Bell, the leader of a forlorn Democracy, who recently distinguished himself by unlimbering a tongue heavily charged with invective and discharging the ammunition of a resentful mind at the great champion of the slaves of capital. This spectacle of ingratitude presented by organized labor is enough to make the angels weep. It is especially sad when we reflect that this Bell, this clangorous

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leader of the Democracy, is a young man who, when he first ventured out of the cow-paths into the asphodel meadows of politics was supplied with the wings of morning by none other that William R. Hearst, so that he might soar into the Elysian realms of national legislation. In the capacity of self-constituted public-benefactor Mr. Hearst is meeting with almost disheartening discouragement. In New York he is finding that even a zealous patriot may not enjoy the privilege of stultifying himself at brief intervals in furtherance of a great cause. There is a fatal disposition in the public mind to apprehend his motives and deny him the right to justify the means by the glorious end which he hopes to achieve. We sympathize with him, and yet it would please us to see him wedded once more to the profession of journalism in which he was a potent force until his satellites in New York took him up on the mountain.

Expert Opinion In London

The London "Hospital," commenting on the good health of San Francisco after the disaster, lays it to the enforced simple life and amongst other particulars to the fact that the men were deprived of their tobacco and the women forced to forego candy. The London periodical should guess again. For perhaps one week the candy stores were out of commission, but since then there must be fully twice as many sweet shops as ever before, and they all appear to be doing a thriving business. It began to be remarked as soon as the streets became fairly passable to pedestrians that every third woman was carrying a bag of candy, and from first to last the men had their pipes and cigars. The simple life theory was applicable only during the era of street kitchens, before the gas was turned on, and though there are no large assembly halls in which to hold balls and dances, the early to bed and early to rise regime has long since ceased to be the thing. The theory that San Francisco is living on the lean of the land has nothing back of it. On the contrary, the people are as well dressed as they ever were. One may travel all day without encountering a man in a shabby business suit or a woman in a last season's frock. Patent leather pumps, openwork hosiery and dainty skirts are as commonplace as ever, and if the stricken people are depriving themselves of anything it most certainly is not their luxuries. Merchants started with emergency stock but speedily discovered their mistake and, judging by the displays of Haviland china, cut glass and silverware, it is evident that jewelers and crockery merchants are counting on the same liberal patronage that they enjoyed before. In the old city one frequently encountered shabby women and forlorn looking children on Market, Post and Kearny streets, but there are none of them in evidence in the new shopping district. Those obstreperous refugees who have made such an eternal din over their rights and held indignation mass meetings to dictate as to the distribution of "our money" are not of the type to keep themselves hidden, and one is forced to the query, Where are all the desperately poor who are supposed to be hungry, houseless and naked?

Degeneracy and Heredity

Quite recently there was a quartet of young thugs caught in the net of the law on the other side of the bay, and recently their exploits were paralleled in this city. Now comes a Chicago coterie, and, as in the most recent sensational tragedy of New York, the newspapers and the sentimentalists are talking of "degeneracy." Neither in these cases nor in those of the majority of our lawbreakers is there the slightest trace of degeneration. In order to degenerate it is first necessary to have attained some height from which to slip back, and our criminals are, with rare exceptions, exactly what would naturally be expected from the families from which they spring. Children of incompetent parentage, who grow up without restraint, roaming the streets by day and by night, choosing their own companions and their own amusements, never asked for an accounting of their time or their possessions cannot be expected to have well defined ideas concerning morals or the rights of property. Those that escape arrest for specified breaches of law do so more often through good luck or perhaps cowardice than through any restraint exercised by principle or example. The Optimistic philanthropist falls back on the Jukes family, that special breed of criminals which is the stock in trade of the hopeful, and claims that with proper surroundings any member of the human race can be transformed into a seraph, while the pessimistic goes to the other extreme, points to heredity, and is equally certain that the genealogical record goes straight back to Cain and that every one of the line has borne traces of the mark. Breeders of live stock, if they applied the same rules in judging the human animal that they do to their quadrupeds, would promptly settle the question in one word, "breed." While they are quick to recognize the individualities of their flocks and herds, they are also wise enough to admit their limitations, and they do not expect their scrub cattle to be transformed into high grade stock, nor their common sheep to become Southdowns and Merinoes no matter how well they are pastured. They know that more radical methods are called for before any improvement can be made and they also recognize another important fact, that, while new and better strains can be used for grading up, viewed from the other side of the question the good blood is deteriorating from the mixture, and while the new generation is expected to be better than one parent, it must also be worse than the other. It does not follow as a matter of course that the child of a burglar will be a pickpocket. Given the opportunity, he may develop into a trust magnate. But the thing that there is no getting away from is that a stream will not rise above its source unless under forced pressure. Just as soon as the stimulus is removed it will sink back. The children of people whose morals are rudimentary will drop to their natural level. Education of the ordinary sort, which raises them above the stigma of illiteracy is of but little use. It is counted as a great gain when the offspring of illiterate parents have stepped so far in advance, but the mere ability to read and write does not make them in any respect the superiors of those from whom they have sprung.

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Too often they are worse in every other respect. Illiteracy should not be confused with ignorance. Many a peasant father and mother who have never had opportunities to learn the common rudimentary branches possess a shrewd common sense and an ability to reason and determine things which are beyond their book-learned children, and when the sole use of an education is to read sporting papers and trashy novels, and to devise schemes and excuses for escaping work it is more than questionable whether illiteracy would not have been preferable. Degeneration should be measured not as a deviation from an ideal fixed standard but as a falling off from the attainments reasonably presumed to be permanent in the particular family. Viewed from this attitude it will be generally found that the so-called victim of degeneracy, heredity, or environment is only "true to seed," precisely what should be expected and no more of a phenomenon than it is for potato eyes to produce potatoes instead of peaches.

Perspective Impressions.

Miss Sears, a Boston heiress, says that the society men of Newport are "sissies." If she doesn't watch out Harry Lehr will slap her on the wrist.

Mayor Schmitz is going to Europe—the very natural consequence of Europe's failure to come to his Honor.

When last heard from Secretary Taft was off to Cuba. The way Roosevelt keeps Taft on the jump one might suppose that he had hopes of reducing that too solid mass of mind and matter to something that would not be beyond the capacity of the White House chair.

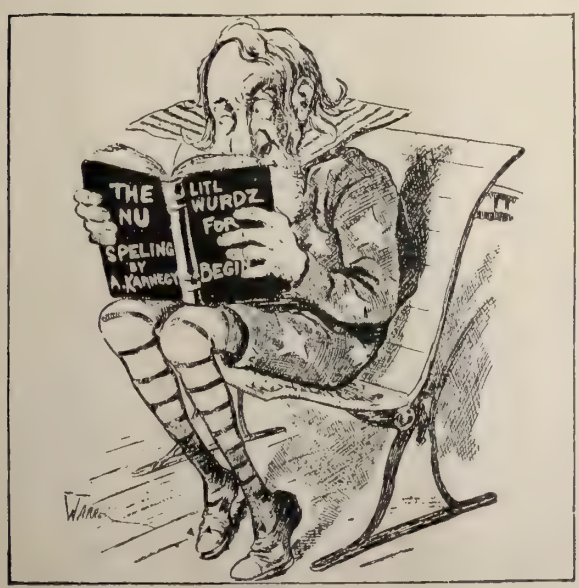
President Wheeler of Berkeley has exceeded our wildest hope by announcing that the President of the United States is not the keeper of the English tongue. All that now remains to be done is the convincing of Mr. Roosevelt that Mr. Wheeler is right.

Colonel William J. Bryan has decided to come out against William Randolph Hearst. Is it possible that the Colonel doesn't believe all that Mr. Hearst has said about being his friend and for him for President?

The whole city is sympathizing with those public spirited citizens, Cornelius and Livernash, victims as they are of a foul ingratitude. But the nature of the tears on the cheeks of our worthy Mayor is not easily to be determined. The Mayor laughs and cries through the same ducts.

In view of the way in which our street cars are operated nowadays no conscientious surgeon should venture out unequipped with his case of instruments. Indeed it is the duty of every surgeon to be prepared to chloroform a patient and saw a leg off at any street corner. Too much time is wasted in sending for ambulances. Operating rooms should be improvised on the spot so that first aid could be administered without delay.

Yes, it was indeed shameful the way the machine turned down the virtuous Governor Pardee at Santa Cruz. It was worse than shameful; it was outrageous, for Governor Pardee had been working four years perfecting a machine by which he hoped to secure for the people of this state his valuable services for another term. When a man is elected Governor of this state we expect him to figure on a second term and arrange to make a second term a cinch. It is thus that he should prove his devotion to the public interests.



Learning to Read.
—Warren in the Boston "Herald."



Roosevelt As a Schoolmaster.
—Le Mar in the Philadelphia "Record."

YOUR UNCLE SAMUEL IS A CHILD AGAIN.

The Belgian Mystic's Play.

By Theodore Bonnet

Far be it from me to confess myself a heretic or one of the Philistines, but frankly speaking I do not like Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande" with its decadent miasmas and fogs of symbolism—the impeccable Arthur Symons and the profoundly pedantic Mr. Huneker to the contrary, notwithstanding.

To Ye Liberty Theatre in Oakland I went last week to see the play that had been widely advertised as a masterpiece of the intellectual drama, a play containing one scene comparable with the familiar and beloved balcony episode of "Romeo and Juliet." I was curious to see how many of our cultured folk would attend the performance. Much to my surprise it was not a very large number that rose to the bait. Evidently the great Belgian mystic and exquisite poet and essayist has not many worshippers in this neck of the woods. The house was not more than half filled and yet Constance Crawley sponsored the play and was the central figure of the afternoon function, the Constance Crawley of Elizabethan drama fame, introduced to us through the medium of an itinerant purveyor of culture, one Ben Greet, a man as wise as Barnum, who gave us what purported to be Shakespeare unadulterated and unbedighted, and thus shrewdly cheapened the cost of production. As Miss Crawley obtained quite a grip on her public hereabouts through her association with the apostle of culture, I looked for a crowded house on the occasion of so potent a combination as the actress and Maeterlinck. But from the empty seats I should infer that the playgoers of San Francisco and Oakland are familiar not only with the chronology of the Maeterlinck drama but also with the merits and demerits of the Belgian's works.

"Pelleas and Melisande" was written when the great exponent of the mystic drama was unfamiliar with his tools. It preceded "Monna Vanna" by ten years and yet that product of maturity reveals a somewhat imperfect technic. To derive any pleasure at all from "Pelleas and Melisande" one must be a poet; not an ordinary poet of the Joaquin Miller or Louis Alexander Robertson type, but a Bliss Carman poet, familiar with the religion of Dionysus, one that has cultivated the instinctive belief that flowers and trees are indeed the habitations of living spirits. There's no realism in Maeterlinck; at least there was none in him when he wrote "Pelleas and Melisande." He speaks the language of parallelism and speaks it so incoherently that only to those ears to which the sound of the wind in the trees is an intelligible voice does he mean anything. His play reminds me of those fairy nuts that Matthew Arnold tells us of, in which were to be found diamonds if one broke the shell and was the right person.

There are some symbolists within the comprehension of the simplest minds, but Maeterlinck in "Pelleas and Melisande" is not one of them. He is even more esoteric in his symbols than were some of the old Persian dramatists. As you observe the development of his plot you feel that behind it all is the adumbration of great things but what they are you feel that it would be useless to hope ever to know. And indeed such hope would be absolutely vain in the absence of that nimble fancy through the play of which all things are invested with personal aspect and the man of poetic insight is led to an apprehension of motives beyond the material veil.

If you attended a performance of "Pelleas and Melisande" with the assurance that it was a work of realism you would feel that it was very poetic in its atmosphere and its setting, but that it far from sounded the depths of dramaturgy. Nay you would conclude that the playwright was unskilled in his art, and that he had absolutely failed to adapt the imitation of a complete action to the sympathetic attention of his audience. And if you knew what constituted the essential elements of the drama you would say that he failed because he did not introduce variety and contrast. It is not enough for a man to say that his drama is a study in symbolism, to palliate its deficiencies. The symbolist who has resorted to the dramatic form to express himself makes no contribution to genuine literature unless that which he has written answers the purpose of its existence. When Maeterlinck wrote "Pelleas and Melisande" his idea was that the art of the theatre should be beautiful first and then what you will afterwards. That was his dictum; which indicates that he is above all things a poet, and that he appeals mainly to the highly cultivated aesthetic sense. In other words, he does not write so that he who runs may read. Of course it is easy to follow the drift of his play if you are there merely to observe the physical action, but unless you are in quest of the pearl beneath the surface, the all-important intellectual idea, you will yawn and pronounce it one of the "nothing doing" variety of drama. Lacking, as it does, the essential elements of drama it fails to compel a mood. You must more than yield to its appeal. You must prod your own sympathy and reach for the subtle poetic fragrance.

The play opens in semi-darkness and the auditor is kept in that state throughout. He is never very much enlightened. The characters never swim into daylight. They are mere abstractions and are presented in misty outline, and it is probably to heighten the effect of vagueness that they are kept in the shadow. If they typify universalities it is after the manner of a nocturne in which the moon looks like any old thing. When the curtain goes up you see a maiden, or, at least, a person that looks like one, weeping at a property spring. If you are up in mythological literature you will say, "Ah, Persephone—the maiden whom none may name resting from her long wandering and in profound grief!" Whether some Cypris was the cause of her distress you do not know. Neither does Golaud, who takes a chance and marries her, though she tells him nothing of her past. There is no doubt some significance to this; also to the loss of a crown in the spring and to the loss of her wedding ring later on. It is the privilege of the auditor to analyze all these emblems, for the play is full of lessons in life. Perhaps the deepest lesson is a warning against marrying a woman with a past without knowing something about that past. Perhaps it is a warning against assuming that a wife is a child and that a pubescent half-brother is an infant. It is all very exciting, trying to penetrate the poet's veil, almost as exciting as a problem in algebra. But you'd probably prefer the purely realistic play of "Francesca da Rimini" with its obvious lessons and its freedom from symbols. In that play you see something of the same passion, the same conflicts with a combination of both the dramatic and the beautiful concocted in the manner prescribed by the great poetic dramatists who had a sure

(Continued on Page 36.)

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The Love-Letters of a Brigadier-General.

By Robert Marshall

The romance of the second-hand book trade is known to every bibliophile. Even though he has never browsed among the shops of the Paris quays or of Amsterdam or of London he knows of some of the great "finds" that have been made. He has probably heard of the recent discovery of the manuscript of the first book of Milton's "Paradise Lost," of the illuminated breviaries and the missals on vellum that have been picked up in Brussels and Berlin. Every lover of rare books has longed to visit those old stores. But one does not have to go abroad to find romance in the second-hand book trade. I have found it right here in San Francisco, and last week I found it in Oakland. There are four second-hand book-stores in Oakland, and since the fire I have examined every shelf in the four. It was not until last week that I came across anything interesting or romantic. On one shelf I found three rare volumes, not as rare as a first edition of an Elizabethan poet, but rare enough to be worth considerably more than the original market price. One of them was Louis Robertson's "Dead Calypso," for which his publisher, Alexander Robertson, was extensively advertising in the East some months ago. Another was Ambrose Bierce's "Nuggets and Dust," published in London in 1873, twenty years before the publication of his "Black Beetles in Amber," a volume that has long been numbered among rare works of literature. "Nuggets and Dust" antedates, I believe, even "Cobwebs from An Empty Skull," which, like all Bierce's precious works, is out of print. But rarer than either of the volumes mentioned was the third book, a curious memento of an old Californian romance. It is entitled "The Love Life of Brigadier-General Henry M. Naglee, consisting of a Correspondence on Love, War and Politics." This book is rare not because of the demand for it that was excited by its peculiar literary merits, but on account of the eagerness of the hero to get it out of print. He bought every one that he could find. Years ago it was thought there was not another one in existence, but here is this old musty volume bobbing up in an Oakland shop to confirm in a measure Hazlitt's remark: "Words are the only things that last forever."

General Naglee was one of the celebrities of California in the fifties and sixties. He is best remembered through the brandy that bore his name, which he distilled in San Jose through a process with which be became familiar in France. The quality of the Naglee brandy has never been excelled. Its merits were recognized not only in this country but by experts all over Europe. Unfortunately, the secret of the distillation died with the distinguished warrior.

General Naglee was graduated from West Point in 1835, receiving a commission in an infantry regiment from which he afterwards resigned. He served during the Mexican war and later accumulated a large fortune in this city. He entered the army again during the Civil war and shortly after its close his troubles began.

The love letters of General Naglee were published by "a woman scorned," a Mary L. Schell, and the explanation is thus given in the introduction to the book: "These letters would never have been published but for the pressure of circumstances. A suit for breach of promise was, sometime since, instituted by the lady against the General; but her delicate and refined nature dreading to pass the ordeal of a public trial, she resolved to withdraw the prosecution and (by the advice of friends) to publish these letters in vindication of the honesty of her cause. That the recipient was justified in believing the purpose of the writer to be honorable, none, we fell assured, can deny."

The General's correspondence is not, from the standpoint of literature, entitled to rank with "Love Letters of a Portuguese Miss." Neither are they quite so chastely tender as the "Love Letters of An English Woman," but his was a violent passion, and his letters breathe a most impassioned and generous love, and paint the passion in its nice gradations of shade and all its interesting details.

In the introduction to the volume it is said that the lady "endured poverty, reproach and privation rather than compromise the reputation of the man she loved," but "forbearance at length ceased to be a virtue," and the letters were made public "that all may read of what a grievous wrong hath been done in the land."

After a careful perusal of the book I have failed to see the wrong that was done. Nor do I see that General Naglee's reputation was compromised by the publication of the letters. Indeed, it is because there is nothing in them of a discreditable character that I have no hesitation in quoting therefrom. No doubt, at the time of their publication, they proved embarrassing to General Naglee on account of some of the matters affecting third persons discussed therein, and of course it was humiliating to have his sentimental passion exposed to the vulgar eyes of the curious, but on the whole one learns from the letters that the object of that passion was of a very peevish nature, that she listened to her lover's detractors, accused him of various shortcomings, talked of fine opportunities she had to improve her position and irritated him to such an extent that he finally decided to put an end to the love affair. But it is not with the sentimental features of the letters that I care to deal. The first half of the volume contains love letters only and then follow letters that have an historic interest inasmuch as through them we learn of the General's attitude toward the Lincoln Administration, of the jealousies and intrigues of officers and something of the hardships that were endured in the field. However, the warrior skips blithely from martial topics to the tender passion so dear to his heart. Shortly after he enlisted for the war he wrote from Washington, November 29, 1861, that he had been appointed to the command of a brigade by General McClellan, and in several succeeding letters he complained of the tardiness of Congress in the matter of confirming his appointment. One of them he closed with: "Dream sweet dreams until we can dream together." Next came a letter from the headquarters of "Hooker's Division, Naglee's Brigade."

(Continued on Page 34.)

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The Spectator

The Story of a Banquet

John Tait will buy no more goods from Goldberg, Bowen & Co., not because of that very unfortunate little episode of the recent catastrophe but on account of a recent personal experience which may have its sequel in the civil courts. It's an interesting story as the famous caterer tells it. The grocers, he says, negotiated with him for a banquet which they proposed giving to about twenty of their employees, and somewhat to his surprise they said they would furnish their own claret and white wine. This was to his surprise for the reason that he had been purchasing about two thousand dollars worth of goods from the grocery firm every month and had never sought to cut into their business while doing so. However he agreed to let them bring their own wines to the banquet, but not, however, to forfeit his right to charge corkage. A little later he was told that a champagne agent had donated a case of champagne for the banquet, and though he had the brand in stock he made no objection to having the case brought in. What he thought about this method of giving a banquet has nothing to do with the story. Besides it is not half so interesting as what actually happened. The free champagne flowed as copiously as free champagne should. Indeed it flowed so copiously that it was consumed before the thirst of the banqueters had been entirely assuaged. So more champagne was ordered, and fine nice cold bottles were sent up from Tait's cellar. Naturally he expected to charge for these at the regulation rate. An idle expectation it proved to be. The following day up from the store of Goldberg, Bowen & Co. came five bottles of champagne to recoup Mr. Tait for the five that he thought he had sold. And still I haven't reached the end of the story. But it may be in the nature of an ante-climax to relate that owing to a little "rough house" during the banquet, Mr. Tait's walls were damaged, and that the bill which he put in for the damage was repudiated. It was only for $10, but he says he will spend five hundred to compel payment.

The Pauper Hallucination

It is generally believed that one of the queer effects of the earthquake last April was the affliction of every millionaire in town with the hallucination that he was a pauper. This belief was born of the circumstance that some of our richest men forswore many luxuries that no poor man would care to live without and resolved to impose on their wives all the burdens of housekeeping. Stories of the meanness of some of our millionaires toward their servants after the catastrophe have been incorporated in the tradition of the epoch-making event and will no doubt, in the years to come, rise from the mists of legend to mantle with blushes the cheeks of proud and haughty scions of first families. As I prefer amiable to mordant tittle-tattle I have been keeping an historical record of the instances that prove that all our millionaires are not of the same nature. To the merely humane class, I learn, Mr. Fred Kohl belongs. One day shortly after the catastrophe he was met by a sad friend who was bemoaning his losses. "I suppose," said the friend, "you have had to discharge many of your servants."

"Discharge them!" exclaimed Kohl, in a tone of surprise. "This is no time to discharge servants. I've discharged none. I've sent them all down to my summer home in San Mateo."

A Neglected Poet

Why is it necessary to dole a meager charity to Ina Coolbrith? She is California's sweetest singer; yet, like the Son of Man, she knows not where to lay her head, because we have given her nothing in return for her singing. She has revealed to us the glory of the poppy crowning our hills like a golden diadem; she has told us of the wood violets that breathe their fragrance in Shasta's cool canyons, where gurgling water murmur summer benediction to the weeping willow and the listening sycamores of the purple Siskiyous; her poems have recalled to us the beauty of our azaleas than which the gorgeous blossoms of Kioto are but pigments on dull canvas; she has translated the melody of the grasses that grow on our hillsides; she has made more musical the song of the linnet in the wild-rose thicket; she has compelled, by her genius, rude symbols of words to whisper to our souls the meaning of the music that murmurs in the pines when the cool Sierra winds are blowing from their ice-caverns in the track of glaciers whose waters have nourished the roots of the sequoia older than Thebes and more venerable than the cedars that grew on Lebanon. All that is sweetest in this summer-land of California Ina Coolbrith has given us because she loved the sweetness of it all; because she was gifted to perceive its beauty and inspired to deliver her gentle message. Now she takes from our laggard hand the crust of a long-grudged charity, when, by every right that Genius owns she should be acclaimed a queen of poesy throned on our thousand hills with a grateful people at her feet and a hundred publishers clamoring for her slightest line and offering dross of commerce for her simplest rhyme—a handful of golden dust in payment for a verse that shall lilt with the rhythm of the song the wild doves sing when the west wind dances with the lilies of Mariposa. Why is it necessary to dole a meager charity to this sweetest of California's singers? Because we have been deaf to the music of her singing; because our ears have been filled with the brazen clamor of louder poets beating their tom-toms in the market place. Posterity will hear the songs of Ina Coolbrith—but posterity will have no power to retrieve our neglect; posterity is an appreciative audience, but those who sing to posterity have been a long time dead; posterity can only give our singers a

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stone deep chiseled with the record of ingratitude that begrudged bread when the singer was uttering her soul in song.

Ne Plus Ultra

("I am positive there were telephones in San Francisco in 1868. I had two on my desk at the time of the earthquake of that year."—Testimony of Mr. M. H. DeYoung in the recent suit against the Transatlantic Insurance Company.) Apropos of which my friend O. H. F. is inspired thus to jingle for the amusement of my readers:

I love to read the miracles
That teem o'er history's page,
And contemplate the wondrous deeds
That mark each busy age—
Yet, mid anachronistic feats,
The greatest of the great,
Was when Our Harry telephoned
In Eighteen-sixty-eight.

When Hector, in an auto, ran
Around the walls of Troy,
And photographed the wooden horse
To please his little boy,
'Twas wonderful, and held to be
The strangest thing to date,
Till "Michel Henri" telephoned
In Eighteen-sixty-eight.
When Brutus, after plunging deep
His dirk in Caesar's breast,
With bullets then did perforate
The dying Roman's chest,
His use of a revolver, when
Steel blades alone were known
Is not a circumstance to that
Performance on the 'phone.

When Bonaparte from Egypt's sands
A wireless message sent
To let the gay Parisians know
The Pyramids were his tent,
His feat was deemed peculiar, but
It sinks into the shade
When measured with the record that
Our "Michel Henri" made.

Old Noah, with his motor-ark
In search of drier climes,
Columbus and his airship—these
Precursors of the times
Lost all the chance they ever had
Of being famed on earth,
When Michel used the telephone
NINE YEARS BEFORE ITS BIRTH.

Pardee's Shattered Machine

The defeat of Governor Pardee in the Santa Cruz convention meant something more than the blasting of hopes that had for their object a second term in the gubernatorial chair. It meant also the smashing of the Pardee political machine and the upsetting of the plans of his confidential agents. With Pardee in his passage from the stage centre to the wings goes the Hon. C. N. Belshaw of Contra Costa County, from whose control the machine has been taken by President Tinning of the Bank of Martinez. Pardee's followers in Alameda County have also been swept into the background. The Governor was the boss of the Alameda machine, and to insure his hold at Santa Cruz on the Alameda delegation, he postponed the County Convention until after the State Convention. This was in the nature of what in political parlance is known as a hold-up. It inspired the delegates with a desire for revenge, and when they returned from Santa Cruz they cleaned out the Pardee County Committee and exalted George W. Reed, a man whom the Governor cordially dislikes and who was ousted by him from the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

Knowland on Top

The man whose star is now in the ascendant on the other side of the bay and who is shedding his effulgence from the mud-flats off the southern shore of Alameda County to the Berkeley foothills is Congressman Joe Knowland. It is believed that the evaporation of Pardee's power is something upon which Congressman Knowland may be felicitated without causing the slightest embarrassment. Some time ago Pardee was threatening that if Knowland did not render him the assistance he desired he would get into the Congressional fight and send the young man from the estuary into retirement. Now the friends of Knowland are beckoning to Pardee to come on.

Misdirected Prayers

Official prayers have been abolished in the Superior Courts of Hartford, Conn., and the rule, it is reported, will be extended to all the courts of the States. It is even proposed to cut the political prayers in both branches of the legislature. I hope the reform will extend to the California legislature. These prayers are useless. As far as my personal observation extends (and I have had wide opportunity for such observation) the Almighty has never "answered" these petitions; I doubt if He has even heard them. It is said that the prayers of the wicked avail naught; I have the record of twenty years' experience with State legislatures to demonstrate that the prayers of the hired chaplains of those "representative assemblies" are as little heeded as the prayers of the wicked. I have heard a political preacher implore the Deity to turn the hearts of a legislature from deeds of evil and immediately following the prayer, almost before the nasal echoes had ceased to reverberate in the forum, I have seen a notorious boodler offer a bill to defraud the people of the State of a million dollars—a bill that eventually became a law. I have often thought on occasions of this kind that perhaps the Lord judged the people of the State by the agent whom they had chosen to represent them at the throne of grace—a sanctimonious politician that grovelled in the dust at the feet of some boss to obtain the $5 job of asking God each morning to "bless the deliberations" of a gang of boodling, thieving, scheming, unscrupulous political freebooters and pirates. It is my opinion that the devil usually presides over the "deliberations" of a State legislature, and that the chaplain sends his petition to the wrong address.



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Looting the Ruins

Poor San Francisco! Are there any more curses coming home to roost on her charred rafters? Now it is the greedy, rapacious, mercenary labor union that takes the poor, stricken creature by the throat, like a dark-alley thug, to squeeze the ultimate drachma from her poverty-haunted purse. These arrogant nabobs of labor say that they need money to pay the increased cost of living and they propose a "minimum wage" that in the old days would provide chorus-girl suppers three times a week at the Poodle Dog or Marchands. They make no distinction between what they are pleased to call "skilled" and "unskilled" labor, unless we may discover a distinction between a "minimum wage" of $6 a day for the labor of a carpenter or a bricklayer who was yesterday a cheap barber or a second cook in a waterfront restaurant, and the $9 that the contractor or builder is forced to pay a real carpenter or a genuine bricklayer because labor is scarce—worth about $4 a day before the fire. I don't believe that "the cost of living" has advanced $5 a day for the corned-beef-and-cabbage population of San Francisco; and I do believe that the labor unions have entered into a deliberate conspiracy to rob the property owners of this city under the necessities of the hour—just as the highwayman robs the helpless traveller under threat of "Your money or your life!"

Robbing the Robbed

Allied with the hewers of wood and chippers of brick are the "material men,"—the lumber gougers, the cement looters, the structural iron and steel bucanneers; ab uno disce omnes; a shameless crew that take because they have the power and keep because they can, disdaining the lying excuse that they have turned robbers to earn the "increased cost of living." It has been ever thus from the earliest ages—the proud patrician has invariably scorned a lie, because he holds it dishonorable to use servile means to an end. It is impossible to imagine a robber baron in the train of William of Normandy haggling with a Saxon hind over the possession of a Sussex hog, resorting to the huckstering logic of a Greek trader to convince the churl that "the supply exceeds the demand" and that therefore the swine's market value is less than the Saxon quotation; no, by St. Swithin or our lady of the seven dolors! though hogs were as scarce as virtues in Burgundy's drunken court the price should be no more than the cost of a swingeing thwack i' the mazzard or a flout athwart the jowl with a steel gauntlet more used to the grip of lance or spear in tourney or heady fight than to make such payment of such ignoble scores. The robber barons of the lumber trust, the cement trust, and the structural steel trust are not offering excuses or apologies to the stricken citizens of San Francisco for robbing them; they leave excuse and apology to the labor unions, and with forth-right audacity they sack the city that lies helpless to their assault. In sooth, I think I prefer the gougers, the looters and the robber barons to the helots of industry, as I prefer the highway robbers to the sneak thief.

The Evolution of Greely

When General A. W. Greely left San Francisco for the East, after his brief reign as commanding officer of the Division of the Pacific during General MacArthur's absence, it was thought by the genuine friends of the Army that he would be placed in some place where his special abilities would be exerted to better advantage than as a divisional commander. However, it has been the pleasure of the War Department to assign him to the command of the Division of the North, vice General Henry C. Corbin, recently retired. Possibly this assignment was unavoidable. Having been made a Major-General in the Line of the Army, no matter how ill-advised that appointment, he is entitled to all the emoluments of that exalted grade. The fact is, however, that General Greely, no matter how genial a gentleman and how gallant a man he may be, is not a soldier. He is a scientist, an explorer, a meteorologist. He has never commanded troops in the field, has never commanded troops of the Line anywhere on any save ornamental occasions. Here is the history of Greely's evolution to the highest grade ordinarily attainable in the United States Army: About twenty-five years ago, when a mere subaltern, he was sent, on account of his scientific—purely civil scientific—tastes, in charge of an Arctic expedition, the object of which was to attain the highest North he could. The story of his experiences on that expedition is an old one. We all know of the achievements of the luckless Lockwood, of the retreat and subsequent horrible sufferings of the party at Cape Sabine and of its rescue in the nick of time by the Navy. After that awful affair, in which Greely, it is said, conducted himself with fortitude, he was honored in every way, not only by scientific societies the world over, but by the United States Government, which promoted him soon afterward to the command of the Signal Corps of the Army, with the rank of Brigadier-General. The Signal Corps at that time was such only in name. Its signalling was in the form of signalling the approach of storms and making forecasts of the weather, for it was essentially a weather bureau and nothing else. It was only a few years ago, just before the Spanish war, that it was made what it should have been—a military signal corps. There was a decided shake-up when the character of the corps was changed from a meteorogical office to a genuine military signal corps, many, if not most, of its members resigning from the Army and entering the true weather bureau, now a part of the civil service of the government. Greely, however, remained and to his credit be it said that he evolved a military signal corps out of the reorganized body which is second to none in the armies of the world.

It's Different In the Navy

But still, Greely was not a combatant soldier. He was not, and is not a strategist, which a general must be to earn

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his rank and his pay. In spite of this, when a vacancy occurred in the list of Major-Generals, Greely was chosen to fill it, over the heads of scores of capable officers, who had spent their lives in handling troops on the plains, in Cuba and the Philippines, and elsewhere—men who are soldiers in every sense of the word. The Army is full of Colonels, Majors and even Captains who know far more than Greely about military tactics. That these men should view with equanimity the exaltation of Greely is not to be expected, but that they do so with patience only goes to prove their soldierly qualities and respect for authority. These words are not written in disparagement of Greely so much as in criticism of the system which makes possible such a procedure. The Army, during the Mexican, Civil and Spanish wars, as well as during the interregna, has been notoriously a field for favoritism and politics. Genuine merit has seemingly been but a minor consideration in the bestowal of rank. They manage these things differently in the Navy. There a man, to become a Rear-Admiral—the grade corresponding to that of Major-General in the Army—must have passed through the lower grades, from midshipman up. He must know his business thoroughly. Rear-Admirals are not made by transfers from the Medical, Pap or Construction Corps, even though all the members of the last named are picked Annapolis graduates. The nation does not place its fleets in the hands of inexperienced incompetents, even though it may risk battles and the lives of its soldiers to mushroom dilettante generals.

A Rebuke

From Winfield Scott, manager of the Los Angeles "Graphic," comes a combination protest and rebuke, which is so typical of sentiment in the citrus belt of the South that I am pleased to give it publicity. It begins:

"'Town Talk' of September 1st contains a discussion of the articles of Taliesen Evans which are appearing in the "News" of this city. In the course of your comments on Mr. Evans's articles you make this statement, 'The Los Angeles 'News' cannot be blamed for printing abusive criticism of San Francisco. Los Angeles hates San Francisco with an undying hatred, and it would be civic disloyalty for this Los Angeles newspaper to refuse warm hospitality to any libel against our poor, stricken commonwealth.' Thirteen years' residence in San Francisco, part of which time was spent as an active newspaper man, part as a publisher, and part as a state official, perhaps gives me a very fair estimate of the point of view of San Francisco toward all things Californian outside of San Francisco. Six years' residence in Los Angeles, part of the time as an active newspaper man and part of the time as a publisher, has given me a very fair insight into the point of view of Los Angeles and the seven counties of Southern California toward the rest of the state. Perhaps I can weigh statements such as you made in 'Town Talk,' and quoted above, with fairer eyes than any one resident in San Francisco. The trouble with San Francisco is the same which affects New York. It is fearfully provincial. You know and I know plenty of men in your city who think that the sun rises on the Eastern water front and sets at the Cliff House. There is as much ignorance in San Francisco concerning the character of the people who have settled in Southern California, their aims, hopes, and aspirations as there is in New York concerning these same people. The plain fact is that commercially and socially—in fact in every way except politically—all of California north of the Tehachapi scarcely exists on the map to the great bulk of the people of this section. The attitude is not one of hatred, as you seem to think, but of absolute and total indifference, in the ordinary course of events. If there had been hatred, which you assert and I deny, Los Angeles and the district hereabouts would scarcely have sent several hundred thousand dollars, and provisions and clothing no end, with the utmost dispatch after the events of April 18, 19 and 20. Every time I go to San Francisco, which is every few months, the first question I am asked is, 'What on earth do you live on, and where and when is it going to end?' These questions are propounded because San Francisco and the North generally does not understand the character of the people who have elected to live here and hereabouts."

The Charge of Provincialism

That is not the end, but Mr. Scott is not to be taken in one large dose. Having his letter in hand and therefore being master of the situation I will assume, merely for the purpose of handling his propositions, seriatim, as they say in the Iroquois Club, that he has paused to hear what I have to say. But first I must assure him that I do not expect him to do more than lend me his ear. To convert him from the error of his convictions, I fear, is a hopeless task, for when a man is so unconsciously in a state of prejudice as to make the fact obvious by the one glimpse that he gives of himself and at the same time felicitates himself on having kept a free, open sense clear from the mists of bias, he is scarcely to be considered susceptible to suasion. Mr. Scott has confirmed me in my belief that Los Angeles hates San Francisco with an undying hatred, and therefore I am amused at his airy-fairy assumption that he can weigh my statements respecting the sentiments of this community and the one of which he is a unit "with fairer eyes than any one resident in San Francisco." Indeed in weighing statements Mr. Scott has exhibited an ineptness that is amusing. His own statements have baffled his skill as a handler of scales. One of his statements is in respect to the provincialism of San Francisco, the proof of which is to be found in the circumstance that there are many men in San Francisco with an hallucination indicative of nothing more reprehensible than their belief in the greatness of the city. He says that they think the sun rises at the waterfront, a belief for which there is fully as much foundation as there is for the delusion prevalent in Los Angeles that the city has a waterfront. But the harboring of a phantasm is not proof of provincialism. Mr. Scott unconsciously gives a fine illustration of a correct

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definition of provincialism when he says: "The plain fact is that commercially and socially—in fact in every way except politically—all of California north of Tehachapi scarcely exists on the map to the great bulk of the people of this section." Thus does he convict the community of being not only provincial but parochial in the same breath in which he strips it of even a vestige of state pride. I admire Mr. Scott's frankness. I believe he utters the truth, but not the whole truth. The people of Los Angeles are indifferent to the welfare of the northern part of the state, but not to opportunities to injure it are they indifferent; not all of them perhaps, but their town-lot boomers and their promotion committees, and it is because they have been so active in that respect that we have complained. And yet we have not lost interest in the flourishing metropolis of the citrus belt. We rejoice in its resources and the marvelous enterprise of its citizens. We have even lamented the lack in this community of the spirit that has animated the hustlers of that charming city. But hearken once more to Mr. Scott:

Character of the People

"This section of the state is largely settled by the people of the middle class coming from the district between the Alleghany mountains and Colorado, and north of the Ohio River. Most of these people have come to this section of the state with anything from $500 to $100,000 in their possession. Few of the newcomers are desperately poor and few desperately rich. As a rule they come from the small cities, places like St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, and Pittsburg, contributing comparatively few to the flood. Now, Bonnet, these people are as a class well educated, perhaps somewhat puritanical, but on the whole solid, substantial Americans. If San Francisco does not understand them, neither do they understand San Francisco, its all-night population, its corner groceries, and its South of Market street, as well as its trade unions. I have yet to hear an expression of hatred for San Francisco in all my life in the South, but I can assure you that there is plenty of surprise expressed that San Francisco will put up and endure with trade unionism as exemplified in the last few years. The history of San Francisco's struggle with the unions could never be repeated in this city. At one time I was news editor of a Los Angeles morning newspaper. Let me assure you as evidence of the interest of the people of Southern California, that in that capacity I would rather have one "good story" out of Chicago than a dozen out of San Francisco; that middle western news is at a premium and Northern California news at a discount in every newspaper office in this city. The only thing these people care for as news from the North is either political in its nature or else covering a story like your railroad strike."

Their Capacity for Hatred

Let us again consider the assertions of this unprejudiced witness who has removed the scales from his eyes to weigh my statements fairly. He has never heard "an expression of hatred for San Francisco," but the people do not want any news from San Francisco unless it deals with politics or with something like our railroad strike. They like political news because there is a legion of job-chasers among them, and a story of a railroad strike they like. Why? The answer is, Because it deals with our misfortune. To them it is sweeter than dayspring to the shipwrecked in Nova Zembla. The sound of strife is as soft streamings of celestial music to the eager ear of the unprejudiced of Los Angeles. To be sure, they don't hate us but they do love to hear that our progress is being checked, do these gents from the Middle West, with whose aspirations and hopes we are unfamiliar, though we may read them in the signs of real estate agents from the Van Nuys to San Pedro, from the Angeles to Pasadena. They don't hate us, for if they did they would not have sent us food and clothing and money in our distress! Far be it from me to suggest that it would be possible for the people of Los Angeles to hate us with the savage intensity that Mr. Scott evidently thinks is within their capacity. But let Mr. Scott conclude his frank disquisition, for it is in the peroration that his naivete reaches its efflorescence:

"I have noticed a very decided tendency in the San Francisco papers, of late, to keep hammering away at this city and section. This must be ascribed to ignorance on the part of the newspaper men rather than anything else, but



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let me say that if such uncalled for knocking keeps up there will develop in this section, sooner or later, a very thorough campaign for state division. I have been over a good part of Southern California during the last two or three months, and the sentiment in favor of state division is overwhelming. A good part of the publicity campaign of Southern California since April 18 has been to convince the East that Los Angeles is not a suburb of San Francisco, that we are further away from San Francisco than Charleston is from New York, and that the earthquake did not tumble the town about our ears. Frankly, I believe if we had had an invisible but none the less potent state division line at Tehachapi and at San Luis Obispo before the San Francisco earthquake and fire came, it would have been worth at least $10,000,000 to this section of the state. In other words, I believe that this section will be behind where it would have been on account of your trouble. This loss the South must endure and in return receive all the cudgelling that San Francisco newspapers see fit to inflict. The arguments in favor of state division are so many and so potent that they could not be covered within the limits of this letter, but I can assure you that the feeling is here and it needs but a slight fanning to give such a movement an impetus that there will be no resisting it.

"With kindest personal regards, I am,

"Very truly yours,

"WINFIELD SCOTT."

State Division Sentiment

I have no doubt of Mr. Scott's sincerity. He unquestionably believes that San Francisco is envious of Los Angeles, and that the papers of this city have been hammering away at the southern town out of sublimated malevolence. And I cannot but marvel that he should be so unsophisticated. But if he will glance adown the long vista into the years agone where the live ember of division glowed he will find that it was fed with the fuel of that old disquietude brought into this state by the carpet-baggers from the Middle West. If he will glance over the files of any Los Angeles paper for the last ten years and then through the files of any San Francisco paper for the same period he may alter his opinion as to where the blame should rest for the campaign of abuse. But the newspapers have done comparatively little toward the excitement of sectional prejudice. If Mr. Scott were more familiar with the history of the state he would know that many years ago there was a strong sentiment in Los Angeles in favor of state division. It was the subject of public discussion. The sentiment was voiced by carpet-baggers intent upon creating more political jobs and they provoked the indignation of old Californians. It was among those carpet-baggers that the feeling of hatred toward this city was engendered. Mr. Scott says he has never heard an expression of hatred. Then his is mere negative testimony. I have affirmative testimony to offer. It is this; I have frequently heard expressions of hatred emanating from Los Angeles. They emanated from the pulpit of that city immediately after the earthquake, and were given wide publicity. Is it possible that Mr. Scott never reads the sermons of the clergymen of Los Angeles? As for San Francisco sentiment, it has crystallized into resentment of the envious spirit that has found expression in misrepresentation of the character of this city and of the northern part of the state. As for the state division sentiment which Mr. Scott believes to be new it is hardly worth discussing. It has existed for nearly twenty years in Los Angeles. It was openly discussed many years ago and was pooh-poohed by the whole state. The loyalty of Californians is bounded by geographical lines, and it is based on something deeper than political or commercial considerations. It is a sentiment purely of affection.

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A Scholarly Woman

Mrs. Emily Pitts Stevens, whose death occurred last week, was a woman of considerable prominence in the sixties. As a lecturer and journalist she achieved no small degree of success. Mrs. Stevens was a contributor to the "Golden Era" in the palmy days of that weekly. Her interest in literary matters never abated, and at the time of her death both she and her husband, A. K. Stevens, were enthusiastic members of the Stratford Shakespeare Society. Both husband and wife had been presidents of the club, and were seldom known to miss a meeting. Mrs. Stevens's papers were of more than ordinary value, being vigorous, researchful, and well expressed. She was the possessor of a happy personality which attracted to her a large circle of friends. Her active and useful life was cut off by a sudden stroke of paralysis.

Robbing Poor Peter

Politics in Alameda County is still machine-made, as is apparent in the nominations of the Republican convention. The machinery is old, but it is well greased and runs without jerk, jolt or jar. The machinists are competent, and the slightest friction is quickly removed. Some of the disturbing elements were thus removed by the recent convention when a worn-out Coroner and a misfit Assessor were sent to the scrap heap. The machine is run by "the Court-House Gang," duly execrated by the populace but invariably sustained by the votes of the citizens. Grand Juries have denounced the graft, incompetence and utter unworth of the Gang without the slightest effect upon the conditions. Juries may come and juries may go, but the Gang goes on forever. The people of Alameda County are not only indifferent to the practices of the Court-House Ring, but they seem to invite the roguery as if they were constantly calling, "Here we are, helpless, foolish taxpayers, fat with wealth—come, sweet bandits, come and rob us." It is a pitiful condition, but the citizens of Alameda probably imagine that they deserve no better fate; perhaps they feel honored to be the victims of their political thugs.

Dalton is Doomed

The County Gang of Alameda has finally rejected Henry Dalton, the assessor incumbent; but Henry does not bend gracefully to the ax. I hear that Dalton has good reason to count on numerous votes of small property owners and petty tradesmen whom he has treated discreetly in his assessments. One of the local newspapers last week published a page of names of "prominent citizens" who indorsed Henry Dalton for the Republican nomination. But the Gang was not affrighted nor deceived. They conned those names and summed up their worth. They knew that the signers were merely "doing Dalton this favor" and that the kindly fellows would vote for the regular nominee. The Alameda voter is, as a rule, a subservient creature who never calls his vote his own if it is demanded by his masters of the Court-House Gang. But Dalton has another element to fear in the revenge of certain workingmen whom he compelled to pay poll-tax under the strict letter of the law that will be repealed at the next session of the legislature. This law permits the Assessor to save himself the trouble of collecting from each citizen by the simple device of informing the employer of labor that he must turn over $2 for each employe, deducting the same from the wages or salary of the person employed. It is the easiest graft of the fiscal system. Dalton, however, did not discriminate this year between the cannery and the brainery; he applied to the newspaper offices, the lawyers' offices, the mercantile establishments, the higher class of industrial enterprises, the same process that he adopted in collecting this legal backsheesh from the Portuguese peasantry of the fruit canneries, the Chinese of the laundries, and the Greeks of Stone's and Ransome's street paving and quarry gangs. Naturally the better class of labor has resented this arbitrary method of compelling the payment of a tax that ought to have been paid freely on demand of the collector; the voters who found themselves deprived of $2 of their hard earned wage when they received what purported to be the full amount of such earning, have sworn each one vote and as many more as they can control against Henry Dalton and his rebellious candidacy. Off with his head—so much for Dalton.

Some Sale Speculations

The contest between Dalton and Charles Thomas of Berkeley has excited more interest on the other side of the bay than anything that has happened since the great earthquake boom struck the real estate market. I am inclined to think that Dalton will not be able to count on the sympathy of the Realty Syndicate Company, nor even on the Contra Costa Water Company. Mr. Dingee will not take an interest in the assessorship fight, for his water company will soon

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pass into the possession of the Realty Syndicate magnates. Dalton's fight is vested with peculiar interest through the circumstance that he is the owner of certain deep water rights between the Southern Pacific and Key Route piers. Unfortunately for him the Key Route Company bought the water rights some distance out from the shore and by filling in can make his property valueless. If he were elected assessor the company would in all probability refrain from landlocking him, for it is within the power of an assessor to retaliate against a big corporation. However, these are mere speculations.

Hark From Hawaii, a Doleful Sound

Judge Sanford B. Dole is much wrought up over "the dark future of the Hawaiian Islands." He observes that Americans, English and Germans are leaving the territory and that the population is rapidly "leavening" with an Asiatic immigration that threatens to taint the whole lump. I hope that Judge Dole's apprehension is well founded. There is nothing in the scheme of things human or divine that pleases me so much as "poetic justice," and if the Hawaiian Islands eventually pass under the absolute sovereignty of the Chinese and the Japanese, I shall rejoice with a malicious exultation. We stole those islands from their rightful owners at the behest of the missionaries and the sugar planters. We imposed on the natives a civilization that has killed them, morally and physically. Now let us endure the penalty of our crime. I hope that the Asiatic will mix with what is left of the ancient race of the islands and produce a breed of men American in name and alien in habit, morals, religion, thought, purpose—a mongrel breed that shall defy our institutions, flout our ideas, oppose by all the arts and devices of a degraded Oriental cunning our most persistent efforts for "the regeneration of inferior races." Then, perhaps, we shall begin to learn how to mind our own business.

Spoiling the Spoilers

What would Judge Dole have? He does not say that he desires to deport these Asiatics. He dare not advocate any such measure, for he knows that if the Chinese and Japanese leave the islands the white population would be compelled to leave also. Eliminate the Asiatics and the sugar interests of Hawaii would perish, the storekeepers would become bankrupt, the islands would return to their original condition of a tropical wilderness, and even the missionaries would have to retreat to the mainland. This result is not, however, the desire of Judge Dole and his "American party." What these usurpers really wish is a serf population trained to do the drudgery of the islands while their white masters enjoy the luxury of running things to suit themselves. I gather this purpose from Judge Dole's own words. "There are many people here," he says, "anxious about the large number of children born of Asiatic parents and the possibility that they will become voters some day." And why not, Judge? Who are you, that you should deny these children their rights under the constitution of the American republic? Of course they will become voters and all the Doles in the missionary party cannot change the event. And when these children are voters they will vote the Doles out of the islands as they have a right to do. They will avenge the miserable theft by which these islands came under American domination. That will be what I shall in that day call "poetic justice." Hasten the day.

What Dole Really Wants

Judge Dole also calls attention to the circumstance that the children of the Hawaiian Asiatics are going into the schools in larger numbers than "the representatives of the Anglo-Saxon race." What of that? Of course, if Judge Dole and his missionary colleagues could have their way these children would be deprived of the school privileges accorded

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to "the representatives of the Anglo-Saxon race," to the end that they may be kept in perpetual bondage, intellectually and physically, to the Anglo-Saxon lords of the earth. Judge Dole comes of missionary stirp, and he is as incapable of changing his spots as is the leopard. Travellers in China and India know the missionary and not to his credit. In those countries missionaries live in barbaric luxury on the toil of the miserable coolies to whom these missionaries pretend to preach the socialism of Christ and the equality of man before God, refusing to teach these wretched heathen the speech of the English for fear that the poor drudges and virtual slaves will demand a few more cash or a few more anas for their otherwise thankless labor. What Judge Dole is trying to do in Hawaii is to establish a slave population upon which "the representatives of the Anglo-Saxon race" can live and thrive. His worship is doomed to disappointment, however. The American people will let the Japanese have the Hawaiian Islands before they will consent to the establishment of such conditions, as they will some day resent a similar effort to convert the Philippines into an American slave colony.

A Prophecy

Destinies of empires are not determined by the policies of individuals nor even by the "platform principles" of political parties. There is a power greater than mere statesmanship—the massed power of the people; an energy and purpose of which the people themselves are unconscious, the results of which amaze the people. The American people were opposed to the larceny that placed the Hawaiian Islands under the flag of the republic; that crime was the policy of a faction of a party; and if, by natural and inevitable processes we lose our dependency, the people will express little regret. Circumstances forced the dominant party of the republic to establish a bastard suzerainty and a hybrid, mongrel government over the Philippines. The people of the United States were indifferent, and they are still indifferent. We don't care whether the Filipinos are free or in bondage; those people are of no use to us, and their exploitation by our captains of industry does not concern us. We will, of course, resist the inevitable intention of the Japanese to take the archipelago from us, but our resistance will savor little of the patriotism that calls a nation to arms to resist an invasion of legitimate territory. The Philippines are part of the Japanese empire and the force we call "destiny" will eventually legalize that possession to Japan by conquest. We shall fight to hold the islands (if we do not sell them outright to the Japanese) but our struggle will be only to avoid the disgrace of defeat by "an inferior race."

The New American Conquest

On the other hand, the destiny of the American republic as embodied in the unconscious will of the American people is to incorporate the island of Cuba in our territorial sovereignty, and to add the Mexican States of Sinaloa, Sonora, Coahulla, Nuevo Leon and Chihuahua, north of the twenty-sixth parallel, to our dominion. When the time comes to put in operation the real intention of the Platt amendment Cuba will be annexed by unanimous consent of the American people, and when President Diaz dies the American flag will float defiantly triumphant from the bastions and palaces of Hermosillo, Parral, Culiacan, San Marcos and Villadama—and the southern boundary of the northern republic will reach from Matamoras on the Rio Grande to the littoral of the Gulf of California. The course of empire is no longer westward, but southward as far as "American interests" have extended and are loud in demand for "protection." Children now in the primary grades of our public schools will need to know the liquid vowels of Spanish geographical nomenclature before they may pass their high school examinations.

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The Language of Homes

It is not an exotic notion, as the fashionables of Sausalito believe, that social rank is determined, in a measure, by the character of one's home. The home is symbolically significant. It is eloquent of one's financial condition, and Bradstreet's rating is accepted in social circles as well as in the marts of trade. If you haven't the money to build a fine home, neither have you the presumption to assault the citadel of the elect unless you are a rash and unsophisticated climber. It is often by architectural display that the successful fortune builder serves notice on the morbidly exclusive of intention to join the herd. Witness the conduct of Senator Clark in New York and recall the history of the social progress of the members of our own provincial aristocracy. The home as well as the apparel oft proclaims the man, and the woman, too. Have not the occupants of the so-called red barns on the hill held themselves aloof from the shack dwellers in the flat below?

The Japanese Invasion

I am told by a well-informed Japanese that the invasion of the Western Addition by his countrymen is not due merely to a migration from the old Japanese quarter just outside of Chinatown, which was destroyed by the fire. My informant tells me that large numbers of Japanese are coming to this city all the way from Japan and from places nearer, with a view of availing themselves of the opportunities that the rebuilding of San Francisco and her future commerce will, they believe, offer to them. The Japanese population of this city has grown, and the Japanese being a pretty shrewd and far-seeing people, their immigration at this time would seem to indicate that the intelligent Orientals are confident of a big future for San Francisco. They are certainly entering nearly every branch of trade. An example is presented on a single block of Pine street, where there is a Japanese bank, two Japanese physicians, Japanese barbers, several Japanese shops of various kinds, and at least three large residence buildings occupied by Japanese. They all seem to be prospering, too, and from Caucasian as well as Mongolian patronage.

Dressler's Neglect

Because of the strangely accidental neglect of Professor F. B. Dressler to notify his classes in Education at the University of California that their certificates to teach would not be filed after August 1, 1906, a number of would-be teachers are the possessors of invalid certificates. The class disbanded rather suddenly after the fire and, though Dressler declares he informed his classes of the law, it is more than likely that the class is right in its assertion that he did not. The mistake means six months more of study for the members, a matter so serious that an appeal was made to Professor Leon P. Richardson of the Latin Department, who has written to the State Board of Education petitioning it to waive the clause on the ground of insufficient notice. That Richardson has come to the rescue is a very good sign that Dressler's attitude and statement in the matter are overruled. The anxious young pedagogues have in Richardson a friend worth having.

Wanted—A Satirist

What a host of little men there are in the world today. How the age is dominated and ruled by mediocrity. Look around you and discover if you can a single man that you can call great. Where, in science, literature, art, politics, will you find a Newton, a Goethe, a Rubens, a Cavour? What names are oftenest on men's lips? Rockefeller, Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, Roosevelt, Bryan. And how do men speak of these little men? Is it not with scorn, derision, flippant jest and sneering comment? Imagine men speaking thus of the mighty intellects that have swerved the destiny of mankind—themselves instruments of omnipotence! This is an age of ephemera; the soldiers, statesmen, writers, scientists are but creatures of the hour, born out of nothing, fated for oblivion, unless, perchance, one name or a score of names shall be flung in the laughing faces of posterity by some mighty satirist yet unborn—some bitter-tongued, merciless, relentless misanthrope with the wit of Voltaire, the scorn of Swift, the biting sarcasm of Pope, and the honest humor of Rabelais. But I predict that not one of the manikin antics of our stage will serve to make an epigram for the

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Martial of the twenty-first century; there will be worthier subjects in that distant day upon which the satirist shall whet the edge of his wit—nobler wrongs to redress, vaster crimes to punish.

Modern Carthagenians

The ideals of the age are as small as the men of the time. It is a sordid age, and the ambition of men is to acquire money. In all ages the love of money has been the ignoblest trait of the human mind, but in no age has the love of money been so universal as it is now. Consequently in no age has the mass of mankind been so completely enslaved as it is today. Every civilized nation is a nation of slaves; every individual is a slave to the money power, believing that in the possession of wealth is the attainment of the thing men call happiness. This condition can be productive of none but little men; nothing great can come of slavery; nations of slaves can only produce slaves great by comparison with slaves. Our statesmanship is rotten with commercialism; our politics reeks with graft; our science is concentrated in the effort to invent and discover new means to the accumulation of wealth; our literature is made to sell; virtue is a commodity; honor has its price and is frequently "marked down" to compete with other honor; all things are for hire, for sale and for barter. True nobility no longer exists; high aspirations no longer urge men to noble deeds; we have descended to the moral level of the avaricious Carthagenians, so depraved, so contemptible, so permeated with the wretched treacheries of trade, that mercenaries whom the Punic hucksters cheated of their blood-money were the sole defense of an empire of pawnbrokers and shopkeepers.

FOXY SIR TOM

(Sir Thomas Lipton has decided to challenge once more for the cup's Daily paper)

I am Sir Thomas, Celtic-visaged, leerin',
And can appease your strained omniscient thirst.
Great is the ad. from bringing here the "Erin,"
Don't know precisely which end goes the first.
But that is nothing, since the regal dictum
Late was extended unto knightly we,
Saying, "When you've come back, I hope you've licked 'em!"
Oh, what a jump in whisky, jams and tea!

I am Sir Thomas, and you folks are easy;
I can bamboozle you unto the full,
Give chorus girls palaver extra breezy,
Seeing my pet reporters have a pull.
Great is my lot, although I'm overrated,
And of true sportsmanship have scarce a taint;
Yet as a veritable sport I'm dined and feted,
Although I recognize the fact I ain't.

—The Challenger.

THE MEMORY GAVE HER PAIN

The bosom of the savage maiden heaved.

"I can feel for the girl in the story," she sighed, "who had nothing to wear. I remember"—

Her eyes grew moist.

"—how mortified I was when I found the moths had eaten my canvas belt."

—The Explorer.





Two Interior Views of the New Store of J. M. Jacobi & Co. on Fillmore Street

Considering the condition of affairs in San Francisco, the fixtures and appointments of the above store are something to be greatly admired and are a great achievement in store equipment. The above pictures show what San Francisco merchants are capable of doing, and through the courtesy of Mr. Jacobi they are shown here. The store is located on Fillmore street between California and Sacramento, just far enough away from the hustle and bustle of the very busy part of Fillmore street to make it more agreeable for its exclusive trade.

As you enter the store an air of refinement and good taste strikes you at once and your eye rests on what appears to be three pictures, an effect produced by shadow boxes. These create a startling effect, and the pictures are changed three or four times a week. Your attention is next attracted by the swell old English oak cases, made of a rare perfumed oak, the doors of which are made of Cathedral glass. These cases are opened by means of an electric switch to the left, and open automatically. They each contain a slide upon which is hung ready-to-wear clothes. In this manner the clothing is kept free from dust and wrinkles. These cases are in two different departments, separated by a wall, but can be locked all at once by turning an electric switch. The lower doors, containing their automobile garments, slide back into the case and again close by themselves with the aid of air cushions.

The counting rooms, dressing rooms and fitting rooms, to the left, are hung with old steel engravings of English hunts by Hering and other noted artists. Beyond these rooms is the tailoring department, where you will find the same cases especially adapted to the needs of that department.

A visitor to San Francisco will be more than astonished on seeing this place and, to say the least, will find it most interesting.

—The Rounder.

Social Prattle

By Tantalus

Society Skaters

The automobile stunts at Del Monte last Saturday did not attract as many society people as a "Bubble" meet usually brings forth. Mrs. Selby Hanna took an animated interest in the proceedings, but for the most part the women did not even trouble to go over to the track, preferring to rubber at bridge rather than at autos. Mrs. Fred McNear, who seems to have cornered all the energy in the Hopkins clan, motored down to Monterey from Menlo, but she did not enter her machine in the "Gymkana." Now that a skating rink has been opened at Palo Alto the roller enthusiasts have suffered a relapse of skating fever. All the way from Burlingame to Redwood City there is a nightly procession of automobiles bearing the smart skating contingent to the rink. Mrs. Fred McNear still does the most daring turns of any society amateur, and her skating has a professional finish that makes the evolutions of her less reckless friends look crude.

Lionizing Miss Crawley

The charming English actress, Constance Crawley, has many personal friends among the college folk at Berkeley. That they admire her very much was evident not only from the very crowded condition of the Greek Theatre at the performance of "The Midsummer Night's Dream" but from the character of the recent receptions that were given in her honor. The Chi Omega Sorority tendered a joint reception to Miss Crawley and Miss Alma Barnett, a talented member of the society who has since departed to continue her studies at Harvard. The faculty of the University, the different societies and prominent families of the bay cities sent a representation of about three hundred. The Phi Sigma Deltas, a leading fraternity, gave a dinner in honor of Miss Crawley, Miss Blanche Coddard, a member of the Crawley Opera Company, Mrs. Mary Holland Kincaid, journalist and author, Samuel Hume and Willis Polk.

She Followed Her Husband's Advice

The Preston will case has been compromised out of court and the gossips who were expecting fat pickings must look elsewhere for juicy morsels. Colonel Preston left his entire estate to his widow and specifically stated that after her demise all his children save Randolph Preston should share the estate. Randolph is a brother of Mrs. Leo Owens and has been living with her at Aetna Springs. Mrs. Owens and Randolph Preston are children of Colonel Preston's first wife, from whom he was divorced. They were brought up by the present Mrs. Preston, and Mrs. Owens has apparently been devoted to her stepmother. However, she felt that her brother was unjustly stripped of his share of the Preston fortune and the Owens purse was behind Randolph's efforts to break the will. From the first, Mrs. Preston has been inclined to compromise, as she has little taste for airing the family linen on the public clothes line. But the lawyers seemed intent on dragging the thing into court and it took Mrs. Preston six months to bring about a settlement. It is said that Colonel Preston, himself, before his death, advised her never to go to law, as that was the surest way to sink a fortune and pad the barristers' pockets. So she applied this advice to the will contest and settled it out of court. "Portola Hall," the handsome country home of the Prestons, has not been opened up this year. It is a handsome estate, adjoining the Folger place, near Woodside, and I hear that Mrs. Preston finds it an expensive elephant on her hands. She has been living with her daughter, Mrs. Worthington Ames, in a charming little bungalow which the Ames recently purchased near Fair Oaks. Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. Preston's other daughter, has spent most of the summer at Fair Oaks.

Miss Daingerfield in Berkeley

The Daingerfield studio in Berkeley is filled with Russian laces, brasses, and laquers consigned from Madame Vera de Blumenthal, Princess Teinsheff, Madam Ogaraff and Count Tolstoi, with prices to tempt the humblest art lover. The collection was exhibited on Wednesday at Town and Gown Hall, where an illustrated lecture on Russia was given by Florence Delanoy Eichwaldt. The event marked the reopening of the studio which was established in the college town after the fire and which promises to hold a prominent place among the studios on that side of the bay. Miss Daingerfield is the proud possessor of the first picture Thad Welch has painted since the fire. Works of Keith and Latimer will be added before long.

The Charitable Miss Ayer

Since the fire Berkeley has claimed Mabel Ayer as its own and gives her up reluctantly to the church. The news that she was to leave her work in the world to become a Sister of Charity came as a decided shock to her friends who have no conception of fascinations of a calm and peaceful cloistered life. The title of "Queen of the Butterflies" which she gained through the attraction which that insect has for her is the least of her possessions. She is one of the women who are really able to be charitable through the boundless wealth of their own nature. Miss Ayer is the daughter of the late Dr. Washington Ayer. She is a graduate of Irving Institute and has, since her graduation, been president of the Sunshine Society. But Miss Ayer was impelled to the serious step which she has taken by the strongest religious and sentimental impulses.

Her Japanese Lion

The arrival of two Japanese princes in Berkeley is "lending tone" to the smart functions in the college town. Their presence has revived the story of a famous reception given a year or two ago by the wife of a well-known architect to a Japanese prince. The lady's interest in all things oriental included a dapper little Japanese student whose ancestry and manners were the best that the land of the cherry blossom produces. One day he called upon his "Most Honorable Patron," inquired after the health of her "Esteemed and Gracious Grandmother" and then asked whether such an "Unworthy and Undeserving Person" as himself might bring "Some Japanese Prince" to see "Most Honorable Lady." Most Honorable Patron was delighted. She hastily named

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an afternoon and then set about arranging a function that would be a worthy background for Japanese royalty. She rang up Everybody who is Anybody on the Alameda shore and asked them to meet "such an interesting Japanese Prince, don't you know." The house was decorated in Iris and flags of the two nations; there was music and a tempting collation; there were guests galore in best bib and tucker; but long after the hour appointed there was no Japanese Prince! Most Honorable Lady was visibly flustered. When one has been promised the tang of royalty a princeless affair falls flat. But finally the hostess spied her Japanese protege coming. He was unattended and she feared the Prince had at the last moment refused to rub elbows with untitled Americanism. The Japanese student was ushered in. He was evidently surprised to find himself in the midst of such a large gathering. But he bowed low three times to the hostess and in chrysanthemum English said "Most Honorable Lady I have brought some Japanese Prince." Then from under his arm he took a large book of Japanese PRINTS and spread them before the astonished and disappointed gaze of the Most Disconsolate Lady and her Guests. Which only proves that Roosevelt is right when he says phonetic spelling is no joke. Prince! Prints!

A Charity Skating Event

Society folk have been interested for the last month in the benefit proposed for the babies of the Foundling Asylum on Pt Lobos Avenue. April's disaster not only made imperative expensive repairs on their home but it cut off a good portion of their income from private sources. The owners of the new Dreamland Skating Rink, at Steiner and Post, very generously came to the rescue by offering their rink and its corps of employes, free of expense, for an afternoon and evening, and the date for the benefit was originally set for the 15th. However, the uncertain street car situation made a postponement seem desirable and the new date is September 29th. The patronesses are: Mrs. M. H. DeYoung, Mrs. H. J. Crocker, Miss Sophia Coleman, Miss Felton, Mrs. Andrew Griffin, Mrs. W. S. Gage, Mrs. Wm. Greer Harrison, Dr. Emily G. Harrison, Mrs. Charles Albert Hawkins, Mrs. E. O. Jellinek, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. Redmond Payne, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Miss Rosenstirn and Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding. For the little people prizes of handsomely dressed dolls and roller skates have been provided. There will be races, and exhibitions of expert skating. And of course an opportunity for everybody to skate on a fine hardwood floor. New San Francisco is to have a chance to show what she can do in the way of generosity, and if the signs do not fail this first benefit will be as financially successful as the best of those of the City-that-was.

Uncle George and the Hop-Pickers

There was a mild flutter of excitement in the hop fields above Ukiah last week, when by some underground telegraph it was rumored about that Uncle George Bromley was going to join the "refugees." "Society" was mentioned so frequently when the season opened that one should suppose hop-picking was to be the medium through which the social climber was to reach the great goal. Of course the scions of the four hundred did not materialize, nor were any of the expected social diversions forthcoming, but when the story was whispered about that Uncle George was coming it began to look as if there were going to be doings after all.

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THE CITIZENS' ALLIANCE

Is now permanently located in the Union Trust Building, corner of Montgomery and Market. Take elevator and go to fifth floor. If you have any evidence that will lead to the conviction of any one engaged in assaulting, intimidating or coercing American citizens engaged in helping reconstruct San Francisco, you are invited to report the same to our Legal Department and claim reward for $100.

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Bohemian Club Concert

Rehearsals for the great Bohemian Club Concert are now held, and from present indications the entertainment will be the most successful ever given in the history of the Club. The following program has been announced by the Committee: Overture, "The Man in the Forest," Joseph D. Redding; song, "To the Skylark" (words by Bret Harte), Wallace A. Sabin; Christmas ode (for solo, chorus and orchestra). Theodor Vogt; part songs, "The Chamber of Sleep," "Bedouin Love Song," H. J. Stewart; prelude, "The Quest of the Gorgon" (solos, chorus and orchestra), Vogt; part songs, "When Sylvia Saunters By," "A Spring Madrigal," Sabin, gavotte (orchestra), Redding; selections from music for a Christmas pantomime, Stewart; numbers from the new opera, "Cleopatra," W. J. McCoy. Although tickets for the concert have been on sale less than a week the demand has been so great that the sale already runs up into the thousands. However, the vast seating capacity of the Greek Theatre insures to every auditor an excellent opportunity of hearing the music, for even on the topmost row of seats the most delicate tones can be heard to perfection.

Mrs. L. D. Mead, who has been East for the past month, returned this week to her home at Byron Hot Springs Hotel.

Gossip From Los Angeles

Writes my Los Angeles correspondent: The engagement of Miss Alice Talcott of Pasadena to J. L. Macdonnell, cashier of the First National Bank of the Crown City, is interesting the social gossips of Southern California. Miss Talcott is a charming young woman and is heiress to a snug sum of money. Her fiance is one of the most popular members of the Valley Hunt Club, that most select of men's clubs which originated the annual tournament of roses as a New Year's day celebration and which draws the elect from all the country round. He is a favorite cotillion leader and has officiated as best man at numerous weddings in the ultra smart set. * * * * * Miss Helen Sherman, the young Los Angeles orphan who is heiress to a very attractive fortune, and whose breezy presence has frequently brightened San Francisco's exclusive circles, recently lost her heart to the late leading man of the Belasco Theatre and a few weeks ago became Mrs. Joseph Galbraith. Miss Sherman was married at her aunt's home in Nebraska, and gossip has it that her grandmother, Mrs. Crouse, and the guardian of her fortune, Captain A. J. Bradish, did not send her to the altar with their blessings. The youth of the bride was perhaps the chief cause of their objections. The couple has returned to Los Angeles to make their home, and the Thespian husband has announced his final abandonment of a career behind the footlights.

Late automobile arrivals at Byron Hot Springs are: Louis T. Samuels, accompanied by Jos. L. Greenebaum, Sol Arson, in Stoddard Dayton; Mr. and Mrs. Sam Naphtaly, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Downing, in a Peerless; Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Hancock, in a Packard; Mr. T. H. Haskins and party, in an Olds. The roads from Oakland to Byron Hot Springs via Haywards, Livermore and Altamont were never in a better condition. The automobile road from Stockton to Byron Hot Springs, which has been impassable for some time past on account of the high water is now open, and auto enthusiasts are again making the run from Stockton to Byron. Among the other arrivals are: State Printer W. W. Shannon and wife, from Sacramento; Arthur G. Fisk and wife, Chas. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Oakes, all of San Francisco; M. Bird, from Honolulu.

Dr. Wilber M. Swett has returned from his vacation trip among the redwoods of Mendocino and Humboldt Counties and has located at 2417 Washington street.

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Stage

Blinn's Latest Triumph

Some day, perhaps, the friends of Holbrook Blinn, in this his home city, will have an opportunity to see for themselves the progress he has made in his profession, but meanwhile they can learn of his success only through newspaper reports of his triumph in other places. A little while ago they learned of his great success in a musical comedy in London and now comes the report that he has made a great hit in the East in a new play by Stanley Dark, "Man and His Angel." In this play Mr. Blinn has the star part, in which he does some very clever character work as a villainous, cynical cripple. Unfortunately the play is poorly constructed. The author was so carried away by the cleverness of his epigrammatic dialogue that he overlooked the importance of an artistically developed plot.

Mr. Cooper's Generous Offer

By postal card I learn that Mr. Leo Cooper is now in Los Angeles and that he is director of the Burbank Theatre School of Acting. He has served notice on me that the School "offers two prizes for the best and second best one-act plays, of $25 and $15 respectively." This is rather vague, but it doesn't matter: I will not enter the competition. Mr. Cooper guarantees in addition to the prize money, "a public performance to be given at the Burbank Theatre at one of the students' matinees this winter." It would be quite easy for me to win the money by dashing off a playlet far superior to anything that will be turned in, but I have not sufficient egotism to bolster out the hope of doing anything that would defy the efforts of the embryonic thespians of the Burbank school.

In the Limelight

Annie Russell opens the new Astor theatre in New York under the management of Wagenhals & Kemper as a star in a company of one hundred. The demure Miss Russell will be Puck in "Midsummer Nights Dream." Miss Lansing Rowan, who played here with the Frawley company ten or twelve years ago, is in the cast as Oberon.

Grace George, wife of William A. Brady, has a new play, "Clothes." Frank Worthing is her leading man and as usual she has an excellent company. Her indefatigable husband manager has not yet, it seems, given up the hope of having her accepted as a star.

Eva Dennison, a San Francisco girl, once with the Frawleys, at the Columbia, is playing a prominent part at the Savoy Theatre, New York.

Fritzi Sheff began her second season of Mlle. Modiste at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, a few weeks ago. She is soon to have a new opera. William Pruette is still her leading baritone.

Helena Frederick, leading soprano at the Tivoli last year, is making a success in vaudeville.

Margaret Anglin, under Henry Miller's management, is on tour at present in the smaller Eastern cities. She and Mr. Miller are said to be partners now in all business ventures.

Bob Fitzsimmons still keeps his "Fight For Love" before the public. His wife Julia is his leading lady.

Although Fay Templeton is the bride of a millionaire she heads a company playing all the large Eastern cities in "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway." Corinne is a Number Two company is touring the South and West.

Orpheum Vaudeville

Clifton Crawford, author of the once popular song "Nancy Brown," will make his first appearance in San Francisco at



Clifton Crawford
Author of "Nancy Brown," Who Will Talk to Orpheum Audiences Next Week.

the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. Mr. Crawford is famous for his bright, clever stories and his admirable way of telling them. Eleanor Borel, a handsome young woman who is said to be the possessor of a pleasing soprano, will present a

dainty song cycle, "The Quarrel." Her selections will be "Sometimes" and "Heart to Let," by Joseph Howard, and Colega's "Salvator Rosa." Nat LeRoy and Minnie Woodford, "the jovial conversationalists," are rapid-fire talkers who promise to keep the house in an uproar of laughter during the time they are on the stage. They come with an original package of fun guaranteed to cure the most obstinate case of blues. Tom Fortune and Josephine Davis will make their initial appearance here in their original sketch, "My Sweetheart." They are graceful and clever singers and dancers and come highly praised by the Eastern press. R. G. Knowles, "the man who went around the world on a wave of laughter," has completely captured San Francisco amusement lovers. He is an entertainer of rare power. For his second and last week he will make a complete change of songs and stories. McMahon's Minstrel Maids and Watermelon Girls will also offer a new act, introducing an old fashioned first part, and McMahon and Chappelle will spring a lot of new conundrums in their odd conceit, "Twenty Minutes from Train Time." The Aribos, European strong men, equilibrists and acrobats, and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a varied and interesting program.

Hoyt at Ye Liberty

"A Trip to Chinatown," one of the most delightful of the Hoyt farces, in which the author caught something of the atmosphere of old San Francisco, will be the attraction at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland next week. This farce is of perennial interest and will prove a test of the versatility of Bishop's players.

"The Idol's Eye"

Frank Daniels' old familiar musical comedy, "The Idol's Eye," in which Ferris Hartman achieved as great a success as did the creator of the chief comedy role, will be put on the Idora Park stage next week. This piece abounds in comic situations and grotesqueries, and is lacking in none of the chief elements of the musical farce.

Some Epigrams

(From "The Heritage of Unrest.")

It is one thing to be sacrificed to a cause, even if it is only filling the ditch that others may cross to victory. It is quite another thing to be sacrificed in a cause, to die unavailingly without profit or glory of any kind, to be even an obstacle thrown across the way.

It is one of the strongest arguments of the pessimist in favor of his philosophy that the advantage of expecting the disagreeable lies in the fact that if he meets with disappointment it is necessarily a pleasant one.

Desperation is at most the keen agony of torture at the stake; but indifference towards all that is held by this world or the next is dying in a gradual vacuum.

However much a man may admire in the abstract a woman as a fine, natural animal, unspoiled by social pettiness, he does not fancy the thing in his wife. From the artistic standpoint a regal barbarian, unconfined, with her virtue and her vices on a big scale, is very well; from the domestic it is different. She is more sensible in the garb of fashion, with home-made character of parlor ornament proportions.

A woman who once grovels at a man's feet has lost thenceforth her power over him.

In the great crisis of life training and up-bringing and education fall away, and a man is governed by two forces, his instincts and his surroundings.

An eminent student of the six has somewhere said that women are like monkeys, in that they are imitative. The comparison goes further. There is a certain inability in a monkey to carry out a train of thought or of action to its conclusion, which is shared by the majority of womankind. It is a feminine characteristic to spend life and much energy on side issues.

—The Gleaner.

FAT FOLKS.

I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches and hips 14 inches, in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamp. Address, Mrs. E. S. Richards, 360 Sixth St., Riverside, Cal.

Bohemian Club

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Matinee every day except Monday

BRITE VOWDVIL:

CLIFTON CRAWFORD; Eleanor Dorel; LeRoy and Woodford; Fortune and Davis; McMahon's Minstrel Maids and Watermelon Girls; The Aribos; McMahon and Chappelle; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week of

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A Fisher-Wife.

By Arthur L. Salmon

D'ye hear the waters calling
At setting of the day?—
And the boat has smelt the sea-wind
And leaps to be away.
The sea-wind and the water—
The stinging smack of brine—
And the boat has left the harbour
With man and child of mine,—
Gone forth to meet the fishing
With man and lad of mine.

My man is stout and sturdy,
My boy is fair and brave;
His cheek is brown with sea-wind
And wetting of the wave.
His hair is soft and clinging,
Matted about his ears.
And the spray that comes to kiss him
Is salter than my tears—
The ocean's kiss is salter
Than a lonely mother's tears.

O weary hours of waiting
When the fishers forth have sped,
When man and child have left me
For winning of the bread.
Better to face the biting
Of wind and sea and foam,
Than dream of sea-washed bodies
In the empty house at home,
Than hear dear voices calling
In the dreary house at home.

A MONUMENT TO ABBOTT

In 1838 Jacob Abbott, author of the Rollo Books, established a school at "Fewacres," Farmington, Massachusetts. The Farmington Academy still exists, and recently the pupils erected a tablet to the memory of its founder. It is the fashion of today to poke fun at the Rollo Books, with their didactics and morals, but in their time they were an enormous stride ahead from the juveniles of the day. Rollo may seem a priggish youth now and over-given to the absorption of details from the lips of his father and uncle, but it is to be remembered that in the good old times school books were not made inviting, nor all knowledge juvenilized. The more or less learned lectures which the child listened to seem trivial today, beside the shelves full of juvenile classics, "boys of other countries," "Zigzag Journeys," and their like, but in Rollo's time, such information was to be come at only by digging through ponderous tombs in which the grain of information was buried under bushels of the chaff of controversy. As compared with Miss Edgeworth's "Frank" and those other little victims, "Sanford and Merton," not to mention the stories of infants of five ripe years sent into the graveyards to moralize on the end of humanity and the fate of sinners, with bits of string to measure graves and convince themselves that younger babes than themselves had already been called to judgment and punishment, Rollo was a sprightly and irresponsible youngster whose easy disregard of spiritual things must have made pious grandparents tremble to see him brought into the household. It is easy, now, in these lax times, to laugh at the priggishness of the child and poke fun at Jonas and Beechnut, but some of the same discipline applied to our own obstreperous broods would not be amiss.

THE GOLDEN PHEASANT

Places of merit always have a clientele that can always be relied upon. The Golden Pheasant, which served the public so long and well on Grant avenue, with dainty lunches, ices, candies and salads, has opened a new place in their own building at 1222-24 Sutter street. A new feature of The Golden Pheasant will be a complete grill service and a regular dinner service. The excellent service and reputation of this place insures success.

—The Rounder.

WHY HE ANNOYED HER

"No," declared the Sultan, firmly, "I cannot love another."

The Dowager Sultana was deeply vexed.

"Dear me," she exclaimed, "what shall we do? You are still 1,500 wives shy."

—The Smiler.

The "Old Chester" which figures as the background of Margaret Deland's stories, has been identified as Manchester, a suburb of Alleghany, Pennsylvania, somewhat transformed, and the "Mercer" is Pittsburg. Usually it is an unfortunate circumstance for an author, when her localities can be pinned down in this fashion, for immediately there arise sensitive souls who take offense and manufacture grievances, but Mrs. Deland has touched so lightly and lovingly that the inhabitants are actually proud of their distinction.



Between Gentlemen.

The Shah of Persia to the Czar: "Be so kind as to tell me how I can become a constitutional monarch with a parliament."

—Fischietto (Turin).



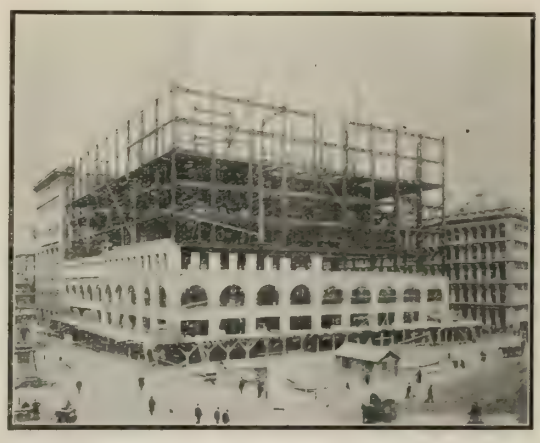
December 30, 1903.—This picture shows foundations finished. Top of column in middle of picture, base of which is 42 feet below the point at which it shows, showing immense depth of foundation.



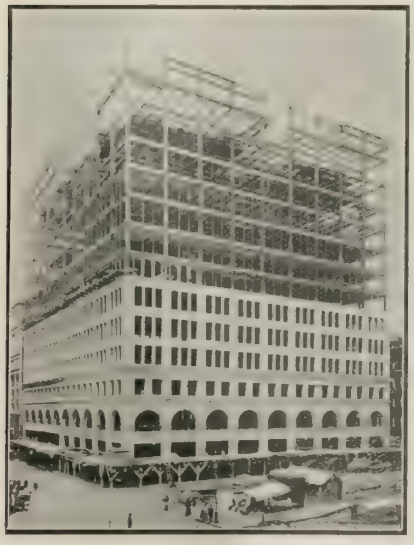
January 19, 1904.—Twenty days later. All the steel work well started above ground.



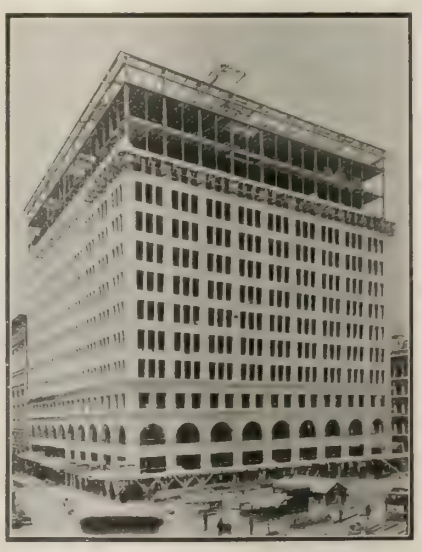
March 23, 1904.—Granite work well started, showing how closely the granite work followed the erection of the steel.



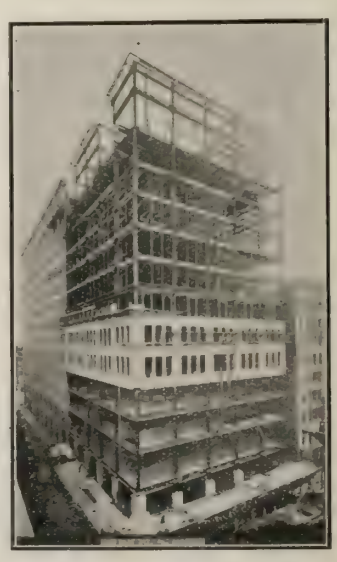
April 23, 1904.—Showing rapid progress of granite work and commencement of terra cotta closely following steel erection.



June 4, 1904.—Five weeks later. The steel work practically completed and mason work up to seventh floor.



July 2, 1904.—One month later. Showing five stories of masonry work in one month, more than a story a week.



August 1, 1904.—Section "A" completed. (All the preceding pictures being of Section "A"). This picture shows Section "B"

Through the courtesy of Mr. Wm. C. Lewis, who had charge of the New York Wanamaker Building, "Town Talk" has secured these pictures, showing the structural progress of the building.

Correspondence.

(Christian Science—Its Essence and Its Achievements)

Editor "Town Talk."

Dear Sir: In a recent issue of your paper there appeared an article by "The Rector" under the title of "A Christian Sermon" on "Women and Christian Science." If it is "Christian" to misrepresent and malign a religion that is healing the sick and reforming the sinner in obedience to Christ's command, then the above title may be correct, but not otherwise. The question as to whether Christian Science is Christian and scientific is not to be determined by the mere assertion of one who does not understand it, but by its fruits, and the claim that "Many women have recently died because of their trust in this nonsense, and many more have deliberately condemned their beloved children to death," is a mere assertion that cannot be substantiated. Statistics published over a year ago for the six larger cities of Texas showed the following results:

"1. Average number daily asking services of Christian Scientists in above cities is seven hundred and seventeen.

"2. Of the total number asking for help ninety per cent have acknowledged that they were healed or permanently benefited.

"3. Of the total number, as above given, seventy per cent had absolutely failed to receive benefit from the different schools of materia medica before applying to Christian Scientists.

"4. Of the total number who have applied for help during the past two years thirteen have died, ten adults and three children.

"5. Of the thirteen who died in the past two years nine had already been given up as hopelessly incurable by different schools of medicine, and among this number it is noted that two were in the last stages of consumption, two died of cancer, one of typhoid pneumonia, and one of cholera morbus."

Statistics for eight of the larger cities and towns of Maine show a similar percentage of cures, and during two years but ten deaths occurred under Christian Science treatment,—in every instance the patient having been given up as incurable by physicians. Also that during a period of five years (as far as can be learned) but one child died under Christian Science treatment, and in this instance the disease had been diagnosed by physicians as an abnormal growth on the brain and considered by them incurable. Such a record as this shows the efficacy of Christian Science and accounts for its rapid spread as a practical religion. While it is true that there are more women than men in the Christian Science church, as in all other churches, for as a rule women are more inclined to spiritual things than men, yet the large proportion of men who attend Christian Science services is a matter of frequent comment, and the reason is that the practical results of Christian Science appeal to them.

Christian Science is based on the Bible, spiritually understood. When Christ Jesus sent forth his disciples, both the twelve and the seventy, "He sent them to preach the Kingdom of God, and to heal the sick" . . . . . "And they departed, and went through the towns, preaching the gospel, and healing everywhere" (Luke 9:1, 6). That this healing gospel was not limited to Peter, James and John or their descendants is apparent from Jesus' own words, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also" (John 14:12). While the disciples had healed many, there was one brought to them that they could not heal; and after Jesus had healed him, and the disciples asked why they could not, they were told, "Because of your unbelief: for verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove." (Matt. 17:20). This plainly taught that more faith, even "as a grain of mustard seed," would have enabled the disciples to heal the lunatic, even as Jesus did; but there is no reason to suppose that the reference to moving a mountain was intended to be taken literally, for there is no record that Jesus, with his undoubting faith, ever moved a mountain or told his disciples to do so. But he did tell them to preach the gospel and heal the sick, and they did so through divine power. As Christ Jesus is the example for all Christians, including Christian Scientists, it is not clear why they should move mountains, repair a broken table, set a stone in a ring or provide a new dress through faith and prayer before undertaking to heal the sick, since Christ did none of these things nor expected anyone to do them. On the other hand, the plain truth is that Christian Scientists are proving daily that the same divine power which healed the sick and the sinful nearly nineteen hundred years ago is available now through Christian Science, for God "is the same, yesterday, and today, and forever."

Sincerely yours,

FRANK W. GALE,

State Publication Committee.

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 11, 1906.

(Pantheism Is Not Taught)

Editor "Town Talk."

Dear Sir: While I have no doubt that "A Believer" meant well in his letter in reply to the article by "The Rector" in a previous issue of your paper, there is one thought expressed that is apt to give a wrong impression in regard to the teachings of Christian Science. Referring to this Science he says: "It is a belief in the all-powerfulness of God and His great love for humanity; that we are His children, created in His image and as such cannot suffer sickness or pain or do evil, but that these conditions exist in our mortal mind and disappear when we become in harmony with the Divine Mind, or God, of whom we are a part."

It should be well understood that the pantheistic notion that the mortal man, which is the embodiment of what Paul called "the mind of the flesh" and is temporal, or even the spiritual man, who is the "image and likeness" of God and is eternal, is a "part of God," is not taught by Christian Science, which clearly distinguishes between God, Divine Mind, the Creator, and His children created in His likeness. One is never the other or a part of the other, although there is the spiritual unity between the Father and His spiritual children which Christ Jesus demonstrated and told his followers to "do also." Sickness, pain or evil seem to exist to the carnal mind, but can have no place in the Divine Mind, and they are destroyed through "the renewing of your mind" by letting "this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

Sincerely yours,

FRANK W. GALE,

State Publication Committee.

San Francisco, Cal., September 17, 1906.

It is less than two months that I have been a member of the Stock and Bond Exchange. I began with desk room at 1070 Broadway. On August 1st I moved to rooms 29 and 30 Bacon Block.

THAT TELLS THE STORY.

Write me for any information you want about mining stocks.

A. J. MOORE

Rooms 29-30 Bacon Block, Oakland, Cal.

As It Was in the Beginning.

A STORY OF LIFE IN MANILA

By Herbert West

"As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen!"

"She sings like an angel," said the tall Colonel in the last pew but one.

"She is an angel!" gasped the young Post Adjutant, adoringly. He had sent her a box of chocolates the day before, and had received in return a faintly scented note which said: "How did you know, dear man, that my especial weakness is chocolates, and that I haven't had any since I have been in Manila?" The note lay in the inside pocket of the Post Adjutant's stiffly starched, tightly buttoned white jacket.

"Did you see her at the Governor's the night before last?" asked the youngster. They were out of the church now, walking across the broad court that separated the old stone building from the dusty street. "She was divine!"

"Who was divine?" asked the little round General with the dancing eyes. He fell in step with the others.

"I was just telling Colonel Morris that at the Governor's reception Mrs. Van Dyne fairly outshone every other woman in the room—she was regal."

"You have made a mistake," said the General, with mock gravity; "you shouldn't have told this to Colonel Morris."

The boy colored at the rebuke.

"No," continued the General, "you should have related the fact to the lady."

"No fear," said the Colonel, moodily. "She knows."

The Colonel did not get delicately scented notes delivered by the intelligent muchacho from the Nozaleda street residence. To be sure, there had been a time when the Colonel's houseboy had marveled at the number of such messages that found their way daily to the officer's bungalow, but these days were no more. Today it was the young Adjutant who was favored—according to the ideas of the young Adjutant. He spoke:

"Why shouldn't she know it? There isn't a woman in all the East who can answer a roll-call with her. She is very beautiful!"

"She is very clever," said the Colonel, thoughtfully.

"She stands the climate remarkably well," said the General. "She hasn't aged a minute since she has been here—and the dark women usually show the effects sooner than the blondes."

The subject of eulogy, a roll of music in her hand, came from the entrance to the choir-room and passed along the court; with her a dapper, immaculately dressed man, graceful of bearing and smiling of face. The gentleman took off his rolling, native hat, the lady smiled a greeting which took in the General, the Colonel and the Adjutant, in the order named. The two parties came to a halt.

"I missed you at the reception, General," said the young beauty, pouting prettily. "I do think that once in a while you might forego a few minutes of high life below stairs in order to appear in the drawing-room and give your friends a chance to say buenas noches."

"Madam," said the General, gallantly, "there is no punch brewed in all Manila sufficiently potent to keep me downstairs when you are above, nor so exhilarating as to rival a minute of your company—I simply wasn't there. Turning over the affairs of the Division to my successor and kept busy night and day, you know. Am I forgiven?"

"Conditionally," said the lady; "it mustn't happen again. What is a little thing like the affairs of State between friends?"

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The General laughed merrily and turned to Mrs. Van Dyne's escort. "Santos," he said, "I'm getting up a launch party to go to the Laguna de Bay next Sunday. Will you come along?"

"Delighted," said the other, politely, "if I remain in the city. I am rather thinking of taking a run over to Hanoi." His black eyes strayed to the face of Mrs. Van Dyne for the fraction of a minute. She was listening, smilingly, to something the handsome boy was saying.

"You sang like a nightingale," said the lad, frankly.

"Come and see me tomorrow afternoon," said the lady, softly, "and I will sing for you."

The Adjutant bowed, delightedly.

"Are you cross with me?" Mrs. Van Dyne was addressing the tall Colonel. "You haven't been near me for a whole week."

"I didn't know I was expected," said Morris.

"Since when have you needed a special invitation?" asked the lady.

"Since international history was reversed," said the Colonel, pointedly; "since Spain conquered America."

He looked at Santos.

"The usual error of the amateur historian," said Mrs. Van Dyne, blushing. "Come along, Senor Santos."

They entered the luxurious carruaje, with its polished sides, its restive grays and its jingling silver ornamentation. The cochero turned to Santos, with an expectant "Donde?"

"Let me see," mused the man. "It is tiffin at the Washburnes and the races afterward, is it not? Let us drive to the grove of the ylang-ylang. We've time."

Mrs. Van Dyne nodded. Senor Santos gave the directions "It is cool there," he said, "and quiet. We shall be all by ourselves for an hour or so."

"I am glad," said the young woman; "I want to get away from all those people. It is good to be by ourselves for a while, is it not, Vincente? And then, it is good to be among the crowd again and listen to the small talk."

"It is always good for me," said the man, "when you are with me, Elaine, dear."

They had turned out of Calle Real, past the Cuartel Malate into the broader Calle Herran, and were driving briskly north through a palm-shaded avenue.

"Elaine," said the man, earnestly, "has it ever occurred to you how much I care for you?"

His brown hand rested lightly on hers, covering the white, tapering little fingers with their load of rings.

"You have told me so," said the woman, uncertainly. "If I could only believe——"

"You must know it," said Santos, almost fiercely. "For months I have been your slave. For months I have lived only that I might listen to the sound of your voice and look into your beautiful eyes. Let me tell you the whole story from the beginning."

The carruaje had stopped before a narrow bamboo gate. The cochero got down from his seat, opened the barrier and led the ponies through. For a quarter of a mile they drove through a model lane, flanked on either side by protecting trees of the mimosa. At the end the victoria stopped again, and the man and the woman stepped out.

"Here," said Santos, indicating a corner of the grove of a thousand trees, "let us sit down here."

As far as the eye could reach the sweet tree-city stretched out before them in regular streets and avenues. Beneath, little knots of muchachos and muchachas were gathering the previous bloom. Great white sheets, spread under the branches, caught the blossoms as the sharp instruments of the little workers dislodged them from the stem. A little girl, selecting a handful of the choicest, ran to Mrs. Van Dyne, and, with a smile, dropped them in the lady's lap.

"Elaine," said the man, casting himself lightly on the turf at her feet, "we cannot go on this way, dear."

"No?" said the woman, but it was a question rather than an affirmation.

"No," repeated Santos. "People are beginning to talk. Wherever we go to dinner, hostesses are getting to seat us together. I feel, without being told, that this condition will bring unpleasantness to you. For myself I have no care. I



Tillmann & Bendel, San Francisco, Pacific Slope Distributers.

love you, and so nothing matters. I love you, I love you, I love you!"

His eyes sought hers and held them whether they would or no. For a second she gazed at him with her glorious brown eyes as though she would draw his soul to her. "But why," she said, querulously, "why do you love me?"

"For a thousand reasons and for one reason," answered the man. "Because, above all other reasons, you are you. I cannot analyze it. I might tell you that I love you for your great beauty, which would be true, but not the whole truth. I might rave about your wonderful hair, like the friendly night. I might tell you of the magnetism that follows in your steps. I might glory in your dear eyes, which bring me happiness when I look into them, but yet leave me feeling insecure. My dear, dear bonita, my Elaine, you have set a spell upon me.

"At first," he went on, "I was not sure of myself. Even now I am not sure. I thought you were flirting with me. Tell me that you mean everything you have said."

The woman crushed the delicate, yellowing leaves of the ylang-ylang in her slender fingers. Nervously, she rubbed the bruised plant in her palms, then, with an impetuous gesture, she turned her eyes full on Santos and gently touched his face in the faintest of caresses.

"Vincente," she said, very slowly, "I think I care more for you than for all the rest of the world."

For a time there was silence. Then Mrs. Van Dyne spoke, listening to the gentle noises of the grove, the musical tones of the children gathering the ylang-ylang, the murmur of the birds in the tree-tops. "I think," she said, "the author of all libel was he who wrote, 'The birds don't sing, and the flowers don't bloom, and the girls don't love in Manila.' It is not true, Vincente, it is not true!"

The man simply smiled his happiness. After a little he said, "The 'Loodiana' sails for Singapore on Wednesday."

Again there was a long silence.

After a time the woman said, "I will go."

. . . . . .

At the Washburnes, Mrs. Van Dyne was the life of the tiffin. She and the Washburne girls compared their social calendars of the past week, and conferred as to the coming. "It is much the same," said the elder Miss Washburne. "The Bridge whist morning at the General's, another trial in the ping-pong tournament, golf at the Pasay course, a swimming party on Thursday evening after the moon comes out, a horseback party to Deposito on Friday afternoon and, this week, Ladies' Night at the Army and Navy. That's about your program, isn't it, Elaine?"

"Why, yes," agreed Mrs. Van Dyne, "just about—with certain modifications," She looked at the "certain modifications," who sat beside her, as usual. Santos smiled contentedly.

The races were tame affairs. The little native ponies tired easily; short distances for them, or they refused to continue. It was the crowd that came together in the members' stand and gravitated, for the man-part, around the box where the Washburnes, Mrs. Van Dyne and Santos sat. Mrs. Van Dyne was the attraction. The overflow gave a word now and then to the others. A learned Judge engaged Santos in conversation on the subject of the Consulate. "Business is bad," said Santos, "I can do nothing for my home interests while the money question is unsettled and no trade concessions given us. I am of half a mind to resign the Consulate."

The Judge ventured to suggest politely that this would be a grave misfortune to the social as well as the commercial community. Santos gracefully acknowledged the compliment and turned with languid interest to the course in front of them.

. . . . . .

A FITTING FINALE TO A GOOD DINNER



A FITTING FINALE TO A GOOD DINNER

LIQUEUR

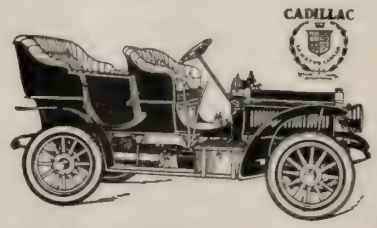
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TELEPHONE SPECIAL 1478

At the door of the Calle Nozaleda residence the Spaniard halted. "No," he said, "I will not come in. But you will remember?"

"Wednesday," said the woman, giving him her hand and favoring him with a glance from beneath half-closed lids.

She walked slowly up the broad stairs leading to the drawing-room and the living apartments. Through the open door of a room floated out the sonorous music of a chant:

"As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen!"

"Hallo, Ted," she called, carelessly, and stepped, for a moment, inside the door.

At the piano in the window recess a man, pajama-clad, wearing the criss-crossed slippers of the Turk, was amusing himself by running over the keys. He blew a thick cloud of cigarette smoke in the air, but made no other acknowledgment of the woman's entrance. Again he played through the chant, smoking, cheerfully.

"Rather out of your musical depth, aren't you, Ted?" asked Mrs. Van Dyne.

"Oh, I don't know," answered the young man, carelessly; "I think I like the thing." He wheeled around and addressed his wife more directly. "The melody," he said, soberly, "is fine, very fine. Of course, the fool words spoil it."

He lighted another cigarette.

"What is there especially objectionable about the words?" asked Mrs. Van Dyne.

"Everything," said the man at the piano, "everything." He said it, as he said all things, insolently and intolerantly. "As it was in the beginning, is now!" he repeated, sneeringly. He looked, for the first time, full at the woman before him. He had very fine, very compelling eyes, and it was not easy for one to disregard their intentness. "Sit down!" he commanded, suddenly; "there are chairs in the room." Mrs. Van Dyne sank into a low seat by the window. Her husband touched a bell, and a Chinese boy answered. "Scotch and soda! Are you having anything, Elaine?"

The woman shook her head.

"I'll tell you about that chant," said the man, sipping his drink. "It doesn't begin to be true. 'As it was in the beginning, is now'? Bah! Why, do you know what that means? It is a way of saying 'constancy.' 'Constancy'! Oh, what humorists these truly good church people are!"

(To be Continued.)

WHEN HOPE WAS A LAWYER

Anthony Hope, before he became a novelist, was a lawyer, known as A. H. Hawkins. This is his story of his last appearance as an attorney and counsellor. He was on circuit and in a small town one of the culprits, accused of the theft of a pair of geese, had no counsel. The court appointed Mr. Hawkins to defend the prisoner, and placed his anteroom at their disposal for a conference. "Did you really steal those geese?" asked the lawyer. "I did,"was the prompt response. "Is there any evidence against you? How were you taken?" "I were taken with the geese under my coat," was the unblushing confession. "Then there is a clear case?" "It do seem so, sir." Mr. Hawkins looked out the window. The courtyard and the street were alike deserted. From the anteroom a staircase leads straight to freedom. "Well, said the lawyer, "the best thing you can do is run for it." The grateful prisoner lost no time in tiptoeing down the stairs. After watching him till out of sight his lawyer returned to the courtroom and was asked at once, "Where is the prisoner?" "Your Honor," said Hawkins, "the prisoner laid his case before me, and I found it hopeless. You bade me give him my best advice and I advised him to run away. It was the only advice possible. He is gone now. I doubt if it will be possible to overtake him."

Dr. H. J. Stewart

(Organist of St. Dominic's Church and the Temple Sherith Israel)

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Love-Letters of a Brigadier-General.

(Continued from Page 9.)

My own Pet: Your dear little sweet note gladdened my heart of a cold, wet, disagreeable day, and made me feel so happy. Here I am, dearest, at last. I am expecting constantly to be brought into the field of most active service. The enemy are within two miles and a half of where I am writing. Our pickets on the banks of the Potomac frequently halloa at each other, and there is hardly a day we do not exchange courtesies, by way of an iron messenger sent rather unceremoniously into each other's camp. I have an excellent brigade—two regiments of Massachusetts, one New Hampshire and one Pennsylvania—and have great confidence that they will do great credit to themselves. My own baby, does she want to see her Harry? Does she want to make love and be exceedingly happy? Does she want to breathe love, feel love, whisper love and feel beloved?"

That General Naglee entertained for the woman to whom he wrote a sincere and honest affection and intended some day to make her his wife, it is fair to infer from the following:

"Dear Baby, are we not well mated? Was ever man and woman more completely so? Have we not loved and loved, and grown lean and fattened on love. Have we not whispered love with all its sweetest accents, unintelligible but to the very, very few that have loved as we have loved? Have not all evil influences failed to part us, and has not all that they have done only brought us nearer together? My God! What would be this world if all were as happy as we have been?—one continued springtime of the heart's strongest confidence. Oh! oh! dear, dear Baby! let it thus run on—be mine— let not even a breath divide us whilst life shall last; but let that abiding faith which always supports the Christian support you and me in all affliction, and in that of all others that would be the greatest—that which would tend to separate us."

From this fragment of a letter one learns how lightly the war was taken at the beginning: "Courage my dear Betsy. Time rolls around rapidly, and the war will soon end. The Fourth of July will see all ended, and then—and then—I know two persons who will rush into each others arms. Don't I? Won't we love each other even more than ever, if possible? That cannot be, for we had learned to drink the cup sweetened to the utmost." * * *

On March 15, 1862, he wrote: "I am down on the lower Potomac hunting rebels, and you at San Francisco, counting the hours when your Harry will love you again. The prediction I made long since that the war would terminate by the Fourth of July will be fulfilled. They are coming in rapidly, and I am sick of it; not that I do not like service—on the contrary, I am perfectly charmed with it; but I am disgusted with the outrageous interference of politicians in the conduct of the war. They are determined to introduce abolition into the war, and make officers of the army aid them in their hellish purposes. Confidentially, that is, for your ear and that of your mother, one of my troubles comes from the fact that Hooker is inefficient; he is slow and not capable. I came a long way, and for the purpose of doing something. I come in contact with him often. I am too strong for him. My opinions receive favor at Washington, and to the condemnation of his plans. He is envious of me, but is afraid to oppose me. Our intercouse on my part is frank, candid and determined to do everything to carry out the good purposes of the service; his, on the contrary, is shy, spiteful if I leave for a day, and evidently not satisfactory to himself; yet he dare not say I am a superior officer, and that if I have a chance I will not make a mark. From this you will appreciate the disagreeable point of my duty."

From a camp "27 miles east of Richmond" he wrote on May 16, 1862:

"Frequently I get nothing in a long march, from morning until night, but a hard cracker and a piece of cold pork; and

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am frequently out all night in the rain, without a tent, without a blanket, standing all night—everybody under arms in his place, expecting an attack. We have had some hard fighting. I have worked hard, but as yet have not happened to be at the right spot. I made a very creditable reconnoissance on the 29th of April in which quite a number of my people were killed. Was in the advance on Sunday preceding the battle at Williamsburg, but on Monday Sumner and Keyes held my command in reserve all day until McClellan came up, when he sent me to support our troops that had turned the works on the left of the enemy. When I came on the ground the enemy gave way and we did not get into the fight. But my own dearest, darling little one, who is only so excessively happy when nestled in my arms, upon the breast of him she loves, what do you care for all these things?"

In that same letter he took another swat at Hooker, relating that at Williamsburg "Hooker's men were slaughtered." "And it is said," he added, "that many were killed in consequence of the confusion by the guns of their comrades. I am inclined to think that the enemy got the best of it. They were inferior in numbers to us. Our men fought well. Too much censure cannot be thrown on those in command. If McClellan had not come upon the ground we should have been beaten—this is entre nous. Write me a sweet little letter, full of love."

As the fighting went on the General's sentimental passion seemed to grow more intense. From a camp near Richmond, June 21, 1862, he wrote:

"My Own Dear Baby: When lying upon the wet ground, unable to sleep lest neglect might lead to disaster, I have forgotten the dreariness and exposure, and filled my mind with you. When midst the horrors, and rattle and thunder of war, I thought of only my baby. When the air all around me was filled with iron and lead, I thought of my baby. When the ground seemed opening under me, and shell coming from beneath it, then, too, baby, I thought of you. And when for two weeks I kept my bed, I would have given a dozen worlds, had I possessed them, for one dear, sweet kiss of my dear little one." In that letter he related that he had been shot twice and had three horses killed under him. "I went into the fight," he said, with 1,600 men and lost 638. Frequently I am in the saddle from 2 a. m. till dark and allowed to sleep only when the enemy will keep still for an hour or two. But, dear baby, I take my bath every morning, and think of you. * * * * I have an excellent servant and he watches me constantly. But I do want some vegetables. I want an onion; I want a potato. I am tired of beef. The greatest treat I have had for a long time was of a hot day at 12 m. I had a little box of dried figs and with some fresh water a little nice whisky. It was to myself and friend a great pleasure. This was Colonel Bailey of the First New York artillery. The fight commenced soon after, and before two hours he was shot dead through the forehead close by my side."

On July 31st he proudly wrote from Philadelphia: "You have long before this heard of the dreadful fighting before Richmond and that your Harry received much credit for the part he took in the many trials between the armies." He also wrote: "Halleck has been placed in command of all the land forces of the U. S. and it has given much confidence. Much fighting has yet to be done and much honor yet to be won." In February of the following year he was before Charleston and though his passion for Betsy still blazed fiercely his martial spirit was on the wane. "Oh, my dear Petite, how sick, how very sick I am of this infernal war," he wrote: I am thrown in contact with so much that is vile; so many men who pretend to be patriots, and who abuse every trust placed in them. * * * * Long before you receive this I shall have succeeded and Charleston will have fallen; or it may be that we may fail and your own darling may fall. I have just finished an ugly correspondence with General

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Hunter, which is now attracting considerable attention, and in which I have decidedly all the advantage. Baby, you and I never had any controversy. Ours has been love, love, love, first and last and all the time," etc., etc.,

On June 26, 1863, he wrote: "I cannot tell you how much I am disgusted with the present Administration. The rebels are in Pennsylvania, and now threaten the capital and will destroy Pittsburg and yet all is indifference, and an apathy is manifested that surprises everybody. My hope is that when the flames are seen at Harrisburg, and the explosions heard, from the destruction of Pittsburg, that the people will wake up. But what in the name of heaven can you expect from Lincoln. Stanton, Halleck and Hooker!" About that time General Naglee was complaining that he was the "mark of the especial spite of the War Department." A little later he was on his way to report to General Grant at Vicksburg, and then came a letter dated April 19, 1864, containing this announcement: "Without a word of explanation, without any justification, I have been dropped from the rolls of the army, and all because, despite all threats or offers of reward, I would not abandon my principles—I would not be abolitionized. I thank God my self respect feels elevated. I feel that I am not serving an administration that will destroy all of the constitutional guarantees. All feel the weakness of the Lincoln Administration, and feel that we are drifting without a single guiding hand." A little later General Grant changes the aspect of affairs and General Naglee returns to his home in San Jose. Shortly thereafter the correspondence ends abruptly with:

My Dear Friend: I have not called again for the reason that I have no intention to interrupt any of your friendly associations so agreeably established. I shall always be most happy to know that you are doing well.

Truly yours,

HARRY.

The Belgian Mystic's Play.

(Continued from Page 8.)

perception of contrasts and knew something of the importance of infusing lights and shades into characters. Maeterlinck scorns to give us more than one tone—dread; and the effect is that of monotony. His plot is cast in a ghost-like realm and its development is one of protracted lament. His puppets are figures that have stepped out of tapestry and that spend their time striking stained glass attitudes in dim cathedral lights. It is the silences that speak and the utterances come through a sombre tangle of tragic emotions. It is all very poetic, full of the picturesque quality of the mediaeval period, a play not of life but of the spiritual world and as depressing as a bad dream that fills one with vague forebodings of evil.

When I go to the theatre it is to see drama, the representation of life in its infinite variety. I do not object to having it supplied by abstract beings, engaged in typical soul conflicts, but I demand that they shall not all have one, everlasting mood. And if I am to be given symbolism I shall insist that the visible world through which it is expressed be something more than a grotesque imitation.

As for the interpretation of Maeterlinck by Constance Crawley and her company, it seemed to me fully as dolorous as the facts warranted. In attuning themselves to the spirit of the thing they emanated melancholia. Miss Crawley expressed in a measure the supreme unconsciousness of her sentimental passion, which, I believe, she was aiming to do, but Mr. Alfred Allan as Pelleas expressed nothing in particular, though he sighed like a furnace and proved a stickler for eloquent attitudes.

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Letters

Passing of "The Critic"

With the September number "The Critic" made its exit and instead the publishers will revive "Putnam's Magazine," which was in existence from 1853 to 1857, with a literary department under the management of Jeanette Gilder. "The Critic," which is one of the best-known of the purely literary monthlies, was established in 1881 as a weekly. Later on its form was changed and it was issued on the first of each month. In 1898 it was taken over by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and in 1906 it absorbed the "Literary World." No reason is given for this new move, but it is probably the old complaint, lack of patronage. Though "literature" is taught from the kindergarten up, and "gems" are crammed into infant brains from the first day in school, it does not appear that the interest in literature increases. On the contrary, it does not hold its own, and, one after the other, the literary periodicals either drop out of the race, or are transformed into general magazines. The "Book-Lover," an ideal eclectic launched by W. E. Price of this city, had a precarious existence of less than five years, and its successor, the "Rose-Jar," succumbed after the second issue. The "Literary World" was absorbed by "The Critic" and the "The Lamp," formerly the "Book-Buyer," went out two years ago. The "Literary Digest" and "Curret Literature" give only a small portion of their space to literary matters, and "The Reader" and "The Bookman" do not confine themselves entirely to the discussion of books. There are a few scattering publications which are really only bulletins of various publishing houses. Apparently the only object that has been accomplished in all this "teaching of literature" is to turn public attention to free libraries and best sellers with newspaper gossip and press-agent puffery concerning the authors on the latest sensations. For the few whose interest goes beyond knowing how some popular scribbler holds his pen and what species of pet dog his wife affects the disappearance of "The Critic" will prove a sad blow.

The true inwardness of Marie Corelli's latest tirade, that against the wicked publishers of the postal cards, is now made plain, if there ever was any doubt about it. She has a new book on the market, and as a special inducement, for Marie scorns anything so vulgar as advertisement, there is an authentic photograph of the authoress as a frontispiece, the first, it is given out, which she has ever authorized.

Death of "Sophie May"

Rebecca S. Clark, otherwise, "Sophie May," died in Massachusetts August 17, aged seventy-three years. Miss Clark was the author of those most delightful juveniles, "Little Prudy," "Dottie Dimple," and "Flaxie Frizzle," and though it is close upon four decades since "Little Prudy" was first introduced through the columns of the "Christian Advocate," her sayings and doings, and those of her sisters and cousins and playmates are a perennial delight to children today, as they were since the beginning. Miss Clark was the author of a number of adult novels, "Drones," "Honey," "The Campion Diamonds," "Pauline Wyman," and others, but they have scarcely rippled the surface of their readers' minds, while her juveniles are unsurpassed. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, who make a specialty of children's books, have recently brought out a new edition of the "Sophie May" series, and one could wish no better fortune to little girls than to have their elders become possessed of the wisdom which would guide them to the purchase and bestowal of whole sets or individual volumes, instead of leaving the children to wander unguided about the library.

The Bookworm.

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Those British Welchers

It will be interesting and instructive to follow developments in the suits brought against the predatory insurance companies of ancient and honorable England. The plaintiffs in these suits expect to prove that the surreptitious earthquake clause is nothing more serious than a palpable delusion and flimsy snare, and it is not unreasonable that this expectation should be indulged. Without going into the merits of the case one may perceive that the footing of the British welchers is insecure. There is an abundance of external evidence to show that the Britishers were cognizant of the weakness of their position and that it was only because of the large volume of the prospective swag that they hazarded the reputation of their companies in so questionable an enterprise. We will point out first their manifest duplicity. If they were convinced that they were exempt from liability they would not have exposed themselves to the charge of chicanery in their explanation of the attitude which they purposed assuming. Vain subterfuge is not a characteristic of honest conviction. The lawyer with a good case does not deal in sophistry. Attorneys Van Ness and Denman, the gentlemen who are engaged in abetting the defaulting companies and the authors of a wonderful piece of disingenuous reasoning in justification of their clients' position, includes this among their many astonishing statements: "Before the coming to California of the representatives of the companies the latter had been advised both by their counsel in England and here that under and by virtue of the terms of their contracts with their policy-holders they were not liable for any losses occasioned by or through or of which the earthquake of April 18 was either directly or indirectly the cause, and their directors had been advised that the payment of such losses would make them pecuniarily answerable to the stockholders of the companies." This statement was repeated in slightly different language, and it was further asserted that the directors were charged with the obligation to so handle their assets as to protect the claims of policy-holders in other jurisdictions "against such a wastage thereof as would, in the event of great fires elsewhere, impair the protection such other policy-holders would otherwise have." And now what is being done? The directors of the companies are deliberately throwing away the money of the stockholders. What legal or moral right have they to give a five cent piece to a policy-holder in San Francisco? They say they have been advised by counsel that they owe nothing to the policy-holders of this city, and yet they have been handing out thousands of dollars without examining the merits of a single claim. It is impossible to conceive a more flagrant case of infidelity to a sacred trust. It is incredible, despite their assertion, that if they had admitted liability they would have been pecuniarily responsible to the stockholders, but now, unless the justice of English courts is as dead as the honor of British insurance companies the fleeced stockholders may recover from their criminally wasteful representatives. But the directors have not the slightest fear of being sued. They are making donations of large sums of money without authority but they knew that the stockholders know that they are making dupes of their creditors, and they know that the stockholders are quite willing to be accomplices in this nefarious business. And it was these unblushing British welchers who had the impudence to suggest through their San Francisco attorneys—Van Ness and Denman—that if San Francisco courts and juries decided against them it will be on account of the bias of the community. We are told, they said in substance, that though the facts are clear, conditions here are such that the courts and juries will find otherwise, and though this may be so we won't believe it until we lose. This dire threat of an inference-in-waiting may awe some of our judges who wish to stand well at King Edward's court, but even so it is hardly likely that they will believe that the attorneys have very strong convictions respecting the justice of their cause. And judges are often impressed by what they believe to be the honest convictions of lawyers for whose ability they have respect. What opinion our judges may have of the ability of the lawyers by whom that wondrous statement in explanation of an untenable position was drawn is something upon which we have not been enlightened. But we know that the reading of it in some of the leading law-offices of the city was accompanied by a deal of pandiculation.

A Plea For a Higher Pulpit

High praise was given in the columns of a contemporary the other day to an earnest and indignant clergyman for inveighing against the corruption of municipal government and uttering himself pessimistically on the indifference of the community to the spread of vice. In addition to a plenitude of commendation he was urged to keep up the good work and go further and heave a few bricks at those who are responsible for the perversions which he so bitterly lamented. We beg leave to suggest that this publicist of the pulpit might be engaged in better business, in the business, for example, for which he was ordained. Not that we have any prejudice against caustic criticism being visited upon the heads of the brazenly wicked servants of the people, but that we feel that too much of the vital power vested in the ministers of religion is being wasted. It is unquestionably part of the business of these ministers to keep the public conscience alert, but it is first their duty to make that conscience sound. We, too, deplore the corruption in public life, but we think there would be less of it were the ministers of religion conscious of what should constitute the aim of their profession. If, as most of us believe, Christianity is a safeguard against the evils that flow from immorality, it is fair to assume that if the principles of Christianity were well established, the world would be more virtuous. It is primarily the business of Christian clergymen to propagate those principles, but they appear to be spending most of their time disputing over the nature of the religion which they are expected to teach. When they are not doing that they are inveighing in a sensational manner against wicked mortals whose religious education has been neglected or who have learned from experts in the theory of salvation that the moral code is merely a philosophic system and that virtue is the respect which we have for the judgment which others form of our actions. The pulpit frequently utters loud calls to the public conscience to awaken, but it seldom reflects that public conscience does not always survive the wreck of private morality, that it may be a sound conscience or a diseased conscience, a strict or a loose one. The public conscience is popularly spoken of as though it were something infallible. But it is only the sum of individual consciences.

It does not reside in the intelligence alone. It is rooted in the heart and is governed by our feelings as well as by our convictions. Comparatively few men are born with a sound conscience. They require, for its development, a religious training and that is not easily to be had in this degenerate day, for mediocrity predominates in the Christian ministry as well as in all other professions. How few are the divines sufficiently learned to tell us something of the world and how most conveniently to live in it! Where are the theologians with the ability to prove through the immortal works of the great artists the existence of God, as Ruskin did? Who among our thunderers of the pulpit can point to Shakespeare as the great Christian poet and tell us where in him we find the consciousness of a moral law through which our most enticing vices are made instruments by which we are scourged and driven to repentance? There is a good deal of sham culture and quack philosophy in this age, and irreligion is one of the symptoms. What we need is less of the spirit that finds expression in invective against the baser felicities of evil hearts and more of the inspired intelligences that create for us visions of the Almighty. We also need more preachers that have something of the sacred characteristics of their calling, men able to nourish their congregations with the wholesome food of moral truth and to create a public opinion that will not only censure vice but extol the beauty as well as the advantages of virtue. Let us have less of the Pharisee's thanksgiving—"Lord I thank Thee that I am not as other men are"—and more of the history of those edifying events in the life of Christ that reminds us of the nobler aims of existence.

Roosevelt and the Busy Demagogues

Fresh from a conference with President Roosevelt the other day, Charles J. Bonaparte, Secretary of the Navy, dictated a statement to the effect that Mr. Roosevelt embodies the issue of this present congressional campaign. This sentiment is expected to strike a responsive chord in the hearts of the people and the probability is that it will do so. President Roosevelt wishes it to be understood that he is conscious of the incompleteness of his appointed task and that he is as zealous as ever in the cause of reform. It now remains to be seen whether, having witnessed the success of his efforts thus far, we are willing to co-operate with him further to the end that he be enabled to carry out his benign policy. The real question, as Secretary Bonaparte says, which the American people must answer at the polls in November is this: Will we give the President a House of Representatives to back him up in his work or a House of Representatives to thwart him in his work? Do we wish a Congress which will help him to do things or a Congress which will find quibbles on which to rail at him and obstructions by which to impede him in doing things. The Apostles of Discontent are uttering their jeremiads, and inviting us to repose confidence in them, to give them a trial, to permit them to experiment, without making it clear how they are to achieve anything, but President Roosevelt is not asking us to take any chances. We know what things he has done and we have reason to believe we know the things he means to do if he can. "There is room," says Secretary Bonaparte, "for gabble by demagogues about plutocracy and trusts, but every sensible and well informed man knows and every honest and truthful man knows that during the next two years the wrongdoing of plutocrats and trust magnates will be remedied under the guidance of Theodore Roosevelt or will not be remedied at all." That is pretty emphatic language but it expresses the sentiment of a large majority of the voters of this country. And it is because that is the popular sentiment that President Roosevelt enjoys the cordial disesteem of all demagogues. He is the embodiment of a rebuke to all Apostles of Discontent. He makes the fatuity of them so glaring that in their tumid, preposterous persons they seem to symbolize the ne plus ultra of innocuous ineptitude.

Post-Mortem Revenge

A will which was filed for probate in Wilkesbarre recently has been widely quoted as an example of post-mortem spite because of some of its provisions, specifying that certain people should not be permitted to set foot on the property and that others should not be employed in disposing of it. This is only an extreme example of the commonplace. Perhaps two-thirds of the testamentary documents in which restrictions and onerous exactions are embodied are dictated from motives of spitefulness. Last wills and death-bed confessions are held more or less sacred by the majority of mankind, and for that reason they are accorded more respect than were the wishes or desires of the testators when alive, and the opportunity to get even with those who have crossed them is often too much for the curmudgeon spirit of those who have held the whip hand throughout their lives and are loth to loosen their dead clutch. Occasionally a trust clause in a will is designed to circumvent the spendthrift tendencies of a wife or children, and to safeguard their interests and prevent them from falling a prey to sharpers and their own lack of prudence; and occasionally a widow is restricted from both inheritance and a speedy remarriage, if not through selfishness, lest she should become the victim of some fortune hunter, but even when the design is laudable, it is not to be commended unless to the extent of safeguarding the portion of minor children from the cupidity of a stepfather. Too often estates have been tied up in trust lest the immediate heirs should enjoy them to the full, and instead of founding a fortune for succeeding generations, it is discovered that the trustees themselves have dissipated everything. Childless widows are prohibited from marrying again, and distant and unheard of cousins coming from the ends of the earth set up claims which must be defended at heavy costs, and large bequests are made to charities, not out of tender compassion for sufferings but because of an anticipatory satisfaction in contemplating the disappointment of heirs when the provisions of the document are made known. Suicides frequently leave letters in which they make or imply accusations, and though they may not have enjoyed a reputation for veracity the hand of death stamps their assertions

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with the hall mark of truth. There is no reason why this should be so, nor why any one who has lived an immoral life should be presumed to have reformed at the last minute. Misguided popular sentiment gives too much encouragement to passions that should be abhorred.

Mr. Hearst's Methods

Mr. William R. Hearst is clearly the victim of a misunderstanding. His critics are holding him up to obloquy on account of methods by which he betrays a tendency to enter into unholy alliances and to ignore obligations and be guided by expediency rather than by consistency. They are judging him from his shifts and from his easy indifference to conventions. All of which is very unfair. Mr. Hearst's critics are unmindful of the fact that his is a mind like Cataline's—revolving with violent commotion. Their intolerance of his methods makes it evident that they are measuring him by the standards that are to be depended upon only in gauging the character of ordinary mortals. Mr. Hearst is no commonplace individual. He is a genius. It is unnecessary for his salvation that he subject himself to the restraints which a moral code puts upon the frail creatures of society. Mr. Hearst knows that he is among the epoch-makers of history; that like Cromwell he belongs in a class by himself and that it is his duty to realize for the benefit of his countrymen his own inspired individuality. He has a great end to achieve, and it will justify the means howsoever inconsistent they may seem with the principles of a code that has its roots in what so many of our great thinkers conceive to be a "human pact." Mr. Hearst feels that it is his destiny to rule and he cannot afford to hesitate in his irresistible course merely because the consummation of that destiny involves some ruin and the repression of certain trivial scruples. At this writing Mr. Hearst appears to be in a fair way to obtain the Democratic nomination for Governor, the seeking of which proved conclusively his lofty contempt of public opinion. For nobody is so unsophisticated as to believe that Mr. Hearst could expect to get that nomination on the strength of his alluring personality. The inference is plain that he purposed exercising a subtle and not conventionally moral influence. In thus bargaining with his corrupt enemies, however, he may be inspired by a very exalted motive. He may be intent upon giving public demonstration of the boundless venality of the men by whom the fortunes of a great party are controlled. This hypothesis will not seem incredible if we reflect that the Democratic nomination is likely to do him more harm than good, since as an independent candidate he would have a chance to slip in between the nominees of the leading parties, whereas in a contest between himself and the Republican standard-bearer he makes it easy for his enemies to concentrate their strength.

The Nunnery and the Maid

Society is all a twitter over the announcement that Miss Ayer is about to "become a nun." The excitement is premature, however, for, though the young lady undoubtedly intends to enter upon a novitiate, there is no reason why she may not be one of the gayest of belles next winter. Hundreds of young ladies enter convents every year, with every intention of devoting themselves to religion, yet they return to the world, take up secular occupations, marry and raise families, and are in no respect different from others who have' never immured themselves within convent walls. The church recognizes the difficulties of the religious life and the influence of temperament, and the door of retreat is left wide open if either the postulant prefers to withdraw after giving the conventual existence a fair trial, or the authorities decide that she is not possessed of the necessary characteristics to enable her to persevere to the end. Being a nun involves more than wearing a picturesque costume, decorating an altar and singing the vesper service. It is not all nursing interesting patients or teaching pretty children, and the mere fact that a girl is temporarily out of tune with gayety or that she does not take readily to speeding an auto or winning golf matches does not imply saintliness. The admonition to "Get thee to a nunnery" is unheeded for the most part by America's upper tendom, but in Europe there are any number of titled nuns, though at present there is but one member of a royal household under vows. This is the widow of Dom Miguel of Brazil, who ruled over Portugal as its king until deposed to make way for Queen Maria della Gloria, grandmother of the present ruler. She is the superior of a convent of Benedictine nuns in the Isle of Wight. Two of the sisters of the late Lord Russell of Kiloween are in a convent in Sussex. A third was for many years, until the time of her death, at the head of the Order of Mercy, in this state. The Duke of Norfolk has two sisters who are nuns. Lady Edith Fielding, sister of Lord Denbigh, is a sister of charity in a convent in China; Lord Newburg, Lord Abingdon and Lord Albemarle, each have a sister in orders. Four sisters of the present, fourteenth Lord Herries have chosen the conventual life, and there were at one time four sisters of Lord Camoys who had taken the veil, but all are now dead. Other titled nuns are the Ladies Minna and Etheldreda Howard, the Honorable Violet Gigson, daughter of Lord Ashbourne; Mary and Edith, the sisters of Lord Clifford; Misses Ellen and Maria Ffrench, sisters of Lord Ffrench and three sisters of Lord Petre. Entering a convent seems to offer the same sort of attraction to a certain type of mind that taking a course in nursing does, but the stern realities soon strip off the romance, and only those who are fundamentally fitted survive the ordeal of the novitiate.

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Song.

By Jessie E. Gordon Ede

My thoughts are like a flight of birds
That homing cross a dreary lea,
My thoughts disdain the parting miles
And find their rest in thee.

My heart is like a lark at morn,
My heart's as glad and gay and free,
My heart's a pool wherein there smiles
The image love of thee!

My life is like a dancing stream
Forever hasting to the sea,
My life's a yearning, throbbing hope,
To be fulfilled by thee.

Perspective Impressions.

"Be silent while a fool is speaking," is good advice but the feat is beyond the capacity of some men.

An Eastern paper reports that Harry Lehr is very successful in designing gowns for his wife. We shall probably next hear of him designing lingerie for himself.

Mayor Schmitz says that ex-Mayor Phelan is crazy. We submit that he should have him examined by the Lunacy Commission, for while at large Mr. Phelan is dangerous to Mr. Schmitz's post-earthquake character. But perhaps Mayor Schmitz is waiting patiently for another purifying catastrophe.

A singularly anomalous condition has grown up in San Francisco since the fire. We have more store-space than we have any use for and not a sufficient number of homes to house the populace. There are more stores in the city now than there were before the fire and if all the vacant ones were transformed into homes we should still be many thousand short of the demand.

The Cooks' and Waiters' Union has been discussing the advisability of resolving that Judge Murasky is no friend of labor, and the distinguished jurist is trying to recall whether he ever used a plugged dime for a tip.

A man was arrested in the City Hall the other day while in the act of robbing a stranger. He deserves punishment for usurping the functions of the regularly constituted authorities. No man should be permitted to defile the sacred edifice which has been reserved for the robbery of the public only.

The pernicious influence of the tenderloin is reported to have reached the very head of the Methodist Church in this state, two ministers having charged that they lost their pulpits in consequence of their having inveighed against the gambling evil. Is it possible that the gambling fraternity has started on a course of retaliation with intent to abate the practice of inciting class hatred?

Many citizens of Atlanta ran amuck some days ago, armed with the popular weapon of the South, which they plunged into as many negroes as they could manage to encounter. In this manner they considerably reduced the colored population. The incentive to this pastime was an assault perpetrated by a negro on a white woman. Heretofore, in the South, it has been customary for the whites to inflict summary punishment only on the person or persons guilty of the outrage. But the citizens have evidently come to the conclusion that an outrage averted is more desirable than an outrage avenged, and realizing that the average negro in Atlanta typifies a potential outrage they started on their expedition of slaughter.

Grotesque Allegories.

The Distinguished Journalist

A Distinguished Journalist who had long been bemoaning the fate of a beautiful city which had fallen into the hands of an insatiable Flock of Vampires obtained possession one day of a massive megaphone and applying his lips to the proper end uttered a stentorian call for Public Opinion to awaken. Presently Public Opinoin put in an appearance wearing an awful frown.

"What are you making so much noise about?" he demanded in an indignant tone.

"I wished to call your attention to the greed of the Vampires and urge you to rescue our fair city," said the Distinguished Journalist.

"Well don't make so d—— much noise," growled Public Opinion. "I was helping myself to the contents of a dead man's pockets just as you blew on that danged thing and you awakened him."

Thus rebuked the Distinguished Journalist went off and entered into a business deal with the Chief Vampire by whom he was promised one dollar a line for a very flattering notice.

The Disappointed Ambition

A Disappointed Ambition who had, in the capacity of a Grand Moojum, served the people of a great State in the way which he conceived to be most conducive to his political interests, but who had nevertheless failed of renomination, was cordially invited by the Powers that Be to give proof of his ability to overcome the littleness of his spirit which was craving for expression in a burst of the sulks. Of the Messenger by whom the invitation was brought he inquired:

"What is the nature of the motive that inspired this invitation?"

"It is of a purely selfish nature, your august Highness," said the Messenger.

"And what, pray, am I expected to do?" asked the Disappointed Ambition.

"Merely to affect the manner of a man possessed of large mentality and a heart free from the base passions that afflict perfervid fools and asses of no consequence."

Whereupon the Disappointed Ambition reclined his two by four head on a massive paw and wept copiously.

"Why the oozing of this moisture?" asked the sympathetic Messenger.

The Disappointed Ambition made reply: "Because it has been ever thus. Mine enemies never weary of subjecting me to tests that are beyond my capacity."

—The Fabler.

Harriman's Manœuvring at North Beach.

By Robert Marshall

So great is the multitude of small things and medium-sized things occupying our attention nowadays that the significant big things are either overlooked or given but a cursory glance. We are, for example, profoundly interested in the rumored manipulation of the stock of the Spring Valley Water Company by the agents of an Eastern syndicate indicating as it does the confidence of foreign capital in the future of San Francisco, but we hardly give a second thought to the maneuvering of the great railroad magnates in furtherance of their schemes of aggrandizement on this peninsula and in the immediate vicinity. Yet this manoeuvring is fraught with the most prodigious significance. There is nothing else comparable with it in the richness of its auguries.

San Francisco has become the theatre of the greatest railroad struggle in the history of the transportation business on this continent. And as yet the stupendous industrial drama that is being enacted is but in the infancy of its development. Stimulus was given to the action when it became apparent that the Panama canal project was not to be strangled, and the conflict was precipitated when at the last session of Congress an appropriation of one and a half million dollars was made to build transport docks, a Government warehouse and a military headquarters at the foot of Van Ness avenue. It is on this national project that I wish more particularly to dwell. The scope of the railroad drama is so great that its features are not susceptible of compression within this brief article. Suffice it that James J. Hill, George J. Gould and E. H. Harriman are now manoeuvring for position, and that the silent, inscrutable and tireless genius of the Southern Pacific seems to be out-generaling his rivals. Of the three, Harriman is regarded as the man with the Napoleonic mind, and it is fortunate for this city that it is to his interest to make it the objective point of his great railroad system. It is because Wall street knows that San Francisco is the point where Harriman purposes bringing ship and freight-car together that there is an abundance of money ready for investment in San Francisco enterprises. And it is because of his wonderful gift of foresight, his capacity for anticipating developments and interpreting the dreams of his rivals that he is today preparing to throw his rails across a narrow strip of the bay joining the peninsula with Alameda County; that he is also sending an army of road-builders into the forests of Humboldt preparatory to bringing a transcontinental road to Tiburon; and that he is also getting a right-of-way skirting the shores of North Beach.

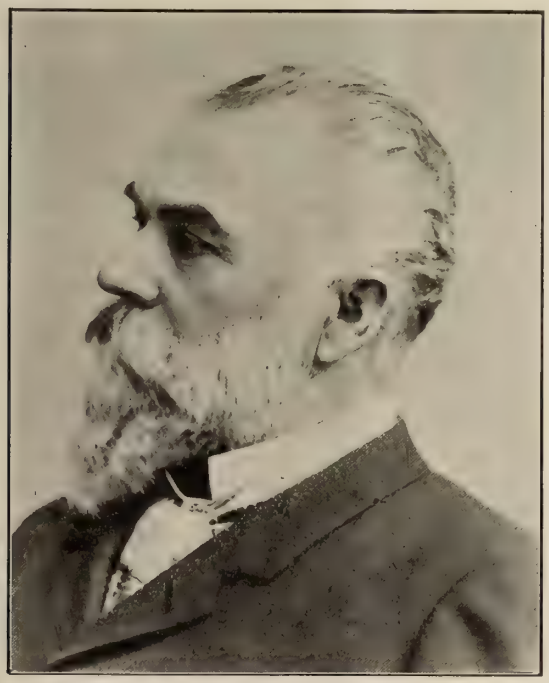
This tapping of the north shore of the peninsula means that Mr. Harriman is getting ready to handle the big Government business that is to be concentrated at the Presidio Reservation and at Fort Mason. It also means that he appreciates the importance to this city of the action of Congress in making an appropriation for the establishment of transport docks near Fort Mason. Perhaps Mr. Harriman excited no pull to secure that appropriation for this city, but if he did not the selection of this port as a distributing center for the army and navy of the Pacific Coast division was a remarkable stroke of fortune. If there had been any doubt before as to where the Pacific metropolis of the future was to be it was dissipated when that big appropriation was made. That was one of the very big things of recent history that has attracted only cursory attention. Think of it; at North Beach is to be located a Government warehouse to which will be shipped supplies for the Pacific Coast Squadron, for the army and for the transport service. There has never been a similar warehouse farther west than Indiana, and the one in that state always contains millions of dollars worth of supplies. There is also to be near Fort Mason a Federal building in which the numerous bureaus of the transport service and of the army and navy are to be housed. By the time the Panama Canal is finished Fort Mason will be one of the liveliest centres of Governmental activity in the country. No wonder that Harriman bought the Fontana Warehouse! No wonder that he is preparing to run his railroad through the Fort Mason reservation right up to the eastern boundary of the Presidio Reservation!

But there is probably far more up his sleeve than anybody has any conception of. It may be that he too has designs on certain property along the north shore. Some days ago attention was called to the growing importance of North Beach. The news got out that the Western Pacific was negotiating for the purchase of the forty blocks of land belonging to the Fair estate contiguous to the eastern boundary of the Presidio Reservation. And yet the import-



The Presidio and a Stretch of the North Shore Showing that Part of Harbor Near Which Ship and Freight-Car Are to Be Brought Together.

ance of that property as a stratagic point was but faintly suggested. Mrs. Oelrichs, I have heard, was on the point of selling it for a million and a quarter. She must have been advised by the same kind friends that persuaded her to sell the Lick House. Jim Fair wouldn't have sold that property



James G. Fair

By whom was projected a scheme for a trans-continental road with a terminus at North Beach.

for a million and a quarter years ago. The work of reclamation cost him eight hundred thousand, and he was figuring at that time on using the property in connection with a trans-continental road. That was a prospective enterprise which not more than three men in the city knew anything about. It is interesting to reflect on it now indicating as it does the foresight of old Jim Fair. When he was filling in those water lots at North Beach it was thought he was throwing his money away. But he was carrying out a scheme that was backed by millions of Eastern money, and the motive of which was a trans-continental road. Even in those days Fair and his associates had a very accurate conception of the potentialities of the Pacific trade. Engineers had reported for them on the docking advantages to be had at North Beach. According to the engineers employed by the syndicate the harbor facilities at North Beach are not only unequalled on this Coast but are unsurpassed in the world. The plans of the syndicate included a ferry system between North Beach and Marin Shore and the trans-continental road was to have its terminus somewhere near Tiburon.

This is the first time, I believe, that publicity has been given to the great undertaking that absorbed the attention of James G. Fair during the closing years of his life. Fair was a man who reposed confidence in none but his most intimate business associates and even they never knew more than it was absolutely necessary for him to tell. When he died that great project, the consummation of which, because of his intense hatred for Collis P. Huntington, he had looked forward to with fond expectation, was abandoned. And only the few that knew of his plans realized how great was this city's misfortune when he died.

But it is not with history that has been made that we are now concerned. Looking backward, however, is an instructive occupation. It leads to an apprehension of existing conditions. And the farther we pursue our researches in reference to projects affecting the north shore of this peninsula the more evidence we shall find of its appreciation by transportation experts. Even long before Fair thought of reclaiming his water lots, railroad magnates thought of



Edward Henry Harriman

President of the Southern Pacific and most powerful of all the American railroad magnates, now manoeuvring for position on this peninsula.

entering this city from the Marin Shore with a trans-continental system. More than twenty years ago Henry Lynch, an engineer now employed by the Southern Pacific Company, drew plans for a suspension bridge over the Golden Gate, at the direction of the magnates of the Atlantic and Pacific Company.

It would be interesting to know in which railroad magnates hands have fallen the reports made by the engineers employed by the Fair syndicate.

To the Forgotten Dead.

By Margaret L. Woods

To the forgotten dead,
Come, let us drink in silence ere we part.
To every fervent yet resolved heart
That brought its tameless passion and its tears,
Renunciation and laborious years,
To lay the deep foundation of our race,
To rear its stately fabric overhead
And light its pinnacles with golden grace.
To the unhonored dead.

To the forgotten dead,
Whose dauntless hands were stretched to grasp the rein
Of Fate and hurl into the void again
Her thunder-hoofed horses rushing blind
Earthward along the courses of the wind.
Among the stars, along the wind in vain
Their souls were scattered and their blood was shed,
And nothing, nothing of them doth remain.
To the thrice-perished dead.

The Divine Right of Kings.

(A Dialogue)

By Theodore Bonnet

Arnold: I see that Mr. Hearst has been reminding us that the old theory about the divine right of kings was long ago exploded.

Milton: Then he has been reminding us of something that is not true.

Arnold: Do you think there is anybody so hopelessly benighted in this enlightened age as to take any stock in that ridiculous doctrine, or rubbish, as Carlyle called it?

Milton: Yes, there are a few of us left.

Arnold: What! You don't mean to say that you swallow it!

Milton: It isn't hard to take—providing you get it out of the right bottle. The doctrine of the divine right of kings is not the sorry stuff that Carlyle thought it was. It doesn't mean as he suggested that when you lay hold of a man, clap a piece of metal on his head and call him King there straightway comes to reside a divine virtue and he becomes a kind of God. That is probably what you think it means. That is probably what that learned publicist, Mr. Hearst, thinks it means. But you may console yourself with the reflection that it is no small achievement to err with Hearst and Carlyle.

Arnold: I suppose you are going to tell me precisely what it does mean.

Milton: Yes: that is if you be good and patient. I will begin by telling you that your and Carlyle's misunderstanding of it was the result of a perversion in which those asinine and befuddled monarchs Louis XIV. of France and James of England had a hand. The doctrine was originally enunciated with great clearness back in the thirteenth century by that very profound scholar, St. Thomas. It is the easiest thing in the world to agree with him.

Arnold: Yes: if you don't care much about human liberty.

Milton: On the contrary—if you do care much about human liberty. St. Thomas was one of the first philosophers to write about the dependency of the just powers of government on the consent of the governed. And at the same time he preached the doctrine of the divine right of Kings.

Arnold: He must have been a very resourceful and subtle philosopher if he could reconcile the doctrine of the divine right of kings with the idea that the just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed. Is it possible that the framers of our Declaration of Independence both followed and repudiated St. Thomas?

Milton: No; they merely followed him. Not only did they affirm the emanation of civil power from the people but they appealed to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of their intentions and they pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor "with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence." St. Thomas would not have asked them to do more. In setting forth the doctrine of the divine right of kings St. Thomas merely asserted the iniquity of anarchy. His idea was that the existence of society does not depend on the consent of man—that it satisfies an imperial necessity which, if it were not satisfied would entail the destruction of the human race. That postulate isn't hard to accept—is it?

Arnold: No; I guess I can stand for that.

Milton: But as St. Thomas wasn't an anarchist, he maintained that government is essential to the preservation of society. He argued that nature indicates the necessity of government. You will probably agree with him. Now the divine right as he proclaimed it, merely means that man must live in submission to an authority legitimately established and justly exercised. He didn't assert that the kingdom was made for the king, or that the king gets his power immediately from God. His theory in substance was this: God governs the universe; he prescribes government for the perpetuation of the human race; he puts the power to govern in the community by whom it is communicated to some man or men. St. Thomas believed that the power to govern resides in the community by natural right and natural right properly interpreted is a right that comes from the Creator. In other words, the divine right of kings as originally understood implies that civil power emanates mediately from God and immediately from the people.

Arnold: It seems to me very strange, such being the case, there was so much fuss made over it.

Milton: The fuss that was made over it was due entirely to the fact that certain kings insisted that the divine right was communicated directly by God. Louis XIV. said, "I am the State. King James informed his Parliament that the King was absolute master and that all privileges which legislature bodies enjoyed were mere concessions.

Arnold: But wasn't it held by the philosophers of the church that as all government was divinely instituted it was wrong for the people to resist civil power?

Milton: No; they didn't go that far. They insisted on the obligation of obeying legitimate authority. They asserted that it was the duty of rulers to secure to every one the possession of his rights, but that if a ruler turned things to his own profit and oppressed the people, he was no longer a king but a tyrant. In other words the idea of power according to the early Christian theory involves the idea of right; otherwise it is mere physical force.

Arnold: Well I can see that the tendency of that theory with its fine distinctions is to keep people in a state of subjection and meek submission.

Milton: Perhaps; but its main purpose is to discourage futile revolutions and deter people from useless bloodshed. At the same time it imposes no moral obligation on them to submit to tyranny. It is based on the principle that the enemy to order is not the friend of liberty. The true Christian notion is that a revolution shouldn't be started unless there is a good prospect of success.

Arnold: Then it would be a fine theory to disseminate among the belligerent citizens of the Southern American Republics.

Milton: Well, it couldn't do them any harm.

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The Spectator

The Atmosphere of Graft

The charge that Mayor Schmitz is living in an atmosphere of graft, if true, is of no consequence. The tone of our municipal administration is in absolute harmony with the tone of the community. Who is objecting to anything nowadays? An occasional newspaper voice is heard in the wilderness uttering a protest, but public sentiment is not concerning itself with municipal maladministration. The attitude of the community is that of complaisance. The sentiment appears to be widespread that we are hopelessly committed to acquiescence in anything that our public servants wish to do to us. If anything is being done for the convenience of taxpayers I am in ignorance of it. The streets are in disorder and nothing is being done to improve them. On the contrary, they are being made worse. Somebody with a pull is blockading the sidewalks with kiosks in flagrant violation of law, but nobody is objecting. It would probably be cruel to suggest that the kiosks are owned by one of the numerous corporations whose stock has been judiciously distributed among the retainers of the Administration. I wouldn't care to make such a charge if I knew it to be true. I have schooled myself to look complacently on all such infringements on public rights. I have become an amiable philosopher. Observing, one day, not long ago, a saw-mill in operation on a sidewalk, I was surprised until I noticed the names of the officers of the company conspicuously displayed in gilt on the window of a temporary office located on the same sidewalk. One of the names denoted a connection between the firm and the Administration. That office-window was a fine advertisement for the company. It was eloquent of the influence behind it, the proof of which was in the saw-mill on the sidewalk. There was a time when I would have felt like demanding the abatement of such a nuisance. There was a time when I would not have hesitated to pull down a kiosk if it had been erected in front of my door, but I have been inoculated with the virus of indifference that has been infused into the blood of the community. I feel that we are getting just what we deserve.

Burbank's Doom

Poor Burbank! He has at length been discovered by the fashionable herd, and it is therefore time to speculate on his finish. Mrs. Eleanor Martin, of that institution familiarly known as the Smart Set, ran an excursion up to Santa Rosa last week for the purpose of lorgnetting the wizard in his lair, and the inspection proved highly satisfactory all around. Mr. Burbank will soon be invited to officiate as central figure in an incense-burning function in one of the drawing-rooms of the elect so that the world may know that society appreciates the creator of the Shasta daisy, the breeder of the spineless cactus and the propagator of the infinite tuber. Mr. Burbank has survived the concentrated curiosity of many thousands of pop-eyed tourists, but the lure that now threatens to constrain him to the abandonment of his plants is fraught with consequences so enervating that they are not to be defied by the most robust of constitutions. I am mindful of the fate of Bobby Burns and I tremble for Burbank. Though the great poet knew that "rank is but the guinea stamp," lion-hunters, as Carlyle tells us, were the death of him. Even to the fastnesses of his farm they penetrated just as did our Smart Set to the recesses of the embowered laboratory of the plant grower. "They came to see a little amusement; they got their amusement; and the hero's life went for it."

Ruef Is Not Infallible

Interesting stories are told of the fortunes that have been made since the fire by leasing and then sub-leasing property. And just as interesting are the stories of fortunes that have been missed. Before Van Ness avenue became the shopping center William Bradbury's property, at Van Ness and California, was offered for five years at $500 a month. An attorney who heard of the offer and thought he might be able to sub-let the property at a higher figure asked Abe Ruef's advice. Ruef told him that he would be foolish, as the retail section would never extend to California street. The attorney dropped the matter; but now he rails at himself and damns Ruef's judgment, for the property has been leased for five years at $1,500 a month—a clear profit of $60,000 without any trouble beyond collecting it.

Bradbury's Latest Adventure

I haven't heard lately how Bradbury is coming on in his efforts to secure a new trial and escape fulfillment of the San Quentin sentence that hangs over him. But I hear that he has begun to make inroads upon his millions by indulging in the light and frivolous joys of life. Word comes from Pleasanton that Bradbury attended an amateur entertainment in that town—a school benefit, or something of that sort. The admission price was ten cents, and as there was no other way of getting past the doorkeeper, Bradbury paid it. The show was a very good one, but the crowd was too small to pay expenses; so when the entertainment was about half over, the announcement was made that a collection would be taken up. The hat started around, and every one to whom it was passed contributed. Bradbury grew nervous as it approached him, for it seems that he had nothing smaller than a quarter. He glanced furtively toward the door, but it was so far away that he could not get out without attracting attention. The hat was drawing nearer, and he looked around for some other avenue of escape. To his joy he noticed that the window by which he sat was open and near the ground.

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Quietly he slipped through it. But he did not miss the rest of the show—he stood outside and heard it through the open window.

Magoon After Smith's Job

An occasional correspondent who enjoys access to the most carefully guarded news channels in Washington writes me that the Administration is being diligently importuned by very influential men to side-track General Jim Smith for the purpose of giving Charles E. Magoon supreme authority in the Philippines. Magoon has made a great record as Governor of the Panama Canal Zone and it was recently decided to make him Lieutenant-Governor of the Philippines. But his friends are protesting against reducing him to a subordinate position. They say that it would be most unjust to do so since he has earned the gratitude of the Administration by his remarkable zeal and success in Panama, where he proved himself a genius in the art of beneficent assimilation. He took charge of the Canal Zone at a time of bitter popular discontent. Almost the entire body of the natives was in eruption. In addition to disagreeing among themselves they were as one in their hostility to American intervention. This condition was by Magoon speedily transformed. He succeeded in pacifying all the disaffected elements, and winning not only the respect but the admiration and even the affection of the natives. The result is that today he presides over a territory and a people that never before experienced real content. Now it is purposed to send him to the Philippines, in which country our officials have utterly failed to win popular confidence, but it is said that his genius will be wasted in a subordinate capacity, and that for him to get results he must be given absolute discretion and authority.

Mahomet Was Immovable

To R. P. Schwerin, of the Pacific Mail, belongs the distinction of making the mountain come to Mahomet—he being Mahomet, and the mountain being typified by William B. Hamilton, Acting Collector of the Port. It came about, in the natural course of events, that the presence of Mr. Schwerin was desired at the Customs House, it being necessary that he should sign certain books that had to do with the operations of his line. It is an imperative and inflexible rule—a hide-bound, never-to-be-broken rule—that these books must not go out of the Customs House. So Mr. Schwerin was notified to come and attach his signature. Mr. Schwerin sent word that he was very busy, but that if the books were brought to his office he would be glad to sign them. It was pointed out to Mr. Schwerin that to take the books to his office was an impossibility—not a physical impossibility, to be sure, but a moral one, as the regulations expressly forbade their absence from the Customs House. Mr. Hamilton said he was willing to go to great lengths to accommodate so distinguished a gentleman as Mr. Schwerin, but, really, Mr. Schwerin must not ask him to break the rules made and provided for such cases. One would think that Mr. Schwerin would have yielded to a request so suave—for Hamilton is above all things suave. But still the shipping man was obdurate, defied Government rules, laughed at red tape, and said that he was getting busier every minute—that pretty soon he would be too busy to sign the books even if they were brought to him. His insistence won the day. The books were bundled into the Government hack—the automobile still being on the operating table—and taken to the offices of the Pacific Mail, where Mr. Schwerin paused long enough in his work to sign them. Now Mahomet smiles in triumph, and the mountain quakes at the possibility of every shipping man in town taking advantage of the precedent set. What hurts him the worst is that his smiling suavity failed.

What is "Distinction?"

Permit me to write a little essay on a subject that lends itself admirably to the sublime or the ridiculous—a subject to be illuminated by the pen-worn Latin aphorism: Facilis est descensus Averni. What is "distinction?" Wherein does it differ from fame or notoriety? Can distinction be conferred upon inanimate object by proxy in the second degree? I am inspired with this inquiry by a paragraph in the "Chronicle's" Stanford University correspondence, recently published, setting forth that "Roble Hall, the girls' dormitory, has the distinction of counting among its occupants Miss Effie May Gillett, daughter of Congressman J. N. Gillett, who was recently nominated for Governor on the Republican ticket," followed by the statement that Miss Gillett was "taken entirely by surprise when the news of her father's nomination was carried to her, as she was sitting on the porch of Roble Hall," concluding with the usual addendum to all important political news: "But while much elated over her father's success she modestly refused to discuss the situation." Miss Gillett is a sensible young woman.

Unanswerable Questions

"What is truth?" asked Pontius Pilate; and the Pharisees were silent. "What is fame?" asked the Academy; and Victor Hugo evaded the question by naming Homer the greatest Pelasgian, Aeschylus the greatest Hellen, Isaiah the greatest Hebrew, Juvenal the greatest Roman, Dante the greatest Italian, Shakespeare the greatest Briton. Modesty probably forbade him to name the greatest Frenchman; or perhaps he was divided in his opinion between the greatness of the author of "The Henriade" and the greatness of the author of "Hernani." Wherefore it is now my turn to ask: What is distinction? and how is distinction conferred on Roble Hall, a girls' dormitory, by "counting among its occupants Miss Effie May Gillett," an estimable and "popular" sophomore who was "taken entirely by surprise when the news of her father's nomination was carried to her, as she was sitting on the porch of Roble Hall?" The question is up to the faculty of Stanford University.

A Hope Deferred

The "Chronicle's" correspondent tells us that Miss Gillett's friends "soon hope to greet her as "the Governor's daughter,'" thereby implying that there are no Democrats among Miss Gillett's friends. If her father is elected Governor Miss Gillett will certainly be "the Governor's daughter," and also "the second lady in the land," taking

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rank immediately after her mother, who will be the "first lady in the State." All of which is "distinction" but illustrative only; not a definition.

Fullam Has a Record

Commander W. F. Fullam, of the Navy, whose energetic and effective action at Cienfuegos, Cuba, has won for him much praise both in and out of the service, is a notable officer who has drawn attention to himself before. He is comparatively young, and has always been distinguished for his promptitude and energy in emergencies. He was for some years an instructor at Annapolis, and his executive ability is of a high order. It was Fullam who, about sixteen or seventeen years ago, inaugurated the movement for bettering the conditions of the enlisted men of the Navy, with a view of not only improving discipline on board ship but of attracting the best class of young Americans to the service. He read an excellent paper on the subject before the Naval Institute, but a clique of conservative old-time officers, Fullam's seniors in rank, took umbrage at his somewhat revolutionary suggestions, one of them even going so far as to announce before the Institute that he thought matters pertaining to the personnel of the Navy "might very well be left to this young officer's seniors," winding up with a rebuke to young officers in general for their "effrontery" in making suggestions, or, in fact, having any ideas of their own at all. However, Fullam's ideas found a foothold and are today embodied in the methods of the Navy. Fullam's wife was one of the eastern shore of Maryland Robinsons, and is one of the handsomest young matrons in the Navy circle. Another of the Robinson girls married Commander Edward Lloyd, of the Navy. These two sisters were pronounced belles in Annapolis, Baltimore and Washington a few years ago.

Dunning In Charge

The departure of Brigadier-General Funston for Washington and Cuba leaves the Department of California without a commanding general. Lieutenant-General MacArthur, the ranking officer of the Army and the commanding officer of the Military Division of the Pacific, which includes the Departments of California and of the Columbia, continues to supervise the department as usual, but the fact of the matter is that the routine work, during Funston's absence, or until someone is detailed to relieve him, will be carried on by Major Dunning, the military secretary, and by the other members of the departmental staff.

Southerland's Historic Escape

I see that an amusing story is going the rounds regarding Commander W. H. H. Southerland, of the Navy. Southerland, according to the yarn, lost track of his laundry during his movements hither and thither in the West Indies at the behest of the Navy Department, with the result that in his desperation he made strategic moves with his vessel which had some influence on the Santa Domingo situation. Southerland has been the subject of merriment before this. It was he who caused the long delay of the Army in getting away from Tampa for Cuba in the summer of 1898, with the result that Santiago did not fall for fully a month after schedule time. In command of the "Eagle," Southerland was proceeding along the Bahama channel one night when he sighted what he thought was Cervera's squadron right in the path which the United States transports were to follow on their way to Santiago. Turning around, Southerland hastened back to Key West at top speed and spread the alarm. He gave a vivid description of his experience and his narrow "escape." Of course, the affair was at once investigated, the Army was held back and scout ships were sent out. It was soon developed that what Southerland took for the enemy's warships were really the American transport "Panther" with the marines on board bound for Guantanamo, and a couple of convoying vessels. Southerland was considerably joshed for his alarm and for a long time was kept busy telling how he was deceived. He is one of the few officers in the Navy who rose from the ranks. He was an enlisted apprentice boy when he first entered the service, but later obtained an appointment to Annapolis, where he graduated with credit. He has done good service and his record is an enviable one save for the jokes that are among its features.

When the "Dakota" Is Finished

Unless the Union Iron Works succeeds in getting another contract for the building of naval ships there will be a distinct loss to the local naval colony next spring, when the armored cruiser "South Dakota," the last of the warships now building at the Potrero yard, is completed. Her completion will be the signal for the detachment of Naval Constructors Tawresy and Wright, of Commodore H. N. Stevenson, and other officers who have been on duty in connection with the Government shipbuilding in this city. Stevenson, Lieutenants Emory Winship and J. F. Babcock—Babcock has since resigned—all married San Francisco girls, while Tawresy has been the senior supervising constructor of the Navy at the iron works for a number of years.

He Didn't Tell It All

The New York "World" of recent date contains a very pathetic story of the trials and tribulations of one A. Eugene Molkau, who says he was completely ruined by the San Francisco fire. This disaster, it seems, was only one of many that had overtaken him. He says that he was living in

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Johannisberg when the Boar war broke out, and the British confiscated his property. He went to Australia and entered business, but met with failure. Then he came to San Francisco, where he obtained employment with C. D. Bunker & Co., customs brokers. There prosperity attended him, he says. He was saving money, but foolishly kept it in his room. "When the earthquake destroyed the city," to quote the unveracious account in the "World," his savings were burned up." Then, so Molkau says, he went to New York, where fate still pursued him. He obtained a clerkship, but the firm for which he worked "went bust," and again he was thrown out on the world. He tramped the streets for many days in search of work, then enlisted the sympathy of the "World," through which he pathetically made known his willingness to do any kind of work. The "World" describes him as a Belgian, 28 years old, and master of five languages. Molkau is more modest in New York than he was in San Francisco. While here he gave out that he was a baron. He was a good looking fellow, dressed well, and had expensive rooms on Van Ness avenue. That he had money in his room at the time of the fire is not believed by the firm for which he worked. One of the members, just before the fire, stood sponsor for him at a tailor's, the Baron claiming to be in need of credit. After the fire he went to Mexico—an incident in his history which he did not disclose to the "World." He worked for a while in Mexico, and before leaving borrowed a sum of money, giving a draft on an employee of Bunker & Co. When the draft reached San Francisco it was dishonored so there are people in Mexico who are probably deeply interested in the whereabouts of the Baron. He is a fellow of fine address, a fluent talker, polished and refined. There is no fear that he will starve wherever he goes.

William F. Herrin

It is evidently the consensus of opinion in all political parties operating in this State at present that William F. Herrin, chief counselor of the Southern Pacific Company, is a man of tremendous power. All the small job-chasers appear to have come to that conclusion, and from the energy with which they are training their pop-guns on him one might infer that it would be impossible to conceive of a better way to vindicate their ability to fill the positions to which they fondly hope to be elected. They are making Mr. Herrin an object of considerable interest, but he is such an unobtrusive individual that he is assuming the aspect of a mythical personality. He never makes ostentatious display of his power. But he wields greater power than any man that ever shaped the politics of this State. And he wields it with a stricter regard for the interests of the public than was ever before exhibited by the master of a political machine in this or perhaps any other state. This is a very broad assertion, but I think it will be corroborated by many men who are not associated with Mr. Herrin in politics and who are familiar with the political methods in vogue throughout the country. The idealists in politics condemn all political machines, but even the idealists acknowledge that they are the inevitable result of our imperfections of government. The shrewd men among them are not deceived by the sacrosanct job-chasers that proclaim their independence. They have seen too many of those pharisaical reformers proceed to build up machines of their own immediately after their election to office. William F. Herrin succeeded Creed Haymond as chief of the law department of the Southern Pacific and he was not long in reconstructing the political system that was so infamous during the life of Senator Stanford. Everybody familiar with the history of Californian politics knows that in the furtherance of his political interests that distinguished philanthropist surrounded himself with conscienceless agents who scattered the seeds of corruption from one end of the State to the other. The practice in those days was to elect none but bribe-takers to office and the whole State Government was kept in a perpetual state of demoralization. William F. Herrin exterminated the whole Stanford crew of corruptionists and instituted an entirely different system of politics.

His Great Machine

Under the present system we have seen honest men elected to office. We have seen United States senators elected without debauching a legislature—an unprecedented phenomenon. To be sure their election was dictated by the machine, but they are pretty good men and we haven't heard of their doing anything dishonest. Under the system by which they were elected it was not deemed necessary to elect only the vicious to the legislature; nor did the legislature turn to and loot the State after selecting a Senator. William F. Herrin has demonstrated that it is possible to run a pretty clean political machine, one that very nearly

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approximates an ideal "organization," to which the only serious objection that may be urged is that it does not permit an absolutely free expression of popular sentiment, an objection that I have no hesitation in overruling since it is obvious that the machine system is inevitable while we select our servants through party conventions. Mr. Herrin has succeeded in perfecting the strongest "organization" that was ever in operation in this State. One by one he forced all the other political plants in the State out of existence, the destruction of each being attended by the enlistment of new recruits under the Herrin standard. He expanded the scope of his power until today it includes the political fortunes of two United States Senators and the entire working paraphernalia of the eight Congressional districts. And he is now in a fair way to take the gubernatorial machine into camp also, so that in all likelihood there will soon be no prospect of a serious clashing of interests. None but a man of genius could achieve this great political triumph. Mr. Herrin is a lawyer of rare ability, a man of almost ascetic temperament, but genial and companionable, a close student of human nature and a warm and loyal friend. Slow to make promises, he keeps them with religious punctiliousness. Though a native of Oregon, and a graduate of the University of that State, he is a loyal Californian, and is tireless in his efforts to advance the interests of the State. The highest praise that I ever heard bestowed on him was given by the men and women who sought his assistance to persuade the legislature to make a State park of the Big Basin forest. He gave his assistance and Big Basin is now a State reservation.

Mr. Phelan's Mixed Metaphors

An unknown correspondent writes:

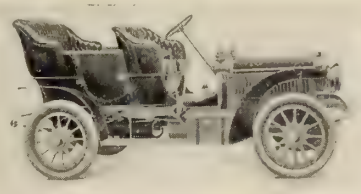
My Dear Spectator: I was very much surprised that Mayor Schmitz should question the soundness of Mr. Phelan's mentality until I read an article, "Rise of the New San Francisco," in the current number of the "Cosmopolitan," purporting to have been written by our worthy ex-Mayor. Knowing him to be an educated and cultured man, I was amazed at the hopeless mixture of metaphors in the first paragraph thereof. He compares San Francisco to a tree, and—but read it yourself and tell us what you think of it. Isn't it suggestive of a clouding brain?

—A Stickler for Lucidity.

I have read the paragraph and I do not agree with my correspondent that it bears evidence of a mind diseased. To mix metaphors is the privilege of great minds that scorn the shackles of rhetoric. We have no less an authority than Shakespeare for pursuing a figure along devious paths into the thicket of discordant elements. It is true that Mr. Phelan says that the waters of the Pacific "lave the shores" of the tree (San Francisco), but why cavil at that slight slip of the pen. "It has weathered the storm even though its loss be great:" to be sure a tree doesn't weather a storm after the manner of a ship, but the meaning of the word has broadened. Anything that survives a storm may now be properly said to have weathered it. And as for the "dying embers of its smoldering ruins," to which perhaps my fastidious correspondent refers—well perhaps a stickler for elegant diction might reasonably object to the use of the word "ruins" in reference to a tree even though it had been destroyed by fire. It may seem rather strange that a tree having weathered a storm should be "giving out the blushing buds of hope, roseate with the dying embers of its smoldering ruins," but due allowance should be made for the poetic fancy in which Mr. Phelan is very rich. A man of his vivacity and force of mind should not be expected to scrutinize too closely the images that crowd upon one another in his teeming fancy.

College Ruffianism

They appear to have abandoned at Berkeley, for the present, that "code of honor" by which victims of assaults in college rushes are prohibited from informing on their assailants. This code was formerly tacitly approved by the faculty because acts of brutality were part of the "college tradition," and it is to be hoped that this "tradition" has been relegated to the oblivion of an innocuous desuetude. These assaults on helpless students by mobs of upper classmen are cowardly in the extreme; those who engage in these "rushes" and "hazing" exploits are thugs who would not dare to meet their victims man to man. There is no dishonor in complaining against them and demanding that they be expelled from the college or university. Brutes of this sort are unfit to associate with decent and manly Americans. If the students at the State University must fight on occasion let them fight fairly as their English prototypes fight—with fist or club; man fashion, not as the coyote fights, in packs of overwhelming numbers on one weak freshman or a little group of freshmen unable to defend themselves unless they resort to the pistol as they would be justified in doing when



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thus attacked. It would not be necessary to use the pistol on cowards of the sophomore class—the mere display of the weapon would be sufficient to put the entire gang to flight. I hope that some browbeaten, bullyragged, persecuted freshman will some day try the pistol antidote for the hazing proclivities of the upper classmen of the university. My word for it the first "informer" would be a bullying sophomore;—the cherished "code of honor" in our State University was only for the freshmen in instances of this kind. Try it, and prove the validity of my statement. Honor! Honor among thugs! Bah!

When the "Soph" Is Afraid

It is only when the freshman class is weak and docile that we hear of these ruffianly assaults by the sophomores. It happens occasionally that a "baby class" enters the university with muscles fully developed; with brawn to complement an average supply of brain; a crowd of young athletes from the harvest fields of Fresno and Stanislaus; rough riders from San Joaquin; potential half-backs and center-rushes from the redwoods of Mendocino and the grizzly-haunted canyons of El Dorado and Lassen—when a freshman class of this mettle marches upon the campus, the effete sophomore sneaks back into the shadow of the bleachers and resolves that he will behave himself during the semester. And until that bunch of fresh young gladiators are themselves sophomores we hear nothing from the university of "rushes," hazing or other brutality perpetrated on the "infant class." That shows how much "honor" or manhood there is in college "custom" and college "tradition." Not enough to screw the courage of three sophomores to the point of tackling one giant freshman!

President Wheeler's New Secretary

Farnham P. Griffiths has been appointed to succeed Eugene Hallett as Private Secretary to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California. He is the third to hold that office. Between him and the first, Victor Henderson, stands the man Hallett, whose influence on students affairs has been very evident even despite the Wheeler policy. There is much curiosity in Berkeley over the policy to be pursued by the new Secretary. Whether Griffiths will follow the democratic example of his predecessor or become merely the puppet of his superior is a question that excites much speculation. At the time of Hallett's appointment the wisdom of the selection was seriously questioned because it was known that the young man failed to graduate. But he soon dispelled all doubt of his ability and fitness. Hallett was not the only brilliant light of the class of 1905 to be snuffed out at the finish. His failure was due entirely to his unselfish devotion to class affairs. His class-mates imposed great responsibilities on him and he sacrificed his own interests to theirs. He was the moving spirit of the class in every activity, and he edited the best college annual, the "Blue and Gold," ever published by the university. I hear that he purposes starting a daily paper in Berkeley.

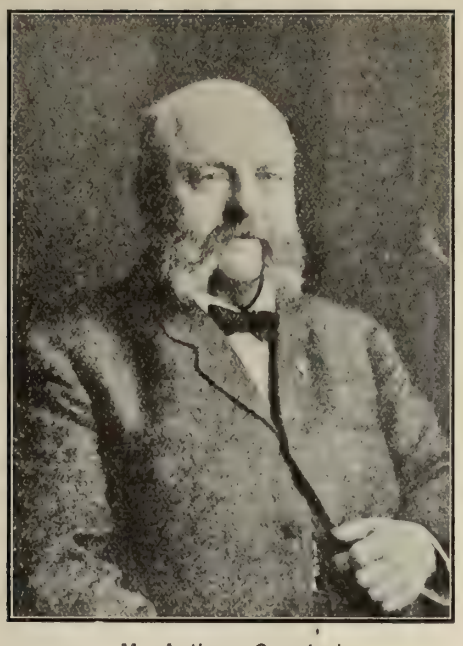
Miss Ide on Filipino Society

Miss Anna Ide announces that her marriage with Bourke Cockran will take place early in November. Miss Ide, by the way, is one of the most entertaining of talkers on the subject of society in the Philippines. "The only strong-minded women in Manila," she says, "are some of the upper class Filipino women. They have clubs and talk of rights and privileges and go into politics and affairs of State. But the

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Mr. Anthony Comstock

From a photograph showing how the distinguished guardian of the public morals drapes his otherwise classic countenance. Mr. Comstock believes that "the nude as uncovered by so-called art is a web which has enmeshed many a youth to his or her ruin." He recently wrote that "In the Garden of Eden, after Adam's fall, the human form clothed its nakedness, and since then there have existed emotions of modesty and shame." Evidently Mr. Comstock has been reading history backwards. It was because of a sense of shame that our first parents, we are told, clothed their naked forms. But it has lately been learned that the first purpose of clothes was not decency but ornament. Before man adopted clothes he tatooed his person.

American women are too busy having a good time to bother about clubs of any kind. All the older women play bridge, but the girls in Manila haven't time for that. They have too many other things to do to enjoy bridge. Manila is a paradise for girls. Manila, you know, is gay and giddy. Every one there has the native spirit of irresponsibility and there is nothing to live for but enjoyment. Manila is by no means an exile. It's a pleasure, dances all the time and every sort of a party except an ice carnival. There are the army set and the navy set and the official set and all the Government representatives, and the civilians whose business brings them to Manila. There are representatives of nearly every nation out there. There are cliques and cliques, but in general there is no line drawn. Everyone knows every one. We all absorb the spirit of gayety, if we haven't had it before we get there, and we have a glorious time. The upper class Filipinos mix in with the foreigners to some extent, but they are dreadfully formal. They never give nor attend informal affairs. They would not know how to behave at them. You see, the upper class Filipino is in every custom and tradition a Spaniard, and the Spaniard is the most formal person in the world.

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A Relic of the Fire

This is the statue of McKinley, executed by Haig Patigian, which was in a local foundry at the time of the April fire. Several artisans carried it into the street where it was found amid the debris by the sculptor. It was recently unveiled in Arcata, Humboldt county.

The women in Manila dress very well; indeed, more gayly than the women of an American city. They wear a great deal of the native stuffs in the gowns, such as pineapple cloth and Chinese grass cloth, but they have their clothes cut in the latest style. So many are coming and going from Europe and the United States that the town is not behind the fashions at all. Nearly every one wears white on account of the heat. We can get all the Chinese we want, and there isn't ever any need to worry. But then worry isn't in the atmosphere out there. Tomorrow is always better than today."

Gibson's Highbinder

People are ceasing fire reminiscenses, having talked themselves wordless, and are now telling of things that happened before that great event. Detective Ed. Gibson adds to the world's collection of good anecdotes by relating the circumstances under which M. H. de Young and some others were shown a genuine Chinese highbinder. Mr. de Young had a party of friends here from the East, and among other entertainment offered was a trip through Chinatown. The services of Gibson as a guide were secured. The wonders and beauties as well as the dirt and squalor of the Oriental quarter were shown the visitors; but they were not altogether satisfied. They wanted to see a real highbinder. The tea-houses charmed them, the opium smokers fascinated them,

O. W. Nordwell

TAILOR

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the noisome allies suffocated them; still they had not seen any fierce man-killers, and they were not satisfied. They had read of bloodthirsty murderers that roam through Chinatown looking for gore, ready to kill for half a dollar, and nothing less than the sight of one of them would give them peace. They thought Gibson a mighty poor guide. De Young finally added his importunities to theirs, confessing that he had never seen a highbinder either in his native lair or outside of it. Gibson realized that it was up to him to show the goods. Of course, during their evening ramble he had seen plenty of highbinders, but they looked pretty much like ordinary Chinese; and the astute detective knew that nothing ordinary would do for people who had such wild ideas of the appearance of a paid Mongolian murderer. So he excused himself, slipped out, and made a hurried trip along Dupont street. He held converse for a time with a villainous looking Mongolian whom he met, and finally the two went to a barber-shop at the end of an obscure ally. Shortly afterward Gibson reappeared at the theatre and triumphantly announced that he had found a real highbinder. He conducted the party to the barber-shop and pointed out the murderer, a fantastically attired Chinaman with a wild and tumbled shock of black hair. He was acting his part well. With a hideous leer he strode around the shop, brandishing a knife a foot long, and excitedly jabbering to the other Chinese. "He is telling them about his last murder," said Gibson. The Chinese at this juncture pulled a huge revolver from his blouse, and the Easterners shrieked. Mr. de Young looked at Gibson suspiciously, and it is related that the lid of his left eye drooped perceptibly. But the Easterners were so well satisfied with what they had seen that de Young at parting made the guide several dollars richer.

Dooley and Miss Crawley

Constance Crawley, the noted English actress whose interpretations of Shakespeare and Ibsen have made her famous, acted in a little comedy of real life in which a diminutive monkey played chief role at the Hotel Athens in Oakland a few days ago. The monkey is Miss Crawley's pet and inseparable companion on her tours and she smuggled it into her room in the hostelry in a hat-box. The Athens is the abode of some of Oakland's smartest families and Miss Crawley knows that society has been very sensitive about monkeys since the monkey dinner at Newport some years ago. This is why she did not take the clerk into her confidence. But a pet such as Miss Crawley's is very difficult to keep hidden and an inquisitive bellboy soon learned of its presence. The hotel clerk was most deferential in requesting the actress to remove the monkey to the basement of the Athens, where, she was assured, it would receive the most considerate treatment. The actress replied with a stare that would have frozen solid anyone but a hotel clerk. A little later the actress led a picturesque pilgrimage of her theatrical trouple through the streets of Oakland from the Athens to the Metropole. The name of the little animal of which Miss Crawley is so fond is Dooley.

Perjury Was Such a Trifle

The first trial held at Eureka under the new law which provides for a session of the United States District Court at that city once a year proved a great triumph for the Government, resulting in the conviction of one of the most prominent men of Humboldt county. The conviction was the more remarkable from the fact that the crime is a most ordinary one—perjury in a land case. John A. Moore, the man convicted, is wealthy, a man of family, highly respected, an ex-supervisor, and a leader in the Republican party. His crime consisted in swearing that one William Graham had fulfilled the legal requirements in improving and residing on a piece of Government land which he had "taken up." Graham huddled a few logs together in the shape of a cabin, scattered some seed over the ground and threw a little brush in scattered heaps in the semblance of a fence. When it came time for him to take the last legal steps toward the acquirement of the land, Moore swore that to his personal knowledge Graham had built on the land a substantial cabin in which he had lived for fourteen months; that he had fenced the land, and cultivated it. When the Federal Grand Jury, sitting in San Francisco, indicted Moore the people of Humboldt county were astonished. "Why," they said, "ten thousand people in Humboldt have done the same thing. It is a mere formality." Such was the sentiment that prevailed when Judge J. J. de Haven went to Eureka, his old home, to try Moore and Graham. It made the task that confronted the Government prosecutor, Assistant United States Attorney A. P. Black, a very difficult one. He found nearly everybody on Moore's side. Moore had hired the best legal talent in the county, but he and his friends looked upon the trial as more of an annoyance than anything else. Black viewed it in a

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very different light. Although he had little hope of a conviction, he buckled in to work, taking particular care in the selection of a jury. He picked out hard-headed, literal old men, who promised to bring a verdict strictly in accordance with the law and evidence. Even though the evidence was overwhelmingly against Moore, neither he nor his lawyer showed any concern over the possible result, the defense being perfunctory. When the jury, after being out forty-five minutes, brought in a verdict of guilty as charged, with a recommendation to the mercy of the court, Moore's lawyer turned white, while the convicted man himself went nearly wild with rage. The sentence was a year at hard labor at San Quentin and a fine of $100. The community was ablaze with excitement over the outcome, and looked upon Black as a legal wizard. To send a prominent San Franciscan to prison would cause only a ripple compared with the agitation of a smaller community when one of its leading men, known to practically every one in the county, with a highly respected family, is sentenced. It was a stunning blow. Efforts will be made to have Moore pardoned, and it is not likely that the Government will oppose the movement. It is felt that the moral effect of his conviction is so tremendous that for many years to come there will be no false swearing in regard to taking up Humboldt county land. Graham, who is employed by the Russ estate, which owns thousands of acres of land in Humboldt, was tried for subornation of perjury, but the grand jury disagreed. While it was certain that Moore had sworn falsely, it could not be definitely proved that it was at Graham's direct instigation.

Lese Majeste and Temperance

Professor Putzker of the German Department of the University of California holds foremost place in the traditions of that institution. A story is being told of him by those who know that it is worth adding to the many others. It happened on an exceedingly warm day, once upon a time, when the Professor had had a long ride from Berkeley to Oakland, that he joined a group of College men in an Oakland beer garden. Berkeley, you know, is a "dry town." Someone in the party was speaking in glowing patriotism of this land of liberty. "Liberty? Liberty?" snorted the excited German, "Dere is no liberty, not anywhere. I leave Chermany because dey will not let me **out** my mouth vat I vish. Now, today I leave Berkeley because dey vill not let me **in** my mouth vat I vish."

The Ocean Her Grave

The ceremonies attending the final disposition of the ashes of the late Mrs. Elvira Thorndike, the pioneer lady whose death I recorded recently, were, according to the account sent me by a friend of the dead woman, most impressive and picturesque. "It was her wish," says my correspondent, "that her ashes should be scattered to the winds at the Golden Gate at sunset. The request was carried out. Unfortunately her death occurred at such a time that it was possible to carry out her wish on September 9—the great Admission Day holiday of the state with which her career had been identified for more than half a century. A tug was hired and, with those who had been near and dear to her on board, steamed out to the Golden Gate. A halt was made just between the Heads, and there the ashes were consigned to the four winds of heaven to be swept into the great ocean which she desired should be her final resting place."

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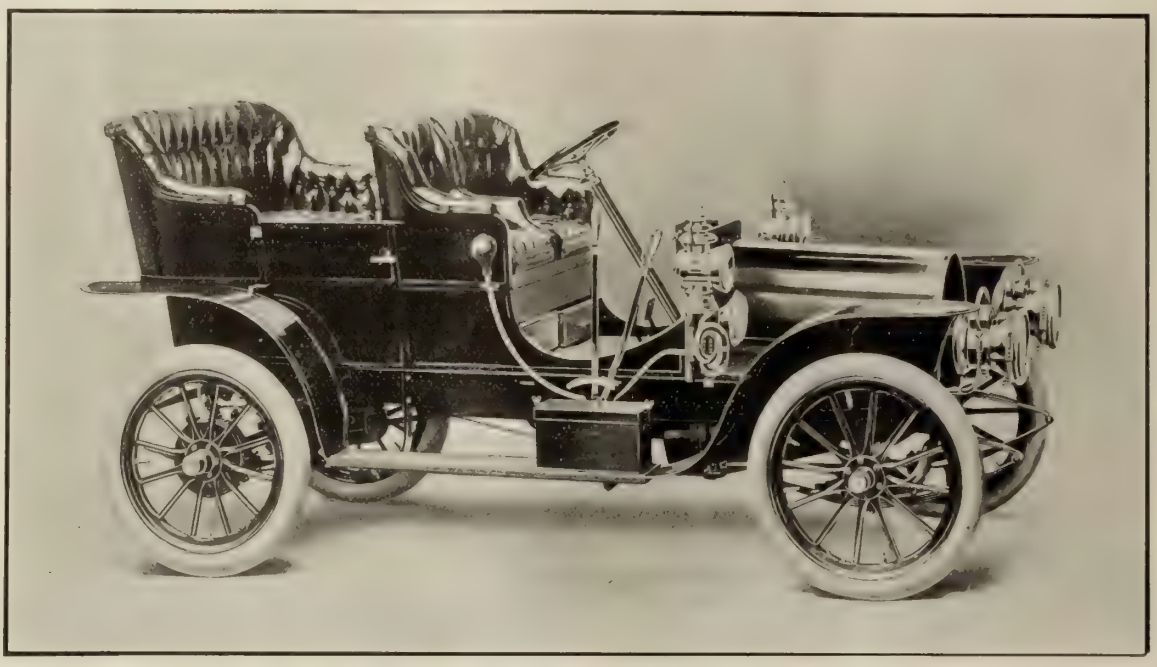
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Social Prattle

By Tantalus



Mrs. H. H. Sherwood
(Winner of Women's Singles)

The Clever Sherwood Family

A noteworthy incident of the recent Del Monte Golf Tournament, which was so well attended from all over the state, was the remarkable record of the Sherwood family which won five trophies. Mrs. H. H. Sherwood won the women's singles. She and her son won the mixed foursomes, their gross and net score being lowest; her son Warner Sherwood won the runner-up prize of the men's singles, and her daughter Mary Sherwood won, with Robert Y. Hayne, the mixed foursomes with the men in women's attire, which last match was a most amusing close of a very successful tournament. Some of the entries came from as far as San Diego and from distant interior points.

One of the greatest jollifications in the history of the Press Club was the clam bake at Paradise Cove last Sunday, upon which occasion the Press Clubmen were the guests of the San Francisco Yacht Club. Billy Barnes was unanimously elected the marshal of the Press Club delegation. The party was taken across the bay by Captain Leale in his steamer, "The Caroline," which has been the scene of many other Press Club affairs. On board there were ample refreshments, a piano which was thoroughly tested during the day and a general good time going and coming as well as while at the bake itself in the cove.



Miss Mary Sherwood and Robert Y. Hayne
(The latter in women's attire), winners of Miss Hager's Cup of Mixed Foursomes.

Mare Island promises to be gayer socially this winter than for several seasons past. The unusually large number of young married couples now at the navy-yard have all arranged to do some entertaining, and most of them will have several guests with them during the season. Admiral and Mrs. Lyon are excellent hosts and their charming home is usually the scene of much gayety.

Greek Theatre Concert

Chamber music in the open air has its drawbacks. A sudden change in the weather chilled the audience and put the instruments out of tune before the close of last Thursday's concert in the Greek Theatre, and the "Malincolia" of the Beethoven number was given under threatening skies, and to the sound of crashing boughs. The recital opened auspiciously enough with Dvorak's "American Quarette," most familiar by reason of its singularly beautiful second movement. The themes throughout are idealized negro melodies translated into Hungarian and enclosed in classic forms. Haydn's Variations from the Kaiser Quarette showed what a strictly classical composer could do with the Austrian



H. Warner Sherwood
Winner of Runner-up Prize for Men's Singles, who also, with his mother, won the Del Monte mixed foursomes

National Hymn, and incidentally gave Mr. Minetti a chance to show some admirable technique on the violin. The Beethoven Quarette in B flat transferred from the beginning to the end of the program closed the afternoon's recital. Fortunately the quartette was nearly finished before damp and chill came into the air, and the dirge-like effect of the malincolia was if anything enhanced by the blackening weather. Next Thursday the Symphony Concert will take place, and the program will consist of Grieg's Concert Overture "In Autumn," Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, the Vorspiel and Siebestod from Tristan and Isolde, and Liszt's Second Rhapsody. The attendance at these concerts keeps up in an encouraging manner.

Snubbing the Coed

Co-Education bids fair to die at its own hands in Berkeley. The Senior men have built a little log cabin which they call "Senior Hall," a little shelter in all the great university where they can escape the women. The Senior women have retorted with a truly feminine "slam," and called the men "tight," in consequence of which the women will be their own escorts to College functions.

Romantic Sentimental Apocalypse

Down in Honolulu they are whispering the engagement of a very prominent San Francisco society girl who was on the "Manchuria" when the stately ship went on the rocks. "Even the fish in the sea know the secret," writes my correspondent, "and it all came about in this way. When the 'Manchuria' bumped into the reef the passengers were ordered into the small boats. Every person was allowed a small hand bag, and into this cramped space each passenger tried to crowd the most precious belongings. It was thought that the rest of the baggage was doomed but afterwards the luggage was safely sent to Honolulu in relief tugs. The San Francisco belle, like the rest of the passengers, never expected to see her belongings again. But instead of packing her suitcase with lingerie and cherished 'pretties' she filled the space not usurped by necessaries with letters and photographs. Owing to the position in which the 'Manchuria' struck it was a jump of about three feet from the ladder to the boats. When the fair Californian essayed the flying leap the suitcase opened and the laps of the passengers already seated in the boat were strewn with letters, photographs and other blue ribboned souvenirs of Cupid. The letters were all addressed in the same handwriting; the photographs were all counterfeit presentments of a very handsome young officer now stationed in the Philippines; the sentimental souvenirs made a lovely Peoples' Exhibit A. The military man was well known to several people on the boat and of course they told the story when they landed in Honolulu. And Mrs. Grundy put two and two together and everyone scented orange blossoms on the air. From friends of the young lady in San Francisco I learn that she intends to announce her engagement to the officer upon her return from the islands."

In one of her absent-minded moments the other day Mrs. Eleanor Martin promised to give a ball this winter to introduce her pet niece, Miss Janet von Schroeder, to society. And now society is looking forward to the event with much interest. But I am told that Mrs. Martin has no intention of making an elaborate affair of the function. Indeed, at this time, she is thinking of making it merely a small dinner dance.

The Calhouns and the Southerners

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun and her family have rubbed the brick dust of San Francisco out of their eyes and are once more within sniffing distance of the Baltimore canvasback. When the President of the United Railroads came out here to punch a few non-union fares he brought his family with him and rented a house in the fashionable residence district. Of course this was a strong peg upon which to hang the supposition that the Calhouns would winter here and the southern wing of society preened its feathers. The Calhouns are F. F.'V. "and then some," for the street railway magnate is a lineal descendent of the great Patrick Calhoun. However, blue blood is more plentiful than water in the southland and it takes wealth like the Calhoun fortune to lift the family star out of the common firmament. Mrs. Voorhies, Mrs. White and the rest of the society promoters were counting on Mrs. Calhoun and her daughters to give a bead to the winter cup of social cheer but Mrs. Calhoun had other plans. She and her husband are devoted to each other and object to the separations which his varied business interests entail. As his presence will be necessary in San Francisco off and on as long as he retains control of the street cars they determined to rent a house so that he might escape the overcrowded

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hotels. This enables Mrs. Calhoun and the family to make flying visits out here but they are not to be listed as permanents, wherefore the leaders of the southern set are misty eyed.

McEwen Father-in-Law to Millionaire's Son

Arthur McEwen has long been fulminating in the largest Hearst type against the predatory rich. Now that his daughter Madge has married a New York millionaire it will be interesting to see if McEwen's pen will continue to drip diatribes against the robber barons. Miss McEwen was educated in a fashionable New York school which is out of joint with McEwen's professed philosophy. In his new role as father-in-law to a million perhaps he will prune his vocabulary of such phrases as pulpy plutocrats, predatory rich, and mushroom aristocracy. The marriage was celebrated a week or two ago in New York, where the McEwens are now living. The bride is a very handsome girl. She spent last winter out here and was extensively entertained by the friends of the Michelson family. Her mother is a sister of Miriam Michelson, the authoress, and Charles Michelson the brilliant young managing editor of the "Examiner."

Mrs. Emory Winship, who has not been very active in the social whirl since her marriage, was among the guests at the party given by Dr. and Mrs. Voorhies in honor of the Patrick Calhouns. She wore a vari-colored gown, the creation of an artistic Viennese man dressmaker.

Loring Club Concert

The Loring Club recital on the evening of September the eighteenth attracted a large audience to Calvary Church. The club was in good voice, and rendered a fine program of old favorites. An insatiable clamor for encores, while it testified to the hunger of the audience for good music, unduly lengthened the duration of the program. The opening number was Brewer's "Sing, Sing, Music was Given," Mr. Robert Gilchrist being the soloist. Mr. Gilchrist sang his part with feeling and intelligence, while new beauties were brought in the concerted portions. Altogether this number fully deserved the rousing reception accorded to it by the audience. The Brahms "Lullaby" was sung daintily and tenderly, while the two heavy pieces, Goethe's "Song of the Spirits Over the Waters" set to Schubert's music, and the Schubert-Liszt arrangement of "Great is Jehovah" went off in good style, the latter with the assistance of Mr. Mackenzie Gordon's tenor. Sir Henry Bishop's "The Chough and Crow" is a selection that never palls, and on this occasion it was rendered with appropriate spirit, the soloists being Messrs. McMillan, Murdoch, Trist and Grube. Mendelssohn's "Festgesang" with its fine choral ending was the last vocal number. The soloist of the evening was Mr. Mackenzie Gordon. Mr. Gordon is always generous with his numbers, yet his audiences are ever loth to part with him. His first song on the program was Handel's "Where'er You Walk," with organ accompaniment by Mr. Wallace A. Sabin, a rare treat, let it be mentioned. A Hungarian Song (Korbay) and Malgri Noi (Pfeiffer) were also sung by Mr. Gordon, and later in the evening he replaced his promised area from Aida by two songs, "Thus Would I Do" and "Because," the latter being seldom rendered as Mr. Gordon can sing it. In response to the wishes of his hearers Mr. Gordon gave a number of Scotch songs, ending triumphantly with "All the Blue Bonnets are O'er the Border." A novel feature of the program consisted in the organ solos of Mr. Wallace A. Sabin. It is to be hoped that new San Francisco will have a concert hall with a fine organ in it, and that we may have many opportunities of hearing Mr. Sabin play thereon. The Guibmant "Marche Funebre et Chant Seraphique" was followed as an encore by the dainty Gavotte from "Mignon," and later in the evening Mr. Sabin gave two Saint Saens selections. Mr. Fred Maurer was strong as ever at the piano, and Mr. W. C. Stadtfeld directed.

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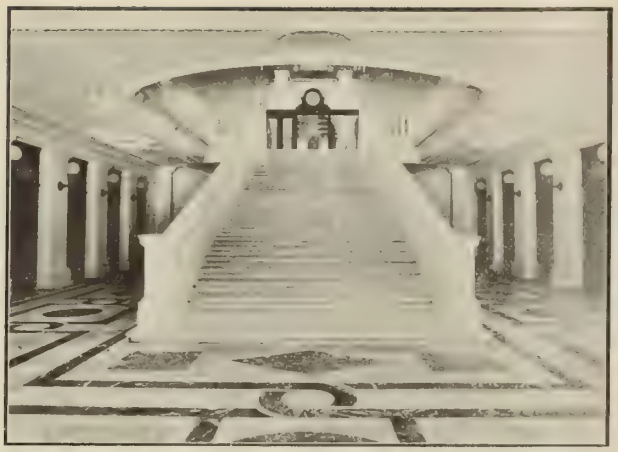
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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3rd

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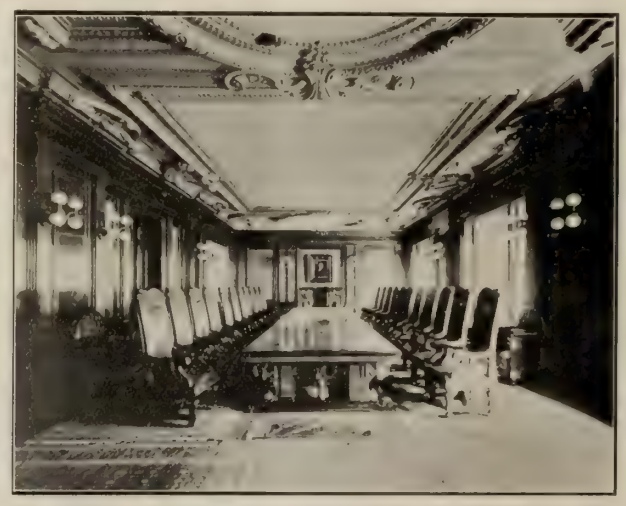
No. 1.—Main entrance to First National Bank of Chicago, reference to which is made in frontispiece, showing lavish treatment of modern buildings in the East, everything being of solid marble.



No. 2.—Main rotunda of banking room. This room is one acre in area. The bank occupies five floors. Therefore they have five acres of floor space.



No. 3.—Side corridor of the main banking room. This ceiling is modeled after the famous Throne Room of the Farnese Palace, Rome.



No. 4.—Room of the Board of Directors immediately over the President's private office. This room is 25x75 feet.



No. 5.—Another side corridor of the main banking room. The furniture and decorations were a part of Mr. Polk's gigantic task.



No. 6.—Exterior view of the building. Owing to the immense size of this building, it has been found impossible to make any kind of a photograph of it, except the foreshortening distorted lines so much as to convey a poor idea of its general appearance.



No. 7.—A corner of the main banking room, entirely of white statuary marble in solid sections. Notwithstanding the lavishness in the use of marble, the unit price per cubic foot on this building was extremely low, and all the contracts were let at about $300,000 below the budget upon which the building was financed.

Stage

Should Have Kept It Dark

Of Stanley Dark's new play, "Man and His Angel," in which Holbrook Blinn recently won high praise in the provinces a New York critic says: "I suffered considerable mental strain when the prologue that preceded three almost interminable acts, with intervals lengthy even for a first night, came to a close at the Hackett Theatre. My experience, however, in playgoing has taught me not to be particular, and with wonted patience I sat me down to undergo hours of sermonizing monologues and dialogues that have never been equaled, in my experience, on the New York stage. The whole play, by one Stanley Dark—would that he had remained enveloped in his surname—springs from an incident that bears the imprint of long and familiar usage. A sad orphan girl discovers that her parents were unmarried, hence renounces her lover without an explanation. After tragic denouncements and announcements doled out by the yard, we were treated to a little comedy in which an aged lady goes boating and returns with her hair down and generally disheveled as to person. It was all such bathos, such effort at grandiose speech that merely turned out stilted and provoked merriment, that criticism is not only needless but impossible. As for the performers, they almost unanimously deserve credit for their plucky efforts, and pluck was certainly needed, on behalf of the piece."

Sousa's Latest

John Philip Sousa's new comic military opera, "The Free Lance," scored a hit in Chicago, where it received its initial production. The American March King is said to have written a score that is immensely superior to the bottle and ragtime sort of music that the public has become habituated to enjoy in modern musical comedies. The dialogue is bright and there is plenty of it, yet the atmosphere is essentially and consistently operatic. The martial spirit and masculine vigor of Sousa's music which invariably and deservedly arrests public attention is in evidence in "The Free Lance" from the rise of the curtain to its final falling. There is



THE THREE ROSES

Who Will Give a Dainty Musical Entertainment at the Orpheum Next Week.

especially one march number entitled "On to Victory" which is said to be a worthy succession to "The Washington Post" and "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

Manager Greenbaum has announced that the Schumann-Heink Concerts will be given during the last week of January and that the great Rosenthal will play here early in March.

Bishop Gathering In Plays

Manager Bishop of Ye Liberty Theatre has been looking over the play market and has, I am told, secured some excellent dramas with which to regale the patrons of Ye Liberty Theatre. Among them are that exceedingly clever Barrie comedy "The Admirable Crichton," "Alice of Old Vincennes," "The Eternal City" and "The Unforseen."

Vaudeville at the Orpheum

Carter De Haven, formerly of the Weber and Field forces and last seen in this city with his sextette, and Flora Parker, a dainty comedienne well known all over the East, will head the list of attractions at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. They are both remarkably clever young people and will present the most artistic singing and dancing skit in vaudeville, entitled "A College Boy's Frolic." The Zazell and Vernon troupe of Parisian acrobatic comedians will return with their piquant French pantomime, "The Elopement." Their act is full of sensational surprises. When last presented in this city it created no end of favorable comment. The "Three Roses," accomplished and pretty young ladies who are great favorites here, will be seen again in the musical entertainment in which they have so often pleased Orpheum audiences. They play upon the violin, cello and piano and have voices of unusual sweetness and cultivation. Adamini and Taylor, known as "The Wandering Minstrels," will offer the refined and picturesque act that has won them fame in England, on the continent and in the principal Eastern cities. They carry special scenery and effects and appeal particularly to lovers of high class music. Clifton Crawford, the monologist with a style peculiarly his own, has made the greatest hit of any single entertainer who ever appeared in this city, and for his second and last week he will present much that is new. Eleanor Dorel, the pleasing and pretty soprano, will change her selections and Le Roy and Woodford, the "jovial conversationalists," Tom Fortune and Josephine Davis, in their original skit, "My Sweetheart," and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a varied and interesting program. On the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, are to be found amusement devices of every description and the Zoo is full of rare and curious animals. The "Home of the Happy Family" is an amusing place in which to pass away half an hour.

Some Great Concerts

A splendid feature of the attractions at Idora Park in Oakland, and one that is attracting a deal of attention is the free open air concert given every Sunday evening by the combined forces of the Idora Military Band and the Idora Opera Orchestra, making the strongest musical organization in the West.

Grand Fete For Charity

What promises to be a unique affair is the fete that will take place at Idora Park on the afternoon and evening of October 6. It is to be under the auspices of the Ladies' Relief Society of Oakland, one of the oldest charitable associations in this state, and the purpose of the fete is to raise money to rebuild the Children's Home, which was burned in the early part of April. The Ladies' Relief Society of Oakland has been actively engaged in charitable work for thirty years, and their work is of wide scope. This Children's

GRAND FETE! IDORA PARK

AFTERNOON AND EVENING

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6TH

LADIES' RELIEF SOCIETY

OF OAKLAND

REGULAR IDORA BILL AND

SPECIAL—ATTRACTIONS—SPECIAL

SOCIAL, ATHLETIC AND MILITARY

BASEBALL MINSTRELS GRAND MILITARY BALL

Bohemian Club

ANNUAL CONCERT

GREEK THEATER : : BERKELEY

Tuesday Afternoon, October 2d

Large Orchestra and Chorus Reserved Seats, $1.00

Tickets can be obtained at Clark Wise & Co., 1420 Van Ness Avenue, and at Sherman, Clay & Co., Broadway and Thirteenth Street, Oakland

ORPHEUM Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Sept. 30

Matinee every day except Monday

RELIABLE ATTRACTIONS:

DeHAVEN AND PARKER; The Zazell and Vernon Company; Three Roses; Adamini and Taylor; Eleanor Dorel; LeRoy and Woodford; Fortune and Davis; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week of

CLIFTON CRAWFORD.

PRICES: 10c, 25c and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Sutter and Fillmore Streets. Phone, West 6000. CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. to Midnight. Admission, 10c; Children, 5c.

IDORA PARK OAKLAND Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager

Every Evening at 8:15. Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Elaborate Production of

THE IDOL'S EYE

HOOT MON!! HOOT!

Ye Liberty Playhouse 14th & Broadway OAKLAND

Bishop's Players in

"PEACEFUL VALLEY"

Gans and Nelson Moving Pictures

Including Final Round

AT THE DREAMLAND SKATING RINK

STEINER AND POST

Commencing Saturday Afternoon, September 15, 3 P. M.

Every Day and Evening

Evening, 8:15 P. M. Matinee, 3. P. M.

GENERAL ADMISSION - - - - - 50 CENTS

TEX RICKARD, General Manager

Home is not merely an orphanage, the aims of the society being to take care of the children of the poor and those whose parents are, through illness or other causes, temporarily or permanently incapacitated from properly providing for them and fitting them for their battle in life. The society, which is composed of the most prominent ladies in Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley, has its own land, but, unfortunately, when its former building was destroyed by fire, it was not fully covered by insurance, and it has since been impossible for the ladies to rebuild their Children's Home. Hence they have decided upon the fete at Idora. The Idora Park management has kindly permitted the use of the grounds in the cause of charity and will donate a large percentage of all the profits on October 6; and the ladies, one and all, are working most enthusiastically to make this affair the most attractive ever attempted here. In addition to the regular attractions at Idora Park—the open air skating rink, the afternoon and evening performances of the Idora Park Opera Company, magic swing, scenic railway, etc.—there will be a baseball game at 1:30 p. m. between the teams of the University of California and the Navy team from the Naval Training Station, San Francisco. The students of the State University and the men of the Naval Training Station have come forward most nobly in offering their services to make the affair a success. There will be exhibition drills by Uncle Sam's young sailors, a real, old-fashioned minstrel performance by the U. S. S. "Pensacola's" minstrel troupe, which is rated the best in the Navy, military concerts, and a grand military ball in the evening. There will be many special concessions arranged by the society women of Oakland, one unique feature which has never been seen here before being a gymkhana race, in which the ladies themselves and their various pets will take part. The Southern Pacific and Santa Fe railroads are making special rates for this event, which should insure a large out-of-town attendance and help the financial success very greatly.

The Playgoer.

The Pardee Party at Tahoe

Governor Pardee went to Lake Tahoe to forget his troubles after the Santa Cruz convention and spent his time fishing on the lake. In his party were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Weilbye, Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Baretta, Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Scott, Mrs. George Scott, Mrs. D. Rynders and Mr. C. F. Rohrer. The whole party stopped at the Tavern. Among the others registered there were Charles S. Fee and family, Frank H. Gardiner, wife and son, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Ramsey, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Kahn, Mrs. C. F. Field, Mrs. L. Marvin, W. P. Bruze, W. W. Garritson, Mrs. C. B. Strachan, Miss M. Hogg, William J. Hogg, Samuel Storror, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Clark, Mrs. Charles M. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Culver and Mr. and Mrs. Jno. R. Roche.

There is no caress so sweet, so hard to win, as the touch of a child's soft hand, and none that has behind it less of nearly all that we prize in affection. It is sincere while it lasts, but no longer, and it must be bought either with a price or with a wealth of love. You may lavish the best that is within you to obtain a kiss from baby lips, and if they rest warm and moist on your cheek for a moment, the next they are more eager for a sweetmeat than for all your affection.

Swain & Co. have added to their model restaurant at 1111 Post street a modern grill, doubling their capacity, where will be served in the most approved manner Schlitz and Wurzburger beer on draught. This service should add greatly to the popularity of this already desirable resort. The service in the Dutch room will be more elaborate than ever and the same attention will be given to banquets, private dinners and clubs as heretofore.

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Good goods do not deteriorate, and it's a satisfaction to have them on hand instead of ordering every day or two.

By our method you get full weight, full count, full value. It beats telephoning for two-bits worth of this and that.

Here is an example of the hundreds of wholesale money-saving prices we are making right now.

Come in, send in, write or telephone to Temporary 2584.

SUGAR 2c lb.

COMBINATION NO. 51

Everything below its usual value to introduce this store to thousands of new patrons Only one such order to any one family Read this list and ask your grocer to meet the prices. A whole month's grocery bill for only

$8.50

Order this today, for we are able to put up only a small lot of these every week This is the combination order that makes the country grocer wonder how we can do it:

51	lbs. best Granulated Cane Sugar, white and dry, S. C. S.	$1.00
18	lbs. new fancy Head Table Rice, very best.	$1.00
10	lb. pail pure Leaf Lard, Rex or Swift	$1.00
5	lbs. fancy English Breakfast, Spider Leg, Uncolored, Green, Japan, Mixed or Ceylon Tea, 75c grades. (Say which you prefer)	$2.50
5	lbs. Mocha and Java Coffee, roast or ground, 40c grade—none better	$1.50
5	lbs. best Baking Powder, Eastern Pure	$1.50
	Total	$8.50

A child can buy from us as well as one who knows all about groceries. No discrimination—everything the same to everybody.

Smith's Cash Store
14 to 24 Stewart Street, San Francisco
One-half Block from Foot of Market Street

AT BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Arrivals for the past week at Byron Hot Springs were: Dave Samms, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cohn, Miss Dora Weiller, Walter Fellos, A. J. Pattersen, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Patrick, Miss Margaret Patrick, Mrs. J. C. Patrick, Edward Grab, Mr. and Mrs. H. Samuels, Harry W. Samuels, Harry Glodfelty, Burrell G. White, Mrs. D. H. Arnold, Miss White, S. Simpson, Geo. E. Colby, Dr. E. A. Upton, Dr. C. L. Abbott, Dr. P. C. Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. F. F. Neff, Dr. W. S. George, Dr. Frank Rattan, Dr. J. S. Breneman, Dr. Frank S. Cook, Dr. F. E. Reynolds, Dr. T. W. McAllister, Dr. Thos. P. McDonald, Prof. Geo. E. Colby of the University of California, W. J. Kearney of Philadelphia, Mrs. Thos. A. Hollenbeck, Mrs. Oliver V. White, Henry J. Hogue of Oakland.



The Hotel at Byron Hot Springs

W. B. Maxwell, whose new novel, "The Guarded Flame," is to be brought out by the Appletons, is a son of "Miss Braddon." This will set at rest the discussion awakened by his former book, "Vivien," which was surmised to be the work of a woman. Mr. Maxwell simply used his initials, W. B., which gave no hint of the sex of the author, and reviewers, especially the English ones, jumped at the conclusion that from internal evidence, W. B. Maxwell must be a woman.

How many women having lived up to every word of the Decalogue, have made it all profitless for want of a little charity?



Uncle Sam Makes Them Make Up
—Fischietto (Turin).

"Auto Eye"? You Know How Eyes Suffer After Exposure In Sun, Wind and Dust. Neglect Results in Eye Strain, Redness and Granulation. Be Wise in Time.
Murine Eye Remedy Soothes and Quickly Cures.

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A GOOD PLACE TO TALK BUSINESS
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By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

The Casino rooms were crowded, French, English, Poles, Russians, and an occasional Japanese, looking just like a monkey who had escaped from freedom in the woods and voluntarily had put the chains of trousers and of coats about his limbs, all jostled in the throng. Above them hung the concentrated scent of all the perspirations of their different races, mingled with every essence that the perfumer's art affords to mitigate the odours which humanity distills. All were well dressed, and eighteen centuries of culture and of care had culminated in making everyone alike. Thus all spoke French, of course with varying accents; but as they all read the same books, had the same thoughts, and wore the selfsame clothes, the accident of accent did not separate them, and they formed one immense, well-scented family as to exteriors, though with their hands all secretly raised against each other, and their tongues wagging ceaselessly in calumny, just as a bulrush wags by the edge of some old millrace, half filled up with mud.

All round the tables men and women stood, pushing and elbowing, and with their eyes fixed on the money on the cloth, adoringly, as if it had been the Holy Graal and they all vowed to search for and to grasp it, at the peril of their souls.

Men who at home were magistrates and pillars of a church, or modern reformers of some county council, gazed at the demi-mondaines as they went to and fro brushing against the players to attract attention, with their eyes aflame or with a swinish puckering of their lips, which spoke of lust unsatisfied, not from religious principles, but from the fear of spies and interfering friends.

They eyed the women just as a starving dog looks at a butcher's shop, sideways and lurkingly, for fear a blow may fall upon him, out of some quarter unforeseen. Smartly dressed women looked at their sisters of the demi-monde half with dislike half with approval as if they somehow understood that they, although they were transgressors of trades-union rules, were helping them in their life's strife with man; whilst others with the colour rising in their cheeks pressed up against them as they passed, just as cats press against a chai, meeting their eyes with a bold comprehending stare. Remote from all the rest in a cane rocking-chair there sat a girl, thin, dark and dressed quite quietly, so quietly that at first sight you might have taken her for a young married woman who had got separated from her friends and had sat down to rest.

Her high-heeled shoes just tapped upon the ground as the chair rocked, and as it balanced to and fro revealed her stockings half way up the calf, so fine and worked so open, that it appeared the hair upon the flesh might pass between the stitching just as a little fish escapes through the fine meshes of a net.

Men passed before her, in the half-sneaking and half-swaggering way that men assume before a woman whom they have held between their arms a night or two ago, and whom they dare not openly in public recognize, although they want the world to see that they are well acquainted, and in its censure half applaud the fact. Their hands involuntarily just touched their hats, and as they looked an inch or two above her head murmured a greeting, and then straightening their legs they fell into a strut, as of a bull-fighter who has been nearly caught by the bull's horns, and wants the crowd to think he is not frightened as he edges to the limits of the ring. She gave her salutation by a half rising of her eyebrows, and a faint smile half of amusement and half contempt, just flickered on her lips, as someone with his wife or

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daughter on his arm, suddenly flushed or paled and looked with interest at the chandelier as he passed opposite her chair. Callow and fledgling youths boldly saluted her, coloring as they did so to their hair, whilst grave and decorated men just raised their eyes, and fat provincials wildly plunged and bolted at the sight of her, just like young horses faced suddenly in a deep lane by the fierce rattle of a motor-car.

Still nothing in her dress or manner was unlike that of a hundred other women in the rooms, as she sat quietly at the receipt of custom, watching her various acquaintances as they passed by, give by their guilty looks the lie both to the faith and the morality they held, and which no doubt, she held herself as sacred, and as fixed as are the poles, although she saw them outraged in her person twenty times a week, just as in Spain, 'tis said, that a society founded to protect the lower animals, finding itself in difficulties, arranged a bull-fight to increase its funds and clear away its debts.

But as she sat indifferent, waiting what fate should send her, to her amazement, another girl, but little younger than herself, sat down beside her, and with "il fait tray sho naiscepars," fell into conversation with her as easily as if they had been friends.

The girl, who knew the world, glanced at her quickly, half thinking that the stranger came from some island in the Aegean Sea, but saw at once her island lay to the north, and that she had addressed her in pure innocence of heart.

Though she had often seen fair English girls, dressed in short skirts, boisterous in manner, fresh-colored and half manlike in their ways, striding along as if their knees would burst their petticoats, this was the first time she had met or spoken to one, and the experience somehow brought the blood into her cheeks.

"Yes it is hot," she said, and stole a glance half of amazement, half approbation at the fresh English girl, who seated by her side seemed quite unconscious of the difference in their lives and talked so naturally and in such curious French. She marked her sunburned hands, gloveless and strong as those of a young man, and, made observant by the manner of her life, saw she was pretty at a glance, although her clothes were ugly and her fair hair all gathered in a knot. As she thought upon this thing and on that, and on the shielded life of the fair English girl, so little younger than herself, and on her own, a flush rose on her face as she perceived that she was shy before the other's innocence and want of knowledge of the world. At first the conversation languished, till the stranger, who had sat down with so much lack of ceremony beside her, looking her over with wide-open eyes, said, "I liked the look of you, as I was straying up and down, looking out for my mother, who had got lost whilst I was watching the roulette. You looked so pretty, and you are well dressed, you know you are, and so does everyone, all the men look at you, when they pass by just as a schoolboy at a cake in a shop window. How foolish they all are."

Used to all kinds of compliments point-blank, none that she ever had received, in all her life, had put her to such difficulty, and once again she stole a look at her fair complimenter's face to reassure herself that she was really as innocent as she appeared. "Well dressed," she murmured, "well, any woman likes to be well dressed." To such a commonplace of femininity no answer was required beyond a simple affirmation, and a look of admiration at the clothes.

"Why what a lot of men you know," the English girl exclaimed as counts and viscounts whom she knew by name walked by, as they sat talking, staring a little at the strange companionship of the two girls, all making a half recognition as they passed. "Why is it they do not take off their hats, I thought that Frenchmen always were polite?"

Then as she got no answer, but a tapping of her companion's heels upon the floor, and a faint blush as of annoy-

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ance at her words, fearing she had offended her acquaintance, whom she already had begun to admire on account of her nice clothes, and evident knowledge of the world, she said, just as a schoolboy might have said, "It's awful hot in here, would you mind going out into the air, and we can sit and talk?" The other, like a person in a dream, got up and followed her, and the two girls walked through the crowd, the English girl quite unconcerned, pushing her way, after the fashion of a forward player in a football team, smiling and only anxious to get out into the air. The other, red and uncomfortable, but hypnotised by the frank manners and good faith of her she followed, hardly knew where she was until she found herself seated in a cane chair upon the terrace, and heard her guide say "Well, this is better than the stuffy room."

From the Casino came the hum of voices, and points of light seemed to break through the windows, and a faint smell of perspiration and stale scent defiled the atmosphere as it came floating up to where they sat. A breeze sprang up and cleared away the fleecy clouds before the moon, whose rays, half deadened by the glare of the electric lamps upon the terrace, seemed to be concentrated shyly on the magnolia trees which formed the background of the artificial scene, falling on their metallic-looking leaves, which it subdued and turned to plates of silver in its light. Moths hung about the great electric lamps, like men about a courtesan, and seemed to swim in the long beam of light which they dispelled. Sometimes they flew against the glass with a dull furry noise, and then fell stunned and lay upon the paths, with their wings fluttering, until some high-heeled shoe, just peeping out from underneath a cataract of lace, crushed them to pulp upon the stones, or carried off their bodies sticking to the sole.

Silence fell on the girls as, walking to the balustrade, they stood and looked over the wide white road across the lawn, set with its bunches of white pampa grass and of euonymus, upon the sea, which stretched out cool and clean and undefiled even by all the tawdriness of the Casino and its lights. Up from the shore there came a long-drawn sigh as if the waves had brought to land the last expiring breath of some lost sailor as they swirled upon the beach. The light air stirred the curls upon the foreheads of the girls, and the mysterious companionship of youth drew them together without words making them feel a bond of sympathy.

Tears stood in the dark eyes of the French girl, she did not quite know why, and something seemed to force her to bestow her confidence upon the girl who stood beside her, although she felt it would be useless, as she could never understand.

As she stood hesitating, the other seeing her tears, caught at her hands and said, "I say, whatever is the matter? I am so sorry; tell us about it, it will do you good. Is it about any of those bounders who grinned at you, and did not raise their hats?"

The other looked at her, and struggling to keep back her tears, said, "No, no, not about any man, I hate them all . . . . that is, I am not sure . . . . I think one is not quite so horrible as all the rest—but then I have no right to talk to you, so innocent, about such things." She felt the hand of her companion tighten on her own, and all her sorrows running from her heart, her prostituted youth, the recollection of her home, perhaps the thought of the one man less horrible than were the others, forced her to speak and lay her head upon the shoulder of the mysterious friend, who had come as it were out of the depths to comfort her.

As she was struggling to choke down her tears and speak, and as the English girl stood wondering, but sympathetic and expectant, clasping her hand in hers, a strong high voice broke through the stillness of the night.

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"Ethel, my dear," it said, "where have you got to, we have been looking for you for the last hour, and father is so cross?" The girls just pressed each other's hands, and separated, as ships which have but signalled may be parted by a mist, without the time to make out either their numbers, or the ports from which they hail.

Some Epigrams

(From F. Marion Crawford's "Fair Margaret")

To people who read much every new book has a personality, features and an expression, attractive, dull or repulsive, like most human beings one meets for the first time.

The fool who does not know that he looks a fool is happy. The fool who is conscious of looking one undergoes real pain. But of all the miserable victims of shyness, the one to be pitied is the sensitive, gifted man who is perfecetly aware that he looks silly while rightly conscious that he is not.

Prejudices are moral corns; anything that touches one makes it ache more or less, but the pain is always of the same kind. You cannot get a pleasurable sensation out of a corn.

Women do not flatter women unless they have something to gain, whereas men often flatter them for the mere pleasure of seeing them smile, which is an innocent pastime in itself, though the consequences are sometimes disastrous.

In spite of what philosophers tell us, most of us know ourselves pretty well. The conclusive and irrefutable proof of this is that we always know when we are not telling, or showing, the truth about ourselves, as for instance, when we are boasting or attributing to ourselves some knowledge or some power that we really do not possess. We also know perfectly well when our impulses are good and when they are bad, and can guess approximately how much courage we have in reserve for doing the one and how far our natural cowardice will incline us to do the other. But we know very little indeed about other people, and almost always judge them by ourselves, because we have no other convenient standard. A great many men are influenced in the same general way by the big things of life, but one scarcely ever finds two men who are similarly affected by the little things from which all great results proceed. Mark Antony lost the world for a woman but it was for a woman that Tallien overthrew Robespierre and saved France.

One of fate's most amusing tricks is to let us work with might and main to help her on while she makes us believe that we are straining every nerve and muscle to force her back.

Men sometimes follow women into a room with such an air of submission that one almost looks for the string by which they are led.

Men never love so energetically and persuasively as when they are fighting every day for life, honor or fame, and are already on the road to victory; but a woman's passion, though true and lasting, may be momentarily quite overshadowed by the anticipation of a new hat or of a social battle of uncertain issue.

Human society existed before the Ten Commandments, and a large part of it seems tolerably able to survive without them even now, but no nation has ever come to any good or greatness, since the world began, unless its men have kept

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their wives from other men. Yet nature is not mocked, and woman is a match for man; she first drove him to invent divorce for his self-defence, and see, it is a two-edged sword in her own hands and is turned against him. No strong nation, beginning its life and history ever questioned the husband's right to kill the unfaithful wife; no old and corrupt race has ever failed to make it easy for a wife to have many husbands—including those of her friends.

Women are very practical with each other in crying matters, but it is bad for us men if we treat them in the same sensible manner under identical circumstances.

As for the heart, it's like a loaf of bread. You must break it to get anything out of it, and if you never break it at all it dries up into a sort of little wooden cannon ball.

The great cities all have faces. If all the people who live in each city could be photographed exactly one over the other the result would be the general expression of that city's face. New York would be discontented and eager; London would be stolidly glum and healthy, with a little surliness; Berlin would be supercillious, over-bearing; Rome would be gravely resentful, and so on, but Paris would be gay, incredulous, frivolous, pretty and impudent.

One might write an interesting essay on the husbands of prima donnas and great actresses. What becomes of them? We know whence they come, for they are often impecunious gentlemen, but where do they go? There must be a limbo for them somewhere, a place of departed husbands. Possibly they are all in lunatic asylums. The greater the singer or the actress the more certain it is that she has been married and that her husband has disappeared.

There are silences of all sorts, as there is speech of all sorts. There are silences that set one's teeth on edge—it is always a relief to break them; and there are silences that are gentler, kinder, sweeter, more loving, more eloquent than any words, and which it is always a wrench to interrupt.

Psychology in fiction seems to mean the rather fruitless study of what the novelist himself thinks he might feel if he ever got himself into one of those dreadful scrapes which it is a part of his art to invent outright, or to steal from the lives of other men and women he has known or heard of. People who can analyze their own feelings are never feeling enough to hurt them much; a medical student could not take his scalpel and calmly dissect out his own nerves. You may try to analyze pain and pleasure when they are past, but nothing is more strangely and hopelessly undefined than the memory of a great grief, and no analysis of pleasure can lead to anything but the desire for more. The only real psychologists have been the great lyric poets before they have emerged from the bloom of youth.

True art has gone much further in defying humanity than in humanizing divinity. The Hermes of Olympia is a man made into a god; no Christian artist has ever done a tenth as well in presenting the image of God made man. When imagination soars towards an invisible world it loses love of life as it flies higher, till it ends in glorifying death as the only means of reaching heaven, and in doing that it has often descended to a gross realism which would have revolted the Greeks—to the materialism of anatomical preparations that make one think of the dissecting room, if one has ever been there.

Love of genuine art is the best sort of love of life, and the really great artists have always been tremendously vital creatures. So-called artistic people who are sickly, or merely under-vitalized, generally go astray after strange gods; or at best, they admire works of art for the sake of certain pleasure, or sad, or even unhealthy associations which these call up.

It is always an advantage to be thought a fool when one is not. If one is clever it is much better to have it believed that one is merely lucky. In business everybody likes lucky people, but everyone avoids a clever man.

It seems pretty sure that progress means, with many other things, the survival of the unfit and the transmission of unfitness to a generation of old babies; but where men are not disinfected, sterilized, fed on preserved carrion and treated with hypodermics from the cradle to the grave the good old law of nature holds its own and the weak ones die young, while the strong fight for life and are very much alive while they live.

The fable of the Dog in the Manger must have been composed to describe us Anglo Saxon. It is sufficient that we be hindered from getting what we want, even by our own sense of honor; we are forthwith ready to sacrifice life and limb to prevent any other man from getting it. The magnanimity of our renunciation is only to be compared with our tenacity in asserting our claim to what we have renounced. Even our charities usually have strings to them on which our hold never relaxes, in case we should want them back.

—The Gleaner.

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As It Was in the Beginning.

A STORY OF LIFE IN MANILA

By Herbert West

(Concluded from Last Week.)

A pet monkey sprang into the room and made caressing advances at the man. The little beast perched on his head, pawed him affectionately, suddenly reached down and extracted from the pocket of the pajama jacket a tiny banana, with which it made off.

Van Dyne laughed curiously. "There you have it," he said. "Constancy, eh! Witness the monkey. How affectionate he was until he got the fruit. Where is he now? Hiding away where he won't be bored by the man-people until he is hungry and has to come out again and go through his part. 'As it was in the beginning,' eh! Why, we don't even know how it was in the beginning."

The woman had been regarding him strangely. She now turned and looked blankly out through the shell windows at the groves of banana palms and mimosa trees. The man finished his glass and wheeled around to the instrument.

"Ted," said the woman, at last, "we have been married ten years."

"So?" said Van Dyne, easily. "It seems longer than that since we had our beginning."

Mrs. Van Dyne never knew what prompted her to ask the question, but she said, very softly: "Do you remember as it was in our beginning, Ted?"

The man's fingers flew from the keys and he turned abruptly around. For fully five minutes he regarded the woman, then he said, with a change from his usual tone: "I don't know, I don't know."

"It was a poor beginning, wasn't it, Ted?" continued the woman.

"It was," agreed the man—"worthy the end."

"You were making about as much in a week as you pay now for, say, that pair of silk pajamas."

Van Dyne grinned. "It was pretty hard picking," he agreed. "I thought, when I paid out eight dollars gold a week for two weeks' board at a country house I was a prince of the blood. Eight dollars was what your mother charged for board, wasn't it?"

His tone had resumed its old insolent, careless character. "I was poor then, wasn't I?"

"So were we," said Mrs. Van Dyne, reminiscently, "very poor. There were times during the winter when—when we didn't dine regularly. The summer season was our little harvest. From the boarders we got our little money and our little ideas of the city."

"What a precious lot those boarders were!" said Van Dyne, reflectively. "Do you remember the couple from Brooklyn, the man who worked in the wholesale dry-goods store, and his wife, who thought she could sing English love ballads, and how we used to guy them?"

"And the young woman, just married, whose husband drank so much and jumped into the creek one night," said Mrs. Van Dyne.

"Well, rather! Didn't she get me out of bed in the middle of the night and implore me to save her husband from drowning? And didn't I tell her that a little water would be a good thing for him, and roll over and go to sleep again? And didn't he show up at breakfast next morning, looking like a spanked spaniel?"

"And the long-legged boy that waited on the table and ran away and got married," recalled Mrs. Van Dyne. "His mother never forgave him."

"And the prize-fighter that had consumption and was trying to pull himself together in the mountain air. He



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taught me to box," said Van Dyne. "I remember we used to go to the old haunted house on the side of the creek and put on the gloves, where we were sure of not being disturbed. He was a real good chap, that fighter."

"I know," said his wife; "he died in New York, didn't he? You gave him twenty-five dollars the summer after we met him, telling him to go to the country again." The woman's face softened. "That was good of you, Ted. You were always generous."

"I wanted to save a good man," said Ted. "but it was no go. He was too far gone."

The man flicked the ash from his cigarette. The woman gazed out to the west, where the day was sinking to sleep in a great bed of changing gold. "Those days were different," she said. "You didn't have a piano to dawdle over, and you couldn't sleep till six o'clock in the afternoon, and I had no pretty gowns nor rings. Do you remember how we used to look, Ted?"

"I remember that I didn't own a dress suit and that you always wore white, and that we didn't have a box at the Opera or a steam yacht."

"The first two years were pretty hard," said the woman, "and life in a Twenty-sixth street boarding-house is not enchanting. But we had fun, hadn't we, Ted? Do you remember how you used to go into the Sixth avenue cigar stores and get lithograph tickets for the theatres, and how we used to climb to the gallery and enjoy every bit of the play?"

The man looked straight ahead, and something very like a sigh escaped him. "But I won out," he said, "I won out. I knew I should. I think that first thousand dollars I made on the Exchange was the prettiest money ever stamped by the Government. Anyway, it was the making of us."

"Or the ruin," said the woman, dreamily.

The man stared out at the distant ships, black-lined against the reddened sky. "Or the ruin," he agreed, thoughtfully. Then very slowly, "How has it all happened, Elaine?"

"Yo no se," answered Mrs. Van Dyne. "It has been, as Stevenson says, a friendly process of detachment."

"Yes," said the man, "I don't believe we have ever been actually unfriendly, have we?"

"We just grew away, I think," said the woman, half-impersonally. "You stopped reminding me that I was beautiful. I gradually lost my interest in your interests."

They looked at each other in the gathering dusk. "It is—unfortunate," said the man, hesitatingly. He looked at his wife, more closely than he had looked in years. He noted the nobility of her pose, the glorious crown of pretty hair, the dreamy brown eyes. "It is unfortunate," he repeated—"for you are beautiful, Elaine."

"You ask how it happened," went on the woman; "it happened thus: After you had conquered Wall Street you forsook your earlier conquest. You gave me neglect for care, flippancy for love. It isn't a very incriminating indictment—but it's thorough, Ted, it's thorough. And I," she went on, after a pause, "I—well, you know, Ted, that I feed on admiration. I have always been honest with you. I have told you my nature. You have known that it was necessary to me to have adulation. You know that I loved the flesh-pots, loved pretty gowns and glittering jewels and to be seen in company with brilliant people. And you, Ted, you gradually stopped making love to me. I was too surely your possession."

The man rose from the stool and came over to the window. He gathered in all the glory and the longing of the woman. One white hand rested gracefully on the arm of the bamboo chair. A sudden unaccountable impulse seized him, and he caught the hand roughly in his own and held it.

"You have been careless of me," went on the woman. "You have taken me to whatever country the whim seized you to see. You have planted me down and said, "There,

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shift for yourself; go your way. Don't bother me. I have my own pleasures and interests.' Ted, you have thrown temptation straight at my head."

The man still held her hand. Mad thoughts were racing through his brain. The young love of ten years ago was battering at his pride and demanding expression. Finally, the barrier gave way and, in a torrent of self-reproach, the man, kneeling at the feet of his wife, protested his love and wooed again as he had in the old days. The woman, sobbing piteously, wrenched herself from his arms.

"Oh, Ted, Ted," she wailed, "why have you done this terrible thing? Why have you gone on, year after year, teaching me the lesson of bitterness?"

"Hush, sweetheart, hush," said the man, brokenly. "It is not too late; it is not too late."

"This afternoon," said the woman, metallically, "I promised to go away with Senor Santos!"

On the stage and in the novels the man would have grown tragic. In real life the thing is ordered differently. He covered his face with his hands and wept. After a little he reached out and drew the woman to him.

"Dearly beloved," he said, using the name that had been sacred to them years before, "it is all my fault—all mine. Dry your beautiful eyes. We will begin again. We will start where we left off. As it was in the beginning, it shall be now."

"World without end. Amen," added the woman, nestling in his arms.

Letters

"Recollections of a Gold Cure Graduate"

The first of the new season's booklets from the house of H. M. Caldwell is "Recollections of a Gold Cure Graduate." It is in somewhat similar vein to "On and Off the Water Wagon," one of the most successful of the last holiday productions, and will please the same class of readers. Some of the aphorisms and epigrams are clever, though, naturally, they appeal more to the masculine than to the feminine mind."

"You pay for the champagne—the headache is free."

"It is waste of time for a thoughtless man to think."

"Everybody sympathizes with the under dog—until he gets on top."

But it would not be fair to pull out all the plums. There is an abundance of them, from the coupon and pledge at the beginning to the appendix which is (or isn't) at the end. The text is by Newton Newkirk, and the illustrations, which include end-papers and decorative margins, by Wallace Goldsmith. The binding is in gilt brocade, a most attractive little brochure, and just the thing for a gift to the club friend or cousin. In appearance it is dainty enough to suggest a favorite poem. Published by H. M. Caldwell of Boston and New York.

A Linguistic Genius

One of the new books announced by the Appletons, "The House of Islam," should attract immediate attention. It is the work of Marmaduke Pickthall, the young Englishman whose "Sa-id the Fisherman," was such a success a few years ago. The new book is to deal with Turkish life and customs, and there is probably no author more familiar with the subject than Mr. Pickthall. He has a genius for the acquisition of languages, and both speaks and writes not only the principal European languages, but the dialects of the East as well. He is credited with the ability to acquire any tongue within two months and to do it so perfectly that his nationality will not be betrayed. He is yet several years on the sunny side of thirty but has spent much of his life in the

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Orient. When in London he frequents the East End, because of the opportunities he finds, amongst the foreigners, for keeping up his linguistic practice. It is said to be an ordinary feat for him to turn from a conversation with a Greek sailor to address a Russian, and the next moment be deep in communication with a Persian merchant or an Italian.

Wallace Irwin's "Chinatown Ballads" is just from the press of the Duffield Company. Illustrations are by Peixotto.

Shepard's Publications

Morgan Shepard, formerly of this city, has established a publishing house at 225 Fourth Avenue, New York. In the April fire, all plates, stock and manuscript were lost, but Mr. Shepard has been assiduously at work ever since, replacing matter as rapidly as possible. The change of location was thought desirable because of the present lack of facilities in San Francisco, but the issues from the house of Morgan Shepard, like those of the Paul Elder Company, will bear the imprint of both San Francisco and New York. One of the first new books will be C. L. Canfield's "Diary of a 49er," a record of the personal experiences of the author in the pioneer days. It was at first designed to embellish the volume with illustrations from contemporaneous sketches and drawings, but these were all lost in the catastrophe, and the idea has been abandoned per force. Another early issue will be "On the Giving of Gifts," by Margaret Collier Graham. "Lions," a series of twelve caricatures of celebrities by James Simpson, with an introduction by Haldane Macfall, and "Henrik Ibsen," a monograph by Haldane Macfall, are also on the list.

Some Scribner Publications

Amongst the new offerings of the Scribners is an eleven-volume set of Ibsen's works, the only complete edition in English, the translations, chiefly by William Archer, whose versions received the approval of the author. Arthur C. Train, whose contribution to the book shelves last year was a volume of connected short stories dealing with "McAllister and His Double," now presents "The Prisoner at the Bar," subtitled, "Sidelights on the Administration of Criminal Justice," and giving an account of the actual manner in which criminal courts are conducted, with numerous anecdotes as exemplifications. Mr. Train has been intimately connected with this phase of legal proceedings, as he has been assistant district attorney of New York, and has gained his knowledge and evolved his theories from facts. Richard Harding Davis will be represented by a volume containing his three successful farces, and also by "Real Soldiers of Fortune," stories of the lives of real adventurers, such as Walker, the Filibuster, Baron Harden-Hickey, the Sherringtons and General MacIver. Ernest C. Peixotto will have an illustrated volume, "By Italian Seas," and there is to be an edition de luxe of "Peter Pan." Novels by F. Hopkinson Smith, Nelson Lloyd, Thomas Nelson Page and John Fox Junior are also announced. The Scribners are the principal American importers of fine art books, and they have an unusually large assortment of Art Monographs, Etchings, and Drawings of Great Masters from which to choose.

George Wharton James has returned from an adventurous trip through the southwest and will embody his experiences in his new book about to be issued by Little, Brown & Co., "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert." Mr. James, it may be interesting to know, is the real hero of "A Sagebrush Parson."

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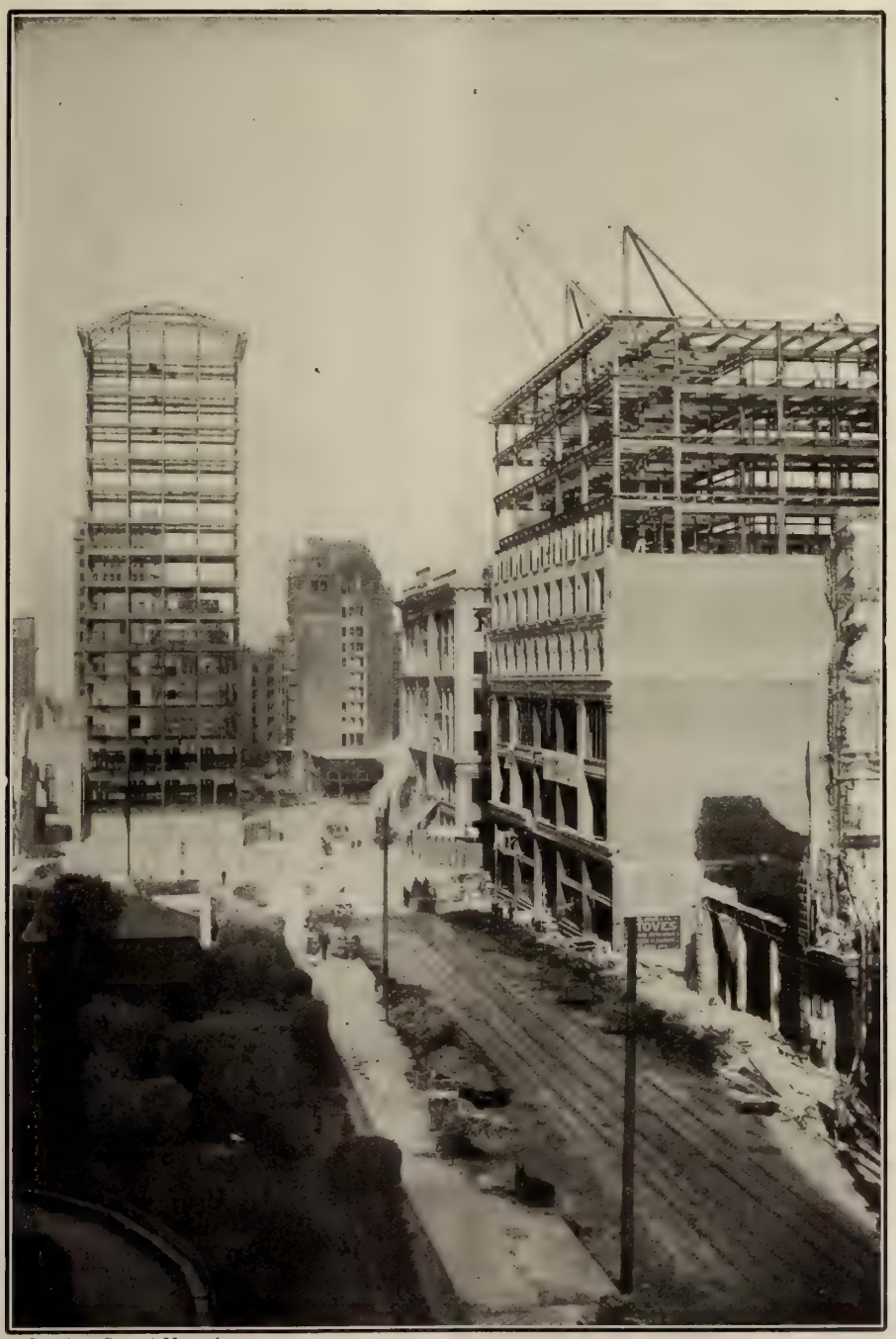
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TOWN TALK

VOL. XV. No. 736 San Francisco, October 6, 1906 Price, 10 Cents



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TOWN TALK

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Hearst's Great Moral Triumph

It is absolutely incredible that Mr. Hearst is so bad as his enemies assert or so great a hypocrite as they gladly infer from his conduct. There is possibly a great deal of good in Mr. Hearst. The lives of great men remind us not only that we may make ours sublime but that insincerity is not always proof of selfishness. Sometimes it is proof of a fanatical devotion to a great cause. It is also proof sometimes of the courage with which heroes are equipped. For the insincerity that is expressed in the abandonment of principles which have been proclaimed the essence of a creed requires great courage. Some of the heroes of history, who were animated by the noblest motives, deceived their friends, duped their supporters and defied the scorn of the scoffers. Inconsistency has been productive of good in this world. A wise philosopher has told us that the valet-world has to be governed by the sham hero. That is a subtle way of saying that to become a ruler a man must first practice the arts of the quack. And there is something in that. George Bernard Shaw tells us that he had to play the mountebank in Hyde Park in order to catch the public ear, and Shaw is a man with a mission, a moralist intent upon improving the morals of the world by introducing a new system of ethics. To catch the public ear Mr. Hearst had to play the mountebank, and having caught it he began shedding his skin with its municipal ownership and other spots. He has been dissembling as did Cromwell after leaving the marsh lands of Cambridgeshire to fight his way to the Protectorship of England. As Hume tells us Cromwell was sincere in the beginning but became a hypocrite as things opened round him. In time he distinguished himself as a liar by whom all parties were deceived, but his mission was a great one. Mr. Hearst has in him something of the character of Cromwell. We may discover in time that he is as unselfish as he says he is. His enemies assert that he is merely an ambitious charlatan with an inordinate hunger for office, but that is a very narrow-minded conception of him, a conception that bears out the observations of a philosopher respecting the tendency of human nature to judge great leaders by the least prepossessing facet of their character. It should be remembered that Mr. Hearst embodies a force to be reckoned with even though he were entirely devoid of political ambition. It is almost inconceivable that a man of his tremendous power, a man with the ability to achieve the great success that has crowned his professional efforts, and who was the foe of rogues and champion of virtue long before he thought of minting the record of his civic zeal, would deliberately expose himself to the jeers of his enemies merely to indulge his vanity in high station. It is more reasonable to surmise that there is a fanaticism that impels him onward, a zeal for the abatement of great evils which inspires him with the courage to cast aside the scruples by which ordinary mortals proclaim their respect for the opinion of others. He may be more profound than is suspected by the average enlightened moralist who goes about with priggish punctiliousness looking for the almost imperceptible eruptions on the body politic. Perhaps, like Savonarola, he hates the civilization of his time, being conscious of its fundamental imperfections. Perhaps he sees that the special privileges of the rich and the corruption in public office are merely symptoms; that the disease is the blind expectation of reform through the agency of parties that affirm their fealty to principles which they regard as buncombe. Has he not already done something great in exposing, by the very manner in which he obtained his nomination, the appalling rottenness of a party that has chosen Presidents for us? Has he not emphasized the venality of the king-makers of that party? And is not that which he has accomplished a magnificent moral triumph? Whatsoever be Mr. Hearst's motives he is deserving of our gratitude for exposing the loathsome character of the game of politics as at present played. Who knows but that the glow of his personality now transfiguring the horizon of this epoch is the dawn of a wiser and more virtuous Republic!

Brisbane on Hearst

In the current number of the "North American Review" Arthur Brisbane, the man by whom the editorial policy of the Hearst papers is conducted, gives an analysis of the character of his employer, a review of his achievements and a statement of the purpose of his activities. Clearly the object of the article is to give the impression that Mr. Hearst is a great civic patriot and philanthropist, intent upon redeeming his countrymen from injustice and making of this country a Utopia, something Mr. Brisbane would have us believe that he conceives to be quite feasible. With some of Mr. Brisbane's assertions one can readily agree, but from many one is disposed to dissent. The readers addressed by him through the "North American Review" are not likely to be deeply impressed by what he has said. Though he does not substitute large capitals for logic as he invariably does when appealing to the readers of the Hearst papers, he does not refrain from the blinkard dazzlements of the dilettantish doctrinaire. For example, in summarizing Hearst's programme of reform, he says: "He is among those who realize that a country which could comfortably support two thousand millions of beings ought surely now to support in plenty and free from worry all men willing to work." We are expected to infer that it is Mr. Hearst's intention to do something more than merely realize what this country ought to do, but Mr. Brisbane does not disclose the nature of the steps he intends taking beyond assuring us that there is no doubt "that Hearst will be elected President of the United States if he lives." In discussing Mr. Hearst's achievements, he pronounces him the greatest creator of intelligent dissatisfaction this country has seen. That assertion is not all exaggeration. Mr. Hearst has created a deal of intelligent dissatisfaction. It is also true that he has done much toward "making dishonest wealth disreputable," but there are many people who do not enthuse over Mr. Hearst despite the great good he has done, because of the great amount of pernicious and ignorant dissatisfaction he has created. They would applaud him for his efforts to compel greater liberality on the part of employers if he did not at the same time inculcate among employees a sentiment of hostility to all employers. Mr. Brisbane informs us, however, that Mr. Hearst is not responsible for all the foolish things that are done by his editors. He might have gone further and acquitted him in terms, of responsibility for certain Sunday Supp. cartoons which illustrate the vagaries of a deft philosopher with a genius for assorting capitals.

Calhoun's Imperfect Knowledge

Patrick Calhoun, President of the United Railroads, recently gave utterance to some very just but stinging criticism of this city, referring especially to the humiliating state of servility to which we have been reduced by our ruthless masters of the labor unions. But Mr. Calhoun appears to be laboring under a misapprehension. He said among other things: "There are plenty of men in San Francisco who have intelligence and courage enough to stand for what is right, but the trouble with them is that they have no leader and no bond of union between themselves. They are scattered and have no medium of communication." Where, we would like to know, did Mr. Calhoun meet in this city men a-plenty merely in need of a leader to enable them to accomplish that which is most desirable at this time? Surely he did not find them among those who are commonly known as our leading citizens, or in that element by which our principal clubs are supported. Mr. Calhoun is not intimately acquainted with the citizens of San Francisco. He evidently knows nothing of the history of industrial strife in this city. He is ignorant of the fact that the men whose interests compel their concern for the welfare of San Francisco have been organized for protection against labor unions and have failed to check the aggressions of those unions. He would probably be amazed to learn that they failed through lack of common sense and through treachery. He would perhaps be astounded if told that the treacherous ones are engaged in business in San Francisco today and that their conduct brought upon them neither disgrace nor discredit. When Mr. Calhoun gets better acquainted with the citizenry of San Francisco he will conclude that something more than a leader is needed for the work of redemption. What is principally to be desired is a new class of leading citizens with veins teeming with red corpuscles.

The Making of Sceptics

From the apathy of the people in this campaign we infer that a wholesome scepticism is spreading over the land. The campaign orators are handing out the familiar fustian by which the public mind was once inflamed, but nobody appears to be getting excited. Gallant young statesmen grappling with the living problems of the hour and shaping the destinies of the State are viewed with aggravating indifference. It seems as though to the average citizen, grown sceptical in his observations of the game of politics, the purely patriotic and sincere job-chaser is incredible. And we should not be surprised if such proved to be the case. For the people of this country have been often enough reminded of the fact that their politicians are rogues, whose professed concern for the public welfare is an affectation. They should not be expected to enthuse forever over a diversion that has been worn threadbare; to be everlastingly inflamed by sentiments which they have come to recognize as theatrical platitudes. Indeed it would be more reasonable to assume that the unsophisticated voter was not to be brazenly trifled with; that, on the contrary, he would be inclined to resent conduct that implied an undervaluation of his intelligence. But job-chasers have great confidence in their skill as dissemblers. For example, ponder the faith that Mr. Langdon has in himself. He is appealing to the suffrages of the people on the strength of his independence and freedom from sinister influence. Yet there is not in the State, perhaps, a man or woman in ignorance of the humiliating anomaly of his position. We have with us, also, in this campaign, Mr. Theodore Bell, a young man who once had felicitous prospects. He is trying to fill the role of an anti-railroad candidate. Yet he is the candidate of the Western Pacific Railroad, and behind him is the sack of Mr. George Gould. Perhaps Mr. Bell doesn't know he is Mr. Gould's candidate. It should be remembered that he is a very innocent young man despite the fact that he is a lawyer. Perhaps he doesn't know that Mr. Gould is spending any money in his campaign. There are circumstances that might arouse the suspicion that Mr. Bell does know that he is Mr. Gould's candidate, but suspicion based merely on circumstantial evidence is not to be seriously indulged. One of the circumstances pointing to the suspicion is that Mr. Bell is running for Governor despite the fact that he felt not long ago that he could not be beaten for Congress. It has been said that Mr. Herrin persuaded Mr. Bell to run for Governor to ensure the election of Mr. McKinlay to Congress, but nobody gives credence to that assertion. We mention it to indicate the sense of Bell's strength in his Congressional district. The man by whom Bell was lured out of the Congressional race is Mr. McNab, who is said to be interested in the projects of the Western Pacific road. His success in persuading Mr. Bell against Mr. Bell's own convictions, however, may be accounted for on the theory that the young lawyer had not the faintest suspicion of the motive. But as we have suggested scepticism is spreading over the land, and in consequence of it Mr. Bell is not convincing in his role of anti-railroad reformer. To the average sceptic, the self-sacrificing job-chaser who, through zeal for the public weal, surrenders a bird in the hand to enter upon the pursuit of two in the bush, is incredible.

The Schools for Climbers

That little Miss Bryan was sent to a finishing school in which her pet dog would not be received is a matter of surprise. A finishing school that does not receive pet dogs is not a fashionable institution no matter what its pretensions may be, and a finishing school is nothing if it is not fashionable. Girls are not sent to finishing schools for a scholastic training but that they may acquire the airs, the graces, the conceits and the conventional accomplishments of smart society. They are breeders of snobbishness. In finishing schools there is no encouragement to the practice of precepts that develop the graces of the mind and heart. They impart a veneer of intellectual polish and nothing more to indicate an academic experience. In the long ago our grandmothers attended what were frankly known as finishing schools which pretended to do no more than add the final polish. Girls were

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King Solomon's Hall

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not expected to dabble in ancient and modern languages. If they could write well enough for an occasional family letter and had a sufficient knowledge of the mystery of reading to follow the church service or make out the words of the hymns it was enough for practical purposes. They were presumed to acquire a knowledge of housewifery from their mothers, to be proficient in the mysteries of baking and brewing, pickling and preserving, mending and making, and this much being assimilated, they were sent to a boarding school where they were given certain lady-like trimmings. They graduated with the ability to enter and leave a room gracefully, to seat themselves without making a display of hosiery and underwear, to enter a carriage, and to make wax flowers, rice baskets and crystallized bouquets. They also learned to display their graceful fingers in what George Elliott terms "busy idleness" tatting, crochetting, netting and hair work, after which they were supposed to be, and really were, fitted to fill any position to which they might be called. The academies and colleges of our day do no more. They draw because of their reputation for branding the output with the hall-mark of the elect. They are excellent training schools for the daughters of climbers. They guarantee principally the improvement of social position, and if they did nothing worse they would not be objectionable, but the sentiments inculcated by these hot-houses of snobbery are most pernicous.

The Infant Phenom

London is exploiting a literary prodigy, one Ursula Bloom, thirteen years old, who writes stories for grown-ups and edits a juvenile magazine. When Ursula is thirty-three, if she lives that long, she will be neither a great writer nor a name to conjure with in editorial circles. Prodigies seldom develop according to promise—never when they are exploited. If the child has an inclination to write she should be permitted to do so, just as little girls are allowed to practice five-finger exercises after they have their first music lessons, but who if they are put on the concert stage so that all the world may wonder at their five-finger proficiency are bound to wither before they bloom. Ursula Bloom might have been left perfectly happy writing stories for her brothers and sisters in the nursery and never dreaming that she was different from other little girls. Now that she has been forced upon the attention of royalty and the titled world there is an end to any possible promise her future might have held. Within the last ten years there have been a score of these wonder children. Richard Le Gallienne had a Chicago protege, and there was a little French girl who wrote dramas, and two or three English poetesses of tender years, not to mention all the precocious young Americans. Where are they all now? Their tiny candles have flickered out. They did childish things wondrous well, but when they passed the age of childhood, and could no longer command attention because of their youth there was nothing to carry them further along. There are comparatively few children who do not make some effort towards writing stories or printing a paper. Perhaps all our successful writers have shown youthful precocity, but they had sensible parents who let their efforts go for what they were worth. There is no worse model to be set before a child than Little Jack Horner.

Cubans Working Out Their Destiny

Now that we are having so much trouble in Cuba it is interesting to recall that three years ago a joint resolution, inviting Cuba to become a State in the Union, was discussed in Congress. It was offered in the Senate, but was referred to the Committee on Relations With Cuba, by whom it was pigeon-holed. It recited, "Whereas the Republic of Cuba is desirous of securing commercial union with the United States, and whereas the best commercial union can be secured by and through political union by means of the admission of the Republic of Cuba as a sovereign State in the Union, now, therefore, be it Resolved that the Republic of Cuba is hereby invited to become a State, upon terms of equality with all other States of the Union." The resolution suggested that Porto Rico become a county of the State of Cuba; that the President and Vice-President of Cuba continue in office as the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and all other Cuban officials hold corresponding State offices, the customs and postal employees being transferred to the United States Services and the Rural Guard incorporated into the United States Army. Senator Newlands of Nevada offered the resolution and explained that it was not inspired by the idea of forcible annexation or any form of compulsion, but by regard for the interests of the two countries which are identical and can best be secured by a union. If the measure had gone through, in all probability the present complications and the hardships that have accompanied them would have been avoided. But the resolution was bitterly opposed. Senator Hale pronounced it a scheme behind which were speculators and adventurers, and praised the good sense and good judgment of the Cubans. Senator Lodge protested against arousing the suspicion and hurting the feelings of the Cubans by discussing a plan to bring them into the Union. He urged that we leave them alone to work out their destiny. And now we have our warships in Havana, and we are engaged at great expense in assisting the people with the good sense and the good judgment in working out their destiny.

Supervisor Gallagher says that Maestretti is too small a man for the job. There is nothing small about the business that the Board of Public Works has been doing. Long reaches and large fists seem to be characteristics of this Administration.

QUALITY Is the keynote of our business. It is expressed in every stitch so forcibly that it made for us the greatest success in the shortest time on record in the clothing business.

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Benediction.

By Mabel Porter Pitts

If I may speak the soothing word
To them that grieve,
If I may check the sigh that's heard
When hopes deceive,
If I may raise some guiding light
For pilgrims lost within the night
And teach those hearts by sorrow stirred
To still believe;
If, when the sadness of each face
To smiles is grown,
I may be giv'n some sheltered place
To hide my own
Where friends that come will leave unguessed
That any grief has touched my breast,
'Twill bring me peace to light that space
Beneath my stone.

San Francisco, October, 1906.

Perspective Impressions.

The ambition of small minds is not to do great things but to know great people.

The public conscience is a moral mirror. It reflects self-interests.

"There is honor among thieves," has been amended. It now reads, "There is division among grafters."

Perhaps Mr. Hearst feels that it is less reprehensible to deceive the people in their own interest than in the interest of the trusts.

Typhoons in the Orient and earthquakes and destructive storms in this hemisphere remind us that this planet is becoming a very precarious place of residence.

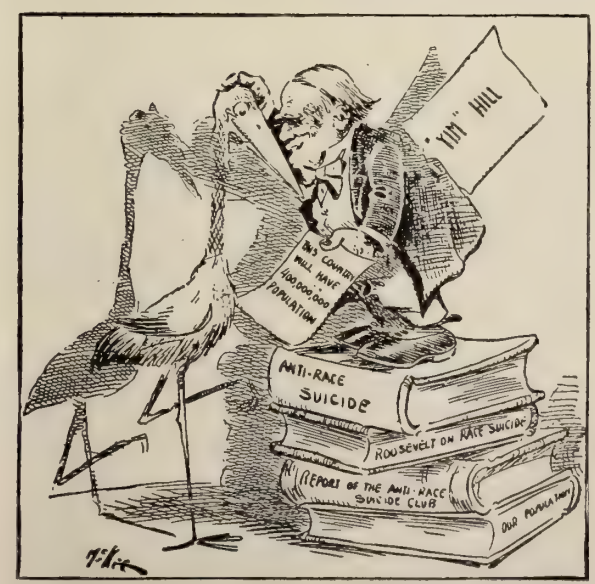
Mr. Hearst has had his revenge on Bourke Cockran. He whipped that distinguished statesman into the role of a whited sepulchre.

The trouble in Cuba is entirely due to the fact that President Palma was elected under a system by which the people were denied a free expression of sentiment. The Cubans may be hopelessly incapable of self-government, but they'll fight for a square deal.

Mr. Hearst is not so inconsistent as some of his critics imagine. He has been asserting for years that party platforms were gold bricks which shrewd politicians used as lures. He is now trying to exemplify what he has so often asserted. The joke is not on Hearst but on Tammany.



WAITING FOR A JOB.
A British view of our Presidential possibilities.
—"Evening Standard and St. James' Gazette (London).



The Prophet to the President's Pet Bird—"Can't I depend on you, old fellow?"
—McKee in the Indianapolis "Star."

State Division.

Sentiment In Los Angeles As Interpreted By a Journalist of That City

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 24, 1906.

Editor "Town Talk": I have read with much amusement and some amazement your comments on my communication. My newspaper instructor, "Tom" Williams, used to say to me, "Scotty, when you've got no case but have to do a man up, don't go at him with a club, but toy with him; adopt a platform that he doesn't stand on and proceed to demolish him on the theory that he occupies the position you place him in." You have adopted the Williams plan. Assuming that I am prejudiced against San Francisco you attempt my extermination. With your foundation in error, most of your superstructure is ditto.

I have the kindliest feelings for San Francisco, its men and its fleshpots. For thirteen years it was my home. It will be my home again some day when I get enough money to live and do business there respectably. So of prejudice there is none.

Realizing that controversies are tiresome, may I make one or two points and stop?

That Southern California is parochial considering its attitude toward the North may be true, but it is distinctly not parochial toward the rest of the country. This is evidenced by the news demand. Los Angeles newspapers print more "telegraph" twice over than San Francisco papers, because the demand for "telegraph" is urgent. People want to know and will know what is occurring East; what occurs in San Francisco is of less comparative moment, for the reason that few people have any interest or ties in the Northern section.

Los Angeles reads about your strikes and labor troubles, not in a spirit of glee, but amazement. That a city can surrender so abjectly to trade unions inspires Los Angeles not only with surprise but disgust. Never in this city would such a boycott as was placed on Johnson's restaurant be permitted; never would Farley's men have been deprived of the protection due American citizens; never would these men have been beaten half to death before the eyes of the police. Are there no William T. Coleman's alive in San Francisco? Have your "prominent citizens" thrown up the white flag forever? Is San Francisco an American city or is it ruled by an oligarchy of McCarthy's and Dick Cornelius's and their kind?

You sneer at the real estate men of the South and at the activity of all men in promoting settlement and building up the section. Running North and South from San Francisco you have the finest valleys in California. There is nothing finer in the world than the Sonoma country, than the Napa Valley, than the Santa Clara Valley. Every time I ride through the Santa Clara Valley, in particular, I am astounded. There is the finest country on the green earth. If Southern California had that valley we would have a million people on the ground in five years. Instead, that valley is populated largely by a race of human crabs who go backward when they move at all.

What Southern California is, is to a great extent the result of twenty-five years of constant effort and advertising. This advertising has been cumulative, and it is not to be counteracted or destroyed by a campaign of a year or two on the part of the "California Promotion Committee." If the North wants the benefit of immigration let it conduct its campaign of advertising, remembering that results will not come in a week or a month or a year.

I am familiar with California history. I am familiar with the former State division campaign—have been hunting up material about the old movement. That California will be divided, I firmly believe. It will come about through widely divergent needs concerning water legislation if from no other cause. There is little sentiment in the South about the "Days of Old;" little sentiment about the "Bear Flag" and the "Native Sons;" no feeling that because an individual has been born in California he is necessarily of the elect; and the "old Californians" cannot pooh-pooh the State division issue down, once it is under fair headway. Governor Pardee, let me assure you, came precious close to launching the movement a few months ago when he shilly-shallyed with the very proper request that Los Angeles made for enabling legislation for the new city and county of Los Angeles. Incidentally Governor Pardee got part of his reward at the Santa Cruz convention, for shuffling with the measures desired by the city and county that elected him Governor, if indeed he ever was elected.

Finally, Mr. Scott does not concern himself much about what the preachers say. This is no preacher-ridden town, although many of my Northern friends think so. If some fourth calibre man in Los Angeles, who happened to be a preacher, ascribed the San Francisco calamity to San Francisco's sinfulness, I decline to stand sponsor for his utterances. Pinheaded preachers the country over said substantially the same thing, so this utterance, if it was made, can scarcely be ascribed solely to Southern California's malice and jealousy.

Personally, I repeat that I have never heard a single Los Angeles man utter sentiments of hostility toward San Francisco. Pity for its distress, amazement at its supineness in dealing with labor agitators, hope for its industrial freedom and for an early rebuilding of the city—that is what you hear in the South.

Go North, as I have done, and listen to the San Francisco anvil chorus get busy with Los Angeles and the South! Then you will realize who is prejudiced.

Lastly, my dear Bonnet, what qualifies you to sit in judgment on Southern California and assert that "Los Angeles hates San Francisco?" My recollection is that the only time you have been here in six years was when you came down with the "Cabinet" and spent a few days in joyous festivity with that bunch of real things. Do you not honestly believe that thirteen years in San Francisco and constant visits since 1900 gives me a better insight into San Francisco's ideas than two or three days with the "Cabinet" at George Patton's jollification and mortification would give you of Los Angeles and the South?

With best personal regards, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

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Grotesque Allegories.

By Theodore Bonnet

The Poet of Nature

He was only a Poet of Nature. Being uneducated, his numbers were crude, his rhymes faulty, but he could speak of the trees in language that seemed to have dropped from their branches like ripe fruit. He uttered sentiments of the fields that emanated the fragrance of flowers. Of the brook he sang in tones that had rippled over mossy banks and through primeval meadows. The harmony of the spheres was in the rude, untutored lyrics that bespoke an occult sensibility to the mysteries of the blue depths that sparkled in the night.

But he was in great sorrow, for he had taken his abode in the City of Shame, and his deepest sympathies had been aroused by the misery of the inhabitants. They were prosperous but unhappy. They were highly cultured but they were dejected. They were skilled in the arts and sciences, but sad in the consciousness of their inability to govern themselves in a manner befitting the enlightened of the earth. Their one redeeming quality was their sensibility to humiliation.

The Poet of Nature communed with them and to him they complained bitterly of their helplessness. One day there came to him an Inspiration.

"You," said the Inspiration, "are a poet; therefore you are filled with a perfect knowledge of God. You have sympathy for your fellow creatures. Why do you not help them by acquainting them with the error of their ways?

"What shall I do?" asked the Poet of Nature.

"Become a Redeemer," said the Inspiration.

"But will they then crucify me?" asked the Poet of Nature.

"They will," was the reply.

Thereupon the Poet of Nature, more buoyant of spirit than he had been since his arrival in the City of Shame, started out to redeem the inhabitants. First he resolved to ascertain the cause of their woes. He found that at each of the gates of the city was a great institution of learning from which the community was recruited. Acting upon the theory that the character of a stream is best to be determined at its source he visited these academies of higher education. And he learned that they were conducted with a view principally to improving the manhood of the country.

He was highly pleased.

Inquiring how the great and exalted purpose of the institutions was being achieved, he was told that it was by promoting among the students a love of God.

He was intensely pleased.

But upon further investigation he learned that the deity referred to was not the God of nature, but a god of commerce whose name is Success.

Then he went forth into the city preaching against the corrupting influence of an education that builds university clubs for the greater glory of Captains of Industry.

And they crucified him between a scrupulous judge and an appallingly honest citizen.

The Mother and Her Pet

The Pet of the Family was about to leave his cell, for the hour was approaching at which, according to the decree of a Just Judge, he was to be hanged by the neck until his mortal part was qualified for funeral obsequies. He summoned His Mother to his side ostensibly for the purpose of whispering a last word into her ear. But instead of using that member, he took her right hand, removed it from her person and placed it tenderly in his pocket.

Whereupon His Mother wept, and mourning the loss of her hand upbraided the Pet of the Family for his ingratitude, saying, "Never during thy childhood did I lose an opportunity to indulge thy whims."

"True," replied the Pet of the Family, "and as a result my whims have become imperative. Surely thou wouldst not deny me the last one that I shall ever care to indulge, that of possessing the loving hand that so often spared the rod."

And he kissed her affectionately on the cheek after begging her to excuse him while he assisted the noble sheriff in the performance of the latter's duties.

The Reformer and the Evil

A Great Reformer believing himself to be a Public Benefactor resolved to become the Ruler of the Empire of Vanity so that he might redeem the inhabitants from the follies of their own egotism. He first appealed for their favor by affirming his great concern for their welfare and his many patriotic and philanthropic qualities, but he found that it would be impossible to achieve his end without the assistance of a Notorious Evil to which he had often expressed intense aversion. And the Notorious Evil hated the Great Reformer with all his heart, for he bitterly resented the verbal castigations that the Great Reformer had most assiduously inflicted in public places and with most humiliating effect.

However, when the Great Reformer approached the Notorious Evil in a conciliatory manner, the latter met him more than half way.

"I would like your assistance," said the Great Reformer, "for I wish to become the ruler of the Empire. What are your terms?"

"All that I want is your friendship," replied the Notorious Evil.

"That you may have," said the Great Reformer. And then he whispered to himself: "Until I am in a position to drive you out of the land."

And the Notorious Evil chuckled as he embraced the Great Reformer. For at that moment he made his sign in flaming letters on the back of the Great Reformer, and thereafter the inhabitants of the Empire of Vanity were much amused at the man who wished to be their ruler.

The Perpetual Job-Chaser

A Friend of the Peepul who had been running for office all his life succumbed to an attack of self-satisfaction, and much to his surprise the first person he met was his Satanic Majesty. He was on the point of giving that individual the snub direct and continuing on his way but was rudely halted by means of an instrument that anchored itself in his flesh.

"No need of going any farther," said his Satanic Majesty; "this is the place."

"Not for me," said the Friend of the Peepul; "I'm going to my reward."

"No," said his Satanic Majesty, "you misapprehend, you are coming to your deserts."

"I," exclaimed the Friend of the Peepul," pointing to himself with pride, "have a record for honesty."

"Oh, bosh!" was the comment evoked.

"I never behaved in public office as though it were a private snap," proudly asserted the Friend of the Peepul.

"But," said his Satanic Majesty, "whenever you ran for office you abused your competitors."

"I merely told the truth to warn the public," pleaded the Friend of the Peepul.

"You tried to hold your competitors and their friends up to scorn and win acclaim for your own virtue," affirmed his Satanic Majesty.

"For the Peepul's sake."

"No," said his Satanic Majesty, corrugating his brow in a broad smile, "for your own sake. You were a perpetual job-chaser and you persuaded yourself that you were a patriot. All job-chasers are more or less morbidly selfish, but some are worse than others and the worst are the reformers that malign their opponents. If they don't steal it is not because they are honest but because they consider theft inexpedient. No good man will try to achieve public office by abusing his fellow mortals.

The Friend of the Peepul was about to reply but at that moment something creaked and a pit of flame opened beneath him.

His Satanic Majesty was convulsed with laughter shaking the earth so violently that all the scientists began taking a deep interest in sun spots.

The Spectator

Mr. Phelan Making Enemies

If somebody doesn't soon assume the role of pacificator for the purpose of reconciling all hands in the dispute over the municipal water system local society will be split wide open, and by the time Mrs. Martin gives her next ball she won't be able to muster a corporal's guard of the elect. The situation is growing more critical every day. It is far more deplorable than it was when Mr. Phelan as Mayor of the City, led Prince Poniatowski and Will Crocker to believe that he would stand with them in the race track war and then succumbed to an attack of cold feet. He antagonized the Crockers and the Prince, but he had never stood very high in that set. The present complications are of much wider scope, for in opposing the Tevis scheme and trying to compass the crushing of Spring Valley, Mr. Phelan is arousing the enmity of two of the most powerful cliques in society. Captain Payson, the President of Spring Valley, is one of the sons-in-law of Mrs. Parrott and the Parrott estate has a great deal of money invested in the corporation which Mr. Phelan discusses in a most disrespectful manner. The Parrotts are not only the occupants of a very proud position in society, but they are known as a very religious family and it must be very unpleasant to them to have it intimated that the water company is a menace to the prosperity of the city. But Mr. Phelan appears to be reckless of consequences. He has intimated that Mayor Schmitz has been persuaded to ignore the welfare of the city; and Mayor Schmitz is himself in society. He has become the friend and benefactor of families whose members are Mr. Phelan's most intimate friends, and it is probably owing to that circumstance that he questioned the sanity of the ex-Mayor some weeks ago. Mayor Schmitz has an eye for the wheels within wheels and consequently he was amazed that Mr. Phelan should be so indifferent to the interests of his social cronies. Perhaps he felt that it was his duty to give Mr. Phelan a gentle hint that he might be restrained from going the distance and pointing out that the Administration has not a monopoly of all the graft in the city. Mr. Phelan would surely create a great sensation if he were to address an open-letter to several of the high and mighty of society reminding them of the moral code and the importance of wiping out the stains that they have put upon their escutcheons.

Schmitz at the University Club

The first hint of a split in the smart set was given some weeks ago on the occasion of the formal if not ceremonious launching of Mayor Schmitz in the swim. That event was not chronicled by our usually vigilant and zealous purveyors of social gossip, but whether they failed to appreciate its importance or scorned to give publicity to the social progress of the city's Chief Magistrate, I know not. The scene of the Mayor's proud entry to the circles of the elect was the very exclusive University Club where the matrons of society frequently entertain at luncheon. There it was that the Mayor was made the motif of a feast of reason and a flow of soul. The host of the occasion was Mr. Thomas Magee, the real estate agent who has been very active as a member of the Relief Committee and who, at one time, was believed to be the Mayor's choice for police commissioner. The feast was a very enjoyable affair despite the fact that hospitality did not radiate from all quarters of the club. When it became known that the roof-tree sheltered a guest of honor in the person of Mayor Schmitz expressions of indignation floated through the air and if they did not penetrate the walls of the room graced by his Honor it was because they were too thick. One of the sternest critics of the feast, I am told, was Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, who was invited to the function and who declined the invitation. Consequently I infer that there has been something of a split in society.

San Francisco's Military Depot

Last week, through these columns, attention was called to the importance to this city of the action of Congress in making an appropriation for the establishing of transport docks near Fort Mason, and it was said that President Harriman of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company was maneuvring at North Beach because he knew that it was destined soon to become a very lively centre of industrial activity. I have since learned that our Chamber of Commerce was instrumental in getting through the legislation for the establishment of the military depot at this port. The interest of the chamber in the matter was aroused several years ago by William M. Bunker, from whom I have learned something of the character of similar institutions in the East. He says there are three great main depots for quartermaster stores; one in New York, one in Philadelphia and one in Jeffersonville, Indiana. Each is stocked to the value of two million dollars. The Jeffersonville depot which carries miscellaneous stores covers seventeen acres. Its buildings contain one hundred and fifty thousand square feet of warehouse flooring.

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It is upon this depot that requisitions are made for all goods used on this Coast and shipped to our island possessions. The depot to be established at North Beach will become the trade base for the Pacific, but the immense traffic which it will create is not the only benefit that will accrue to this city, for, as Mr. Bunker says, with such an institution in our midst it will be to the advantage of local houses to erect plants for the manufacture of army materials which are now purchased in the Eastern States.

Not a Special Privilege

Editor "Town Talk": I have just finished reading the adverse criticism in this week's "Town Talk" on "a saw-mill in operation on a sidewalk" in San Francisco. I am satisfied that the article would not have been written if it were thoroughly understood by the writer that such plants have been in common use in San Francisco for some years, and as I understand it, a similar plant may legally be used by any person who does not use more than one-third of the street space. We are spending quite a large sum of money in the erection of the buildings on Van Ness Avenue between O'Farrell Street and Ellis Street, moneys which we commenced to contract to spend in May of this year, at a time when the capitalistic class was largely pessimistic as to the future of San Francisco. We had and have a firm belief in the great future of San Francisco and exemplified that belief by commencing such work of rehabilitation as lay within our power immediately upon the conclusion of my services on the Committee of Fifty and on the Committee of Forty. The members of our corporation are active in their attempt to reconstruct San Francisco, as we intend to build in other parts of the city as soon as we finish the buildings on Van Ness Avenue, and we have already completed three smaller buildings than the ones we have under course of erection on Van Ness Avenue. I assure you that it took a lot of pluck to contract to spend several hundred thousands of dollars in building at the time we made our contracts, and that we may always be relied upon to do everything in our power to help retain for San Francisco its position as metropolis of the Pacific Coast.

Yours truly,
R. H. COUNTRYMAN.

The Crocodile Correspondent

Taliesen Evans is still shedding tears in the "Evening News" of Los Angeles over the pathetic plight of San Francisco. He is convinced that this city is going to the demnition bow-wows at a break-neck pace, and that several of our millionaires are plodding their weary way to the Poor House. The lamentations of Evans are heartrending. From his perch amid the ruins he sees nothing but signals of distress flying and to his eager ears come the wails and groans of the distressed and forlorn inhabitants. The old gentleman is piling on the agony in a way that should commend him to the heartiest approval of his employer, and he exhibits greater ingenuity than I ever thought he possessed, in extracting from facts the colors most suitable to his sophistries. With the characteristic aplomb of a Police Court shyster he distorts the evidence to justify a conclusion for which there is not the shadow of a basis, as, for example, when he cites the transaction by which the Sherwood estate leased to an Eastern syndicate the property at Pine and Market Streets, to indicate the financial distress of the owners and the misery of the city. Consider the naivete of the doleful inference drawn from the circumstance that an Eastern syndicate has come hither to invest a large sum of money in San Francisco realty at a rental which, according to Evans, is greater than the net revenues of the property before the fire.

Poor Mr. De Young

Mr. Evans is much worried over the dismal prospects of his former employer, Mr. M. H. De Young. He says that De Young had practically nothing left after the fire except his paper, "and that was saved only through the loyalty of its staff and the urgent necessities of the stricken merchants, manufacturers and professional men to inform their customers and clients regardless of the cost, that they were doing business in new locations." It is clear that Evans was nodding when he wrote that paragraph. I am authoritatively informed that he didn't believe it himself when he saw it in print and that he wrote to his editor censuring him for not having used his blue pencil with discretion. But in addition to intimating that the "Chronicle" staff saved the paper by playing the hose on it, Evans conveys the impression that Mr. De Young is on the verge of insolvency. He says that the "Chronicle's" proprietor has been subjected to the humiliating necessity of leasing all of his "former income producing properties to shack builders for the sake of the revenues which these leases yield." A dreadful state of affairs of course, but Mr. De Young is beset by bitter enemies who cannot be restrained from desecrating his holdings. But that is not all. He is likely, says Evans, to be compelled "to sacrifice more pride and property," somewhat after the manner, I suppose, of Pooh Bah, who was frequently insulted with token of disesteem.

The Sharons Calling for Assistance

In the Evans' list of unfortunate are the Sharon heirs who have found it necessary to call moneyed men in "to help them restore the Palace Hotel on the scale which will cost only one-half what the old structure cost the late W. C. Ralston." Evans shrewdly refrains from explaining that structural methods and materials have considerably changed since the days of W. C. Ralston, and that for $3,500,000, the amount to be invested in the new Palace, the heirs will rear a more substantial building than the one that cost Ralston $7,000,000. But at times Evans gets careless and then, purely through inadvertence, he drops a hint or two of the actual state of affairs. He reports, for instance, that high wages and the advance in the price of materials is holding back $38,000,000 worth of building contracts. The fact that building contracts of that magnitude have been made is eloquent of the confidence and prosperity of the people. Nevertheless the mournful Evans is wondering what the big office buildings that survived the fire are going to do for tenants.



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The self-confessed villainies of some of the six-bit fire insurance companies are astounding. A representative of one of them acknowledged, the other day, under pressure, that his company and others calculated on shaving from their policies just about what it would cost the victims to sue. This came out during his negotiations with a prominent lawyer who was trying to secure payment of a client's policy. The insurance man was a lawyer also, one of the imported Eastern bulldozers. He offered seventy-five cents on the dollar, but this was refused. The policy-holder's lawyer was willing to consider ninety-five cents. The insurance man laughed at this and said that eighty cents was the most that he would give. "It will cost you at least twenty cents on the dollar to sue," he said. "Not in this case," was the reply. "My client is a particular friend of mine, and I'll carry this through for nothing just to beat your scheme. Ninety-five or the law." "Well, if you feel that way about it, I guess it will have to be ninety-five," said the other. The two became confidential then, business having been adjusted, and the insurance man acknowledged that nearly all his company's policies were discounted because people would rather knock off a liberal amount than go to law about it. "But once in a while we get hold of a Tartar like you," he sighed, "and then we have to pay up."

When Funston Broke Into the Army

General Funston was probably chosen to direct military operations in Cuba because he is more familiar with the country and the Cubans than any other officer in the army. Before the war with Spain he was indulging his love of adventury as an officer in the rebel army in Cuba. When the war broke out, in what was known as the rocking chair period, when the corridors of the Tampa Bay Hotel were thronged with army officers and preparations were being made for the campaign, a little man, in a soiled suit of clothes, put in an appearance and applied for admission to the army. He said that he had been under fire with the rebels and knew something about Cuba. He wanted a staff position and was willing to go as an interpreter. Nobody paid much attention to him and he was getting very much discouraged when Governor Hoch of Kansas made him a Colonel of Volunteers. The little man was Frederick Funston. He was next heard of in the Philippines, where he did a few things that caused newspaper correspondents to sit up and take notice. He no doubt often recalls those anxious days in Tampa.

Marines Again to the Front

There have been numerous instances in recent years of the remarkable efficiency of the United States Marine Corps. Its powers of rapid mobilization have been demonstrated in many cases, notably in Panama, China, and present Cuban crises. The marines were in every case ready to move at once, with the precision of clockwork, while the Army had to wait for days and weeks. It was the marines who obtained the first foothold at Guatanamo, in Cuba, during the Spanish war. They were ready first to leave the Philippines for China in 1900. They proceeded within three days for Panama in the secession incident of 1904, the Army being reported unprepared and therefore was not ordered to the front. Now, it is not only the regular marine guards of the cruising ships, but marines from stations at home, who are on the spot and actually landed in Cuba over a week ahead of the Army. The Marine Corps is excellently managed and has an admirable system of mobilization by which a large and thoroughly equipped force is enabled to start off in a few days, or even hours, from many widely separated points. Yet the marines get little of the spectacular exploitation accorded the Army, though the Army almost always follows the marines.

Our Gilbertian Navy Department

Although the title of Commodore was abolished in the United States Navy by the personnel bill of 1899, there are still a few Commodores in the service, and one of them is Commodore H. N. Stevenson, now on duty at the Union Iron Works, in connection with the machinery of the new men-of-war being built there. Commodore Stevenson was formerly an engineer officer, but the personnel bill transferred him to the line with the rank of Captain. A little over a year ago he was retired, "with the rank of the next higher grade," as the law required, although still retained on active duty with active pay. The curious thing about all of this is that, while an officer on the active list passes directly from the grade of Captain to that of Rear-Admiral, in the absence of a grade of Commodore on the active list, when he is retired it seems that he must take the lower and smaller salaried grade of Commodore which was abolished. But they do some funny things in the Navy Department. The other Commodores (all on the retired list, of course, but most of them on active duty) are Karl Rohrer, William H. Turner, R. L. Phythian, Rush R. Wallace and J. H. Gillis.

Artist Del Mue

Contrary to the general impression, Maurise Del Mue, the artist whose caricature work in the "Call" is attracting much attention, is not a newcomer here. For ten years or more he has been working on various San Francisco dailies, besides putting in all the time he could spare at painting. Del Mue is a painter of far more than ordinary merit, entirely

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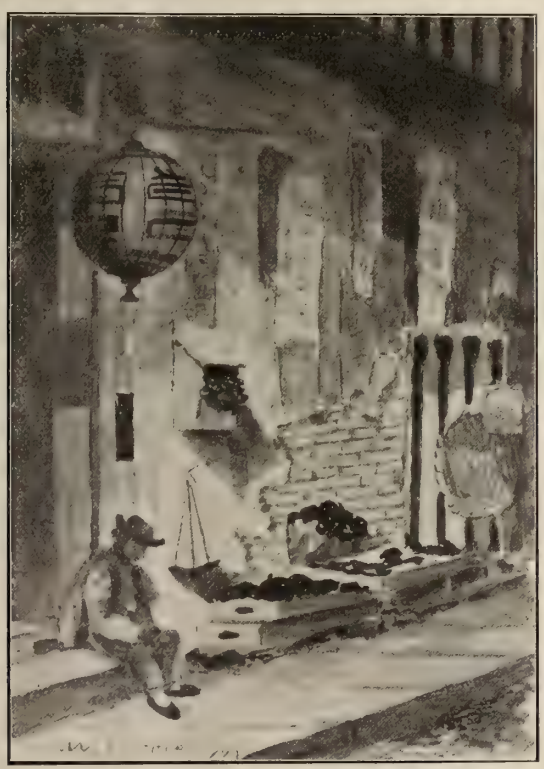
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original in his work, without being in the least faddish. He is a Frenchman, educated in Paris, and whatever he does has the Gallic touch. He is a most retiring, modest fellow, and only a few have known what he could do. It is only since the "Call" came under the new management that an opportunity has been given him to follow his bent, and the consequence is that his work is adding greatly to the attractiveness of the paper. His serious side is shown on the decorative work with which he embellishes his caricatures. These backgrounds, apparently afterthoughts merely thrown in for the sake of "filling up," are charming in their effect, excellent in composition and most artistic.

A Californian Writes About Hearst

A New York journalist, formerly of this city, writes me that the candidacy of William R. Hearst has created something of a panic in Wall Street. "The native son of California has them all guessing," he writes. "They don't know what



A Memento of Old San Francisco

It was reported that E. W. Currier, the artist, whose Chinatown sketches are famous, lost all his paintings in the fire, but the above is a reproduction of one of the canvases that were saved.

to make of him. He has become as enigmatic as the sphinx. He embodies a riddle that the politicians are unable to solve. They were in great glee when the Democrats nominated him on a platform that repudiates municipal ownership, believing that he would make himself ridiculous trying to explain. But he fooled them. He isn't trying to explain. He's merely running for Governor for the purpose of destroying the power of the Belmonts, the Ryans and the other exponents of frenzied finance, and though he received the support of Boss Murphy he is openly denouncing the Tammany leader. It's the funniest campaign in the history of the country. All sorts of theories are being advanced respecting the character of the spell that the champion of the plain people threw over his political enemies. It has been seriously suggested that he performed a feat of sorcery. But whatever he did it is no two to one shot that he won't be elected Governor, for take my tip—there is great repulsion of feeling against the big financial crooks and politicians of this State and it is not confined to socialists and labor unions. There are men in almost every walk of life disgusted at the corruption in public office and at the insolence of the families of our leading financiers, and they are quite eager to take a chance with Hearst. They're not bothering about his inconsistencies. They believe that he has tricked the politicians and they're glad of it. So don't be surprised if Hearst should be elected."

The Unsentimental Mr. Mills

D. O. Mills, a multi-millionaire, who spends some of his surplus wealth in building up a reputation for philanthropy, has decided to postpone the reconstruction of his Montgomery street building because the price of labor is not so low as he thinks it should be. Mr. Mills has taken a great deal of money out of this city and he expects, no doubt, to take out a great deal more, but with characteristic selfishness he purposes making no effort toward reviving the prosperity out of which he will profit. He prefers to let others create the conditions that he desires. In the circumstances it is highly proper that public notice be taken of Mr. Mills' attitude, for it is an attitude antagonistic to the city's interests. He is maintaining a nuisance on a public thoroughfare and it should be abated. The assessor should give special attention to the property, and our civic bodies should take cognizance of the absentee landlord and threaten to boycott him if ever he should again appeal for their patronage. In view of the fact that the foundation of the Mills fortune was laid in this city it was to be expected that sentiment would overcome pecuniary considerations and impel the multi-millionaire to join enthusiastically in the work of rehabilitation. But it appears that the old habit of adjusting the amount of the investment with a view to ensuring a good rate of interest has remained strong even unto the verge of the grave.

Favoritism Abated

I mentioned recently that there was considerable grumbling among the internal revenue brokers because, since the fire, one of their number was allowed to have desk room in the office of Bert Thomas, Internal Revenue Agent. They pointed out that such occupancy was not only strictly against the rules of the Treasury Department, but gave the favored broker an opportunity to pick up information as to internal revenue affairs that would be of great aid to him in his business. They protested, too, against the employment, by the firm in question, of a son of Thomas, asserting that this gave

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the brokers who employed him an additional advantage. My remarks regarding the affair caused something of a stir at the time among the brokers, and now has had further effect. When the news reached Washington, an investigation was immediately started, a Treasury Agent being sent out here to confirm the truth of the reports. He found that the condition of affairs had been correctly stated, and quick action was taken. The brokers were notified that they must immediately vacate their quarters in the revenue agent's office. Moreover, Mr. Thomas was informed by the Treasury Department that the employment of his son in business so closely allied to the work he was doing for the Government was strictly against the policy of the Government, and that he must give up his position. The other internal revenue brokers feel now that they can strive for business without being handicapped.

The Heathenless County of Humboldt

The daily newspaper correspondents are wrong when they say that the twenty-seven Chinese who were landed in Humboldt County Sunday for employment in a salmon cannery at Port Kenyon are the first Mongolians who have been in Humboldt since 1885. Although I cannot recall the date, I remember that something like fifteen years ago a number of Chinese were brought in for work at the same cannery on the promise that the company importing them would take them away as soon as the fishing season was over. As is the case now, the coming of the yellow men for even temporary purposes raised a row, for Humboldters are determined that there shall be no Chinese in the county. Humboldt has been practically free from them since February, 1885. At that time there was quite a colony of them in Eureka, and others were scattered through the smaller towns. The Eureka Chinese had been carrying on a highbinder war all winter, and pitched battles in the streets were common—so common, in truth, that white passersby were in constant danger. The Chinese were warned time and again to be less indiscriminate in their shooting but gave no heed. The climax came one February evening. A battle was on just before dark. One of the flying bullets struck David Kendall, a councilman and prominent citizen, who died within an hour. The citizens went wild. A committee of fifteen was immediately appointed, and it was determined to bundle the Chinese out of the county. No time was lost. The Chinese go wind of the affair and attempted to get out of town; but men on horseback armed with rifles herded them back. A gallows was erected, and the Chinese were told that the first one who resisted would be hanged on it. The threat was hardly an idle one, so incensed were the citizens. At that time there were over three hundred Chinese in Eureka. Within three days they had been compelled to sell their goods and to take passage for San Francisco. Within a week the Chinese from the smaller towns were deported. One Chinese was allowed to remain. He lived in the mountains thirty or more miles from Eureka. He was married to an Indian woman, and had a large family. As he was a respected citizen of the mountain community in which he lived an exception was made in his case. The last I heard, he was still there. The action of the citizens of Eureka resulted in a suit for $300,000 being brought against the city by the Chinese government. The city won the case.

The Afongs

When the father of the celebrated Afong sisters died in China the other day, it was stated in the dispatches that one of his daughters was the wife of Admiral Whiting. Which is quite true, but that gentleman is not the only one distinguished as the husband of an Afong. The youngest of the sisters, Martha, married Lieutenant Dougherty of the Twenty-eighth Infantry, with whom she went to the Philippines. One sister married Judge Humphrey of Honolulu, and another became the wife of James Brewster, youngest son of the man who made carriages for the New York smart set of the long ago. Though the Afong sisters were not very pretty, having inherited the features of their Chinese father, they must have had a great deal of magnetism, judging from their great popularity in army and navy circles. For some years all roads in Honolulu appeared to lead to the home of the wealthy heathen with the bunch of lively daughters.

Generous Executors

My Hawaiian correspondent writes that the executors of the last will of Gustav Kunst have presented Mrs. Adolph Constabel with forty-five thousand marks. Kunst was the East Siberian magnate who, at the time of his death, was the owner of Stevenson's home in Samoa. Years ago when Mrs. Constabel was a little girl she attracted his attention, and he became her fairy godfather. He sent her to Germany for a musical education, and until the day of his death his interest in her was unflagging. He frequently said that he intended to remember her in his will, and it was a matter of great surprise when the will was opened after his death, that it contained no reference to her. It was thought probable that, as he died suddenly, his failure to make her one of his legatees was the result of negligence. But Mrs. Constabel never uttered an expression of disappointment. The executors, however, must have felt that Kunst intended to leave her some of his money.

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"Examiner" Office Shifts

There has been another shake-up in the "Examiner" office. Wells Drury, who, a few weeks ago, came down from Sacramento to become city editor of the paper, is now reading copy and Jim Tufts is in charge of the local room. Tufts is unknown to the general, but he is one of the veterans of the "Examiner" staff and he is a man of rare ability. In his specialty, that of "making up" a paper with a view to featuring news and imparting distinction to the appearance of the paper, he is without a peer on this edge of the continent and he ranks with the cleverest men in his line in the country. Another important event in the "Examiner" office was the resignation of one of its stars, Sam Ewing, the hotel and railroad reporter. Ewing was said to be the only reporter in town who was privileged to walk in unannounced upon the august heads of railroads, banks, and heavy financial institutions. He has been taken over by the Pacific States Telephone Company at a large salary. His work will consist largely in "boosting" and floating the company's bonds, and he will travel all over the Coast looking out for the company's interests. Since the fire Ewing has done some important confidential work for Eastern banking institutions, and this led to a flattering offer to go to Chicago and continue in financial work. However, the telephone company made him a better offer.

Burgess To Emerson

This has been a week of new publications in San Francisco. Arthur Street's "Pandex," so long buried under the ashes of the great fire, reappeared larger and brighter than ever. A nameless new weekly appeared under the editorship of Arno Dosch, late of Portland, and Charley Aiken, late of "Sunset," was busy getting out the San Francisco edition of the "Ridgeway Weekly," one of a syndicate designed to cover the whole country. Mr. Aiken says it is "a militant weekly for God and country," apropos of which a good story is being told on Colonel Edward Emerson, formerly of Collier's. While Aiken was in New York, completing plans for the San Francisco publication, Emerson telegraphed him: "I want to go to Cuba for God and country." Gillett Burgess, the New York editor of the Ridgeway Syndicate, wired this reply: "You can go for them, but you can't go for us." What makes this exchange of journalistic courtesies all the more interesting is that the brilliant woman who recently became the bride of Colonel Emerson has taken Mr. Aiken's place as editor of "Sunset."

Otis's Costly Circulation Scheme

I see that the Los Angeles "Times" has been compelled to pay $3,000 into the postoffice on account of the 20,000 copies per day that it sent to pseudo subscribers in San Francisco. I told two weeks ago how the "Times," after notifying Postmaster Fisk that it would begin delivering the paper to 20,000 San Francisco subscribers, fairly swamped him. It was suspected that the papers were not coming to genuine subscribers. Washington was communicated with, and an investigation was made that confirmed the suspicions. So the "Times" was notified that it would have to pay regular second-class postage instead of the rates allowed when papers are sent to regular subscribers. It came through gracefully, and the coffers of the Los Angeles postoffice were enriched by $3,000. Then the deluge ceased. It was a great relief to the San Francisco office. The papers were coming in at the rate of five tons a day, and they could not be handled. Every clerk in the postoffice worked an hour overtime daily but still the papers accumulated until one corner of the main floor of the postoffice was piled twenty-five feet high with them. Five tons per day means an average of

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This week marks our formal opening for the Fall season. We call particular attention to each and every show window, although they give but a vague hint of the merchandise you will find within. Imported goods are vastly better represented than heretofore and claim consideration as being strictly exclusive. Furthermore, our prices do not in any way represent the high quality of the goods. They have been adjusted to a legitimate profit, all concessions in wholesale buying being placed to our customers' advantage, not ours.

Special Attention Given to Mail Orders

nearly forty-five pounds a day for each carrier. Of course they were not evenly distributed, and one hundred and seventy-five pounds fell to the lot of some carriers. The "Examiner" once tried to increase its circulation in the manner adopted by the "Times," and had to pay a goodly sum in postage. Subsequently it tried the same plan and was notified that the same result would ensue. Word was sent back that it would stand suit first. This proposition was received by the postmaster with such enthusiasm that Mr. Hearst changed his mind.

Blood Will Tell

I have received through the mail a card acquainting me with the fact that Hiram A. Luttrell is the Democratic candidate for District Attorney of Alameda County. By this card Mr. Luttrell serves notice on the public as follows: "If made incumbent of said powerful office will model my course on that of William Travers Jerome of New York and Joseph W. Folk of Missouri." But the card interested me not half so much as this type-written enclosure by which it was accompanied:

"Hiram A. Luttrell, nominee for District Attorney of Alameda County, has been a practicing Attorney and Counselor at Law, in the City of Oakland, for twenty consecutive years. He is a native of the State of California, was born in the year 1863, and is of English-Irish ancestry. One of his kinsmen is now a member of the British Parliament. The present District Attorney of Siskiyou County, California, is a first cousin of Mr. Luttrell, who is a nephew to the late Hon. John K. Luttrell, Congressman for three terms of the Sonoma, California, district, and who, at the time of his demise, was United States Fish Commissioner and Special Agent of the United States Treasury for Alaska."

As this communication was not signed I am curious to know whether it emanated from Mr. Luttrell's publicity bureau. I submitted the question that puzzles me to several experts in the idiosyncrasies of candidates for office and they assured me that the communication reads like an authentic appeal to the suffrages of citizens. "But why," said I, "should he inform me of his English-Irish ancestry?" "Because," said they, "he thinks that you are of the opinion that blood will tell." "And why," I asked, "should he inform me that he comes of a family of job-chasers?" "To convince you," they replied, "that blood has told." "Told what?" I asked. "That job-chasing runs in the family," they replied. Nevertheless Mr. Luttrell should make a very good District Attorney, being eager as he is for the opportunity to emulate both Mr. Folk and Mr. Jerome.

Wheeler After Wickson

Over in Berkeley predictions are being made of another explosion in the University faculty, and Professor Wickson is the man who, it is said, will feel the full force of the impact when the fuse goes off. President Wheeler is said to be toying with the match, and as pictured by the Town gossips, a smile of glad expectancy now wreathes his countenance. Wheeler is said to have developed an aversion to Wickson long before that incident of the opening day when he frowned his disapproval on the appellation "Cow College" which Professor Wickson applied to the Agricultural Department. It was at the President's instigation, I am told, that the Regents passed a resolution declaring that no man over fifty years of age shall be eligible to the position of chief of any department of the University. It happens that Wickson fondly expected to take charge of a department and it also happens that he passed his fiftieth birthday some months ago. Now the Townites are of the opinion that the resolution is susceptible of but one interpretation. They say that it means Wickson, and that Wickson is deaf if he hasn't heard the Olympian thunder. At the same time they are recalling

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the fate of Louis Du Pont Syle, who had the misfortune of being suspected of the authorship of a little pamphlet entitled "Ben, Jim and Ide," in which the then newly inaugurated President of the University was fiercely lampooned. Though Syle denied that he was the author, there was a circumstance that confirmed the suspicion—he was the only man in the University who could have written the mordant verses. Shortly afterwards Syle lost his job and he was never able to get a position as a teacher in the State. He died of melancholia.

Because He Didn't Seek the Office

Pay Director Eustace B. Rogers, who has just been appointed Paymaster-General of the Navy, with the rank of Rear-Admiral, is a Californian, who entered the Navy from this State in 1879. He has achieved the unique distinction



REFORM IT ALTOGETHER."

William II.—"The spelling reform is certainly worthy of Teddy. A better plan would be to make German the universal language and abolish every other."

—"Fischietto" (Turin).

of having risen to the highest rank attainable in his corps in the comparatively short period of twenty-seven years. No former Paymaster-General has done so well. It is common report in service circles that Rogers owes his appointment to the fact that he was the only officer eligible to the billet who did not apply for it and make strenuous efforts to get it. President Roosevelt's attention, it is said, was directed to Rogers by that circumstance. Up to the time of his appointment to the coveted place Rogers was general storekeeper at the Boston navy-yard. He has seen thirteen years and seven months' sea service, over half of his actual service afloat. His last service on this Coast was as fleet-paymaster on the Asiatic station, on the flagship "Wisconsin."

Judge Morrow's Affliction

Much sympathy is felt for Judge W. W. Morrow in the affliction that has overtaken him—the threatened loss of the sight of his right eye. Hemorrhages that have continued for several days have shrunk the organ to a marked extent, and it is now almost useless. He has been ordered to give his eyes a complete rest for three months, his physician asserting that any use of them is likely to result in total blindness. The rest prescribed may restore the sight of the right eye. The trouble comes from too close application to duty. The work incumbent upon a judge of the United States Circuit Court is enough for any man; but in addition to this Judge Morrow has to spend much time sitting on the United States Circuit of Appeals, with the result that the work in his department piles up beyond his power to catch up with it. He has endeavored to have an additional district judge for this district appointed so that he might be relieved of a good deal of his work. A measure providing this relief would have gone through Congress at the last session but for an unfortunate error. In making up a list of the cases tried in the district and circuit courts it was inadvertently made to appear that Morrow does very little work. On this showing, Attorney-General Moody refused to lend his support to the movement for an additional judge. In many other states an additional district judge is appointed—a judge who has no court, but who can be called upon to sit in the circuit court whenever the circuit judge is behind with his work, or when he is sitting on the Circuit Court of Appeals. It is thought that, upon proper representation being made to Attorney-General Moody, an additional judge for this district will soon be secured. It is not yet known who will sit in the Circuit Court during Judge Morrow's enforced absence. The circuit judges of the Ninth Circuit are the ones to appoint a substitute for him, and it is a matter of public importance that they act quickly, as there are a large number of important cases to be decided. If Judge Morrow's affliction proves permanent it will be a hard blow to his ambitions. The Supreme Bench of the United States has long been his goal, and his prospects for reaching it were very good.

Mersfelder and Ye Landlord

The Berkeley press has it that the genial artist, Jules Mersfelder is to flee to a bungalow which he will build in the hills, because his present landlord objects to having the "ten o'clock" law broken in his house. Mersfelder's studio is the rendezvous of all sorts of talent and doubtless the good landlord had his own reasons for protesting. However, he is the same Herr Fink, who in times gone by made no complaint at the assembling under his roof of one of the liveliest of lively bunches of newspaper cubs, many of whom have already become bears in the newspaper world. In their hours

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of revelry they made night hideous and far overstepped all rules and regulations. Among them were Bob Ritchie, now of the New York "Sun," Stewart Masters of the Oakland "Herald," Frank Mulgrew and Ralph Renaud of the "Bulletin," Eddie Norman, Dick O'Connor, Gus Keane and Frank Bartlett of the "Examiner."

The Platt Scandal

That was quite a rollicking tale with which the readers of the dailies were regaled last Monday morning—the tale of the domestic infelicities of Senator Platt. It was a tale of the highest flavor, spiced to the palate of the merry lovers of the kind of literature that Francois Rabelais produced. It had all the elements of one of Balzac's contes drolatiques. Indeed it reminded me somewhat of "The High Constable's Wife." I doubt whether any one of our highly moral dailies would deal in such scandalous tittle-tattle on its own responsibility. The practice in this city is to air domestic scandals only when they come through the regular channels. The



BEFORE THE MIRROR OF HIS VANITY

civic and criminal courts are the sources of supply. And I have always been under the impression that in New York Colonel Mann had exclusive jurisdiction over soiled family linen until it was dragged into court. But the Platt story, it appears, was given publicity through the columns of the "World," whose publisher has been talking of founding a model school of journalism, and on the authority of that paper the details of the nauseous scandal have been spread, so that now everybody knows how the young wife of the senile statesman humiliated him in the presence of servants and friends through the medium of a husky young fellow with broad shoulders and an attractive face. Yet it is evident that the "World's" story is gossip pure and simple. That is may be true is not to be urged in extenuation of the appeal to the prurient.

Freddy and the Lily

An Associated Press reporter has discovered that Freddy Gebhardt was once the husband of Lily Langtry. In the dispatches last Wednesday evening it was stated that Gebhardt's marriage with a Florodora girl had not aroused any feeling of annoyance "in Lily Langtry, the former wife of Gebhardt." It was also reported that Mrs. Langtry had been interviewed in London in reference "to the marriage of her former husband," and that she said she did not wish to be annoyed with Mr. Gebhardt's affairs. I do not believe that the interview took place, for I am of the opinion that if it had the Lily would have enlightened the interviewer. The nearest she ever came to the role of wife to Freddy was in the role of chere amie which she filled during her first American tour. She tried to obtain a divorce from her husband in this city in order to marry Gebhardt, but failed and shortly thereafter she separated from the New Yorker and engaged in a love affair with a dissolute British millionaire. She was divorced in England about ten years ago and married young Hubert de Bathe, son of Lord Henry de Bathe. She lived with her husband for as many as three consecutive days.

Colonel Parker's Famous Ranch Sold

"Colonel Sam Parker is no longer a rancher," writes my Hawaiian correspondent. "He has sold out his interest in the famous Parker ranch, the largest cattle ranch in the islands, and one of the largest in the world. The purchaser is his little granddaughter, Annie T. K. Parker, the daughter of Mrs. Fred Knight of San Francisco. The Parker ranch includes about five hundred thousand acres. It extends from the seashore at Kawaihae on the west coast of Hawaii, not far from where Captain Cook was killed, to the summit of Mauna Kea, almost fourteen thousand feet above sea level. This ranch had its inception in the early part of the last century when Colonel Parker's grandfather, a run-away sailor, married an Hawaiian chieftess and began raising cattle to sell to the whalers who frequented these waters for fresh water and provisions. But in its present dimensions it dates from about thirty years ago, when Colonel Parker and his brother John T. consolidated nearly a hundred separate holdings into the present immense estate. Since then it has been immensely profitable, and it was the source of the supply of money which Colonel Sam Parker spent so lavishly both here and in the mainland of the United States. The Parker homestead, Mana, the scene of princely hospitality, was reserved from the sale by the Colonel, with one or two other pieces of property, including several ancient fish ponds

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which were once the property of Kamehameha the Great. Annie T. K. Parker, who is now the sole owner of this magnificent domain, is the posthumous child of John T. Parker Jr., the son of Colonel Sam Parker. The half interest in the estate, which she has owned since the moment of her birth, came to her by the will of her great uncle, John T. Parker. Her father was a favorite of this great uncle, who bequeathed it to his nephew for life with remainder over to his child. Her mother, about six years ago, married Fred Knight, a son of George A. Knight, the well-known lawyer and orator of San Francisco. Two years ago the estate became involved in tedious and expensive litigation designed primarily to wrest the management of the ranch from A. W. Carter, the guardian of the estate of Annie T. K. Parker. But the suit in this respect was unavailing. Out of it, however, grew a partition suit, and by this negotiations were completed by which Colonel Parker sold his interest in the ranch for six hundred thousand dollars.

Mrs. Gould's Sister

Now that Mrs. Howard Gould is the sister-in-law of a Celestial, Newport ought to welcome her, for Newport loves novelty, and surely a Chinese brother-in-law is the last letter of novelty. Mrs. Howard would doubtless prefer a less almond-eyed relation-in-Chinese-law. In fact she has frequently manifested her disapproval of her sister's Oriental missionary work. The papers have time and again in black-face type pictured the wealthy sister turning the poor religious zealot from her door, and indeed Mrs. Howard Gould has never contributed a penny toward her sister's conversion of the heathen Chinee. But she has frequently offered to provide handsomely for her if she would give up her home in Chinatown and cast her life lines in less bizarre places. Mrs. Gould has been very generous to her mother and stepfather, Dr. Dayan. They have a fine home near Palo Alto and every luxury they desire. After the earthquake Dr. Dayan came up to San Francisco to urge his stepdaughter to leave the Chinese refugees. She refused to accompany him to Palo Alto, preferring to cast her lot with the Chinese on a sand-swept lot provided with tents by the rehabilitation committee.

Mrs. Oelrichs Raised Money

I hear that Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs felt keenly disappointed when she realized that San Francisco did not appreciate her efforts toward raising money for the stricken city. The newspapers did not blazon her actions, so few people know how earnestly "Tessie" Oelrichs worked to swell the New York fund to generous proportions. From friends in New York I learn that Mrs. Oelrichs made a firm-to-firm canvas interesting the wealthy merchants and she not only sold seats for the Hippodrome benefit but made all her society friends exert themselves for the success of the production. New York rang with her praises, scarcely an echo of which was heard out here.

Smart Society Living the Simple Life

Simple life germs have attacked the environs of Burlingame to such an extent that Mrs. Walter Hobart has put up her own jellies, Mrs. Fred McNear is making "rompers" for her youngster with her own lily white hands and Mrs. Eugene Murphy is accused of laundering her batiste blouses. Mrs. Folger still heads the procession, for she and her husband recently took their children camping with never a servant to polish off the rough edges of camp life. Mr. Folger and his small son hauled all the wood and water and Mrs. Folger did the cooking and dishwashing. Marvelous to relate of the millioned, they did not tire of it in a day but roughed it for a whole month far from the madding crowd of servants that usually forestall their every need.

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5-lb. tin our popular Eastern Pure Baking Powder, guaranteed perfection. Users will accept no other..... 1.50
1 bottle our natural pure Confectioners' Extract, a revelation of quality, S. C. S... .25

Total, unchanged $8.75

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Society on the Lake.

By Major Ben C. Truman

Tahoe Tavern, Lake Tahoe, Cal., Sept. 30, 1906.

Three or four years ago, at a point about a mile west from Taboe City, at the northern end of Lake Tahoe, there came into existence a splendid first-class hotel, the very finest in the Sierra Nevada mountains; and, next to Del Monte, the most bewitching out-of-town place on the Pacific Coast—or, anywhere, as a matter of fact. It has always been a prodigious surprise to the writer why such an hotel had not risen above the waters of the stateliest and grandest lake in the world twenty-five or thirty years ago, especially as this supreme inland sea is only ten hours from San Francisco. Such an undertaking had been hoped for for at least forty odd years. To be sure, there was an inn at Glenbrook quite forty years ago; there was also one a few years later at Tahoe City; and one near the foot of Tallac mountain, called the Tallac, came later. There also were resorts known as Kinney's, on the west side of the lake, and Rowland's, on the east; and, there was "Yank's," the earliest of all; but none of these, unless by a stretch of regard or imagination it were the Tallac, could be termed first-class either in rates or conditions; for at the Grand Central and the Glenbrook board could be had for ten dollars per week, and at Kinney's and Rowland's for much less. Yank's was on the line of the Placerville Stage Company, and well do a few still living remember the trout and biscuits and the cake and pie served by "Mrs. Yank"—as she was called—away back in the early sixties, and even before.

It had always been a surprise to the writer why cottages and villas did not embroider this magnificent body of water where there was so much grandeur and enchantment and never-ending means of pleasure and exhilaration on its breast; and where the panorama of mountain and woodland, sunshine and shadow is so spacious, inspiriting and impressive. Well, these latter, to a limited number, have come at last; and nearly all the residents are also owners of power yachts, a number of which are fast and pretentious. Billy Bissell has a most unique and comfortable establishment, just such an one as I have never seen on any Eastern or European lakes or rivers. It contains more rooms than I can remember, but I did count nineteen beds, and some of the closets were as long as bowling alleys. There are hundreds of incandescent lights coming out of slabs and cones, trunks of yellow and sugar pines and cedars, and there is a sitting room big enough for a meeting of the San Francisco supervisors. He has a splendid power yacht, a boat house, a big wharf, pumping and electric works, and too many other accessories to mention. It would make a splendid clubhouse, I should say, for twenty or thirty, and is only two miles by land from Tahoe Tavern and about the same distance by water. The Bissells have entertained hundreds of friends and others this season, but they closed their chalet a few days ago and returned to San Francisco.

About six miles away is the very pretentious villa of Fred Kohl, son of Mrs. William H. Kohl, in the midst of spacious and ornamental acres, all fenced in for a mile or more, outside of which is a veritable roadway of pebbles. The house is too big to describe, with a sitting-room that could hold two hundred people. It is more city-like than the Bissell home, but has the free and easy flavor of the eternal woods that surround it. It is still occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kohl and Mrs. Godey, mother of the latter, Mrs. William Kohl being at present in San Francisco. Attached to these enrapturing premises are stables, boat house, power and electric works, and other adjuncts. The Kohl yacht is a beautiful craft, and is one of the fastest on the lake. The Kohls always have visitors either daily or for a longer time, and hardly a day passes that the "Idlewild" is not making music by its megaphone, its passage through the emerald and sapphire waters and the merry voices aboard. Its speed is from seven to eleven miles an hour, ordinary sailing, but it can be forced easily to fourteen.

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The most spacious grounds on the lake are those owned by Mr. Isaias Hellman, the veteran financier. "No pent-up Utica" circumscribes his domain, as he has two-and-a-half miles of water front and his undulating acres extend up into forests of giant conifers, and, indeed, clear up to snow-capped summits that seemingly touch a circulean sky. The villa of the Hellmans is the most pretentious, most spacious and most costly on the lake and contains enough apartments, besides the general ones, to accommodate all of the children and their consorts and a goodly array of grandchildren. There are wonderful clusters of stables, boat houses, wharves, reservoirs, steam engine and electric works, and there is a vast lawn, observatory, and much else unnecessary to mention. Besides, there is an acqueduct of several miles conveying water from a snow-fed spring, and there are numerous trout streams running through the place. It is worth a trip to Tahoe to see this great banker, with his big straw hat and overalls, tramping around, digging, packing stone and lumber, just for exercise, and trying to forget even the calamity itself. The Hellmans are very hospitable; and, besides other ambrosial potables, Mr. Hellman occasionally offers Cucomonga port made honestly forty years ago. The family left last week for the season.

No summer denizens of Tahoe are better known than the Will Tevis's; and it is an inclement day when there is not something doing by either Mr. Tevis or his wife and their four tall boys. The Tevis villa consists of one big house of many spacious chambers and other apartments and more than one sideboard; and then there are structures round about, including boat and wagon houses and the like. This elegant place in the heart of the Sierra is at the southern end of the lake, a short distance from the mouth of the Little Truckee, (abounding with Eastern and rainbow trout) and not far from Mount Tallac, the monarch earth-giant of all. Mrs. Tevis had a houseboat built a few months ago, and towed to Sand Harbor, near Glenbrook, where she and the vivacious Mrs. Will Taylor entertained any and all friends during the hours when Tevis and Taylor were out after grouse and mountain quail with their dogs and guns. The Tevis's have three power yachts, the "Arrow" being one of the fastest if not the very fastest on the lake. The houseboat is unique, jolly and jaunty, and contains four bedrooms, sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen, and a fine sideboard, of course. Mr. Tevis and Mr. and Mrs. Taylor returned to San Francisco a few days ago, and the houseboat has been towed back to its place among the other craft, and the madame and the four tall boys will remain until the barometer admonishes them that the "melancholy days" are not far away.

There are a number of other dwellers on the margin of this stately lake, and some of them—the Rideouts, the Kents and Babcocks—have splendid places. A very agreeable retired capitalist—Mr. John F. Elliott of Cincinnati—owns a fine power yacht, and enjoys himself to the limit in daily taking from the Tavern people who are fond of a good sail. Mr. Elliott owns two fine pieces of land on the lake, and there have been a number of San Franciscans here this season who have purchased sites for summer homes. Thus, the year is not far distant when Lake Tahoe will be ornamented with scores of villas and other retreats.

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Monday, October 8

Social Prattle

By Tantalus

Chaffee Will Be With Us

I hear on good authority that Lieutenant-General Adna R. Chaffee is contemplating making his permanent home near San Francisco, probably in Berkeley, instead of in the far South, which was believed to have been his first choice. General Chaffee, one of the finest soldiers and most courtly men in our Army, will, with his family, make a notable addition to our local fashionable world. The veteran of the Civil and the Spanish wars, a long series of Indian campaigns, the Philippine insurrection and the Peking expedition, General Chaffee has well earned many years of rest and enjoyment. He is now in the East, but is expected to return to California shortly. It is said to be his intention to build a house during the coming winter or spring.

Rear-Admiral Joseph Trilley, U. S. N., who lived in this city prior to the fire, has been spending the summer at Pacific Grove, and it is understood that he will remain there for the coming season.

Rumor of An Engagement

The report comes from my Los Angeles correspondent that General Harrison Gray Otis, militant editor, gallant soldier and invincible defender of the rights of the plain people from the aggressions of organized labor, has yielded unconditionally to strategic Dan Cupid, by whom he was most artfully ambushed. As my correspondent informs me, however, that the report has not been authenticated I must withhold the felicitations that it would please me to extend to the foremost citizen of the Southern Citrus belt. If the rumor should prove true the General would be entitled to the most cordial congratulations, for the lady who is believed to have smiled on his suit is a charming and wealthy widow, an accomplished musician whose services are never solicited in vain in the cause of charity. She makes her home each summer on Catalina, where General Otis was numbered among her guests before starting on his Oriental trip. That circumstance, together with the fact that he is enlarging his handsome home, the "Bivouac," was in a measure responsible for the report that he contemplated entering the matrimonial state again.

Norris Surprised Them

The wedding of Reginald Norris and Charlotte Williams in Martinez occasioned some surprise among the friends of the groom, who thought they were quite sure that he was the fiance of another. The bride is a very pretty young woman. She is from Portland, and I believe that she comes from a very prominent family.

The Underhill-Dibblee Match

Santa Barbara is reported to be excited over the engagement of Frank Underhill and Miss Carmelita Dibblee, who comes on her mother's side from the De La Guerra family which gave this State a Commandante and its first Governor. She recently returned from Europe with her mother, and she and Mr. Underhill met at an entertainment given at the Country Club, a fortnight previous to the announcement of the engagement. Mr. Underhill is a member of the swellest of New York clubs and he has long been a conspicuous figure at horse shows and in the yachting and coaching world. He has written a book on driving. He is the only man in Southern California who is a representative of New York's aristocracy. He began his career as an Episcopal clergyman, but never followed the profession. About ten years ago he came to this State, bought a ranch near Santa Barbara and stocked it with thoroughbred horses. A few years later he bought a ranch near San Luis Obispo which became famous for its blooded stock. He has a magnificent place in Montecito and is building a splendid house on a tract near Ortega Hill. This tract is to rival Burlingame as a suburb for millionaires and society people. Mr. Underhill is many years the senior of his fiancee and he has three pretty daughters by his first wife. Miss Dibblee is one of the most stylish belles of Southern California.

Mr. William C. Lewis of D. H. Burnham & Co., who was severely injured some weeks ago, is once more at his office attending to business. Mr. Lewis is rushing work on the Merchants' Exchange Building and will soon have it ready for occupancy.

Bohemian Club Concert

The Bohemian Club Concert at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley last Tuesday was attended by a very large number of music lovers, and they enjoyed an excellent musical treat. The composers whose works were rendered in a most delightful manner are Dr. H. J. Stewart, W. J. McCoy, Wallace A. Sabin, Theodor Vogt and Joseph D. Redding. The solos were sung by Belle McCoy, Henry L. Perry, Frank Ouslow and L. A. Larsen. The most pretentious of the works was the "Cleopatra" music of Mr. McCoy, which has a good deal of atmosphere and color and is at times very soothing and full of sensuous rhythm, but in spots it is monotonous. I enjoyed more than all others Dr. Stewart's dainty "Selections from a Christmas Pantomime." They are tuneful and at all times suggestive of the spirit of the theme.

College Youths Give Child's Entertainment

The entertainment given for the benefit of the California Boat Club at Berkeley was decidedly juvenile for a college affair. Some of the Junior Farces of late years have been mere child's play, but the performance last week was of just the sort you and your little brother used to get up at a few hours notice for the price of some bottle and sacks. The numbers on the program were lost in the setting of a crudely modernized Robinson Crusoe, whose captives, including the popular historian Henry Morse Stephens, were dragged in and made to perform. The only one spared the actual physical force was Benjamin Ide Wheeler, and he should have been chained with the rest, for he escaped as soon as his part in the program was executed. Nevertheless, he was there long enough to tell what he intended to do for California. The taxpayers will doubtless be glad to know that he will stay here, and for the benefit of the Boat Club, as stated,

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will change the formation of San Francisco Bay by dredging the West Berkeley shore. If dredging will keep him here, water might in time, with constant labor, be brought to the very doors of the Greater University.

Miss Frances Stewart, daughter of Dr. H. J. Stewart, has returned from Chicago.

Miss Georgine Shepard, daughter of A. D. Shepard, the well-known railroad man, was married to Lieutenant Edwin C. Long at the home of the Frank Millers in Sausalito last Tuesday afternoon.

Commander Charles A. Gove, U. S. N., recently on duty in the Bureau of Equipment in the Navy Department, will remain in San Francisco for some time, owing to the delay in the completion of the cruiser "Milwaukee," which he is to command when she goes in commission. The labor troubles at the Union Iron Works are causing the Navy Department much annoyance by reason of the delays they occasion in the work on warships now being built there. These delays cause many officers to be kept on shore duty here.

Krutschnitt To Marry a Poet

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pickering have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Marie Pickering, to Julius Krutschnitt, Jr. The announcement of this engagement has long been expected by the residents of Burlingame, for it has been known that Miss Pickering was receiving a great deal of attention from the Krutschnitts. Miss Pickering is ambitious of literary honors and she has exhibited a pretty talent for turning verses.

Mansfeldt's Art

Hugo Mansfeldt visited Sacramento last week and gave a recital under the auspices of the Saturday Club. A critic of the Capital City says: "Mr. Mansfeldt's art has not suffered from his somewhat long retirement from publicity, but rather has ripened and become more beautiful and more authoritative and on a higher plane than at any former period of his career."

The New York dailies recently wired their Paris correspondents for confirmation of the rumor that A. Hartupee McKee and the pretty widow of Hugh Tevis were to be divorced, but the McKees were found to be living harmoniously at their chateau near Deanville.

Ina Coolbrith is spending a short time in Los Angeles, writes my correspondent, as the guest of Mrs. W. H. Perry of St. James Park and the so-called Woman's "Press" Club has honored itself by exploiting the poet at its monthly luncheon. The wedding of Miss Hazel La Touche, one of the pretty daughters of the T. B. La Touches, to Colin M. Gair will take place October 24 in Christ Church.

Society Girls In Business

Miss Lillie MacCalla, daughter of Rear-Admiral MacCalla, retired, has started out to make her own living. It is not a matter of necessity, by any means. To labor in the vineyard has lately become quite a fad among society girls, who announce that they are tired of the butterfly mode of existence and want to render an account of their stewardship. So Miss MacCalla has started out to make her way in the world, having gone into the blue-print business with Miss Alice Hoffman, who has been established in that work for some time. I have a rather hazy idea as to what the blue-print business is, but it has something to do with maps and bridge plans. The two young ladies have a studio, or a workshop, or whatever you wish to call it, on the roof of a South of Market office building. Miss MacCalla has traveled a great deal, and returned last winter from the Philippines, where she spent some time with her sister, Mrs. Arthur MacArthur. She has until recently been at Santa Barbara, where the family has a beautiful place. Miss Stella MacCalla, a younger sister, has no working fad at present, but is having a good time in society. She has just returned from Europe, where she traveled with her sister, Mrs. W. G. Miller, the golf enthusiast.

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Stage

Winter's Latest Protest

Mr. William Winter is once more complaining of the materials employed by dramatists in the construction of their plays. It pains the veteran critic very much that the theatre is made the place for the analysis and treatment of ulcers, physical, moral or social. "The province of the stage," he asserts, "is the ministration of art and beauty, and it is a shame that it should ever be degraded by the presentment of such stuff as 'Ghosts' and 'Hedda Gabbler,' 'Iris' and 'Mrs. Tanqueray.' But to quote from a recent disquisition on the drama in the "Tribune": "The present dramtic season has started with 'The Hypocrites,' a story of florid didacticism about amatory incontinence; 'His House in Order,' a story of infidelity in marriage, and the consequences thereof; and two versions of "The Kreutzer Sonata,' a story of depravity, adultery, disease, madness, and murder. There are, of course, other plays, and clean ones; but those dramas of carnal passion and misery are the conspicuous features of the moment, in our theatre. Those are the plays for which attention has been especially claimed, and upon which it has especially been bestowed. Who is the better for them? The same old distressing picture is shown, and the same old rancid scrap of stale morality is dangled before the public nose—as if any human being, having access to the New Testament, stands in the slightest need of precepts commendatory of cleanly life! Or, as if any person, having access to the newspapers, has any need of additional information as to creatures of depravity, deeds of crime, and scenes of horror. It does not signify that those plays are, in some respects, clever; that they display more or less ingenuity of construction and felicity of language. Their pervasive defect is that they needlessly and fruitlessly obtrude offensive topics. Grant that 'the human heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked'—as a matter of fact, it is nothing of the kind, for, with all its faults, human nature contains attributes that are noble and beautiful, while the history of human conduct abounds with examples of heroism; but, taking the worst view of it that a cynic can take, what good can possibly come of perpetually apprising our fellow-creatures that they are dwelling in the hall of sin and the bonds of iniquity? It grows very tiresome." Mr. Winter being respected as an authority on the drama it never occurs to him that he too grows tiresome.



BRESINA

The Stunning European "Chanteuse et Danseuse" Who Will Appear at the Orpheum Next Week.

A Musical Recital

A violin and piano recital given by Miss Edith Peters (pupil of Karl Schernstein) and Miss Lily Owen (pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt) drew a large audience to St. Peter's Hall on Thursday evening of last week. Miss Peters, who is one of the most studious as well as one of the most ambitious of our younger violinists, made her debut about a year ago. Her playing shows not only conquest of technical difficulties but careful finish and intelligent interpretation. Her most difficult number on the present occasion was Sevcik "Fantasie," which she played in masterly fashion, double harmonics and all. Miss Owen has confidence and facility, but should devote more study to her interpretations. Her best number was an encore, "The Evening Star," romanza from Tannhauser. Mrs. P. McGlade was the vocalist of the evening. To a charming stage presence Mrs. McGlade adds a sympathetic voice and an admirable method. Her audience would not be satisfied with her mere two program numbers, Lassen's "Resolution" and the dainty Brahms "Lullaby," but insisted upon numerous encores. Miss Gertrude Sullivan, a clever mimic, was successful in her several recitations. The program in full follows: Suite of Ancient Dances, St. Georgo, (Prelude, Allemanda, Sarabanda, Minuetto, Bourre, Giga), Misses Lily Owen and Edith Peters; piano solo, (a) Impromto, Op. 5, Rheinberger, (b) Romance, Liszt-Mansfeldt, (c) Valse, Op. 15, S. Leibling, Miss Lily Owen; violin solo, "Holka Modrooka (Fantaisie on the Blue-Eyed Girl), Sevcik, Miss Edith Peters; (a) Resolution, Lassen, (b) Folk Song, Mrs. P. McGlade; Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2, Miss Lily Oweh; recitation, selected, Miss Gertrude Sullivan; (a) Traumeru, Schumann, (b) Serenade—Sing, Smile and Slumber, Gounod, (c) La Cinquantaine, Gabriel-Marie, (d) Berceuse from "Jocelyn," Godard, Miss Edith Peters; Allegro con brio from D major Sonata, Beethoven, Misses Lily Owen and Edith Peters.

A Temporary Columbia

San Francisco is to be restored to the theatrical map very much sooner than was expected. Alf Hayman of the Syndicate was here some days ago sizing up the situation, and after his departure Mr. Gottlob and Mr. Marx of the Columbia decided not to delay the resumption of business until the completion of the new Columbia. They will build a temporary theatre to cater to their old patrons before the winter is far advanced. They tried to rush work on the new Columbia but found that they would have to wait for the steel. If they had not been misinformed they could have saved about nine thousand dollars which they spent to hasten the work on the foundations.

Orpheum Vaudeville

Bresina, the celebrated European music hall artiste, will make her first appearance in San Francisco at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. She is said to be one of the most beautiful and graceful women who ever faced the footlights and to be possessed of a splendidly trained voice. Her costumes will make all lovers of good gowns sit up and take notice. James Thornton, than whom a better known and more popular monologist never appeared in this city, will receive a warm reception. He is the man who wrote "My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon" and many other songs that have won their way into the public heart. Mr. Thornton promises all kinds of singing and talking surprises. The four Bards, who created a tremendous sensation on their last visit with the Orpheum Road Show, will return with new gymnastic stunts. Willie Eckstein, a phenomenal boy pianist, said to have been praised by Paderewski, Rosenthal, Godowsky, Carreno and other celebrities, will be heard in classic and popular compositions. His technique is said to be extraordinary and his tone and talent something wonderful. Carter De Haven and Flora Parker will vary their delightful singing and dancing novelty and the Zazell and Vernon com-

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pany of pantomimists will present their hilarious "Elopement" for the last times. The "Three Roses," with their dainty musical offering, Adamini and Taylor, "The Wandering Minstrels," and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a varied and interesting program.

IN COMMERCIAL CIRCLES

Smith's Cash Store made a shipment to the Carolina Islands of fifty tons of general merchandise. This is the year's order of the American Board of Foreign Missions for the missionaries who are on these islands, which are in the South Seas off the east coast of Asia. Smith's Cash Store ships a great many goods to the tropics because of their knowledge of and care in packing them.

The ladies of San Francisco will learn with pleasure that Mme. Leuenberger has returned from Paris, where she has been for some months studying the fashions in that city, where they are born. Mme. Leuenberger will have an opening on Monday, the 8th of October, when she will display the result of her researches in elegant Paris model gowns and hats.

The brick building at the corner of Van Ness and Golden Gate Avenues is fast nearing completion. One of the stores will be occupied by the Central Trust Co. They have been putting in their vaults during the past few weeks, and when opened the institution will be well equipped for up-town business.

Swain's did not get their "new part" open Wednesday, October 3, but will surely open Monday, October 8, when Schlitz and Wurzburger beer can be had on draught. There will also be music during dinner at this popular resort by Eugene Bressel and orchestra.

Sing Fat, who for years has catered to the wants of people seeking Oriental wares, has opened a new store in the heart of the retail district, at 1121 Post Street, near Van Ness Avenue, where he will soon have as magnificent a store as he had on Dupont Street.

The law office of L. W. Lovey is now located at 1700 Sutter Street, corner Laguna Street.

Gross earnings of Sierra Railway Company of California for months of July and August, 1905 and 1906 are as follows: July, 1905, $29,511.27; July, 1906, $39,013.76; increase, $9,502.49; August, 1905, $32,178.62; August, 1906, $41,861.35; increase, $9,682.73.

—The Rounder.

To have known no enthusiasms—which are but love in one form or another—is to have failed to give that impulse to the course of events which every man born into the world should hold himself bound to give, as the human debt to the Eternal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Office of Sierra Railway Company, of California.
San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 1, 1906.

Coupon No. 19, due October 12, 1906, from First Mortgage Six (6) Per Cent Bonds of the Sierra Railway Co., of California, will be paid at the fiscal agency of this company—the Crocker National Bank, San Francisco, Cal., on and after that date.

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Augustus and Aurelia.

(A Long Way After the Latin)

By L. T.

Augustus, the Emperor, became much perturbed by the undue influence that women were exercising in affairs of State. Public officials were mostly the darlings of this or that woman of influence—and she was not always of unblemished character. All the provinces and dependencies of this vast Roman Empire were becoming subject to feminine sway.

This thing sorely vexed Augustus—the more so as he himself was no admirer of the female sex, even within its own sphere, which he limited to the duties attendant on child-bearing and domestic management. But that it should meddle in affairs of State struck him both as an abomination and an absurdity, and he prognosticated the speedy ruin of the Roman people unless this pest were stamped out, and woman were reduced again to her proper position.

But herein he discovered a difficulty. For the women, following their natural instincts, did not work towards their desired objects by direct or palpable methods, but operated so deviously and insidiously that it was scarcely possible to bring home to any particular woman the responsibility for any particular appointment. Nor, if it had been possible, did the laws affix any penalty. Since, whereas bribery by money was a crime punishable with confiscation and exile, bribery by feminine blandishment came not within the cognisance of the Criminal Code.

It is true, indeed, that Augustus might have introduced into the Senate a special Bill amending the law in this respect; and such, at first, was his intention. But he refrained for this strong reason—namely, that in the Senate itself there were few men who had not either owed, or did not look to owe, their promotion to feminine influence; and these would naturally be hostile to such a measure, which would, therefore, only find support with that very small minority who relied, for their advancement, upon personal merit.

Nor was the Emperor willing to promulgate such a measure on his personal authority, being ever studious of Republican appearances, under cover of which alone he perceived he might gradually absorb into himself the supreme authority. For, at Rome, they set great store by names and forms; so that what is done tyrannically under the title of Consul or Tribune matters not at all; but what is done, with public spirit, under the title of Emperor is likely to produce, at once, rebellion and riot.

Observing which thing, Augustus was scrupulous to avoid any outward show of that despotism which, under Republican forms, he was gradually, though surely, consolidating. Nor had he any mind to imperil the success of this his great scheme by an act of premature dictatorship, which might arouse the Roman people out of the secure lethargy whereinto he had studiously been lulling them.

He, therefore, resolved to deal with the matter of illicit feminine influence, not by legal enactments, but by systematic private opposition; to which end he made it known, both in his daily conversations and otherwise, that whosoever desired any conveted post and sought to gain it by dint of feminine intrigue, that man should be held ipso facto disqualified, and that, therefore, men who aspired to public offices would best serve their aspirations by discouraging their women friends from interesting themselves in the matter. Per contra, that women who wished to see their menfolk gain advancement and promotion would most assuredly defeat that object by intriguing or soliciting to obtain it. In fine, that, in such affairs, a man could have no worse enemy than a meddlesome woman friend.

These words of the Emperor, being widely circulated, aroused warm indignation in the bosoms of the Roman ladies, who, amongst themselves, said many unfavorable things about Augustus.

This (so they declared) was his spiteful way of venting upon others the meagre spleen of a henpecked husband, who, chafing under the yoke that his wife, Livia Augusta, had fastened upon his neck, and not daring to show his rebellious ill-humor to her, was revenging his servitude upon the rest of the sex. Nay, they went further, and asserted that his highly respectable character, which valued itself upon being superior to those venial failings incident to all men endued with a proper appreciation of feminine charms, had its origin not in ethical principle, but in uxorious terror; and that, if he only dared, he would permit himself as many "little friendships" (which is polite Latin for amorous intrigues) as ever the Divine Julius had indulged in. But now, being debarred therefrom by fear of that virago, his wife, he was bent (like Aesop's dog) upon denying to others the privileges which he could not enjoy himself.

It is likely that the spies, who even then abounded in Rome, brought him word of all that was said about him—nay, perhaps, also, of much that was not said. But if this were so, Augustus was too discreet to take notice of it or to betray annoyance. For it was his maxim (and methinks a sound one) that the wordy exuberance of enraged womanhood is only dangerous when it is repressed, but that, if allowed to evaporate unchecked, it soon expends itself harmlessly in steam and froth.

But Livia Augusta, the Empress, heard of what was being said, less calmly; and she came to her husband with indignant excitement, and cried:

"Do you know what these she-cats, these female wolves, the Roman ladies, are saying? They aver that you are a henpecked rooster, and that I am the master bird in this fowl-house."

"What matter if they do? Their words cannot make facts that are not, nor unmake facts that are."

"What! You will insinuate that I do peck you with a hen's bill? she demands, while her eyes flash upon him ominously.

"Nay, beloved. But I think that you sometimes insist upon giving me a little prod—for my good," answered the discreet Augustus.

This prudent form of expression mollified her somewhat.

"Should I then be a loyal wife if I always let you have your own way—to your bane?" she inquired.

Augustus smiled—perchance, a little grimly. Being a married man, he knew many things, and her manner of putting this one struck him as rather a good joke.

"Tell me," said she, suddenly changing the theme. "There is a rumor abroad that you design Aurelius Vappa for the vacant Province of Macedonia. Is it true?"

"This is the first I have heard of it," replied Augustus, drily.

"Then the rumor is false?"

"Entirely."

"I am pleased to hear it. For it has been my intention to suggest to you Fabius Sempronius for the vacant Propraetorship."

"For what reason do you suggest Fabius Sempronius, O beloved?"

"For what other reason than that he is exceptionally fitted for the post? Do you not agree that such is the case?" she interrogated.

Livia Augusta had a way of making interrogations which supplied the clue to the answer expected. Moreover, she

would at the same time convey to the person interrogated a subtle hint of what he might look for if the expected answer were not returned.

Augustus, knowing this, and not being minded to have his coming night's rest broken for lack of a mere verbal complaisance, replied:

"I am inclined to agree with you, beloved, that Fabius Semphonius is a suitable man."

"You will see to it, then, that he is appointed?"

"That, my cherished one, lies with the Senate," said he.

"O Mice!" she cries (which is the phrase of the common people to denote incredulity). "Who does not know that you are Senate in these affairs—yea, and so far as that goes, the Roman people also?"

"Hush!" says he. "Such things are best not spoken about."

Then he made haste to divert the topic; for you must know that he had not the least intention to appoint Fabius Sempronius, a worthless, handsome fellow, who had got on the blind side of the Empress, nor yet Aurelius Vappa, the other man mentioned, but Cains Torquatus, a new man from Cisalpine Gaul, who had many and great personal qualifications, but no influential friends.

Next morning while Augustus was transacting business, Aurelia Tormentilla came to the Palatium to see him.

This lady was the beautiful wife of Aurelius Vappa, by whose charms the young nobles of Rome swore; but the matrons, one and all, held her in bitter detestation.

This dazzling creature having come into the presence of Augustus, fell upon her knees before him, exclaiming:

"O, thou embodiment to men of the Imperial Gods, I crave a boon of thee."

"Nay, kneel not to me, lady," said Augustus, with that studied moderation which he invariably affected. "I am after all, but a citizen."

"Aye," replied Aurelia Tormentilla, in obsequious adulation, "and the sun, too, like the moon and the stars, is but a celestial luminary. Yet, when he rises, he extinguishes all those lesser lights and shines alone in the firmament."

Hearing which, Augustus smiled inside his mouth, as the common people say, and asked himself:

"What great favor is she seeking now, that she applies the olive-oil thus copiously?"

"I will not rise from my knees," said she, "until thou, our terrestrial Jupiter, hast granted my petition."

"What petition?" he inquired.

"I hear," she replied (for it is the manner of the Roman ladies never to answer a question directly), "that you designate Aurelius Vappa, my husband, for the vacant Propraetorship of Macedonia?"

"Who has told you this, O lady?" asked Augustus.

"It is the talk of the Temples," said she. (For the women of Rome flock daily to the Temples as if to worship the Gods; but, in fact, to parade their fine garments and to exchange with one another the tittle-tattle of the city.)

"In truth, lady," answered Augustus, drily, "this talk of the Temples appoints many governors to provinces which never see them."

"You will tell me that the report is untrue, then?"

Had Aurelia Tormentilla been a less beautiful creature, Augustus had returned her a decided negative, and then have excused himself from further discussion of the matter on the plea of urgent business.

But, as things were, he discovered a subtle satisfaction in playing with her awhile, and thus prolonging the interview.

So he said, vaguely:

"The appointment is not yet determined. It is still under consideration."

"Then will you promise me, O illustrious Prince, that you will not appoint my husband?"

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She spoke entreatingly. Augustus, astonished by her request, which he had expected to be of precisely the opposite tenor, exclaimed:

"Wherefore this strange petition, fair lady? Few provinces are more coveted than this Macedonia."

"Aye," said she, "by those that like to be exiled to that land of snow and frosts. But I am tender. My health will never bear the rigors of that climate. Apart from this, I prefer to remain in Rome, the centre of life and fashion. I am not adapted to vegetate like a cabbage in a province.

"Lady," said Augustus, with delicate irony, "believe me, it was never thought of appointing you to Macedonia."

"I am reproved," replied she. "Yet, where my husband goes, I must go. I will not disguise the truth from you. Aurelius Vappa is not a man whom I can safely let out of my sight—least of all in Macedonia, where the maidens, as they say, are so passing fair."

As she said that she raised her beautiful eyes to Augustus in a glance at once piteous and languishing.

The look was eloquent. It infused a little warmth even into the cold, sluggish veins of the impervious Emperor. He perceived that Aurelia Tormentilla was making love to him.

He would further have prolonged the interview which was developing in so pleasant a manner, but, glancing at the water-clock, he perceived that the hour of mid-day meal had come, and he knew from experience that if Livia Augusta were kept waiting the atmosphere of his domestic establishment was like to become sulphurous and thundery.

Yet there was no reason why this interview should not be renewed somewhere in the near future. And with an eye to this, the Emperor, instead of telling the siren then and there that there was no prospect of Aurelius Vappa being sent to Macedonia, said, vaguely that he would think over her request and give his reply on the morrow.

"You will let me come and receive it in person?" she pleaded, her eyes challenging his with yet warmer provocation.

"Aye, in truth. Wherefore not?" said the well-satisfied Emperor.

She took his hand, kissed it, then retired.

The touch of those lips upon his skin was pleasant to the Divine Augustus. He could not help comparing it in his mind with the perfunctory osculations of Livia Augusta.

He went to join the latter at their mid-day meal. Livia, whose spies in the Palatium told her everything, knew that Aurelia Tormentilla had been closeted with the Emperor for half-an-hour; and she was now disagreeably inquisitive on that subject.

"So that she-cat Aurelia Tormentilla has been to see you this morning. What did she want?"

"She wanted, O beloved, to ask me not to send her husband as Pro-praetor to Macedonia, which she had heard it rumored in the Temples was my intention."

"Why did she ask that?"

"Because she feared that her health would not endure the climate."

"If the climate killed her, it would be no great matter," said Augusta, with considerable venom.

"Possibly not, beloved," replied Augustus, with studied unconcern. "However, it will not kill her, since, as I told you yesterday, I have no intention of appointing that fool, Vappa, to the Pro-praetorship."

"You took a long time giving her so simple an answer," said Livia Augusta, regarding the Emperor with keenly suspicious eyes. "She was with you half an hour by my water-clock."

"Was she? It is very likely. Women are long-winded pleaders," replied Augustus, pretending to stifle a yawn.

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Then he prudently led round the conversation to other matters.

He did not say that he had purposely refrained from giving Tormentilla direct answer, in order that there might be a pretext for another interview; still less did he mention that little affair of the challenging eyes and of the kissed hand. For at Rome, it is not the way of husbands to bore their wives by the repetition of such trivial matters.

Next day, at the fifth hour, Aurelia Tormentilla called for the Emperor's reply. No sooner was she closeted with Augustus, than the spies flew forthwith to Livia and told her the news.

So when the Emperor, having made his interview with Aurelia Tormentilla extend to forty minutes, came in to the mid-day meal, he found Livia Augusta blacker than Erebus, and trembling like Vesuvius on the verge of an eruption.

"Tell me, man, why has this she-wolf been to see you again, today?"

"She has been, O beloved, to receive my final answer," said the Emperor, with an obsequiousness that was far from Imperial.

"But you said you had given her your answer yesterday. It took thirty minutes then, and it has taken forty minutes today to repeat it. Augustus, this will never do," said Livia Augusta in a voice that made him shiver.

"My worshipped one, what is the matter?" he inquired, apologetically. "It cannot be that you infer——"

"I infer nothing," was her curt reply. "It is not my way to infer. I am a woman who speaks categorically. You will send Vappa as Pro-praetor to Macedonia without delay. Moreover, you will see to it that he takes his she-wolf of a wife with him."

"But, my previous one, only two days ago you scouted the mere suggestion of Vappa and expressed a wish that——"

"I do not care what wish I expressed two days ago. I express this wish today. Moreover, for your own sake, I recommend prompt compliance."

"Nay, have reason, my dearly beloved! I gave the wife of Aurelius my sacred promise that Vappa should not be sent to Macedonia, and how can I go back upon my Imperial word?"

"Augustus," said the incensed Empress, "I am lost in amazement at the impudence with which you thus make pretexts to me, your lawful wife, for keeping that she-serpent, your favorite, near you in the city. Let there be an end of this. Promulgate Vappa's appointment to Macedonia this very instant, and give stringent commands that he and his pestilential spouse are on the road to Brundusium before tomorrow night."

Then Augustus, seeing there was no help for it, did even as Livia Augusta had said.

So those two, the new Pro-praetor and his wife, quitted Rome next day for Macedonia.

But as they rode side by side in their traveling-chaise, Aurelius playfully pinched his companion's ear, remarking:

"It was well done, O Tormentilla."

"Aye," she smiled. "Livia Augusta was for appointing Fabius Sempronius; Augustus was for appointing C. Torquatus; and I, despite them both, have appointed you. At what price now the Emperor's campaign against feminine influence, my Aurelius?"

"At a very tee-wee price, my Tormentilla."

"And at that price it will remain," said she. "Imperial persons may try to suppress the system as much as they please. All the same, we women shall continue to appoint Pro-praetors, until—the Greek Kalends."

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The Story of the One Best Car in the Entire World---The 1907 Pope-Toledo.

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Chrome nickel steel is the Alpha and Omega of the new 1907 Pope-Toledo touring car, and as its running mate Colonel Pope has selected Deutche Waffen Fabrik, familiarly known in America as Hess-Bright or D. W. F., ball bearings. Which receives the greater prominence is difficult to judge. Chrome nickel steel constitutes the stationary front and rear axles; every driving shaft, from the crankshaft to propeller shafts and shafts in the gearset, is made from it; the gears own it as their sole constituent; steering knuckles are forgings of this metal; so are the back spring hangers, the jackshaft brackets and the valves and valve-operating parts; in short, it is as difficult to get away from chrome nickel steel as it was to find it in domestic cars a couple of years ago. Deutche Waffen Fabrik ball bearings are as irresistible. Three races of them greet you in the motor, they playing that omni-important role of carrying the crankshaft. This fact alone is of sufficient prominence to brand the introduction of the new Pope one of the motoring topics and places the car with such company as Hotchkiss—the ball bearing pioneer of Europe—Mercedes, and the Stevens-Duryea six. The D. W. F.'s—abbreviated—carry all shafts in the gearset and form end thrust bearings, they crop out in the differential and jackshaft bearings, front and rear road wheels are carried by them on the axle, the steering knuckles owe their ease of operation to them, the motor fan revolves on them, so do the pump and commutator. Look where you like, there you find the omni-present Hess-Bright, the only exceptions being the wristpins and lower-end bearings of the connecting rods.

But 1907 Pope principles are not all hedged in with chrome nickel steel and Hess-Bright; several other new features must be greeted. While the copper jackets of the cylinder continue, they alone constitute the sole remaining factor by which the present motor could be recognized from past styles. The observer must now associate with Pope motor build cylinders cast in pairs, for they so are in type XV, the new machine. Besides this, the maker has taken a farewell of automatic inlet valves and now carries mechanical inlets and exhausts in the cylinder heads and inclines them out from the center vertical line of the cylinder bore at an angle of 20 degrees. The actuation of these brings to the front a system employing but one camshaft on the right side of the motor—four pushrods and four rocker arms. The rocker arm for each cylinder opens both intake and exhaust valves. Compression reliefs on the exhausts facilitate cranking, and a high-tension, gear-driven magneto generates the igniting current.

Do not look to the motor for all the 1907 merits—many others exist. The changes in speed are through a four-speed and reverse selective gearset affording direct drive on the third speed; the motor has flexible connection with the gearset through a multiple disk clutch with thirty-nine disks, and to be very much 1907 the clutch is carried in the front end of the gearset. The jackshaft, well back toward the rear axle, receives the drive through a double-jointed propeller shaft from the gearset and delivers it to the back wheels through a couple of side chains. But this is not all—the Pope Motor Car Co., of Toledo, has more features. The front axle is suspended from the steering pivots instead of carried on them, the frame has its channel facing downwards instead of horizontally towards the center of the car, and, lastly, but by no means least to the observing buyer, the new body does not bear the slightest resemblance to those of the last few years. Seen from in front in "good morning" fashion, its wavy front axle and irregular octagonal radiator are distinguishers. A broadside reveals straight lines with simple curves—none of the heavy swells of previous styles; and in "good-bye" position the double cylindrical gasoline tank, dropped back axle and body with three vertical panels and horizontal dividing strip across the center comprise its characteristics.

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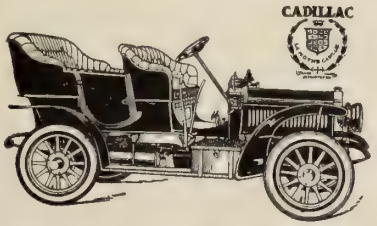
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In Commercial Circles.

It is said that D. O. Mills will not rebuild the Mills Building at Montgomery and Bush streets. His agent here, Joe Cannon, says they have not decided what to do with the property. They can get no definite contract from any contractor to tear it down or to rebuild it on account of the labor troubles. Consequently the property will be idle indefinitely.

Present indications are most favorable to the future of Union Square, Powell street and the adjacent section of the town. I understand that there have been contracts let for over three and one-half million dollars, for permanent buildings, all directly contiguous to Union Square. This amount is exclusive of the money the Crocker estate is spending on the St. Francis and of the cost of the building which Levi Strauss is to erect at Powell and Post adjoining the St. Francis, which is to be a structure similar to the hotel and is to be rented by the St. Francis Hotel Company. On the corner opposite the Strauss property Ed. Hopkins will erect a fireproof 10-story building, and Will Green has let a contract for a building on his property on Post street facing Union Square. The Burbank Building, occupied by the Union League Club at Stockton and Post is already in the hands of the contractor. The Pacific Union Club Building will be rebuilt at once and also the Deming Building across the street. Byron Mauzy has let a contract for an 8-story building on his property adjoining the Deming Building, fronting Union Square, and the Schroth estate is planning a 12-story building adjoining Mauzy's. Contracts have also been awarded for a building to be erected on the site of Marchand's old restaurant. Across the street from this the Watson Realty Company are putting the Spring Valley Building in shape for occupancy in quick time. That company recently bought the property. On the southwest corner of Geary and Stockton street H. C. Breden, former manager of the Standard Oil interests here, is fast completing the large 12-story building for his mother-in-law, Mrs. Butler, which was commenced before the fire. It is to be occupied by Newman & Levinson on the ground floor and on the upper stories by offices. The other buildings to be on that side of the square are the Behlow Building, an 8-story structure to be put up by Mrs. E. S. Pillsbury, and the corner of Geary and Powell, on which is to be erected a 12-story building by Geo. D. Tay and Chas. Sonntag for the Germania Life Insurance Company, to be known as the Germania Building. Across Powell street, at the corner of Geary, M. A. Gunst is to erect an 8-story fireproof building. A building is contracted for on the Skelley property adjoining and Geo. D. Tay will erect an 8-story hotel on the adjacent property on Powell street formerly occupied by the Union Square Market, with a frontage on O'Farrell street, while on the two lots south belonging to Mr. Tay's sisters plans for buildings are being made. All of these improvements are to be completed within twelve months. Shreve & Co. have entered into a contract with the Crocker estate to occupy their old store at Grant avenue and Post street by January 1, 1908, and I understand Bullock & Jones are to move to the corner of Kearney and Post streets, to the site of the old Kohler & Chase Building. Robert S. Atkins has taken a lease of a store to be erected on Sutter street, near Kearny, the old location of W. K. Vanderslice.

—The Rounder.

AT BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Amweg, accompanied by Miss B. Ester Amweg, made the run from Oakland to Byron Hot Springs in their Queen on Saturday last. Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee and family arrived in a Cadallic. Among the other arrivals were Mrs. Louie Taussig, accompanied by her nephew, Dr. E. Taussig of Rome, Dr. J. F. Summers, Byron Jackson, Byron



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GERMEA

FOR

BREAKFAST

Chartreuse vs. Liqueur Peres Chartreux.

Translation from "Le Matin," Paris, June 28, 1906.

"The trade-marks of the cordials and products of the Grande Chartreuse, of which the Chartreuse Fathers have been unjustly despoiled by the law of 1901, will be put up for sale at public auction before the court of Grenoble on Saturday, June 30, 1906.

"We learn from an absolutely reliable source that the Chartreuse Fathers will not be parties, either directly or indirectly, to this sale, but on the contrary they positively refuse to give anybody authority to acquire these trade-marks, for which they maintain all their rights.

"What matters to them anyhow a **bottle** and a **label** apart from the product which has made for them a long standing reputation?

"Everybody knows that the Chartreuse Fathers continue to manufacture the cordial, for which they alone hold the secret, at Tarragona, Spain."

The above translation will be of interest to many of our readers, who are doubtless familiar with the published reports of the action taken by the French Government a little more than two years ago, whereby the monks of La Grande Chartreuse, who for three hundred years or more have distilled that well-known liqueur—were ruthlessly dismissed from the country, the Government confiscating their bottles, labels and trade-marks, for the purpose of carrying on the manufacture of what it has been pleased **to call** "Chartreuse."

Unfortunately, however, neither the state official liquidator, nor the state itself, or anybody in the state could obtain the mighty secret for the preparation of this "Nectar of the Gods" by any possible means, and the authorities soon grew very tired of a fruitless effort to produce and sell a satisfactory imitation of the celebrated cordial, which accounts for the final disposal of the trade-marks at public auction, as referred to by the "Paris Matin." According to reports published in later French papers, the Monks did not even offer to bid at the sale.

These trade-marks, which give the purchaser the privilege of the use of the name "Chartreuse," and enable him, under protest of the original owners, to put up something which masquerades under the guise of the genuine article, were sold by the French Government at so ridiculously low a price as to afford all the evidence necessary (if any evidence were needed) of the fact that the trade-marks themselves, **without the great secret of manufacture,** are practically worthless.

A continued use of the bottle and label by the purchaser, whoever he may be, does not by any means insure the contents as being genuine, or even remotely similar to the liqueur which for centuries has given reputation and renown to the monks who make it.

Meanwhile the monks of La Grande Chartreuse having, perforce, bequeathed their bottles, labels and trade-marks to France, immediately left their monastery among the rugged rocks of Grenoble and, taking their secret with them, established themselves permanently at Tarragona, Spain, where they continue to make and to sell to all civilized nations this most delectable essence of flowers, herbs, fruits and spices, to be known henceforth and forever as "LIQUEUR PERES CHARTREUX."

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Letters

The Middleman of Literature

David Christie Murray, the English novelist, is out in defence of the literary agent who, he says, would not exist if he were not needed. The literary agent seems to be less well known on this side of the Atlantic, masquerading under the title of literary advisor and revision bureau when he makes himself known at all. He is the literary middleman who offers to superintend the marketing of manuscripts for a commission commensurate with the amount of labor it involves. He will have a manuscript typewritten, write a general letter of advice to the author, or a specific criticism and revision of the work in hand and will undertake to bring it to the notice of the purchasing world, relieving the author of all the trouble and forwarding to him at the end of the transaction a check which will represent the net proceeds. He has the same excuse for being as has the commission agent, the real estate broker or that itinerant collector known in the rural districts as "the chicken man." If anyone is unwilling to fret his soul with interviewing editors in person, or wants to save himself from the harrowing of mind which results from the sight of a returned manuscript, or if he is too little of a business manager to know what to do, then the literary agent is his salvation. If he thinks the commission paid out is worth the trouble it saves him, well and good, and if there are a sufficient number like-minded, then the literary agents will gather at the feast. Mr. Murray says as long as the middleman does not cheapen the quality of the literary wares, he is doing no harm. That is an obvious fact. Again, he claims that the agent, so far from commercializing literature, only facilitates the exchange, for very little work would be done if the ultimate reward in the way of hard coin were not forthcoming, and if the agent manages to get better prices than the author would that is not to say that he extorts a price greater than his wares are worth, but only that he is a better business man than his principal. There is no cabal, no conspiracy to prevent authors from selling or editors from purchasing directly, and indeed it would seem to be altogether a private transaction. A man may sell his book, just as he would a parcel of land, directly to his customer, and save his commission. He may afterwards discover that a shrewd agent would have secured so much a better price that even with the commission deducted the returns would have been greater, and then he may regret his action. No one can compel him to deal with the broker, and no one can complain if he does not. No doubt many half-baked authors are encouraged to waste time on literature, as they call it, encouraged by the reports of big profits, but no editor is obliged to accept anything he does not want, and, coming down to the final facts, an article of any description which lacks merit is sure to fail. If no one wants it, agent or no agent, no one will buy it. The commission man does not make the market. He only finds one if it exists.

That a really good book is never dead, even though the demand ceases for a while, is proved again by the new interest in George Kennan's "Siberia and the Exile System." It is all of twenty years ago since the articles made their appearance serially in the "Century." Mr. Kennan was given unusual opportunities for observation by the Russian authorities, under an impression that he would give favorable testimony, and in consequence he had interviews with officials and exiles which would not have been granted to another.

The Scribners have arranged to supply a long-felt want, in the shape of a special binding for library books. They recognize the fact that the average volume, by the time it has passed through the hands of half a dozen average readers,

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is about to part with its cover, if not also with a goodly portion of its contents, and that the expense of repairing books eats well into the maintenance funds of every library. Hereafter they will issue a special edition of their publications at a slight increase of price but bound in such fashion as to withstand anything short of deliberate disembowelling. The idea is that, though costing a little more at the time of purchase, the lasting qualities will more than make up, in the end, by obviating the necessity of frequent visits to the book-dispensary.

A Versatile Smith

Four travelers once met in the smoking car of a Western train. Three were traveling salesmen, and they assumed that the fourth was also of that fraternity. They discussed the condition of trade fully and freely, and confessed to the exceptional dullness of the season, two of them owning that they had not made a sale in a week. "Well," said the fourth, "it is two months since I have made a sale," but he was far from appearing downcast at his ill fortune. "Thunder! And your people keep you on?" was the exclamation of one, while another asked what was his specialty. "Light houses," was the answer. It was F. Hopkinson Smith, equally well known as author and painter. The business of building light houses in his serious occupation, and there is not a harder worker in America than F. H. Smith, the engineer. Francis H. Smith pursues his painting as an avocation, and changes places with F. Hopkinson Smith, the author. Mr. Smith does not mix his occupations. When he is painting he is all painter, and when he is building jetties and beacons he does not give his mind to the weaving of romances. Many of his novels are but slightly modified from experiences. "Caleb West" and "Tom Grogan" were real characters, and the "Fortunes of Oliver Horn" is to a considerable extent biographical. The men of the life-saving service bear a large part in both the novels and the short stories of the author, for in the course of his serious work he has had much occasion to meet and study them. "The Tides of Barnegat," recently published by the Scribners, is Mr. Smith's latest book.

—The Bookworm.

(From the New York Sunday "Herald.")

Have You Had a "Doctor" Yet?

When the nervous looking man dashed into the Broadway cafe, mopped his brow, sat down and began to cross and recross his legs he called out to the waiter, "Bring me a doctor." The stranger within the gates who sat at a nearby table turned quickly, fearing that there might have been a sudden seizure. Instead of excitement he perceived the waiter going toward the buffet with his usual wooden calm, while the newcomer was not more nervous than usual.

"The 'doctor's' the new cocktail," whispered the rural looking man's waiter, noting the questioning look on the face of his patron. "It's very popular now and they are calling for it just before the dinner hour in a lot of cafes along Broadway."

When the manager came around he smiled. "Oh, yes, the doctor is very popular. You see it is the invention of a very well known physician who after a hard day's work felt the need of some slight stimulant. He did not care for Manhattans or Martinis and he concocted this one. The ingredients are a tablespoonful of Underberg Boonekamp Bitters and Italian vermouth and Gordon gin, in a proportion of two parts of vermouth to one of gin. It is served in an old fashioned cocktail glass with ice and a slice of orange."

"Gimme a doctor," ordered the stranger within the gates.

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Murder As a Fine Art

San Francisco is now an excellent field for a Society of Connoisseurs in Murder, such as De Quincey tells us about. We are having a fresh atrocity worth discussing every few days, and the various modes of carnage should appeal to the curious in homicide and to the dilettanti who appreciate murder as one of the fine arts. That there are many of the dilettanti in this city we are led to believe from the circumstance mentioned in the dailies that our Chief of Detectives summoned to his office, the other day, several of his acquaintances of smart criminal society and begged them to reveal to him the names of the clever artists who have shown such remarkable originality of conception and who have exhibited so fine a taste for grouping, light and shade, poetry and sentiment, in the execution of their several masterpieces of butchery. Unfortunately they were either very modest thugs or unconscious of the special merit of the sensational performances, for they pleaded ignorance and withdrew. The forbearance of the Chief of Detectives in the circumstances was highly creditable, since he must have been inclined in his disappointment to drive the distinguished coterie of criminals from our midst. But he is evidently a man of esthetic impulses whose zeal for murder as a fine art is so great that, notwithstanding the discourtesy of which the graduates of our famous San Quentin academy were guilty, he would not do that which might abate their activity. And that very night the colony of thugs showed their appreciation by delegating three of their number to exhibit their ingenuity in a South of Market Street saloon. Some of the less cultured of our citizenry who think that toleration of murder is a crying reproach of public morals are in favor of apprehending the perpetrators of the deeds that have contributed so generously to the excitement if not to the exaltation of the community, but their vulgar demands are not likely to be heeded. This is to be no puritan-ridden community. Even now a movement is on foot among our leading, enlightened politicians, men who imbibed their culture at the fonts of learning in our State University, to leaven the puritanism of our bench with an easy tolerance that will conduce to the widening of our reputation for liberty of conscience and freedom of manners. At the same time they have undertaken to relegate to the obscurity of private life an old-fashioned jurist—one Lawlor—who has on more than one occasion exhibited a prejudice against developing in this community the high state of culture to which we have attained and which is being almost daily vindicated by atrocities of a most exhilarating character. If the politicians succeed in the reform which they have undertaken the mere fact that a man is a resident of San Francisco will be accepted as prima facie evidence of a courage which should commend him to the esteem of all hero-worshipers.

The Labor Emancipator

Several of our esteemed contemporaries, remote from this effulgent centre of intelligence, are curious to know why Town Talk is not advocating the election of the Democratic "standard bearer," Mr. Theodore Bell. Their curiosity may be easily assuaged. Town Talk is not advocating the election of Mr. Bell for several reasons, one of which is that it would require more ingenuity than we possess to argue successfully the Democratic candidate's superior claims to the suffrages of the people while setting forth their manifest inferiority to those of Mr. Gillett. Though conscious of our skill in the dialetic science we are hardly prepared to refute our own arguments while standing by the position which we have assumed. Besides we are prejudiced against Mr. Bell because he is too much aflame with zeal for the emancipation of the workingman who appears to be in no urgent need of his kind offices. He appeals vociferously and with pyrotechnic fervor to patriots, patriotesses and patriotlings but says nothing of the desirability of discouraging the labor trust which is seeking to promote demagogy by terrorizing men of the calibre of Mr. Gillett, who incurred the disesteem of Mr. Gompers for insisting that the obligations of a public servant are to the whole people and not to a clique. We cordially detest demagogues. We are quite confident that the world will never be evangelized until demagogues are routed and compelled to sheath forever the weapon they wear between their teeth. If there is anything sorely in need of emancipation it is the amiable prey of the demagogue, that gregarious beast, the imbecile public which pricks its long ears to the music of a chin.

Consolidation Across the Bay

Thousands of residents of Alameda County have taken advantage of the opportunity offered them by the Oakland "Herald" to express their opinions through the columns of that paper regarding the advisability of consolidating all the towns on the east

shore of the bay under one common government. It affords us great satisfaction to observe the widespread interest which has been aroused by this project. It is indicative of an awakening on the other side of the bay. The people of Alameda County have become conscious of the fact that they reside in something more than the suburb of a city, and that it is high time for them to abandon the swaddling clothes of an infant and assume the vesture of a grown-up metropolis. Oakland was once a suburb of San Francisco, and we of this city were pleased to regard it as such, but Oakland is now a city itself and it has suburbs of its own, large, thriving suburbs, depending for sustenance not alone on wage-earners from elsewhere but on great factories and various forms of industry. Immediately after the April catastrophe there were some foolish persons across the bay who thought that Oakland was destined to assume the position formerly occupied by this stricken city, and there were some of us who grew indignant that such a thing should be suggested and in the first burst of resentment bitterly decried the aspirations of the exultant dreamers. There were some foolish persons in San Francisco who carried their resentment so far as to scoff at the lofty pretensions of the Oaklanders and to marshal evidence of village characteristics which they conceived to be conclusive of the impossibility of Oakland's achieving urban distinction. To hold to that view is to betray a lamentable ignorance not only of the facts but of the commercial relations existing between San Francisco and Oakland. To predict that Oakland must forever remain a village is to assert that San Francisco has attained its full development, for the relationship existing between the two cities is such that their interests are reflective. The ratio of population between the two major bay counties has always remained about the same, and now that of Alameda County is large enough to entitle it to rank with any (except San Francisco) of the large Coast subdivisions of a State. And this is a fact that we should reflect upon with exultation rather than with resentment. For, should it not please us to feel that while certain pretentious, absurdly boastful communities, whose interests are antagonistic to ours, have been deluding themselves with the fantastic notion that they were rivals of San Francisco, the city across the bay, the sister city of the metropolis, has made such rapid strides that it now threatens to make second instead of first place the goal of their vaulting ambition? "Town Talk" enthusiastically approves the proposed consolidation of the towns across the bay. We are eager for the time to come when the California Promotion Committee shall announce that the two most populous cities on the Pacific Coast are situated on the shores of San Francisco Bay.

The Next Revolution

From an article in the current "North American Review," written by Urbain Gohier, we learn that the common people of France have become conscious of the fact that the French Revolution was not so beneficent in its effects as historians would have us believe. It wiped out the French nobility and vested the Bourgeoisie with power, and the Bourgeoisie have proved more unjust and more oppressive than the nobility. So the lower classes of today—the people—have resolved to have another revolution and Gohier is of the opinion that it will take place at the next general election in 1910. He says that after overthrowing the throne at the end of the eighteenth century the Bourgeoisie kept all the booty. The lower classes owe nothing to the Revolution except the right to sell their labor to the landowner. They are not as well off as they were in the Middle Ages, when the communes owned large commons and enjoyed large rights over the lord's meadows. For a century they have been kept in ignorance of the fact that in the Middle Ages a work-day was eight and sometimes seven hours and that every Saturday and on the eve of over two dozen holidays work was stopped at four o'clock. But they have recently learned of conditions in an earlier age and they have come to the conclusion that they have been badly duped. They have learned that until the Revolution nobody was forced into the army and that soldiers were paid. The feudal lords having established their domination over the lands, they accepted the task of defending it against all enemies, and every man owed military service in proportion to his wealth. The awakening has found its expression in socialism and the people have determined to improve conditions by demanding the abolition of hereditary individual property. This is the most sensible form of socialism of which we have yet heard. It at least involves a definite, attainable object. The proletarians argue that it is all right for a man to acquire wealth, but that it is ridiculous that a baby should find in his cradle power and riches, especially if he should happen to be vicious, lazy, idiotic. Yet babies do inherit wealth and very often for no other reason than that their progenitors were bold tricksters and pirates of finance. The proletarians think that it is about time to apply to the Bourgeoisie the same logic that was applied to the nobility.

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The Sacred Gems of Language

Many college professors have given their opinions of the proposed Roosevelt-Carnegie phonetic spelling system and have advanced a large number of objections to it, but none so sound, so convincing, in our opinion, as that of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, the brilliant London essayist. It is deserving of more than cursory attention, for it reminds us of the importance of guarding the English language with jealous concern lest it fall into loose ways. Mr. Chesterton calls our attention to the fact that even as it is, the original life of words burns low and that phonetic spelling might extinguish it altogether. With several illustrations he shows how phonetic spelling will have a tendency to destroy the veracity, firmness and expressiveness of a language which is already sufficiently corrupted and disfigured by abuses and improprieties affecting the subtlety and suppleness of expression. Many words have a history and hidden treasures in them to which we are as it is too often insensible, and we should not be made to forget them altogether. By way of illustration Mr. Chesterton cited the letter of a leader of a religious party to a supporter, printed in one of the dailies, which contained these words: "I have not forgotten the talented way in which you held up the banner at Birkenhead." Even in the ordinary vague meaning of the word there is no coherency in the picture, but as Mr. Chesterton says, "A talent is a Greek coin used in the New Testament as a symbol of the mental capital committed to an individual at birth. If the religious leader in question had really meant anything by his phrases he would have been puzzled to know how a man could use a Greek coin to hold up a banner. But really he meant nothing by his phrases. 'Holding up the banner' was to him a colorless term for doing it successfully." The learned essayist takes also for illustration the sentence, "Republics generally encourage holidays" which if spelled as pronounced in England would read "Ripubliks jenrally incurrij hollidies." Each of the words has a history and hidden treasures which are easily recalled when we look at their structure, but if the spelling were changed, we should soon forget them. One of the most interesting of the illustrations made by Mr. Chesterton was taken from the admonition of a magistrate: "You should always be polite to the police." Here are found two words having the same origin and meaning, yet most of us have lost sight of the fact. "Politeness," says Mr. Chesterton, "means the atmosphere and ritual of the city, the symbol of human civilization. The policeman means the representative and guardian of the city, the symbol of human civilization. Yet it may be doubted whether the two ideas are commonly connected in the mind. It is probable that we often hear of politeness without thinking of a policeman; it is even possible that our eyes often alight upon a policeman without our thoughts instantly flying to the subject of politeness. Yet the idea of the sacred city is not only the link of them both, it is the only serious justification and the only serious corrective of them both. If politeness means too often a mere frippery, it is because it has not enough to do with serious patriotism and public dignity; if policemen are coarse or casual, it is because they are not sufficiently convinced that they are the servants of the beautiful city and the agents of sweetness and light. Politeness is not really a frippery. Politeness is not really even a thing merely suave and deprecating. Politeness is an armed guard, stern and splendid and vigilant, watching over all the ways of men; in other words politeness is a policeman." On the whole Mr. Chesterton has given us a very sensible disquisition on the subject of words, which are, after all, the counters of thought, the tools by which style is made the luminous incarnation of reason and emotion. They are not to be recklessly trifled with or manhandled by iron mongers and rough riders who have nothing of particular distinction or force to say or write, and who, if they had, would be unable to say or write it in language on a level with the theme.

The Brilliant Brisbane

Magazine writers are now making it appear that Mr. William R. Hearst is the personality of the hour and they are applying themselves to the task of contrasting his merits and demerits, his praiseworthy and his noxious achievements and they are not making of him a figure to excite admiration. In "Collier's" and the "North American Review" especially have his qualities been reviewed in a manner far from flattering, and yet so temperately and with such apparent fairness and freedom from bias as to be likely to bring conviction to the unprejudiced reader. But whether the seemingly dispassionate views expressed in those magazines are accurate or not, one thing is evident: the writers have been in touch with the activities of Mr. Hearst since his entrance in the New York field of journalism, and they are familiar with his methods, and with the system by which his newspapers are operated. And they tell us that the genius of the Hearst papers, the inspiration of the Hearst policy, is not Hearst but Brisbane. The essence of all that they have said on the subject of Hearst is that he is a puppet in the hands of Brisbane. The writer in

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Collier's represents that the sensational methods of Hearst's New York papers are dictated by Brisbane; that the motto of that learned gentleman is "Nothing succeeds like circulation," and that there is nothing that he would scruple at to compel public attention. Yet Mr. Brisbane's genius appears to have won the admiration of the writer. The latter evidently considers Mr. Hearst's mentor a wonderfully brilliant journalist, though it is clear from what he tells us that Brisbane has done nothing more than almost any accomplished and unscrupulous newspaper man could do were he assured that he was employed by a publisher who had the courage to approve sensationalism in its maddest variety. A sample of Brisbane's recklessness, we are told, was the assertion printed in Hearst's New York paper that the bullet by which Goebel was killed was speeding toward McKinley. That was, to be sure, a very sensational statement, but if circulation is to be sought by that sort of sensationalism, a newspaper may be highly spiced for the palate of the mob every day in the week. But even Mr. Hearst did not relish that kind of sensationalism after the assassination of McKinley. However, it must be admitted that he is a man of great courage to father all the utterances of his versatile editor, and at the same time a man of peculiar temperament to acquire by proxy the sort of reputation that has been contrived for him by Mr. Brisbane.

Perspective Impressions.

We have suddenly discovered that a piece of gas pipe has some of the attributes of an alarm clock. It has aroused us. Perhaps it may yet serve as a symbol of civic vigilance.

Mayor Schmitz is said to be spending money like a prince in New York. Well, why not? There is some Celtic blood in Schmitz and he believes in the familiar motto, "Aizy comes, aizy goes!"

Cuba is to have a second chance, not because we think she will make good use of it, but because we haven't the courage of our convictions. The eyes of the world are upon us and we hate to have our motives impugned.

Admitting that Mr. Phelan is everything that Mr. Tevis and Mr. Gallager say he is, nevertheless it's a shame to take the money.

Some of our leading merchants who voted for Mayor Schmitz, seeing that trade has fallen off in consequence of the reign of terror, are now exploding with what they conceive to be a well defined case of civic pride.

"Let us have United States Senators elected by direct vote of the people!" exclaims Candidate Langdon; "Let us have the initiative, the referendum and the recall." Isn't it more urgent to have a district attorney with sufficient zeal and ability to reduce the volume of graft in San Francisco?

The dispatches tell us of a man in West Virginia who played a most amusing joke on his jealous wife. He induced a male friend to dress as a woman and call him out of the house. It was a great joke, but as the infuriated lady shot her spouse through the stomach it is feared that he will never have the laugh that he so cleverly earned. And as the lady shot herself she is in no humor to appreciate the joke even though it were explained to her.

Schopenhauer tells us that everywhere in this world and under all circumstances, it is only by force that anything can be done, but that power is mostly in bad hands because baseness is everywhere in a fearful majority. But here in San Francisco, where baseness happens to be in the minority, we are going to do something by moral suasion.



The Russian Bureaucracy to France—"I feel, dear lady, that in spite of your aid I must ere long succumb." —Szezutek (Warsaw).



Ivan As a Free Man.

Nicholas II.—"Great Scott! And is that all they taught you at the Douma!" —Rire (Paris).

Truth About the Canal.

By Rufus L. Fish

San Francisco is very much interested in the building of the Panama Canal. The sooner it is built the better it will be for San Francisco, and therefore the people of this city are not likely to sympathize with Mr. Poultney Bigelow in his criticism of the methods being pursued by the Government on the American Isthmus. Though it has been shown that Mr. Bigelow's views were those of a superficial observer he managed to get them published in a magazine notori-



Chief Engineer Stevens

ously prejudiced against the Administration, and after reading them over I have come to the conclusion that in addition to being a superficial observer he lacks the ability to impart plausibility to his statements. I have been over the Isthmus and I have spent a great deal of time familiarizing myself with the work that is being done and the way that it is being done, and I am prepared to say that if I were disposed to fault-finding and abuse I should have less difficulty than Mr. Bigelow appears to have had in contriving arguments in support of unfavorable criticism, and yet I have no hesitation in reporting that in view of all difficulties encountered, all the opportunities for graft and all the conditions in restraint of honest and efficient work the men in charge of the vast enterprise are performing their arduous duties in a manner reflecting the highest credit on this country.

There is graft on the Isthmus, but there is more graft in Washington, D. C. There is perhaps more graft attached to every dollar spent in an Francisco by the municipal government than to every one hundred dollars spent by the Federal Government in the canal zone.

I am not apologizing for the Isthmian graft. I am suggesting nothing in mitigation of it; merely proclaiming, am I, the fact that in political affairs the ideal is not brought nearer the farther you go from home. At the same time the whole truth would not be told were I not to acquaint my readers with the fact that the volume of graft has been greatly reduced since the dirt began to fly. Some months ago there was a great deal of graft in the operation of the government railroad and in the handling of supplies, but methods have been changed within a very recent period, and the opportunities for graft are growing more beautifully less every day, without, however, the slightest prospect of ever being entirely eradicated.

The main thing for us to know is that the Administration is striving not only to build the canal but to obtain, so far as possible, honest workmanship. And a source of considerable satisfaction should be the knowledge that we have already made great progress. We haven't dug much of a ditch so far but we have made the digging feasible and practicable. That is what the French under De Lesseps failed to do.

Mr. Bigelow made an unfortunate reference to the difference between American and French methods. His contrast was to our discredit, and yet a twelve-year old boy would be looked upon as feeble minded, were he not to be impressed, after a week's sojourn on the Isthmus, with the puerility of French methods as emphasized by the achievements to date of Engineer Stevens and his staff. On all sides evidence is to be found of the preposterous waste of French money, of the futility of French experiments, of the miscarriage of French plans. The Isthmus is strewn with the wrecks of an abortive conception of the engineering problem that the French tried to solve. Their inadequate machinery is all there, falling to pieces beneath a tangle of tropical vegetation. Viewed in connection with the maps that survive it is eloquent of incompetency and graft.

Our Government expects to spend two hundred million dollars in the construction of the canal and to have it ready for use in 1914. Our success will depend largely on our ability to get Chinese labor, for though the sanitary conditions on the Isthmus have been so greatly improved that it is now as healthful as it is possible to make a tropical country, the climate is too enervating for white men. Most of the laboring work so far has been done by Jamaica negroes, and they are a lazy lot. A Jamaican does much less than one-third of a man's work a day. Laborers have been imported from Spain and Martinique, but in small numbers. To make the progress that the Government officials are capable of making it will be necessary to rush in a



The Longest Completed Section of the Canal

large force of Orientals. With the desired force it will be quite possible to complete the canal within eight years, for be it known the French did some work during the twenty years of their scandalous administration.

The progress of the work will no doubt be watched with a great deal of interest in this city, for the canal means more to San Francisco than to any other city on the continent. From New York to San Francisco

through the Straits of Magellan, the present route for steamers, the distance is 13,714 nautical miles, and from New Orleans to San Francisco, 14,114 miles. By way of the Panama Canal the distance from New York will be reduced to 5,299 miles and from New Orleans to 4,698 miles, the route from New York being shortened 8,415 miles, and from New Orleans, 9,416 miles. The canal will also bring San Francisco much closer to Europe, which is a large market for our goods. From San Francisco via Calao, the Straits of Magellan and Pernambrico to Liverpool is 14,084 marine miles; via Panama the distance is 8,038 miles. So there are many reasons why San Francisco should not sympathize with those who are trying to embarrass the Administration in its efforts to join the Eastern and Western seaboards by a water-way.

Ibsenism and Socialism.

By Dr. George Goodfellow

Editor "Town Talk": Your comments upon Ibsen, especially the recent ones wherein you traversed the views of Rader and others who, from various standpoints have attempted to criticise him, have been read with interest. It seems to me, however, that not all, even of those whose duty and pleasure it is to study and to comment upon his work, thoroughly grasp the underlying principle which permeates it from beginning to end. To make this clear a little discursive disquisition is needful.

Ibsen was a socialist: through ignorance or malice anethema to our safe and sane conservatives. No word has been more misunderstood, more distorted in meaning and crassly abused than the word Socialism, although it expresses better than any other the incontestible ethical truth that liberty and equality will conduce to the welfare of all; will cause the welfare of each to contribute to the welfare of all. Society today is essentially antisocial; the whole fabric rests upon privilege and power is strained and dislocated in every direction by the inequal stresses rising therefrom. Socialism demands that the interests of all shall be arranged that they shall co-operate instead of clashing with and counteracting each other. It demands economy in the production of and uses of wealth and the consequent abolition of wretchedness and poverty; and it makes these demands in order that every human being shall be in possession and control of his own person and modes of seeking happiness, without interference of any kind from any outside source whatsoever. This is simply a broad assertion of the Sovereignty of the Individual. For years the word has been applied indiscriminately to various schools of thought as a generic term; so, as there is in each of these schools an element common to all, to define it comprehensively that element or the elements that exist in each must be generalized that no misconception of the meaning can exist. The common element is belief in the sovereignty of the individual and a conviction of the necessity for a change in the present economic status that will accomplish the desired end—equality of freedom. Carlyle expresses it thus: "There must be a new world if there is to be any world at all; . . . . . these days of universal death must be days of universal new birth, if the ruin is not to be total and final. It is a time to make the dullest man consider, and ask himself, whence he came? and whither he is bound? A veritable new era to the foolish as well as to the wise," Socialism may be defined as the belief that the next step in the evolutionary progress of mankind is to be a change in his environment of an economic character that will include the abolition of every privilege whereby the holder of wealth acquires an anti-social power to compel tribute from his fellow-men. Socialism is this and nothing more.

In the modern socialistic movement are two schools of thought based upon two principles that are diametrically opposed the one to the other. These two principles are Liberty and Authority; and the two schools of thought are Libertarian Socialism and State Socialism. These two schools recognize the inequity of existing economic conditions and desire to replace them with something that will tend to make human happiness more complete. Both believe that this object can be best accomplished by establishing conditions that will give equality of opportunity—equal liberty to all—by abolishing the present State which is a compromise between the two and the source of all the evils complained of. Here their community of thought ends. The Authoritarian or State Socialistic thinkers believe that this object can be attained easiest by the expropriation of all wealth and extinction of competition; that society should seize the means of production and administer them on the majority plan through its organ the State, thus establishing a pure Democracy. They would abolish monopolies by creating one great all-inclusive monopoly—the State. On the other hand, the Libertarians do not sanction the seizure of capital by force or otherwise. Their remedy is equality of freedom in all directions. As the State is the cause of poverty and misery it should be abolished and free play given to individual faculties. Recognizing the same basic causes for the present unequal conditions, the denial of liberty in various directions, they would attain their object by depriving those who have entrenched themselves behind those special privileges of the opportunity to exploit their fellows further by making competition absolutely free; thus establishing the sovereignty of the individual.

Ibsen was a Libertarian whose fundamental creed was equal freedom for all. He believed and taught the ethical principle that the road to human happiness and well-being lay through and in freedom—equality of freedom. Tested by this principle his work becomes an harmonious whole easily comprehended. He was an earnest and consistent searcher after truth, and a promulgator of the theory of individual liberty which declares each one to be the judge of what is right and wrong, as well as a bitter opponent of authority—of the church and of the State, both of which to perpetuate their power and fallacies arrogate the right to regulate the life of the individual. He did not believe that the State owned the body nor that the church owned the soul of the individual. He believed and taught that the attempts of the State and of the church to restrict the free exercise of individual faculties by enactments, sustained by force, were the causes of misery and the instigators to crime. He taught this as the truth and he believed that the truth should be elucidated regardless of the effect on conventional institutions—the church and the State. Among other things he demonstrated that the two hierarchies are responsible for the murder of mothers and children; that when a woman fulfills the function for which she seems best fitted—child-bearing—outside the sanction of the church and the State she is obliged to conceal the fact and is oftimes forced to resort to murder and sometimes to suicide to accomplish that end.

That a man of ecclesiastical training and profession could be expected to appreciate or to comprehend libertarian principles or thought or to discuss them competently is unthinkable. An individual whose whole philosophy is included in the word authority; whose whole life is spent in the propagation and diffusion of fallacious theories;—obviously is incapable to be a valid critic of one whose work was the destruction of error, the dissemination of truth and the abolishing of superstition and superstitious reverence for enslaving doctrines and tendencies.

Grotesque Allegories.

By Theodore Bonnet

The Unfortunate Apes

A tribe of Apes having invited a Great Vice to rule over them, in the course of time were much grieved to find that she was pestiferously fertile. So industriously did she propagate her species that the city of the tribe became afflicted with a pest of Vices. The Apes grew very much alarmed for the Vices proved most destructive and threatened to render the city unhabitable. In their distress the apes appointed a committee to wait on the Chief Vice and petition her to reduce the output of her womb. She politely listened to the petition and then said: "I regret that I must perform the function for which I was created, which is that of scourging the places in which I am harbored."

"Then there is no redress for us," said the spokesman of the committee.

"No, I am delighted to say," observed the Great Vice with a lustful leer.

And the committee mournfully withdrew and made a report which was received with groans. The Apes grew very despondent, and the Vices continued to increase and to scourge the city until one day there came a Wise Old Owl who was asked for advice.

"The problem is quite easy," he said; "you must afflict the Great Vice with sterility."

"But how?" asked the Apes in chorus.

"By mating her with Innocuous Desuetude," said the Wise Old Owl.

And that very day the ceremony was performed, and thereafter the young Vices died one by one from inanition.

An Heroic Policeman

A Policeman of Madegonia, finding a Citizen dying in the street, asked him what had happened.

"I have been footpaded," said the Citizen.

"Can you identify your assailant?" asked the Policeman.

"I can," feebly murmured the Citizen.

Thereupon the Policeman began beating him on the head with his club. A passing stranger said:

"Why do you maltreat so brutally a man who is already dying?"

"Alas," said the Policeman, "if I do not he may live to tell a tale that would provoke a horrible scandal, and as I am employed by the city it is my duty to safeguard the city's prestige."

Then he resumed his occupation and heroically averted a great catastrophe, winning promotion for gallantry in the field of duty.

The Maiden and the Matron

"Tell me," said the Dashing Matron, to the Ancient Maiden," did you ever have a chance to marry?"

"Many a time and oft," was the gushing and somewhat redundant reply.

"And why, then, did you fail to get a husband?" asked the Dashing Matron.

"Because," said the Ancient Maiden, "I schooled myself to scorn the conventional wiles of women."

"Ah, I see," said the Dashing Matron. "You unsexed yourself for the sake of a clear conscience."

"Yes," said the Ancient Maiden, "I cultivated the masculine sense of honor. And how, may I ask, did you get a husband?"

"It would be useless for me to tell you at this late day," said the Dashing Matron; "youth is essential to the success of the arts that I practiced."

"Well," soliloquized the Ancient Maiden, when the Dashing Matron had departed, it is consolatory to reflect that I have risen superior to my sex."

The Condescending Candidate

The Candidate for Office being endowed with a fine faculty for making political capital out of base metals held a bonfire and pyrotechnic festival in his own honor. He knew that it would attract all the small boys in the vicinage, and was sure that something approximating a fatality would be very likely to occur. Sure enough a Precocious Lad had a hand maimed by an explosive, whereupon the Candidate for Office chortled at the success of his manoeuvre and sitting down he wrote the Precocious Lad a letter felicitating him upon his heroism in risking his life in a glorious and patriotic cause, and predicting for him a more propitious entrance to public life in the distant future. He had as many copies of the letter made as there were newspapers in the State and to each paper he sent one, after which he saw fit to vouchsafe the Precocious Lad the original. This conspicuous mark of condescension so affected the Precocious Lad that by way of reciprocity he sent the Candidate for Office an infernal machine disguised as an imported cigar and the letter that followed in a later mail did not reach the gentleman until he was beyond appreciation of its satirical contents. The Precocious Lad lived to learn the folly of sacrificing one's self-respect on the altar of political ambition.

A Welcher In Embryo

An Insurance Magnate who had grown rich on fat dividends was sitting by the roadside weeping copious crocodile tears adown the seams of an apoplectic face.

An Object passing along the roadside, observed the Insurance Magnate and stopped to inquire the cause of his simulated sorrow.

"I have just discovered," said the Insurance Magnate, in answer to the Object's query, "that I am suffering from atrophy of the sense of honor."

"Rather a tardy diagnosis," murmured the Object. And then he added, "But that shouldn't make you weep."

"Yes it should," said the Insurance Magnate," for my sense of honor can no longer be of any use to me."

"But," said the Object, "think of all the other persons to whom your sense of honor has been of no use."

"Who are you?" demanded the Insurance Magnate.

"I am a policy-holder who has been forced to accept fifty cents cash, and some stock at five times its actual value."

"Some day," said the Insurance Magnate, you may sympathize with me, for if you keep that stock long enough you may yet find it expedient to do a little welching yourself.

The Spectator

To Redeem the City

A citizens' committee is said to be in process of organization, the purpose of which is to be the regeneration and redemption of the city. There is work ahead a-plenty for such a committee, and it will have the sympathy and support of the law-abiding and all that have become disgusted with the appalling effrontery of the shameless officials who are responsible for the myriad evils that beset the community. It is said to be the intention of the committee to achieve its ends without violence, and therefore no citizen having the welfare of the city at heart need withhold such assistance as he may be able to render. San Francisco is in a deplorable condition. A comparatively small element of the community has an accurate conception of the true state of affairs. The whole city has been aroused by the boldness of thugs, but the activity of the professional criminals is only a symptom of the cancer that has eaten into the vitals of the municipality. We are suffering not only from the graft by which we are despoiled as taxpayers, but from the graft that checks the growth of the city. Capital is held back not only on account of the exorbitant price of labor and material but because of the hostility that must be abated with gold. The demoralization of the Police Department is pretty bad, but it has had a salutary effect: it awakened the community. We think more of our lives than we do of our property. We have been reproached for not following the example of the founders of the city, but the pages of history show that they were remarkably patient, and that their forbearance was extraordinary. Soule in describing conditions on the eve of the formation of the Vigilance Committee of 1851 says: "Not one criminal had yet been executed. Yet it was notorious that, at this period, at least one hundred murders had been committed within the space of a few months; while innumerable were the instances of arson, and of theft, robbery, burglary, and assault with intent to kill. It was evident that the offenders defied and laughed at all the puny efforts of the authorities to control them. The tedious processes of legal tribunals had no terrors for them. As yet everything had been pleasant and safe and they saw no reason why it should not always be so. * * * No one doubted but that this terrible state of things would continue and grow worse, until a new and very different executive from the legally constituted one should rise up in vengeance against these pests that preyed upon the vitals of society." It was at this fearful time that the Vigilance Committee was organized.

Our Predatory Rich

Mr. James D. Phelan and Mr. Rudolph Spreckels appear to be the only two rich men in San Francisco with sufficient zeal for the city's welfare to stand for honesty and decency and with sufficient courage to tell the truth about the rotten condition of affairs. Several of our richest families, whose members have in recent years been actively engaged in making social history, and who have been very proud of their high social standing, are now exhibiting atavistic tendencies together with a remarkable fidelity to family tradition. The behavior of some of our rich folk warrants the suspicion that they expect to make a clean-up and shift their lares and penates to foreign parts, for they are making history that will not be easily lived down in the city which they appear to be so ready to loot.

Our Smart Detectives

One of our great detectives, upon emerging from the profound depths of enervating thought the other day, gave impressive expression to the shrewd surmise that the author of a recent homicide was a Swede. Whether it was by deduction or intuition that he arrived at this important conclusion I am unable to report. The great detective volunteered no information that would throw any light on the method by which he solves the ponderous problems that come to him in the course of his duties. San Francisco detectives are of a secretive nature. They would never give you a hint to the principles—if they have any—that guide them in their investigations. I am inclined to the opinion that they would scorn to have any principles; that they depend entirely on their skill in jumping at conclusions and their patience in waiting for criminals to fall into their hands. I formed that opinion many years ago when, as a cub police reporter I associated with the detectives of the San Francisco department, the men by whom the present crew were trained and educated in all the branches of the trade. One night I accompanied John Meagher, a veteran of the department to the scene of a murder on the San Bruno road. The scene was a saloon. The murdered man was lying on the floor. The detective assisted the coroner's deputy in searching his pockets and presently drew forth a piece of a sea biscuit. "Ha! ha!" he exclaimed, "A sailor!" It turned out that the man was a hostler. He had been dining off the lunch-counter. Perhaps the sense of intuition that guided Meagher to a conclusion was handed down to the detective who thinks that a Swede committed one of the recent murders.

The Relief Camp Scandal

One may easily find abundant evidence in corroboration of what Mr. W. J. Dingee has said about the Relief Camps. It is notorious that they are filled with persons who have no legitimate claim on public support, that they have become infested with criminals and have been the scene of almost every crime mentioned in the penal code. It should not be difficult for the Relief Commissioners to obtain accurate information respecting the character of every person now

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subsisting off the fund subscribed for the benefit of refugees. It is high time to weed out the professional paupers, and compel the able-bodied to hustle for a living.

Troubles of the Committee

But even should the committee accomplish the expulsion of all the unworthy they would still have troubles on their hands. The total number of refugees and impostors in the camps is 15,500 and there are many trouble-brewers among them who are constantly trying the tempers of the men and women engaged in the relief work, in ways of which the public never hear, for the big dailies sometimes fail to print what is going on. The other day several of the leading spirits among a coterie of the refugees, organized for the purpose of getting quick action in the disbursement of the relief funds, issued a circular to the effect that on a certain day and certain hour all refugees must appear at the headquarters of the Relief Committee to receive his and her share of the cash on hand. At the hour in question over ten thousand anxious refugees appeared before the headquarters, each one struggling desperately and valiantly to be the first one to get a share of the fund about to be disbursed. Of course there was no money to be given out, but the canard served its purpose and the demagogue who had issued the circular took advantage of the occasion to harangue the crowd on the best ways to get everything in sight. A police call was sent in for help by the officials of the Relief Committee but peace was not forthcoming till over a dozen policemen arrived and paved the way with a liberal display of their clubs. And so with an occasional riot call, the growls of the dissatisfied, the charges of theft, fraud and graft, and the strenuous efforts of certain noble spirits to do the right thing for the afflicted, the relief fund is being gradually depleted. Hail the day!

The Squabble Over the Parks

The question of sheltering the refugees for the winter in the city's parks and squares should never have been raised. Crimes are committed in them, but that is not the fault of the Relief Committee. It is the fault of the Police Department. Way down deep certain city officials are responsible for stirring up the mess. Their ostensible reason is that they are tired of looking from their windows facing the squares and forever "seeing nothing but a lot of dirty refugees soiling the landscape." Their influence was strong enough to start the ball rolling and the work of the artful grafter will come later to take advantage of the commotion. Some of the leading spirits on the Relief Committee tell me that the question of the turning over of the parks and squares does not admit of debate. According to their story there was a meeting at Rudolph Spreckels' office one morning and for three hours Attorney Cooper, Major Gaston, Lieutenant Scott, Mr. Mackie and Superintendent McLaren discussed the matter in detail. The conclusion was an agreement to give the parks and squares to the use of the refugees, except Alamo and Lafayette Squares, and these also should it be shown that those in need could not be accommodated elsewhere. The use of the parks and squares mentioned was to extend to August 20, next, one year. Superintendent McLaren now asserts that the squares were never offered. Does he remember going with Mr. Mackie to visit the squares in order to show him what shrubs and trees it would be best to cut in order to clear the sites for the proposed refugee cottages?

Young English lady, well educated, would take pupils in private family. English in all its branches. French and Music. Address in care this office.

The Price of Lumber

To those property holders who are fondly hoping that the price of lumber will somehow fall in the near future I want to extend my sympathy. For purely personal reasons I would keenly delight to see it fall several dollars per thousand feet myself, but after investigating the subject I have surrendered what little hope I entertained. The fact of the matter is that the lumber trust has the city in its power down to the last toothpick. Even now to prevent any glut, or the sight of an oversupply to excite comment, agents are going up and down the timber belt to close up mills and to cut down all the output that cannot be immediately sold at present prices and turned at once into structures. Available timber claims are being gobbled up or bonded so as to prevent outsiders breaking into the present big gambling game. Lower prices? Several millmen are in favor of not cutting any more timber for a certain specified time in order to force prices up several points. Only the intervention of changes in the city's present labor and financial conditions will bring about a modification of their present plan of campaign. According to several prominent architects and bankers the indicator of future events is gradually swinging that way.

The Chief of the Pacific Squadron

Rear-Admiral William T. Swinburne, the present commander-in-chief of the Pacific squadron, is something of a stranger in San Francisco, notwithstanding the fact that he has in past years seen service on the Pacific Coast. He is a man well thought of in the service as a navigator but he has not had the good fortune in the past to be assigned to duty that would bring him prominently before the public, although he has been specially advanced for unusually meritorious service during the Spanish war. He is an additional number in his grade by reason of the promotion given him for his good service. Prior to his present assignment, he was a member of the General Board in Washington.



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Hoaxing Wise Editors

The magazine editors have been put on the defensive. They are trying to explain the "turning down" of a Kipling story. A cruel hoax was played on them by some heartless wretch, who probably knew something of the ambitious writer's toil and pain and no doubt had suffered the keen disappointment that comes with rejected manuscript soiled with futile journeying from sanctum to sanctum in the byways and highways of magazinedom. He copied a Kipling story, changing names and location of scenes and nothing more, and sent it to thirteen editors by all of whom it was rejected with the perfunctory note of regret. Then he wrote to the "Sun" about it. And then came explanations as lame and unconvincing as much of the shrieking literature that the Eastern magazines have taken to in their frenzied emulation of the yellow journals. The moral of the hoax is, Get a reputation before applying for a niche in the Temple of American Immortals, but the editors, writing anonymously in the "Sun," are denying that they were duped, or that the proof offered of prejudice in favor of a name is conclusive. They have not the candor of the book-seller who, meeting Mark Twain, twenty years after refusing one of the humorist's books said: "I am substantially an unknown person, but I have at least one distinction to my credit of such colossal dimensions that it entitles me to immortality—to-wit: I refused a book of yours, and for this I stand without a competitor as the prize ass of the nineteenth century."

Jack London's Experience

The Eastern magazine editors are wasting their time trying to disprove the charge that they are more sensitive to the charm of a name than to the merits of a piece of literature. There is more substantial proof in support of that charge than the rejection of the Kipling story. Indeed that proof might easily be refuted, for it is possible to urge a plausible objection to the publication of almost any masterpiece of fiction, and Kipling's stories are not all masterpieces. Indeed some of them were probably published for no other reason than that they were written by Kipling. Stronger proof of the susceptibility of editors to the lure of a name was given by Jack London to a friend in this city. He said that before he succeeded in catching the editorial eye he had about twenty stories rejected by almost every editor in the land. After triumphing over obscurity he started the rejected manuscripts on the rounds once more and all were accepted. But perhaps the resourceful editors will explain that there is a process by which rejected manuscripts becomes available. Perhaps they will tell us that a story becomes effervescent when bottled in a cool place, or that like a razor it takes on an edge when given the rest cure. There is nothing absolutely irrefutable nowadays.

Magazine Competition

The failure of the magazine editors to recognize a Kipling story is in nowise discreditable. Nobody is familiar with all the short stories ever written. The only thing discreditable in connection with this alleged exposure of editorial inefficiency is the appalling impotency of the pleas in mitigation. Our magazine editors betray a woeful ineptness in the exquisite art of lying. This is surprising in view of the abnormal competition in the business of publishing magazines. Competition is the life of trade. Promoting rivalry as it does it should make publishers eager to hire the very best available talent and improve the quality of brains employed in the profession. But perhaps, owing to the great prosperity of the country and the immense volume of money available for advertising purposes, magazines may be put on a paying basis without trying to approximate perfection. There is a new magazine born in New York every hour without the slightest incentive to propagation. That magazines are not born to fill a long-felt want is evident because all appear to be striving to crowd into the same old want. They all seem to be edited from the same tripod. If one starts muckraking they all start stentoriously on precisely the same mission. All are tuned to the same keynote, claim approximately about the same circulation and lure the same advertising patrons. Once upon a time I was under the impression that the big firms that support the magazines were very shrewd, that they were all Missourians when it came to putting money in an advertising column. But that impression was removed some months ago when a monthly magazine was revived in this city. The persons by whom it was revived thought that it had been dead only a month. They solicited advertising in the East and it was forthcoming at rates so high that they were astonished. When the paper came out the publishers learned that the magazine had been dead six months. Its circulation had been completely lost. They decided to abandon it. That was eight months ago and though the paper is still dead new advertising matter has been arriving every week.

O. W. Nordwell

TAILOR

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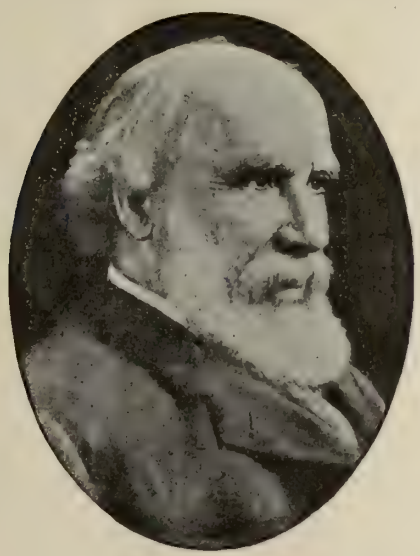
We have a number of features. This is one: You are specially invited to inspect our kitchen equipment—all tiled floors. Look in at our enamel refrigerator and look over the meats, game and vegetables—they will look as appetizing to you as when served to you on the table. We want your opinion.

"Just a reminder—building composed of steel, concrete and marble"—with John McDermott as manager.

The Peek-A-Boo Waist

Several of the good dames of Berkeley have permitted themselves to be lured into print as authorities on the subject of the moral standing of the peek-a-boo waist, which was recently pronounced deleterious by a feminine lecturer in the University. It seems to me highly proper to suggest that women are, by the nature of things, incompetent to discuss intelligently the morals of the peek-a-boo waist, and that whatsoever may be their views on the subject they are obviously from the wrong standpoint. So far as women are concerned the influence of the peek-a-boo waist is objective and beyond their cognizance. The question of modesty is one thing, the question of morals another. It is conceivable that a woman may wear a peek-a-boo waist and be absolutely modest. Indeed I have no doubt that most women by whom they are worn are entirely unconscious of the possibility of a question of modesty being involved in the character of the garment. And as a matter of cold fact, if there is nothing immodest in the baring of busts in the evening in a public theatre, there is nothing immodest in giving in daylight merely glimpses of the same portion of the anatomy that is disclosed by electricity. It is absurdly inconsistent to approve of decollete by electric light and reprehend lattice-work exposure by sunlight. To approximate consistency the person who does not object to a naked back at night but proclaims the peek-a-boo waist immodest should also draw the line at the face-veil. But to get at the truth respecting the moral character of the peek-a-boo waist the opinions of men should be elicited, for after all it is their morals and not those of women that are concerned. The question of the propriety of peek-a-boo waists would never be raised on an Adamless island. I have never interviewed any of my acquaintances on the subject, but I have before me an essay written by a gentleman named Addison, not unknown to literature, on the subject of the tucker, which indicates, in a measure, the moral effect of the kind of disclosure under discussion.

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James J. Hill

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His Gentle Rebuke

As the tucker has not been worn for many years, my readers are probably ignorant of the nature of the garment, so I will first let Addison enlighten them. "There is," he wrote, "a certain female ornament by some called a tucker, and by others the neck-piece, being a slip of fine linen or muslin, that used to run in a small kind of ruffle round the uppermost verge of the woman's stays, and by that means covered a great part of the shoulders and bosom." It was in Addison's day that the ladies of England started the fashion which was the forerunner of the waist that has been made the theme of a symposium in the University at Berkeley. "Having thus given a definition," he continued, "or rather a description of the tucker, I must notice that our ladies have of late thrown aside this fig-leaf, and exposed in its primitive nakedness that gentle swelling of the breast which it was used to conceal. What their design by it is, they themselves best know." That is a sample of what the chaste Addison considered a very deft rebuke. But that was not the end of it. He confessed that so far as he was concerned the removal of the tucker was the cause of some embarrassment, for one night be made a lady blush by letting his eyes wander, and he added "I could scarce forbear making use of my hand to cover so unseemly a sight." He reminded his readers that if they would survey the pictures of their great grandmothers of Elizabeth's time they would see them "clothed down to the very wrists and up to the very chin," for in Elizabeth's time they wore not only tuckers but ruffs and says Addison "The hands and face were the only samples they gave of their beautiful persons."

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Evolution of the Peek-A-Boo

Addison also tells us that the women of England disclosed their persons in easy stages. First they discarded the ruffs and "in proportion as the age refined the dress still sunk lower; so that when we now say that a woman has a handsome neck we reckon into it many of the adjacent parts. The disuse of the tucker has still more enlarge it, insomuch that the neck of a fine woman at present takes in almost half the body." And yet in Addison's time a decollete gown was so high-cut that in this ultra-refined period it would be looked upon as a vulgarly prudish compromise. However, Addison with prophetic eye saw the waist-line not afar off. And he wrote, "I would fain have them tell us how far they intend to go." And then he came to the morals of the matter, first assuring his readers that his morals were not menaced. "For my part," he wrote, "their necks as they call them, are not more than busts of Alabaster in my eyes. I can look upon

'The yielding marble of a snowy breast,'

"With as much coldness as this line of Mr. Waller represents in the object itself. But my fair readers ought to consider that all their beholders are not Nestors. Every man is not sufficiently qualified with age and philosophy to be an indifferent spectator of such allurements." He went into this subject far more deeply than it is necessary to go in this refined age, for though we can stand naked backs we like the truth draped at times. However, it will not be amiss to relate that Addison was surprised to notice that the disuse of the tucker was most common among married women, and he suggested that they should remember, "When the bird is taken the snare ought to be removed," a sentiment that reflects some light on the view that was taken of the motive that prompted the disuse of the tucker. He also reminded the fair ones that Lycurgus, who, like Mr. Roosevelt, was in favor of a large population, compelled the Spartan maids to wear loose dresses with peek-a-boo rents in them so as to exhibit their shapely limbs when walking, and that after achieving a husband the Spartan female stitched up her garments. "Nothing," wrote Addison in closing, "bestows so much beauty on a woman as modesty." And then the fair ones of London wrote letters to the "Guardian," the paper to which the great essayist was then contributing, calling him a dotard, a nincumpoop and other things. He was told by one indignant female that women didn't dress for an old fellow who couldn't see them without a pair of spectacles.

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President Jordan and Omar

"I see from the papers," as Mr. Dooley would say, that President David Starr Jordan of Stanford University has in two lectures on two antithetic systems of philosophy elucidated his themes with the aid of Omar Khayyam's poetry. One lecture was on the "Philosophy of Despair" and the other was on the "Philosophy of Hope." The only explanation of the method by which the distinguished lecturer made the "Rubaiyat" serve his purpose in the expounding of both themes is to be found in these words of a reporter, referring to the "Philosophy of Hope" lecture: "You must read Omar, but read him with the rising inflection." That is somewhat vague, and yet there is light in it if we reflect that "Flee As a Bird" may be played as a funeral march or a jig. Metre is sometimes more eloquent than words, as for example in the poetry of Byron. President Jordan while speaking of pessimism referred to Byron as the lonely and sad poet whose manner of wearing his collar was typical of the pessimistic period in which he lived. There was a time when I, too, thought that Byron was a pessimist, but I read somewhere, one day, that the real test of a poet is in his metre, for he cannot be a hypocrite in that as in his metaphysics, and that the metre of Byron was a bounding pas de quatre. And so it is. It has also been said of Byron that though he treated himself as a pessimist he had the smallest amount of knowledge of himself that ever fell to the lot of an intelligent man. If you read him carefully you will find that Byron seemed a pessimist because he was fond of disparaging man to emphasize by contrast the superior attractions of the energies of nature. He was disgusted with the fantastic fripperies of artificial life.

The Point of View

What President Jordan really thinks of that so-called, sad, glad old Persian whom Fitzgerald discovered, I know not, but I feel certain that he will not deny that Omar was an unsociable wine-bibber. Unsociability is the first symptom of pessimism, but it is

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not an infallible one. Indeed the pathology of pessimism is one of the most abstruse of the sciences, and I am certain that the erudite Dr. Jordan knows less about it than he knows about fishes which, I have been informed, are confined to his element. Fish lore is as pellucid as a shallow mountain stream in comparison with the study of the profound depths of a human mind. We may interpret the unsociability of Omar to mean one thing and that of St. Francis, for instance, to mean something quite different. St. Francis renounced the world, but he was the happiest of mortals to whom the flight of a bird was the source of ineffable joy. He talked to thieves and robbers about their misfortune in being unable to give rein to their desire for holiness, and he concerned himself with the needs of his "little sisters the larks." With many writers pessimism was an affectation, and what Dr. Jordan might construe as pessimism others might pronounce hilarious optimism. For example Dr. Jordan regards Stevenson as an optimist and quotes his recipe of joy, but H. Bellyse Baildon, whose "Life Study in Criticism" dealt with Robert Louis' insists that he was the worst of pessimists, and cites by way of proof his "The Master of Ballantrae" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in which he gave evil a final victory over good. He asserted that Stevenson had a suicidal mania, as shown by his tales of blood and spoil, and that he arrived pretty much at the pardox that one can hardly be better employed than in taking life. All of which goes to show that a great deal depends on the point of view. In my opinion there are no pessimists among believers in God.

A Californian's Quick Promotion

Although he graduated from Annapolis only a few months ago, Midshipman Sherwoode A. Taffinder, whose home is in San Francisco, is already a watch and divisional officer on board the gunboat "Helena," on the Asiatic station. It is rarely that an officer so young is intrusted with so important a command. It is usually the duty assigned to Lieutenants or Ensigns. Midshipman Taffinder was a noted athlete while at the Naval Academy and long ago displayed high executive ability in the handling of the athletic teams he captained.

Brewster Off For Cuba

Even the Mare Island navy-yard has been drawn upon to aid in the settlement of the Cuban difficulty. While no enlisted men have been ordered from there, Lieutenant S. W. Brewster, of the marines, who is well known in this city, has been ordered to proceed to New York, where he will join the second brigade of marines bound for Cuba. Brewster will be much missed, as he is one of the best liked fellows in his corps, and has made a great many friends, in and out of the service since he has been on duty at Mare Island.

It is reported that the naval recruiting depot in this city will soon be re-established near its old location on East Street, and that Captain Lucien Young, now on duty at Mare Island, will take charge of the depot. This will bring Captain and Mrs. Young and Miss Young to San Francisco, where they will form a notable and certainly highly popular addition to the local social world during the coming season.

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The Decay of Pugilism

I went to a prize fight the other evening for the first time in many years. My recollection of those contests was vivid; the red of the gore I had seen lingered in it. I remembered reading about broken jawbones and mashed noses, and being in barbarous mood I yielded to the call of the wild. I went expecting to see a degrading and brutal exhibition. I have no doubt it was both. I was too bored to analyze it; for to me what I saw that evening was one of the most stupid and dull performances I have ever been called on to sit through. The "gladiators" battled in Dreamland Rink, which was crowded with men and young boys, all smoking and discussing the records of the fighters. While the spectators were getting settled Morris Levy, a big, black cigar between his teeth, strolled about the place counting noses. He said it was mostly "paper." After a tiresome wait, relieved occasionally by disputes, shrill whistles and cat-calls, the principals of the preliminary bout crawled through the ropes into the ring. One of them, a gorgeously tattooed person, was introduced as being of "the United States Navy." He looked flabby—as if a white spot would follow the least pressure on his skin—and was evidently embarrassed by the honors thrust upon him by the announcer. His opponent was an athletic-looking youth, with slender hips, broad shoulders and a well-cut heavy under jaw. He wore green tights. His name escaped me. For three rounds these two worthies slapped each other's face and pushed each other about the ring. Then, with no apparent provocation, the lad in green sought a recumbent position on the floor. The time-keeper counted off the seconds. When he reached four the gladiator, evidently thinking ten seconds had elapsed, started to get on his feet. Realizing his mistake, he again stretched himself leisurely on the floor, and remained recumbent until he was "counted out," when he gracefully arose, pulled on his trousers and quit the ring.

Light From An Expert

Seated next to me was a fight expert. I was glad he was there, because I was beginning to think I was being swindled. In answer to my questions concerning the stupid farce we had watched, he explained that the man in green was tired, and that he went down that he might avoid being hurt. "But," I protested, "I thought this was a fight." "So it is," said my friend; "he was displaying ring generalship. A good man knows when he's got enough, and that fellow hasn't any reputation to lose." I reminded him that our seats cost $7.50 each, and asked him if stricken San Francisco was well enough situated, financially, to continue paying $7.50 to see a tall man in green tights lie on the floor for ten seconds. He said, "No, we have paid for the fight that's to come. It'll be a great battle. Hyland and Hanlon are dead game." Which was reassuring.

The Real Thing In a Side Show

Then followed another interminable wait, during which everybody smoked until the atmosphere of Dreamland suggested the stench of a dog kennel. After half an hour of this business two spectators, following up a verbal controversy as to the relative merits of Hyland and Hanlon, pummeled each other. When the police got there both were crimson with blood. After this divertisement came another weary period of waiting. Presently the announcer arrived.



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Hanlon and Hyland followed, and were introduced. Then one Berger was called to the ring, and the announcer said he was the coming heavyweight champion of the world. This was greeted with cheers and shouts of derision, and everybody screamed for Britt. The latter, however, declined the limelight; so Hyland and Hanlon posed for the newspaper photographers to take snapshots. Then Referee Welch entered the ring, and the fight was on.

The Refined Mill

Have you ever seen a really first-class prize fight? A fight that gives you your money's worth? If you have I needn't tell you that the combatants do not stand off and hit each other in the face. I thought they did, but learned from Hyland and Hanlon that such bruising is unscientific, to say nothing of bad form. I gathered from the conversation of my friend the fight expert, that Hyland and Hanlon are typical, clever modern fighters. Their method is to place both their own hands over their own faces, shielding their stomachs with their own elbows, and, peeping over the tops of their gloves, to rush together with their heads down. Hanlon got his chin hooked over Hyland's shoulder, and Hyland got his chin hooked over Hanlon's shoulder, like stage lovers, and they hung that way while they punched each other in the small of the back. That's the truth. If you don't believe me, go and see two really first-class men fight. I expected to see one take the other across his knee, and go at it in the good old motherly fashion, and for the life of me I can't understand why some scientific prize fighter doesn't introduce that time-honored blow. That, however, is a digression. For fourteen rounds these two athletes, who got a large share of my $7.50, hit each other on the back, and between rounds everybody said, "What a bully fight this is!" By the end of the thirteenth round each had a little red spot on his back. It was about as big as the palm of your hand, and looked as if it had been sandpapered. Those were the only marks. In the fourteenth round Hanlon became so tired that his knees shook under him, and he fell through the ropes; whereupon the referee awarded the fight to Hyland. A Mexican gentleman who sat at my left opined that when the horses are eliminated the bull fight is more enlivening, far more scientific and less brutalizing than the great American game. Wrong, of course, but I was too sleepy to argue with him.

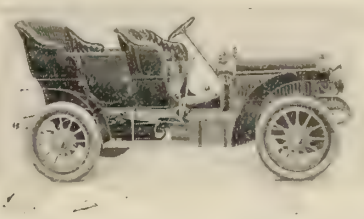
Our Enthusiastic Impresario

San Francisco's music famine will soon be brought to a close. Impresario Will Greenbaum assures me that he will soon open the floodgates of song and delight the ears of music lovers with sweet sounds. Greenbaum is a great musical enthusiast. He is the only impresario that I ever met whose commercial spirit is subordinate to his thirst for music. He is a good musician himself, and he always has something to say about the arrangement of concert programmes, for he insists on getting the best music available. As soon as the concert opens he loses interest in the box-office and becomes absorbed in the performance. The first musical treat to be given under Greenbaum's management will be supplied by the noted soprano, Ellen Beach Yaw, who is to sing in Oakland next week and in this city the following week. After Miss Yaw will come that fine baritone Gogorza, who was here with Eames and later Mr. Greenbaum will give a concert with Mackenzie Gordon as the star performer. He says that Schumann Heink and Rosenthal, the pianists, are among the artists who will be heard in the near future.

A Morrow Pupil

Alice Prescott Smith, whose new novel, "Montlivet," is receiving favorable attention, is the wife of Clarence Smith, the well-known insurance man. They have a beautiful home on Vallejo Street, and it is there that she does her literary work. Mrs. Smith has written two other novels, "The Legatee," dealing with life in the lumbering regions of Michigan, and "Off the Highway," a California story. Both show considerable talent. Mrs. Smith was a pupil of W. C. Morrow, under whose tuition several Californians have developed their talents. Morrow was scoffed at when he began the teaching of "literature," but he has unquestionably vindicated his faculty for communicating the literary knack. Another Mrs. Smith—she was Margaret Cameron Smith then, but is now Margaret Cameron Lewis—was developed by Morrow. She was

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a matron who had never done any writing. She was a teacher of music, and her motive in attending Morrow's lectures was to acquire some facility in the writing of musical criticisms. Latent talent developed to so marked a degree that she began writing stories and plays and has been highly successful in both. She has written a number of clever plays for amateurs and two fairly successful professional dramas, and is constantly in demand for such wares. Her name appears with increasing frequency over magazine stories. In a recent number of "Harper's Magazine" she had a tale that was really a marvel of spirit, humor and cleverness, with an ingenious plot and intensely funny situations. Morrow has ceased giving lectures to classes. Such work occupied nearly all his time and left him little leisure for his own short-story writing. This he has again taken up, and confines his work as a literary developer to giving private instructions in the art of writing. I am informed that he has grown to be in such demand that his prices for instructions are "simply hideous."

Notaries and Their Ways

Sometime ago the secret service agents here started a campaign against notaries public who are in the habit of acknowledging signatures in an illegal manner. It is required that when a notary acknowledges a signature to a document it be signed in his presence, and that he shall know that the signer is the one he purports to be. It became the habit of notaries not to require the presence of the signer, and this led to many abuses. Several months ago Milton Arohnson, the deaf and dumb notary, was convicted in the United States District Court of such an offense in connection with a pension affidavit and fined $100. But I doubt that the example made of him has worked a complete reform. Last week A. K. Daggett, a notary, was called as a witness in the United States District Court in the trial of William C. Raisch, accused of filling out and selling naturalization blanks to aliens who were not entitled to citizenship. It was maintained by the Government that Raisch had signed certain bogus certificates offered in evidence. Daggett testified that the signatures were not Raisch's, and said, "If documents with these signatures were brought to me I would not acknowledge them." That might be construed to be an admission on Daggett's part that he is in the habit of acknowledging documents even though they are not signed in his presence. However that may not be what he meant. Daggett, who is a friend of Raisch, came forward during the trial and offered his testimony. He was sorry before he got out. As he left the witness stand he stepped up to Raisch and shaking hands with him said, audibly: "I hope they don't convict an innocent man." One of the Government's attorneys immediately called the remark to the attention of Judge de Haven, asserting that the episode might have the effect of prejudicing members of the jury. Judge de Haven took this view of the case, and gave Daggett a severe public grilling. The notary humbly apologized and hastily left the courtroom.

When Juries Disagree

These naturalization fraud cases are very embarrassing to the Government attorneys. They have only two convictions to their credit out of at least a dozen cases tried during the past year. United States District Attorney Devlin himself led the Government

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forces in the Raisch case, but the jury disagreed—disagreed after the manner of Kilkenny cats, in fact. Squabbling commenced as soon as they went into the jury room and continued during the nine hours they remained there. They came out as they went in, six for conviction and six for acquittal. Raisch was a deputy at the city hall up to 1902, and is now a prominent contractor. According to the indictment, Raisch peddled naturalization certificates to undeserving aliens not only while he was a deputy clerk, but as lately as the early part of 1905. The principal witness against him was one William Cunningham, a special policeman—"that creature Cunningham," as Samuel Shortridge, one of Raisch's attorneys, called him. Cunningham said that he and Raisch were partners in the naturalization business, the latter filling out the blanks which he procured at the city hall, the former selling them on the water front. The fact that Cunningham was a self-confessed criminal and was, according to his testimony, attempting to secure immunity at the expense of another, took weight from his statements. All else that the Government had to rely upon was the testimony of the secret service men, that in their opinion the handwriting on the bogus certificates, which were in evidence, was Raisch's, their knowledge of his handwriting being gained by looking through city hall records that he had made, but which were since destroyed in the fire. In opposition to this was the testimony of judges, bank tellers and others who swore positively that the handwriting was not Raisch's. Efforts were made to put known samples of Raisch's penmanship in evidence, but without avail. It could have been done in a State court. But it is a queer provision of the Federal law that a sample of handwriting cannot be introduced into such a case unless it be a part of the case. A letter that Raisch wrote to one of the officials in relation to the case after his arrest might be used; but not a rent receipt that he signed either before or after his indictment. Shortridge and his associate, Bert Schlessinger, declaimed eloquently in their jury arguments that the prosecution had not brought forward a scrap of Raisch's writing to prove that the certificates were written by him. Devlin and Duryea taunted them for strenuously objecting when such a thing was attempted, and said, "Why don't you bring samples to show how different they are from the certificates." To which the retort was, "We don't have to; the burden of proof is on you." Raisch's second trial is set for October 16, when the same witnesses, the same arguments and the same squabbles will be heard. By way of keeping their hands in, the Government attorneys had another of these cases on Monday, and lost. It had a connection with the Raisch case, the defendant being one Johansen, who secured from Cunningham the certificates that the latter said he procured from Raisch. The evidence against Johansen was conclusive. In fact he said on the stand that he got the certificates, but made the plea on which a dozen Swedes have been acquitted during the past year—that he did not know that he was doing wrong.

Meyer Writing Another

George F. Meyer, author of "The Nine Swords of Morales," tells me that his book is having a good sale here and is attracting attention in the East. The novel was greatly handicaped in this State by unfortunate circumstances. The publishers sent out a few copies for review, then neglected to send the consignments

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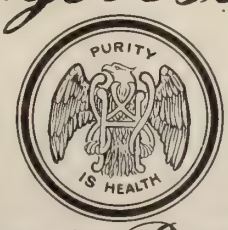
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ordered by the dealers. The consequence was that when the book was given good notices in the local press those desirous of buying it could not find a copy on the news stands. Then on top of that came the fire, which banished for months any thought of such things as books. Meyer is putting the finishing touches on another novel. Like the first one, it is a story of Californian life, but altogether different in conception. For many years Meyer has led the busy life here of a working journalist. Nevertheless he has found time to write the two novels mentioned and to turn out a large number of short stories.

A Pretext For An Uproar

There is an illustration on page 685 of the October "Outlook" which ought to send all the patriotic societies of Dames and Damsels into convulsions, especially when one calls to mind the uproar that was raised when, during the Columbian exposition at Chicago, a flag was stretched over a staircase not designed to be used during one of the evening entertainments, in order to hide the bare space. From the Canadian border to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific there was protest and proclamation over the desecration. Only recently in New York there was a riot because a gang of window cleaners were using some old colored rags, which had once been patriotic decorations, for wiping clothes, and woe betide the tobacco manufacturer or the canner who incorporates a flag in his trade-mark. But in the "Outlook" there is a photographic reproduction of the delegates to the first session of the Negro Bankers' Association at Atlanta, Georgia, and the men are presented as seated on a porch over the steps of which an American flag is not stretched taut, but laid like a carpet, and worse, still, the men in the center of the group actually have their feet planted square upon the union. As it is the only emblem in sight the incident might easily be interpreted as an insult to the colors. Of course it has no significance whatever, but it is hardly in good taste to represent the colored man and brother as trampling on the emblem of his freedom—is it?

Mrs. Rideout gave a luncheon to some of the Southern Colony at the City of Paris Tea Garden last Monday. There were twenty-four guests, among them Mrs. Voorhies, Mrs. Andrew Davis, Mrs. Shorb White and her mother, Mrs. Shorb. The decorations were in the Southern colors and the orchestra played Southern melodies.

Marriage is the first step to the divorce court.

They're So Different

While Will Tevis is fretting over his scheme to transfer his water system to the city at a profit of five millions, Dr. Harry Tevis is enjoying the good things of life at his country home in the Santa Cruz mountains which he purchased from James L. Flood. Will Tevis is one of the richest men in the State, but he has a passion for accumulating more. His brother is a man of esthetic tastes and never troubles himself about financial matters. He has been entertaining the Walter Hobarts, the Alexander Lilleys, the Robert Colemans, Miss Emily Coleman and Mr. Albert J. Dibblee.

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Social Prattle

By Tantalus

The Carolans

Mrs. Frank Carolan is undecided about wintering in this quarter of the world. The Carolans returned from Europe just in time to last-tag the fag end of the Newport season. The Pullmans never got beyond the outer rind of New York society but through connections made out here Mrs. Frank has managed to break



Mr. and Mrs. Louis Levy

through the crust. However, her position is not yet secure enough to be comfy so Blingum, where her utterances are taken ex cathedra, still has its charms. At any rate the Carolans will shortly come out here although their stay may be short.

The Levys Abroad

Word comes from abroad of the delightful trip that Mr. and Mrs. Louis Levy, nee Edith Harris, are having. They met quite a number of old friends from this city at Carlsbad and other watering places. They expect to spend the winter in Southern France and in Egypt, and they will not return to this city until late next year. They will be joined shortly by the Samuel Dusenberys.

An Engagement Announcement Expected

Cupid confidently expects to start the season's engagement ball a rolling with the announcement of Anita Harvey's engagement to Oscar Cooper. Miss Harvey fell from her horse a week or two ago and has been confined to the house with a bruised knee ever since. Mr. Cooper's flowery devotion has kept her room abloom with the choicest blossoms and everyone who has been there says that such a profusion of orchids and American Beautys spells orange blossoms.

Returned With a Bride

The gallant Monsieur Dupouey of the French department of the University of California gave a solar plexus to the matchmaking mammas of the college town by bringing home a bride from Paris, whither he fled in scientific haste after the earthquake to deliver a lecture on seismic disturbances before a fashionable geographical society. M. Dupouey's advent a year or two ago thrilled feminine-gender, plural-number Berkeley to the core. The Frenchman was the ideal college-bred ladies' man—he bristled with epigram and sparkled repartee across the polite dinner boards. His presence at dinner parties was so eagerly sought that as he himself said it was a shame to pay the landlady's board bill. He managed to impress several society girls with his "intentions" and yet so suavely did he swing the compliment that no one can accuse him of breaking rules on Cupid's links. Mme. Dupouey is also likely to have a tonic influence on Berkeley society. She is a young French woman who evidently does not believe in stupid conventionalities. She has already refused to take her knitting and sit at the feet of the older professors' wives. She and her husband are popularizing a little French restaurant in West Berkeley where the vin ordinaire has the true Parisian cafe tang. They have given several jolly dinner parties there. Mrs. Dupouey, like her husband, has great dramatic talent and their impromptu theatricals punctuate these bohemian affairs. Meanwhile the sedate college world holds on to itself with both hands to keep from crying "Shades of Puritanism!"

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The Hillside Row

Something very serious is going to happen soon in the Hillside Club of Berkeley. This organization is divided against itself at last. Until recently it has devoted its individual energies to adapting nature to its weird tastes and dotting the hills north of the college campus with houses which a collegian has aptly styled "Queen Anne in front and Crazy Jane in back," but now some of the members are objecting to the style of architecture being exploited by one of their associates, Mr. Paul E. Needham. Some time ago he joined the architectural class at the University and a little later he began making his appearance with blue prints under his arm. It has turned out that he was designing portable houses, two of which have been erected and painted green. Some of the fastidious members have pronounced them shacks and have objected to the color, though it is the color most admired by esthetes. The Needhams have been threatened with ostracism, but it is not likely that so dire a fate awaits them, for they are very popular in Berkeley society.

A Matter of Taste

Jacques Loeb of Berkeley called attention, recently, to the fact that in order to make a good showing the Medical Colleges are taking in "immature and utterly unqualified students." He did not go so far as to say that the professional colleges are all turning out incompetent men. It may be said in answer that the learned men in charge of these institutions of learning may find quite as much pleasure and profit in playing with immature human intellect as he does in playing with polliwogs and sea-urchins.

Contest May Be Averted

Someone in the Know whispers in my doubting ear that Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs is not going to contest her husband's will. According to the outrunners of Dame Gossip Hermann Oelrichs' brother and sister, who were the chief beneficiaries under his will, have settled with Tessie Oelrichs. Tes said a will contest with its attendant scandal and sidelights on domestic infelicities made a settlement out of court look clean and wholesome to the Fair-Oelrichs clan, and a bit of color is lent to this statement by the fact that Mrs. Peter Martin, who is a daughter of Charles Oelrichs, has been visiting Birdie Fair Vanderbilt. If the family dove of peace were about to have its feathers plucked Lily Oelrichs Martin would scarcely consort with the enemy, in the plump person of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs' sister. "Birdie" Vanderbilt had Mrs. Martin in her box at the recent Elimination race for the Vanderbilt cup and the two were chummy as a pair of giggling school girls.

Last Monday, at Tait's where society has been holding many revels of late, a luncheon was given by Mr. Oliver Kehrlein. The guests were Mrs. M. H. de Young, Miss Constance de Young, Miss Kathleen de Young, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, Mr. Athole McBean, Mr. A. Swinnerton and E. Kehrlein Jr.

MRS. J. COUGHLAN CO.
now open at
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Is showing a carefully selected Line of Imported Millinery

A Gathering of the Cultured

Mrs. Charles J. Newman gave a little affair last week in honor of Miss May Adell Case, Constance Crawley and Mrs. John F. Barnett. Miss Case is soon going to Paris to pursue her vocal studies and Mrs. Barnett is going to New York to study. The guests were mostly literary and musical ladies. Among those invited were: Mrs. Arthur Valentine, Mrs. Covington Johnson, Mrs. Edgar Jones, Mrs. Zoe Radcliffe, Miss Geraldine Bonner, Mrs. Alice Prescott Smith, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, Mrs. Barclay Henley, Mrs. George Law Smith, Mrs. Will Maddern, Mrs. J. C. Crawford, Madame Emilia Tojetti, Mrs. Joseph B. Keenan, Mrs. Frank Deering, Miss Martha McKim, Mrs. Herbert Sanford Howard, Mrs. Horace Coffin, Mrs. Austin Sperry, Mrs. W. C. Morrow.

Admitted To the Salon

Mrs. Mott Smith Cunningham, who has won high praise for her exquisite designs in jewelry, has just returned from Paris where she achieved fresh triumphs. Her friends will be gratified to learn that the connoisseurs of the French capital enthused over her artistic handiwork. She applied for permission to exhibit her work in the Paris Salon and submitted to the jury twenty-seven pieces. The entire exhibit was accepted. Mrs. Cunningham, who is better known to the public as Mrs. Bird, has been attracting attention in the East, and her work has received complimentary notice in several publications. She lost all her beautiful things in her Sutter Street studio, but with characteristic pluck she is now fitting up an artistic place at 1622 Pine Street, a few doors from Van Ness, which will be opened next Monday, when she will show all the jewelry that won so much praise in Paris.

Dissension In the Oakland Club

A merry row is brewing in the fashionable Oakland Club across the bay. Time was when the club was not fashionable and could not afford to be very particular

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about the social standing of applicants. It had quite a struggle for existence after it was first organized by several members of the Ebell Club who were decidedly wroth at the way the management of that body was wrested from their control by the opposing clique. During the early years of its life a new member was heartily welcomed by the Oakland Club, provided she could wear a new gown at the opening reception and display two new hats in a season. Of course, if she were even distantly related to any of the "old families" she was hysterically welcomed. But that time is now past. Social conditions have shifted very rapidly in Oakland in the last few years and many of the early members of the Oakland Club who were not even on the fringe of society six or seven years ago have now arrived socially. These members have been instrumental in getting other society women into the organization. At the present time a woman has as good an opening into swelldom through the Oakland Club as through the older Ebell Club. Consesuently where women had once to be coaxed to join the younger organization they are now knocking at the sacred portals in such throngs that the promoters of exclusion have become frightened. This element has decided that the bars must be put up. It was recently proposed that dues and initiation fees be raised and that a limit be placed on the membership and that the social qualifications of applicants be critically scanned. The more democratic element, including quite a few of the older members and "the intellectuals," is indignantly opposed to any change in the club's policy of admitting new members. While this conflict in opinion is causing increasing bitterness of feeling in the Oakland Club there is a fast growing crowd of women clamoring for admission to the organization, for many fear they will be permanently shut out if the exclusive element wins.

Dr. Orlow will give a musicale at the United Crafts and Arts Building Friday evening of next week. Several vocal numbers will be given by Basil Tetson, a basso, and Inez Carusi, the accomplished harpist, will supply the instrumental music.

Mackenzie Gordon, Nat Landsberger and Fred Maurer have been giving concerts across the bay that have excited the enthusiasm of music lovers. It is not often that three artists of their ability are to be found on the same programme. Their next concert will be given at Hamilton Hall in Oakland on the 18th inst.

Mr. I. W. Hellman will give a tea party at the Paris Tea Garden next week.

The White House

Nil Desperandum

Ye Children's Merry Christmas

GREAT OPENING DAY

Saturday, October 20th, 1906

TOYS

This Department, the largest and most beautiful ever seen in San Francisco, occupies the whole floor of the Annex, with entrance from Main store on Van Ness Avenue, and a special one on California St., west of Van Ness Ave.

All children, boys and girls from our Orphanages specially invited to visit

The Great Exhibition

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Stage

Winter On Mansfield

Mr. William Winter whose plea for the purification of the drama I published last week, is now out with an appreciation of Mr. Richard Mansfield which reminds one of his fulsome panegyrics of Augustin Daly in the years agone. If I were asked what is the matter with the American drama, I should paraphrase Ambrose Bierce in reply, to the effect that Mr. Winter has been more the matter with it than anything else of which I am cognizant. Mr. Winter was an influential critic in New York when dramatic criticism was on a par with the plays that appealed to an uncultivated taste. He applied flattering unction to the soul of Augustin Daly and Mr. Daly like a grateful logroller returned the compliment, and the clapperclaning groundlings looked on and concluded that both men so highly esteemed by each other, were up to their mutual appraisement. Mr. Daly was a play-pirate and an excellent stage manager; nothing more. He gave no encouragement to the American drama. He merely rehashed plays from the German while Mr. Winter applauded vociferously. Toward the close of his career he elevated the drama by importing musical comedies from England, developing the taste for that sort of thing and discouraging legitimate comic opera. And still Mr. Winter looked on and applauded. When Mr. Daly passed away, Mr. Winter took up Mr. Mansfield, a great actor, a great barnum and a great egotist who has shown his zeal for art by barring competent artists from his company and by producing mostly claptrap. The mutual admiration society existing in the time of Daly was revived with Mr. Mansfield as that gentleman's successor. Now comes Mr. Winter to tell us all the great things that Mr. Mansfield has done for the dramatic art, and one of the greatest was his production of "A Parisian Romance" which, he admits, is a "vulgar picture of semi-fast life in Paris." This from the purist who protests virtuously against the unclean drama. And what else did he do? He encouraged George Bernard Shaw as a dramatic writer by producing two of his plays. If is to be hoped that the news will be broken gently to Mr. Shaw, who seems to prefer Arnold Daly to Mansfield. And Mr. Mansfield also caused the dramatization of Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," a piece of unpardonable vandalism in my opinion, this ruthless mutilation of an artistic story to enable Mr. Mansfield to exhibit his versatility in mediocre melodrama. He also exploited a dramatization of "The Scarlet Letter" and other dramatizations, of the same tawdry character. In



FRED WATSON AND THE MORRISEY SISTERS

A Clever Singing and Dancing Trio, Coming to the Orpheum Next Week.

other words Mr. Mansfield has given great encouragement to hack work, but, says Winter: "He added to the stage pantheon the grim figure and the tremendous character of the Russian despot 'Ivan the Terrible.'" Indeed he did, and without a blush. And, "He reanimated Schiller," by a very queer method, for he disemboweled him. He revived Moliere too, says Winter, but neglected to add, that the great artistic actor, gave us Moliere with anarchronistic properties and a company that should never have been permitted to wander beyond the limits of a one-night stand. Though exceedingly generous in his praise of Mr. Mansfield's character Mr. Winter tells us that the actor has "sometimes been belligerent, splenetic, irrational and unkind." I am glad he said irrational, for that word covers a multitude of things that might as well be left unsaid. THEODORE BONNET.

Greenbaum's Musical Attractions

Our undaunted Impresario Will Greenbaum is out with his announcement of big musical attractions. It will be interesting to see with what success his enterprise will be rewarded, and it is to be hoped that it will be appreciated, for it will serve as a fine advertisement indicating as it will that San Francisco is still able to indulge in the luxuries afforded by the great musical artists of the world. Greenbaum's first offering will be our own California girl Ellen Beach Yaw, who has met with the greatest success in Italy, France and England since she left here nine years ago and who now ranks amongst the really great lyric sopranos of the day. The Yaw concert will be given at the new "Christian Science Hall," corner Scott and Sacramento Streets, Tuesday evening, October 23. The seats will be on sale the Saturday previous at Sherman Clay & Company's new store on Van Ness Avenue, between California and Sacramento Streets. Prices will range from $1.50 down to 50 cents. Miss Yaw will be assisted by Victor Scherzinger, a splendid violinist, and Mme. Masack, accompanist. These artists travel with her. Previous to this concert Miss Yaw will give a matinee concert at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland. This will be on Friday next, October 19, at three o'clock, and no doubt hundreds will journey across the bay to hear the brilliant artist. A flutist will assist in the rendition of some of the wonderful coloratura compositions she will render. The same prices hold good on both sides of the bay. A week after the Yaw concerts recitals will be held by DeGogorza, the great Spanish baritone, who easily carried off the honors at the Emma Eames concerts last season. Among the artists who will give concerts this season under the Greenbaum auspices are Hugo Mansfeldt, our local piano virtuoso, who has not appeared in public recital for a number of years, and Mackenzie Gordon, who will tour the country under the guidance of our local impresario. Mackenzie Gordon possesses that rare quality of making his auditors feel the sentiment of his songs and he should meet with a glorious success, for such tenors are indeed rare. Oakland is to have a series of "Pop" concerts, orchestral, chamber and vocal, at Ye Liberty Playhouse under the Greenbaum management and with genial Paul Steindorff at the musical helm. These will undoubtedly meet with great success, for there are many who love to hear a fine orchestra, who do not appreciate the classic standard of symphony concerts and who want to hear good light music in a cosy, comfortable theatre and at prices that will permit of their entertaining their friends. The "Greenbaum Pops" will be a big feature of the society amusements of Oakland this winter.

"Iolanthe at Idora"

Idora Park's next attraction will be that comic opera gem "Iolanthe, or, The Peer and the Peri," one of the masterpieces of Gilbert and Sullivan, written in the days when those incomparable comic opera builders were the idols of England and America. The music of "Iolanthe" is of the highest order and yet it appeals to the general, for it abounds in catchy melodies. Manager Greenbaum promises that the mounting will be most attractive and that the production will include all the original effects even to the military band. After "Iolanthe" will come "The Tar and the Tartar."

At Ye Liberty

"A Social Highwayman," a very clever comedy-drama that had a great vogue some years ago, will be revived next week by "Bishop's Players" at Ye Liberty in Oakland. This is the play in which the popular Holland brothers—E. M. and Joseph—jointly starred and met with enormous success. It is a splendidly constructed play and contains a very interesting

EXTRA ANNOUNCEMENT

By Arrangement with Will L. Greenbaum

ELLEN BEACH YAW

TWO CONCERTS

Next Friday Afternoon, October 19, at 3 O'clock

Wednesday Afternoon, October 24, at 3 O'clock

Seats: $1:50, $1.00 and 50 cents, ready Monday, at box-office of YE LIBERTY.

YAW

In San Francisco

Tuesday Evening, October 23, at Christian Science Hall

Corner Scott and Sacramento

Reserved Seats: $1.50, $1.00; general admission, 50 cents.

Box-office, Sherman Clay & Company, Van Ness Ave and California.

ORPHEUM Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Oct. 14

Matinee every day except Monday

EPICUREAN VAUDEVILLE!

JUNIE McCREE AND COMPANY; Waterbury Brothers and Tenney; Raffayette's Dogs; Fred. Watson and the Morrisey Sisters; BRESINA; The Four Bards; Willie Eckstein; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week of

JAMES THORNTON.

PRICES: 10c, 25c and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Sutter and Fillmore Streets. Phone, West 6000. CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. to Midnight. Admission, 10c; Children, 5c.

IDORA PARK OAKLAND Direction H. W. Bishop

Commencing Monday Evening, October 15

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S FAIRY OPERA

IOLANTHE

OR THE PEER AND THE PERI

Next Opera, "The Tar and The Tartar."

Ye Liberty Playhouse 14th & Broadway OAKLAND

BISHOP'S PLAYERS IN

A SOCIAL HIGHWAYMAN

Next, "Mme. Sans Gene."

character study. It is to be followed by "Madame Sans Gene," in which Isabella Fletcher will have a fine opportunity.

Orpheum Vandeville

Junie McCree, one of the foremost character comedians on the stage, will begin a limited engagement at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. Supported by a capable company, Mr. McCree will present a slang classic in three scenes, entitled "The Man from Denver," in which he has achieved a most pronounced success in the representative vaudeville houses of the country. The Waterbury brothers and Ernest Tenney, great favorites here, will return with a new musical skit, "Harmony Island." Ernest Tenney, in black face makeup, is a capital and original comedian, while the Waterbury brothers are most accomplished instrumentalists. Raffayette's dogs, wonderful four-legged acrobats, will make their first appearance in San Francisco. They are said to do almost every thing except talk. Fred. Watson and the Morrisey sisters, singers and dancers, will offer a pretty and well-costumed act. Mr. Watson is a strenuous coon shouter. Bresina, the celebrated European Music Hall artiste, has completely captivated amusement lovers in this city. This week she will change her songs and gowns. James Thornton, the versatile and original parodist and story-teller, will, for his last week, offer a lot of new laughing material and Willie Eckstein, known as the "boy Paderewski," promises another assortment of classical and popular selections. The four Bards, really astounding acrobats, and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a varied and interesting program.

In the Limelight

Lena Ashwell, the English actress, is to play Oscar Wilde's "A Florentine Tragedy" on her tour of this country.

Mme. Schumann-Heink announces a recital tour in Eastern cities before her season with Conreid's Metropolitan Opera Company after the holidays.

James J. Corbett is starring in a melodrama, "The Burglar and the Lady." He plays the part of a dressed-up burglar, doesn't introduce a single boxing turn, and winds up as the accepted husband of the virtuous society heroine.

Rufus P. Jennings, of the California Promotion Society, is quoted as an authority in the East, assuring the world that San Francisco is looking up theatrically as well as otherwise. He urges old friends and new to let us see them again behind our relighted footlights and promises all comers a hearty welcome.

Maxine Elliott has inaugurated her season with a series of one-night stands. Her vehicle is still "Her Great Match." Maxine, the beautiful, the rich, the sought-after in society, does not disdain her portion of the least loved dish of the banquet set before a popular star.

Mrs. Langtry has a charming vaudeville sketch which she will first exhibit on the Keith Proctor circuit. As there is but one scene, she wears only one role (a tea gown) but her press agent assures us that she has dozens of others in her numerous trunks.

De Wolf Hopper is still touring with "Wang." Incidentally he recites "Casey at the Bat."

Montgomery and Stone, the old-time vaudeville team, are having a success at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, in a new musical comedy by Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom. It is called "The Red Mill." The scene is laid in Holland, and it is said to be as successful as their first legitimate venture, "The Wizard of Oz."

SING FAT CO., Inc., will open their new store at 1121 Post Street NEAR VAN NESS AVE.

On WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1906

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WE HAVE STUDIED YOUR NEEDS FOR YEARS IN ORIENTAL GOODS

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In December Mme. Adelina Patti sings in a farewell concert in London. Then she makes a grand tour through the provinces singing her final adieu.

Another step toward the separation of men from women students in Berkeley College is shown by an announcement that the women are going to give "As You Like It," with no men in the cast—As You Don't Like It.

A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT

All of the fifteen machines entered for the Vanderbuilt Cup Trials were equipped with Diamond Wrapped Tread Tires. The extreme importance of the event, both to the participants individually and to the American automobile public as a whole, coupled with the severity of the service to be performed, was the basis of every entrant's choice of tire equipment. Sentiment, personal relations or individual prejudice were absolutely disregarded. Quality was everything and the unanimous recognition of Diamond Wrapped Tread Tires as the ones best suited to meet the terrific strain and contribute to the speed of the positively fierce contest is an endorsement most extraordinary—a verdict of approval without a parallel in the history of tire manufacturing. and the judgment displayed in the selection was vindicated by results. Twelve of the fifteen cars entered started. There were several punctures, but no serious defects were developed, though the course, 297 1-10 miles, was unquestionable the most severe, in the matter of turns and road bed, ever chosen for a great race. The road was literally strewn with nails.

Hoke Smith will be worth watching again. He has returned to public life, having been elected Governor of Georgia. He was Secretary of the Interior under Cleveland, and resigned from the Cabinet to support Bryan and free silver. Not a bad man for a compromise candidate.



The auto neck.—Indianapolis "News."

Baldwin Jewelry Co.

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AT SUTTER STREET

New and Elegant Lines

With factory on the premises employing only the most skilled workmen.

You are invited to inspect the most beautiful collection of precious gems, artistic jewels, all the newest productions of the silversmith's art, an immense importation of Parisian novelties in back combs, necklaces, bracelets and bags, and a full line of real jades.

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Agents for all the best makes of watches, clocks, and the celebrated Rogers Bros.' 1847 quadruple plate.

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OUR STANDARDS
Sperry's Best Family.
Drifted Snow.
Golden Gate Extra.
Sperry Flour Company

In Commercial Circles.

Charles Keilus of the "Hub" has left for the East on business. Mr. Keilus will be away six or seven weeks looking through the markets for his next season's productions.

The Democratic State Convention made a good selection when they nominated D. A. White (more popularly known as "Gus White," for the State Board of Equalization. Mr. White is the son of ex-Sheriff Pat White and was born where he now resides, thirty years ago. Mr. White has always been a true blue Democrat and his host of friends feel sure of his success at the polls next November.

The pure food law is causing quite a disturbance among the dealers in canned meats, creams, syrups, vinegar, etc. Mr. Smith of Smith's Cash Store tells me that they have withdrawn shipping of all canned meats until reinspected by the Government. From the time that pure foods were first discussed, twelve years ago, this firm have prepared special labels to conform with the law and packed goods according to the highest requirement thereof.

An automobile bus line has been established on Van Ness Avenue with a 5-cent fare. There are three of the busses. They run on five minutes headway between the City of Paris, at Van Ness Avenue and Washington Street, and Market Street. This is an improvement much needed on the avenue and will be appreciated by people having business there.

A beautiful shop has been opened in Van Ness Avenue for the sale of Arts Oriental. It is known as "The Samurai" and is conducted by Americans. This is somewhat of a novelty in San Francisco, but in Eastern cities some of the largest Oriental stores are conducted by Europeans and Americans.

Hunters who do not belong to a gun club that owns a fine preserve need not want this year for a place to hunt where game abounds and within easy access. I do not think that ever in my life I saw such shooting as at Soda Bay last winter. Here the shore is lined with wild celery and tules and the ducks are fat as well as plentiful. The excellent hotel here will remain open all winter, and a more delightful place could not be found to spend a few weeks during the season.

One of the most artistic buildings yet constructed for commercial purposes in the city is that built by Beach & Robinson Company and occupied by them as a furniture shop. The location of this artistic building is 1717 California Street. That every detail in the construction of this building has been carefully studied is apparent from the harmony in its proportions, color and general arrangement. On the second floor I understand Wm. Keith is to have his studio.

G. H. Umbsen & Co. will hold an important auction on Tuesday next. It is a probate sale of the southeast corner of Seventh and Broadway, Oakland.

The White House opens a new department this week. It is a floor devoted entirely to children's toys. The care of this firm for the amusement of the little folks is well known, and they have been at great expense to make the new department a success.

—The Rounder.

Probate Sale

By order of the Union Trust Co. of San Francisco.

We will offer the choice business corner, Southeast Seventh and Broadway, Oakland, at public auction, Tuesday, October 16, 1906, at 12 o'clock noon. Improvements consist of a two-story brick building under lease $250 a month.

Sale to be held on the property.

We will also offer 12 lots, 50x155 each, fronting Union and Hallett Avenues, in the Maxwell Tract, West Berkeley.

The sale of these lots will be held on the Tract at 2 o'clock p. m. on the same day.

Sales subject to confirmation by the Superior Court.

For further particulars apply to

G. H. UMBSEN & CO.

20 Montgomery Street

San Francisco, Cal.

"A Singer."

She sang. Not she of the parted lips,
The coarse, thick ripples of night-black hair,
The throbbing throat and the bosom bare,
And the voice which the skylark's flight outstrips.

Not she whose smile was a cloying sin,
Whose hot heart burned 'neath its shrouding lace—
Whose look was the gift of a shameless grace,
Such as a man might blush to win.

The voice was hers, and the lips astir—
But the deepening silence grew and grew;
And tears were dropping, and words were few,
While a mighty angel sang, through her!

—The Enthusiast.

Making a Match.

By L. T.

It was in a crowded drawing-room. A rather ornately dressed man with an aquiline cast in his features, stood and criticised his fellow-guests with the easy assurance of the days we live in.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, suddenly. That's a fine looking girl. I wonder who the dickens she is."

"Which one, Mr. Van Schaafte? There are so many nice-looking women in the room, are there not? You know I always pride myself on my collection of pretty faces."

For once in his life, Alfred Van Schaafte was taken aback. The artificial feminine voice that had answered his remark was the very antithesis to the cheery, masculine tones of Jack Horley, who had accompanied him to Mrs. Sinclair's "At Home" and who a moment before had been at his elbow. Without his knowledge they had drifted apart in the crush, and now, to his surprise, his hostess stood beside him.

Being blessed with the supreme self-confidence that, in this plutocratic age, only a very long purse can bestow, Van Schaafte's confusion evaporated almost in a second, and the red in his full young cheeks was scarcely a shade deeper than usual as he murmured:

"I beg a thousand pardons, Mrs. Sinclair. I did not know you were near me. I thought I was speaking to Jack Horley. But will you not tell me who the lady is?"

"Certainly, if you will tell me which she is," replied his hostess, noticing with some interest the direction in which his glance traveled.

"It is that beautiful girl in white at the other side of the room," replied Van Schaafte, elucidating his words with a side movement of his head.

"Oh! That is my niece, Muriel Leslie. Yes, she is a nice-looking girl, as you say, and what is more a sweet one, too. But I fear she is also a very foolish one. I am quite vexed with her."

When he wanted to know anything Van Schaafte never hesitated to push his inquiries into the debatable ground of other people's private affairs.

"What has she done?" he asked, point-blank. "She has a good face. She does not look as though she could do anything bad."

"Bad! Oh, no, Muriel could not do anything bad. I don't suppose there is any harm in my telling you," she said, thoughtfully. "We all know that you are not a marrying man, but you mustn't let it go further to those who are, for I am worldly or prudent enough to hope that the dear girl's foolishness may not be final. You see, I am quite candid with you, Mr. Van Schaafte."

"It is an honor," returned that gentleman, with a bow and a little flourish. "But what has the young lady done?"

"Well, to me it seems as if she had committed social suicide. She's engaged herself to a curate with not a cent beyond his stipend."

"It is madness," said Van Schaafte, "unless Miss Leslie has a large income fo her own."

"That's just what she hasn't. But no considerations of that kind influence her. She doesn't care a straw for dress or diamonds. Muriel is a perfect saint."

"One would not think so from her appearance," remarked Van Schaafte.

Mrs. Sinclair sniggered.

"You are very severe, Mr. Van Schaafte. Poor Muriel!"

"I did not mean to be rude," he said. "But you must present me to your niece."

"With great pleasure," returned Mrs. Sinclair. And the recording angel—had one been present—would have noted that for once she spoke truthfully.

Though still on the sunny side of twenty-five, Van Schaafte, from his early training, or his race, or from some other cryptic reason, was in some ways as shrewd as many a man of our own nationality of twice his years. Though he made no outward sign he was quite aware of the nature of the snares and entanglements by which he was surrounded. Therefore, like the minister's cat on the top of the glass-strewn wall, he had walked warily and with circumspection. From his father he had inherited the mental clear sight that goes to the upbuilding of fortunes; from his mother—an honest, affectionate, frugal-minded creature—qualities of heart that seldom long survive a sudden accession of wealth. In a word, under a somewhat unprepossessing and unpolished exterior Van Schaafte was a really good fellow that money and a life of idleness had, as yet, failed to corrupt.

One need not be a clairvoyant to see why, under these conditions, it was a positive relief to him to be taken into Mrs. Sinclair's confidence. It was as though all sorts of pleasant things had been set in motion by the starting of that one wheel. Hitherto he had always been assigned the role of victim; today he was, if not exactly asked to join the hunt, at least invited to witness the spectacle.

All his life long—or, to be accurate, since he had left school and worn tails and rings—Alfred Van Schaafte had been fond of ladies' society. He would have been a home bird had not the constant driving to which he had been exposed made him wild. A house full of sisters and cousins and their girl friends would have suited his gregarious nature, but Fate had willed it otherwise. He had no sisters, nor any cousins that he knew of; and the sense of the lurking snares, added to his natural caution, had hindered him making friends with any of the smartly-dressed saleable girls he met in society. Every man who is or ever has been an eligible will know exactly what he felt.

But, like some beneficent autocrat, Mrs. Sinclair had changed all this by a word. It was quite surprising to see the rapidity with which the friendship between him and the gentle-eyed Miss Muriel grew. Jonah's gourd was nothing to it. The more he saw of her the more he found to admire; her

aims were so high, her sense of duty so strict, her unworldliness so edifying. It is a mistake to think that we can only appreciate those qualities in others that we possess ourselves. On the contrary, the coward envies the courage of the brave, and the money-worshipper will value to the full the disinterestedness of the unmercenary.

When two hearts beat one measure on a common ground of high and lofty sentiment, even if one of them is that of a plebeian and the other can boast of some of the bluest blood in its veins, many of the world's shibboleths and conventionalities may be laid aside. Mrs. Sinclair, with her usual clearness, saw this from the first. For a woman of fashion she was extraordinarily indifferent to Mrs. Grundy's censures. Muriel, she said, was an engaged girl, and Mr. Van Schaafte knew it. If people talked because they were so much together, let them do so. What did it signify? The chief, indeed the only thing that was of any consequence, was to have the approval of one's own conscience.

And Alfred Van Schaafte quite agreed with her.

The season—one of the most brilliant on record—was at last on the wane, and yet Mrs. Sinclair lingered on in town. Muriel was still unprovided with the richer substitute for her curate lover, a fact that Mrs. Sinclair openly deplored, and which she honestly acknowledged to have done her uttermost to bring about.

She confided her chagrin to Mr. Van Schaafte.

"The foolish girl! Three good offers that I know of waiting for the uplifting of her little finger, and she won't do it. Most provoking! Now I suppose she will marry her curate."

Van Schaafte's championing of Miss Muriel had only added to the good lady's irritation.

"You are nearly as foolish as she is," she had snapped. "A nice pair you would make!"

Van Schaafte, however, was not sensitive enough to be easily offended. He had only laughed good-naturedly, and each time that the ladies had altered their plans for leaving town had changed his own to suit theirs.

But, as the wise man has taught us, there is a time for everything, and presently the day came when the move had to be made.

Muriel, for one, was not sorry, and when Van Schaafte came to say good-bye she told him so.

"Ah, yes! I shall be glad to get back to the country and the simple life I lead there. Of course, I have enjoyed my visit to town, and it will always be a most pleasant memory to me; but I have other duties and a higher call. Every one has been so kind and nice, and I have made many dear friends. It is a little sad to think I shall never see them again."

"But why should you not see them?" asked Van Schaafte, who felt himself included in this category. "You are not going into a nunnery, Miss Muriel?"

"No; I am going to be married. But after my marriage, as far as seeing any one, it will be much the same as a nunnery, only—more so."

"I do not understand. It is not necessary to be buried alive, even if you are married to a clergyman."

Muriel smiled a sweet, pensive smile. She looked her best when she smiled in that way.

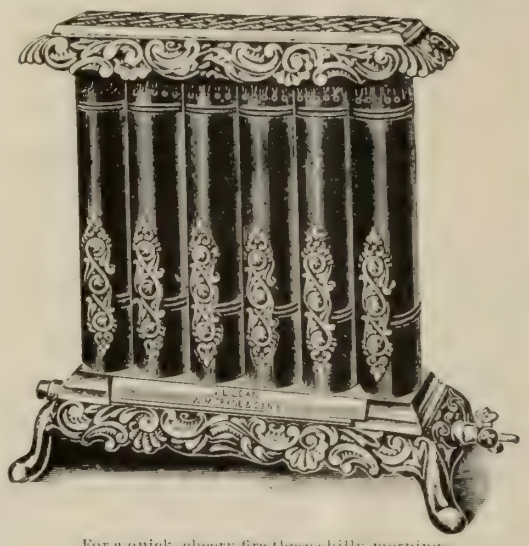
"There is one thing I have not told you," she said. "I have kept it from you—perhaps I did wrong—but I was afraid it might sadden our friendship. Now, I must tell you, as we shall never see each other again. As soon as I am married I am going out to Central Africa as a missionary with my husband."

"But this is monstrous! It cannot be allowed! There are cannibals there."

"One must not mind. It may mean a martyr's crown!"

(Continued on Page 34.)

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MORTON'S SOFT SNAP

Editor "Town Talk": The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States has sent a circular letter to their policy-holders. Among other interesting and questionable statements the richest paragraph is: "There has been a radical change of management in this Society, and the house-cleaning will be continued until it is complete." This is signed Paul Morton! Paul admitted giving rebates on the Santa Fe contrary to **Law!!** **But** he is a friend of Roosevelt, and is now taking $80,000 a year from poor Policy-holders for being the figure head of this Corporation of Extortion and Election Corruption. If the house is to be **clean, Paul Morton must be swept out of it.** Many a poor man now has to stint himself of clothes and food in order to contribute to this $80,000 a year and help elect the men who make laws that enable these harpies to revel in wicked luxury on the sufferings of the poor—$80,000 a year for probably less than twenty-five days—of ten hours—attendance at the luxurious office of the EQUITABLE!!! Eight thousand dollars would be too much. Cut this and other wicked waste out and our premiums could be greatly reduced and the value of the policies greatly increased for the benefit of our loved ones.

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III. Thou canst not take the name of any Wall Street Lord in vain; the Lord will charge at least a quarter of a million for the privilege.

IV. Remember dividend day to keep it holy; 364 days in the year thou shalt work the public for all it is worth, but the last day is the Sabbath of the innocent; in it thou shalt not call for margins, but pay dividends out of the capital stock to the widow, her daughter, and to the stranger within thy gates, for, remember, there are 364 days again to come wherein to get the rest of their boodle, if you bluff them into believing that it is a good thing. Therefore, bless dividend day, and hallow it.

V. Honor the trusts; they are thy pie and thy milch cow, so that thou fatten on what they call this free and glorious land.

VI. Thou shalt not kill, but thou canst inflate, cripple or maim, so that thou leavest a few crumbs for the receiver when his turn comes.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adulteration of stock—at least, not under that name—call it reorganization or reconstruction, and it will be O. K.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal. This privilege is reserved for a select dozen or so.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness, or any kind of witness, before any investigation or legal committee, no matter what the provocation, or of how much you have been fleeced.

X. Thou canst covet thy neighbor's house, or his ox or his ass, for all the good it will do you.

—The Bibliomaniac.

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MAKING A MATCH

(Continued from Page 30.)

"But you have duties at home. Your aunt———"

"Her daughter is growing up and will take my place. Besides, when I am married my duty will be to my husband. I should meet death with calmness at his side."

A fierce and very poignant pang shot through the immaculately glossy shirt-front that Van Schaafte wore just where a large and brilliant diamond stud held it together, and pierced a heart that had hitherto been invulnerable. Until that moment he had fancied that Miss Leslie's marriage would but mark another phase in the life-long friendship that was to be theirs. He had pictured himself an intimate of a family of which Muriel would be at once the head, the centre, and the mainspring. He had imagined himself endowing her church, supporting her schools, subscribing to her charities. I do not know whether he had contemplated listening to her sermons, but I am sure he would not have objected to her friendly admonitions.

Now, in a trice, his airy castle was shattered and lay in fragments at his feet. The peerless girl he loved—for now he realized that he did love her—to be given over to cannibals and mosquitoes: Muriel, with her delicate beauty and dainty, expensive dresses among savages! It was unthinkable.

He hid his face in his much-beringed fingers and shuddered. There was only one way to save her.

"Don't," he cried, "don't!" His words tumbled over one another in his haste. "It is not right that you should go. You can do more good at home."

"But my mission. I have always felt I had a mission. I cannot give it up."

"There is no need to give it up. I only ask you to change it."

"I fear that is not possible. How can I change my mission?"

"Oh, it is quite easy. Why should you not have a mission to the alien? There are thousands of them in London more to be pitied than any heathen in Africa. I know it. I have been among them as a boy. I have more money than I know what to do with. If you will marry me, Muriel, instead of the curate, we will work amongst them together.

In his excitement Van Schaafte had seized Muriel's slender fingers, and, all unconsciously, pressed them hard against the diamond shirt stud. Through her gloves she felt the sharpness of the facets, and some magic in their touch made her lips form the monosyllable he asked for:

"Yes."

* * * * * * * * *

Another three months had been added to the past, and people were collecting again in town with almost as much empressement as they had shown when leaving it at the close of the season. At a certain club a number of men stood criticising their fellows with the same easy assurance that Van Schaafte had once displayed in reference to Muriel Leslie.

"Hulloa, Horley," said one, "you're the very man we want. What about Van Schaafte's marriage? Has it come off, or is it still on the lap of the gods?"

"Oh, it's off," said Horley. "There was some row about a curate."

"Often is," cynically said the man who had first spoken.

"But this was quite a novelty in rows," explained Horley. "Most men would object if the curate was too much in evidence. But Van Schaafte objected because he was non est! Said there ought to have been a curate when there wasn't one. Never could quite understand it myself, and of course couldn't ask Van Schaafte to explain. But the result is that the match has fallen through, and Mrs. Sinclair is furious. But I'd lay my money that Van Schaafte was right. He's as straight and as honest as they make 'em."

"And what is Miss Leslie doing?"

"Ah, who knows? Taken up good works in earnest, I expect. They generally do when they've had a facer."



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INCIDENTAL

Mr. Rockefeller said, in conclusion, that money was an incident, and that the acquisition of riches was not life's true success.—"Daily Paper."

If gathering riches be not "true success,"
I cannot help, "Johnnie," inquiring
Why you do not try to exist upon less,
And refrain from your daily acquiring?

If money's an incident, I can't deny
It's a rare one for me just at present;
Yet I'm sure you'll admit, if you struggle and try,
That the incident isn't unpleasant.

—The Pauper.

"THE JUNGLE"

Upton Sinclair's, "The Jungle," a book that has attracted a great deal of attention, will not live three months. It does not compare with "The Plum Tree" or "The Memoirs of An American Citizen," even from the "muck rake" point of view. The chief attraction for the crowd is the same that sends people summing, a chance to gratify curiosity and escape the censure reserved for busybodies. In point of "realism," if that means sparing none of the nauseus details, Sinclair is the equal of Zola. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said of this sort of thing: "The greatest additions which have been made by realism to the territory of literature consist largely in swampy, malarious, ill-smelling patches of soil which had hitherto been left to reptiles and vermin. The general consent of civilized people was supposed to have banished certain subjects from the conversation of well-bred people and the pages of respectable literature. There is no subject, or hardly any, which may not be treated of at the proper time, in the proper place, by the fitting person, for the right kind of listener or reader. But when the poet or the story-teller invades the province of the man of science he is on dangerous ground. I need say nothing of the blunders he is sure to make. The imaginative writer is after effects. The scientific man is after truth. Science is decent, modest, and does not try to startle but to instruct. The same scenes and objects which outrage every sense of delicacy in the story-tellers' highly colored paragraphs can be read without giving offence in the chaste language of the physiologist or the physician."

AT BYRON HOT SPRINGS.

Among the automobile arrivals the past week at Byron Hot Springs were: Mr. C. S. Hardy of San Diego, accompanied by Miss Pearl Bouck, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Sullivan, who arrived in a Ford. Mr. Hardy is touring California at the present time, and made a stay of nearly a week at the Springs. Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Dale, accompanied by Miss Hill and Geo. Wolf, arrived from Stockton in a Cadillac on Sunday last. Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Bostwick, accompanied by H. C. Hunt, Miss E. L. Hunt, made the run from Oakland in a Rambler. Mr. and Mrs. R. L. McCabe arrived in a Model K Winton. Among the other arrivals were: Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Legault and daughter of Oakland, L. P. Degen, A. A. Brown, Fred Meyerstein, L. M. Sullivan of Goldfield, C. O. Madvig and M. R. Dorsey of Shanghai, P. McLane of Honolulu, Barbour Lathrop of Chicago, Alfred J. Marcus of Palo Alto, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Veness and Miss Veness of Washington, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Robinson, Mrs. J. H. Robinson of San Francisco.

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The lobster and the looloo
Went wobbling up the ave.,
And when they struck the fizzy fake
He asked, "What will you have?"

The looloo looked, the looloo laughed,
The looloo lilted low;
The lobster turned from green to red
To see her lal-lal so.

But as the glouglou came and went
He lost his beetsy hue;
And when the glumglum brought the tick
He turned from red to blue.

—The Idiot.

Letters

The Omniscient Reviewer

It has often been remarked by those to whom books mean more than solid chunks of printed paper that while the average periodical recognizes the necessity for some degree of special mental equipment on the part of the dramatic critic, and that the sporting editor must know at least the rudiments of the sporting vocabulary, the janitor's assistant or the editor's second cousin, just cut loose from the grammar school, is competent to take care of the literary page. It is either that or the other extreme—some precieuse who considers anything that can be comprehended on a second reading or which has been published since the seventeenth century, a cubit beneath his kicking. As a consequence we have either indiscriminate, gushing praise by the one who only last week laid aside her "Elsie Dinsmore," or indiscriminate knocking by him who does not enjoy books, but rather the position of eminence which he imagines he occupies in the eyes of "the masses." On the one side, we have the childish enthusiasm over the novelty novel, and on the other, the pessimistic harking back to "the good old times" when we are expected to believe that everything produced was a masterpiece. A volume of Longfellow's correspondence has just been published, and one of these juveniles of the local press into whose hands it has passed is enthusiastic over the revelations of the poet's love for his children. The review is copiously padded with excerpts to illustrate the point. Here is one of these carefully selected bits:

"Another extract evidently has reference to a little love affair of one of his children. He writes: Armadale is becoming intense. The young lady in the red shawl appears on the borders of the lake as in the dream, and, oh, dear, how interesting it is!"

"Armadale" was neither the name of a child of Longfellow's, nor of one of his juvenile sweethearts, but refers to Wilkie Collins's intensely absorbing romance of that name. It will be remembered by those who are old enough to have read books before they were crammed with school lessons in literature, or independent enough to wriggle through the fence and read what pleased them, that "Armadale" consists of about an equal mixture of plain fact and extraordinary sleep hallucination. The hero of the tale had a strange dream which might have been the reflex of more or less subconscious waking experiences, and which might just as

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easily have been a forecast of his future. In one of the phases of the dream was presented a lady wearing a red shawl, who was revealed standing by the shore of a body of water at sundown. At the time there was no definite accounting for the picture. Now, "Armadale" was published in this country, in **Harper's Monthly** as a serial, and Longfellow was evidently as much interested in the working out of the plot as were less gifted mortals. Theoretically, America's foremost poet should have been standing in the clouds with a halo about his brow instead of reading Collins, for, while Dickens and Scott and Thackeray are literature, Collins is only meretricious trash according to the metes and bounds set forth by teachers. Presumably, to associate Longfellow and Collins is little better than to accuse a deacon of swearing on the church steps. Nevertheless if the cultured who never read anything before the advent of the monthly lists of six best sellers would like to try their teeth on plot and well concealed mystery, they will not be going astray if they search out "The Moonstone," "The Woman in White," or "Man and Wife," which some of them may have heard of in its dramatized form as one of Clara Morris's great successes, or even the "Armadale" so naively disposed of as a little love affair of one of the Longfellow babies.

Rosetti's Breakfast

Some copy cadger, as Andrew Lang has dubbed the class of would-be writers, who go about gathering other people's impressions to print under their own names as symposia, once set about collecting data concerning the favorite foods of the notabilities. He discovered that Sarah Grand could not drink milk and that Charles Reade loathed mackerel but was fond of mutton and baked apples, and so on through a considerable list. George Meredith tells this story of the appetite and capacity of Dante Gabriel Rosetti, whose name would suggest sugared rose leaves and honeydew. It was once arranged that the two Rosetti brothers, Dante Gabriel and William, should take a house together with Algernon Swinburne and George Meredith, four congenial spirits. All might have gone well had not Meredith happened to be present one morning when Dante Gabriel made his first meal. It was after noon before he arose. On a dish on the breakfast table lay five thick slabs of bacon upon which five rigid eggs had "slowly bled to death." Rosetti made his appearance at last attired in a dressing gown, with slippers down at the heel, and devoured the repast like an ogre. Rather than see such a meal repeated, Meredith forfeited his share of the three months' rent already paid and retreated. The mother of the Rosettis, by the way, once plaintively remarked that she had always admired genius, but now she would be glad to exchange some of the genius of her family for a little common sense.

First Aid to the Drowned

A. T. Quiller-Couch, the English, or rather, Cornish, novelist, is an ardent yachtsman, and is fond of outdoor sports generally. The little town of Fowey, where he lives, is the scene of many of his tales, disguised under the name of Troy. Recently Mr. Quiller-Couch in presenting their certificates to an ambulance class, related a story of earlier days, when volunteer help was without training. An old Cornish fisherman was asked what course of treatment he would pursue towards a person apparently drowned. "Well," was the naive reply, "the first thing we always did was to empty the man's pockets." It recalls that singular phenomenon remarked by the authorities of London as reported by Dickens in "Our Mutual Friend," when it was noted that all bodies recovered from the river were found to have their pockets turned out, and the artless Gaffer hazarded the opinion that it must be caused by the wash of the tide.

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Curability of Bright's Disease

(By the Editor of the "Town and Country Journal.")

Personally I have not believed that chronic Bright's Disease is curable, and this for two distinct reasons:

First—Medical works class it as incurable and fatal.

Second—Those I have known who had it have died.

Result—I look with distrust upon all claims of alleged specifics.

During my recent visit to San Francisco I heard the president of the Pacific States Type Foundry claim that chronic Bright's Disease was now as curable as la grippe. I said I would like to believe it.

He took me in hand. The statements of hundreds were exhibited to me—many were so marvelous that they had been sworn to and sealed by notaries.

I then manifested a desire to see some of the parties themselves. The recoveries have been so numerous in San Francisco that we did not have to go four blocks in any one direction.

In five minutes we were in the presence of one of the best-known merchants in the city. Has been in business on the same spot fifty-one years. He said he had had both Bright's Disease and Diabetes and had been given up, but had completely recovered. Said he knew many others who had recovered. Gave it as his belief that eight-tenths of all cases were curable under the new specific. We next called on one of the big insurance men on California Street. He said his son was swollen with dropsy from Bright's Disease and his death was daily expected when he was put on the treatment. He is now an athlete.

We called on the editor of one of San Francisco's great dailies who had a physician test it out in his own (the physician's) case, the latter being a hopeless diabetic. In six months he was well. The head of another large insurance company on Montgomery Street was next seen—he was in bed in November last in a critical condition due to chronic Bright's Disease. He was well and in his office and also told of a friend of his who was in convulsions when put on the treatment and was now out on the street. We went to the office of an ex-Supreme Judge and also another editor, both of whom had recovered.

I declined to go further. Although there were hundreds more to see, it was useless. If human testimony from the very best people is worth anything, the books are wrong, and chronic Bright's Disease and Diabetes, even in extreme cases, are positively curable. Ethics ought not to be permitted to obscure this discovery, and in the interest of those readers of this paper whose homes may have one of these blights upon it, I now declare the facts and will see that any of them desiring it may be sent full literature. The name of the discovery should be stated. It is known as Fulton's Compound.

Many broad physicians are using the new diuretic, but in view of the terrific annual death list in the United States from Bright's Disease (nearly 60,000) the fact that medical ethics prevent them from proclaiming the discovery to the world, because the formula is the personal property of individuals, in this instance practically amounts to a public calamity.—"Town and Country Journal," San Jose, Cal., July number, 1905.

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Hughes and Hearst

Public interest in the gubernatorial contest in New York is not much greater within the borders of that state than in other and distant sections of the country. In every state of the union it is felt that the vital interests of the nation are involved in this contest; that the result will either give impetus to the designs or forever blast the political hopes of William R. Hearst; that if elected he will become a sinister and portentous figure in national politics and if defeated the worst will be over with no likelihood of a recurrence of a flood tide in the affairs of the mischievous apostle of discontent. Mr. Hearst is making a whirlwind campaign. His methods are characteristic. He is coddling the mob, and as, whatever else may be said of him, he embodies a protest against greed of gold and can truthfully claim to have accomplished some reforms in New York City, there is much honest enthusiasm over his candidacy. His opponent, Mr. Charles E. Hughes, is not a magnetic individual, but he is a man of great ability and a convincing speaker. He is not afraid to challenge the utterances of Mr. Hearst. In his opening speech he took as his chief theme the unlicensed censure which Hearst is heaping on everybody and everything. He did not mention Hearst's name but he declared that the man that would corrupt public opinion is the most dangerous enemy of the State. "We talk," he said, "about the perils that are incident to concentration of wealth; we talk of the perils that flow on in disregard of fiduciary responsibility; we talk of abuses of privilege; we talk of exploiting the Government for private advantage; but all of these menaces, great as they are, are nothing compared with the system of attempting to pervert the public judgment." The audience howled its delight when Mr. Hughes took Mr. Hearst up from the point of view of Thomas Jefferson, who has been greatly overworked by the yellow journalist. With keen sarcasm he borrowed from Jefferson a few shafts that he drove home with signal effect. "I read in a paper the other night," he said, "a paper which for all practical purposes I understand is controlled and owned by my opponent, although when he is sued it appears that it is owned by a corporation—I read in this paper that Lincoln looked above and beyond parties to the real welfare of the nation. He was fond of quoting Jefferson. The implication of the argument seemed to be something like this: Men like Lincoln are fond of quoting Jefferson; we are fond of quoting Jefferson; therefore we are like Lincoln." The speaker said that when Jefferson was about to start a newspaper he wrote to a friend that he believed that reformation should begin at home. He quoted from the letter to the effect that an editor should refrain from the demoralizing practice of feeding the public mind on slander and on defamation of character. The probability is that by the time Hughes gets warmed up he will show that he is better than a raw hand at oratorical pyrotechnics.

Roosevelt's Sensational Criticism

In the words of a forgotten philosopher, "The world do move." Some few years ago William J. Bryan was pronounced a vicious demagogue for daring to criticise the decisions of that august tribunal, the Supreme Court of the United States. Now comes Theodore Roosevelt, speaking not as Mr. Bryan in the capacity of private citizen but as the Executive of that Government of which the Supreme Court is a co-ordinate branch, and tells us that the decisions of that tribunal are a menace to the welfare of the country; and nobody gives evidence of astonishment. Mr. Roosevelt's criticism was made some days ago on the occasion of the dedication of the new capitol of Pennsylvania. He spoke principally of the reforms which are now so devoutly wished, and he said their achievement is to be facilitated by extending the powers of the Federal Government. He asserted that the extraordinary industrial changes of the last half century have produced a totally new set of conditions under which new evils flourish, and that for these new evils new remedies must be devised. It has already been demonstrated that in some instances no efficient state aid is possible and that we need through executive action, through legislation and through judicial interpretation and construction of law, to increase the power of the Federal Government. He said that he based his theory of governmental action on the words and deeds of Justice James Wilson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who believed that an inherent power rested in the Nation, outside of the enumerated powers conferred upon it by the Constitution, in all cases where the object involved was beyond the power of the several States and was a power ordinarily exercised by sovereign nations. Justice Wilson gave expression to his sentiments on this subject when he said that it should be made clear that there were no vacancies or interferences between the limits of State and National jurisdiction, and that both jurisdictions together composed only one uniform and comprehensive system of government and laws; that is, wherever the States cannot act because the need to be met is not one of merely a single locality, then the National Government, representing all the people, should have complete power to act. President Roosevelt holds that it was in the spirit of Wilson that

Washington and Washington's Lieutenant Hamilton acted, and that it was in the same spirit that Marshall construed the law. But nowadays, he asserts the law is so construed as to be "fraught with untold danger to the future of our whole system of government, and indeed to our whole civilization."

Some Strong Language

President Roosevelt discussed this subject at great length, and made it clear that in his opinion the legal profession and the courts are very much to blame for the great abuses of government against which he is now fighting. "If we fail to increase the powers of the Federal Government," he said, "we show our impotence and leave ourselves at the mercy of those ingenious legal advisers of the holders of vast corporate wealth, who, in the performance of what they regard as their duty, and to serve the ends of their clients, invoke the law at one time for the confounding of their rivals, and at another time strive for the nullification of the law in order that they themselves may be left free to work their unbridled will on these same rivals or on those who labor for them or on the general public. In the exercise of their profession and in the service of their clients these astute lawyers strive to prevent the passage of efficient laws and strive to secure judicial determinations of those that pass which shall emasculate them. They do not invoke the Constitution in order to compel the due observance of law alike by rich and poor, by great and small; on the contrary, they are ceaselessly on the watch to cry out that the Constitution is violated whenever any effort is made to invoke the aid of the National Government, whether for the efficient regulation of railroads, for the efficient supervision of great corporations, or for efficiently securing obedience to such a law as the National eight-hour law and similar so-called 'labor statutes.' The doctrine they preach would make the Constitution merely the shield of incompetence and the excuse for governmental paralysis; they treat it as a justification for refusing to attempt the remedy of evil instead of as the source of vital power necessary for the existence of a mighty and ever-growing Nation." But ingenious counsel are not the only source of mischief. "Certain judicial decisions," said the President, "have done just what Justice Wilson feared; they have, as a matter of fact, left vacancies, left blanks between the limits of possible State jurisdiction and the limits of actual National jurisdiction over the control of the great business corporations."

Effect of Narrow Decisions

The President boldly asserted that decisions which he believes will be shown in time to be erroneous have put his Administration "at a great disadvantage in the battle for industrial order as against the present industrial chaos." That is pretty strong language. It is language that will not be relished by those dignified jurists that believe themselves to be above criticism. And yet it has not created as great a sensation as did the President's exhortation for the adoption of phonetic spelling. The Associated Press evidently did not think it worth while telegraphing the sensational speech across the continent. To be sure the President did not charge the courts with having deliberately betrayed the people, but he said that their decisions, based on a "narrow construction," limiting the national power, are now "the chief bulwark of those great moneyed interests which oppose and dread any attempt to place them under efficient governmental control." He also said: "Many of the great financiers of this country were certain that Mr. Knox's Northern Securities suit, if won, would plunge us into the worst panic we have ever seen. They denounced as incitement to anarchy, as an apology for Socialism, the advocacy of policies that either have now become law or are in fair way of becoming law, and yet these same policies, so far from representing either anarchy or socialism, were in reality the antidotes to anarchy, the antidotes to socialism." On the whole it was a notable speech, abounding in utterances more than characteristically forceful.

Bench and Bar

President Roosevelt's remarks on the aims and practices of corporation lawyers remind us that through perversion of privilege the legal profession exercises a most pernicious influence in all departments of government. In view of the opportunities for evil which flow from the license to practice law and the disinclination of some lawyers to neglect any of them, it is astonishing that no popular movement was ever started in this country to restrain the profession from indulging its vicious proclivities. We are amazingly tolerant of lawyers. And when they are elevated to the bench amazing is the sanctity that we ascribe to them. As the bench is recruited from the bar both are naturally on the same moral plane. A man cannot be purified by the mere process of elevating him from the bar to the bench. Charles Sumner declared that he was too familiar with the history of judicial proceedings to regard judges with any superstitious reverence. He knew that in all ages they had shown a fair share of frailty, that the worst crimes of history had been perpetrated under their sanction; that the blood of martyrs and of patriots, crying from the ground, summoned them to judgment. However, the judiciary, Professor Russell tells us, "holds a higher rank in America than it does in England or anywhere else in the world." Nowhere has it such a wide range of power as it enjoys in America. "The deliberate setting aside of a statute for unconstitutionality," says Russell, "is a practice wholly foreign to European ideas." In

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view of this wide range of power, we have reason to look not only for a high order of intelligence but also for a high degree of virtue in our judiciary, and we also have reason to feel that our judges should make some effort to command our respect not only for the bench but for the profession by which the law is practiced. Our judges, by reason of the position which they hold, could reform the legal profession. They have the power to disbar immoral practitioners, but they look to the legal profession to take the initiative, and the ethics of that profession cover a multitude of transgressions. A lawyer is privileged to bring a great deal of discredit and disgrace in his profession without running foul of disbarment proceedings. We heard of a lawyer the other day, who, in open court, told how he had earned a fee by procrastinating, availing himself of every trick for delay, so that the Statute of Limitations might intervene and prevent certain persons from suing for money due them. Yet he does not appear to have jeopardized his standing in the profession. Nearly all the corruption and crime from which this city has suffered in the past few years may be traced to the protection which lawyer-made law gives to the lawyer who has been able to establish confidential relations with public servants. His conduct has been a public scandal for years. There is not, in our opinion, a judge on the bench in ignorance of the vicious influence exercised by that shameless member of a so-called honorable profession who, if he were disbarred, might have been shorn of much of his power for evil, but against whose iniquities not one judicial finger has been lifted.

The Criminal Negligence of Parents

Boston has enacted some new laws affecting the disposition of criminal and delinquent children. Hereafter a distinction is to be made between the two classes, and children who are neglected so that they are liable to become public charges are to be taken in hand as delinquents without waiting for them to become actual law-breakers. Hitherto it has been possible to hold parents to account only when children have been charged with truancy, but under the amended law they may be punished whenever it is through their specific teaching, or through their neglect and indifference, that their juvenile offspring come under the supervision of the criminal authorities. This is a step in the right direction and one that will do more than all else to put an end to the multiplication of juvenile law-breakers. The child criminal has been increasing in appalling numbers all over the United States simultaneously with the relaxation of home and school discipline and the multiplication of societies for the prevention of cruelty. Parents seem to have lost the old feeling that there is disgrace attached to an arrest. Parents whose children have become public nuisances through a lack of wholesome restraint simply shrug their shoulders and think they have disposed of the matter when they acknowledge that their boys and girls are too much for them to manage. They do not make it their business to know how the youngsters spend their time out of school hours or what pocket money they have. They do not know what the children read or what kind of theatrical performances they witness. Every now and then we have mysterious disappearances of young girls and lads still in knickerbockers, and when the easy-going mothers get scared, at the end of a week or so, and swear most positively to the gentle, timid and home-keeping natures of their darlings who are afraid to look even at the man in the moon, it invariably turns out that they know nothing whatever about them and that instead of having been caught up bodily and carried off by the wolves, the children have had a secret and intimate knowledge of vice and have planned and executed their own escape from home bondage. When the parents of Boston find that they are to be held responsible for the behavior of their children there will be great improvement in the morals and manners of the rising generation of that city.

Book Thieves

Charles F. Lummis says that the Los Angeles Free Public Library is made the victim of book thieves to the extent of four thousand volumes per year. Oakland suffers in the same proportion, and complaint is being made that the University Library at Berkeley seems to be regarded as an inexhaustible supply station from which all may draw but none need return. Just what profit any one can derive from appropriating public property in this manner is one of the unexplained mysteries. As to the thefts from university libraries they add but one more item to the general account of failure. Of what use is it to waste an expensive education on young men and women who, having reached their legal majority, are yet indifferent to the commandment "Thou shalt not steal?" Is it any wonder that we have absconding cashiers, embezzling bookkeepers, dishonest treasurers and tax collectors, and false trustees, when, in spite of all the Greek and Latin, literature and mathematics, to say nothing of the expensive courses in athletics which a generous public provides, those that profit by the bounty are lacking in the first elemental requisite of decent citizenship? The illiterate man who is dishonest will be obliged to content himself with the lower phases of robbery, but the university graduate who peculates his way through the world up to the time of his graduation is trained for a forger, an embezzler or dishonest trustee. There is too much leniency extended to petty offenders. What they need is harsh measures and exposure the first time they are apprehended. A good scare at the beginning of their career is an excellent deterrent from the formation of the bad habit. The "strange influence" of a good spanking administered after a surreptitious visit to the jam closet has kept many an embryo Dick Turpin from advancing further. The book thief should not be more tenderly dealt with than the naughty little boys who throw stones at lamp posts.

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On nameless quest.

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My soul, the stillness breathing, for each pain
Found healing balm.

—**The Sentimentalist.**

Perspective Impressions.

We are not enthusiastically shouting for a new grand jury because we have lost faith in grand juries. Owing to the rate at which grand juries have been degenerating we are filled with grave misgivings every time a new one is impaneled. The time may come when every honest citizen will feel that he should pray to be delivered from a grand jury.

Colonel Choynski says that Ruef is a hog. Well he certainly does appear to have his front feet in the trough.

Candidate Bell tells us that with him the incentive to office is a profound concern for the integrity of our hearthstones. But it is the stability of our chimneys that we have been really concerned about since last April.

Thugs are very ungrateful. Here they are making political capital for Judge Lawlor despite the fact that his most bitter enemies are their dearest friends and patrons.

William Jennings Bryan appears to be in no hurry to get into the gubernatorial campaign in New York.

Some swag was found on the person of a policeman the other day. Wouldn't it be well to search the whole department?

It is believed that if Mr. Ruef had not exercised his talents as a pacificator at the citizens' meeting last Saturday several excited gentlemen would have come to blows.

"The workingmen of the United States," says the "Examiner," "and everybody concerned for the permanent interests of American civilization on this continent long ago decided that Chinese immigration ought to be forbidden." Quite true. But times and conditions have changed. We are now fighting trusts, and one of them is the Labor Trust which is trying to control our national legislature in the permanent interest not of American civilization but of labor unions.



Old Brands and New Smokers.

Spain (to Uncle Sam). "Excuse my smiling. I know those cigars!"

—L. Ravenhill in London "Punch."



Western Delegate: Let me see. If the Government should own the railroads could I get a half rate ticket to New York?

—New York "Herald."

An Appreciation of Abe Ruef

By Theodore Bonnet

In declining to be coaxed or intimidated into abdication Mr. Abe Ruef asserts the courage of his convictions, and in these degenerate days the man that does that is not wholly undeserving of respect. It is Mr. Ruef's conviction that he is not entirely responsible for all the current infernality of municipal misgovernment. I agree with him. Furthermore I believe he is to be dislodged by nothing short of a cataclysm unless it should appear that he has not done his work with that clever completeness of ensemble and accurate finish of detail which so far appears to have been characteristic of his achievements. The truth is that Abe Ruef knows no reason why he should relinquish his hold on a good thing. It has been asserted that he is a bad man; a circumstance that is absurdly thought to be sufficient reason for ridding this community of him. Ruef is of the opinion that he is no worse than the community, and though he may be in error it cannot be denied that much color has been given to this notion. He is also of the opinion that he is smarter than the community and he feels, therefore, that he would be unjust to himself were he to abandon this sphere of activity. He is mindful, no doubt, of the axiom, A man is wise only on condition of living in a world of fools. And surely he has vindicated his wisdom, if not to our, to his own satisfaction.

His superior smartness was made manifest last week when instead of taking vice by the horns we covertly assailed it at the hoof with the milk teeth of sucking pups. We tried to manoeuvre Mr. Ruef into retirement and he threw us into confusion worse confounded. As a strategist he has us—to borrow an eloquent if not elegant bit of argot—buffaloed. Our leading cits are no match for him in an argument. He is skilled in all the tricks of the dialectic art and when he takes the platform, whether it be in a hall of his own hiring or one that we have hired exclusively for ourselves and into which he has blithely intruded, he becomes an intellectual bully and exercises over us the tyranny of aggressive sophistry. We fall from the blow of the awful paradox that an unsatisfactory explanation is entirely satisfying. He completely crushes our cowed and demoralized spirit by the indestructible postulate of all his subtle arguments, that the newspapers are infernal liars.

That's what we get for laying the flattering unction to our souls that we are rationalists. If we were as nimble in sophistry as the shrewd Mr. Ruef we'd admit that the newspapers were infernal liars and set up the proposition that it was wrong for a man in the dual capacity of lawyer and boss to gather in fees on the strength of his political pull. Furthermore we'd assert that he was engaged in a very immoral business and remind him of the French restaurants and of the big brothel that was kept open with the assistance of a policeman who has been rewarded by promotion. In other words we'd convict him of immorality, not on the strength of the charges made in the infernally lying newspapers but on his own admissions. If he pointed out as an instance of journalistic prevarication the charge that a theatrical manager from Los Angeles was asked to surrender a third interest in a theatre in payment for a license, we'd remind him of the Baldwin Theatre in which he was given a half interest before a permit could be obtained to make certain alterations in the building. But we are too stupid to engage in controversy with Mr. Ruef. When he appealed both to our heads and hearts last Saturday we were so overwhelmed that we forgot all about the conspiracy to punish an honest jurist and to put upon the bench two men who, as police magistrates have been cultivating for years the friendship of the criminal element. We either forgot or else we do not care. If we do care it is not because our morals have been sweetened but because we are shocked at the logical results of our civic degeneracy.

As I have frequently suggested the civic conscience is not in a very healthy condition. We flatter ourselves somewhat when we disparage Mr. Ruef and imply that his morals are inferior to ours. Mr. Ruef was publicly endorsed by a majority of the citizens of this city at the last election. Some of his most ardent supporters were priests of the Catholic Church and representative citizens. He appealed to all classes of our citizens. Leaders of our most fashionable society were acclaiming him with enthusiasm. It will not do to say that they believed he was the victim of the infernally lying newspapers. There were some things they all knew; one of them was that as a member of an honorable profession he was pocketing fees for services rendered in securing favors from his puppets in public office. They were also aware of the character of certain men he was trying to elevate to the bench. The most that can be said in palliation of their attitude is that they saw no wrong in such things; that their moral sensibility was blunted; and that I am willing to believe and plead it in support of the assertion that the public conscience is not in a healthy condition. It is not unusual for the public conscience to get infected. Nor is it unusual for ideas of morality to change. Machiavelli is today believed to have been a very vicious individual. As a matter of fact he was a great patriot. His morals were the morals of the period. He absorbed infection from the atmosphere in which he lived just as Mr. Ruef has probably done. Clement the Seventh patronized the publication of the books of Machiavelli which the Council of Trent in the following generation pronounced unfit for the perusal of Christians. The people of Italy gasped with astonishment when they learned that Machiavelli's doctrines were considered vicious and debasing beyond the Alps.

So perhaps Mr. Ruef, who is a man of keen perception and who is saturated with the atmosphere of this

(Continued on Page 36.)

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Rome the Eternal

By Herman Scheffauer

Through the long night, wrapped in the indifferent slumber of the train-borne traveler, we hurried northward to "the splendor that was Rome." At six o'clock, through the up-drawn shades of the compartment, was seen the desolate compagna with its plains and hills, lying clear in the morning air. Massive aquaducts, interrupted by great gaps, stretched across the landscape in bold yet ruinous majesty like partly-demolished bridges connecting this century with the mighty past and bearing on into the future. These towering piers and arches, rising proudly over the land and dwarfing the insignificant houses scattered about their feet, dignify the approach to Rome with a powerful note of austere sublimity. The train soon bore into the purlieus of the capital and was swallowed up in the wide void under the bending roof of the Terminus Station.

A sense of overpowering vastness confronts one in the contemplation of this city. It is not the vastness of material extension in space (for Rome is not unwieldly to the mind as is London) but rather the vastness of an extension backward into times historical filled with great and familiar figures marshaled like colossal statues down an endless corridor amidst the flitting shadows of tumultuous world-events. The spirit of the Caesars and the invisible wings of the eagles of the legions still dominate the air. The monumental asserts itself even in the modern which takes as from the touch of the olden glory an added worth and stateliness. A harmony exists and may be traced like a subtle understanding between the present and the past.

At a pleasant pension in the broad Via Cavour I met a fellow countryman of mine,—an ingenuous youth from Milwaukee was he, and a young German sculptor from Breslau and both became my companions. The one's naive and boyish enthusiasm and the other's discriminative and professional critical faculty were to me both entertaining and instructive.

My first quest was for the seven hills of Rome. They were not to be found—not without altering Californian ideas as to the meaning of the word "hill." There were slight elevations and streets of a passably steep pitch, but never a hill that could compare with the noble heights and declivities of San Francisco. The centuries, no doubt, had crumbled them low or the vales had risen and been filled with the debris of the ages. Here was the Capitoline Hill whereon Tarquinus Priscus found a human head from which the augurs conveniently foretold that Rome would be the future head or capital of the world. This mound is richly decked with palaces, the Senate and two museums,—broad steps lead up to the terraces which are embellished with trees and plants and the clear marble and dark bronze of noble groups of statuary. The hill rises above the Forum, the heart, once vibrant and vocal with the triumphant energy of the world-empire that is now dust. The unearthed pavements prove how far deeper once lay the ancient streets and how much higher rose the seven hills. The Aventine Hill is still possessed by great tracts of Nature's green and on its pleasant slopes the Convent of St. Bonaventura reposes peacefully—a single palm of noble height bending above it like a watchful spirit of good. Our footsteps lie along the tawny Tiber, past the pretty rounded Temple of Vesta, out through the crenellated Porto of San Paolo beside which a sharp-pointed, moss-covered pyramid holds true the memory of Caius Cestus. Here, too, is the Protestant Cemetery where Keats lies buried. A pilgrim led by poesy could do no less than go thither and pay his reverence to the sweet singer lying there in the Italian earth. The young Milwaukean and the sculptor from Breslau were easily induced to accompany me. We soon stood before the two little graves with their plain stones and iron rails. The slab to the right bore a sculptured lyre of primitive shape and these words:

> This Grave contains all that was Mortal of a—Young English Poet—who—on his Death-bed—in the Bitterness of his Heart—at the Malicious Power of his Enemies—Desired—These Words to be engraven on his Tomb-stone: "HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER"—Feb. 24, 1821.

The slab to the left was figured with an inverted palette and brushes and was dedicated to the memory of

> Joseph Severn—Devoted Friend and Death-bed Companion—of—John Keats—Whom he lived to see numbered—Among the Immortal Poets of England.

The boy from Wisconsin had never read Keats—had never, it seemed, even heard of him, but now he became possessed of a sudden interest and made a vow, right then and there, to take up the works of Keats. The sculptor offered a lucid criticism on the technical construction of the simple lyre carved on the poet's tomb-stone. All of which was pleasantly characteristic of the two. We trod upon the Cyclopean five-cornered granite blocks that form part of the Appian Way near the fortress-like tomb of Cecilia Metella; gazed in our insignificance upon the stalwart arches of the Claudian Aquaduct and later came upon the Arch of Constantine with its three serene arcades, magnificent and lone, in all its pride of proportion, fast by the Coliseum, that monster of old Rome. The amphitheatre confronts one in its dull brown robes of stone, entirely divested of its outer dress of white marble whereof, it it said, five Renaissance palaces were reared in the later and lesser days.

(Continued on Page 33.)

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A Character Sketch

A foul creature of the sun and slime,
So rank and rotten that old Father Time
Trembles to take the scoundrel from the town,
Lest he should spoil the scythe that cuts him down.
A thing so fetid that insatiate Death
Stops his nose while he stops his victim's breath.
A lump so void of greatness, e'en a sin
That ere the foul-mouthed, filthy monster's soul
Is pitchforked down to its long-destined goal,
King Pluto, half-ashamed to let it in,
Has ordered stern old Cerberus to prepare
A kennel near his own, and lodge it there
Till on his fate the Fates determine, when,
Resolved to drive the nuisance from their den,
They'll probably pitchfork it back again.

The Spectator

Shortridge's Baby Journal

Charley Shortridge is once more an editor. His long heralded paper, "The Times," came into existence in San Jose the other day exciting that peculiar delight and enthusiasm in the bosom of the townspeople which the good people of Eatenswill experienced in the joyous days when those spirited compliments were exchanged —"Our worthless contemporary, the 'Gazette'"—"That disgraceful and dastardly journal, the 'Independent'"—"That false and scurrilous print, the 'Independent'—"That vile and slanderous caluminator, the 'Gazette.'" For, be it known, Charley Shortridge's vigorous young heart has been bleeding copiously for the townspeople of San Jose, and he launched his newspaper to redeem them from the tyranny of the iron mine operated by the Hayes brothers. The "Times" is to be their forum, which is something in the nature of a long-felt want in San Jose, where the morning and evening mediums of publicity have long been the property of the iron barons. Charley felt that the pee-pul of San Jose were slaves to a brace of petty tyrants—not base, but ignoble slaves—and in a burst of philanthropy he gave them a palladium of liberty, a free, untrammeled but slightly mortgaged press with the aid of which he expects to render entirely negligible the sinister influence of his loathsome contemporaries.

Some Scintillant Sentiments

Charley Shortridge lost none of his piquancy or effervescence in the protracted interregnum during which his tripod was vacant. He is as breezy as ever and his editorial utterances have that colloquial flavor that smacks of the rural delivery, so compelling in its appeal alike to the yokel and the successful merchant of the lovely village of the valley. Charley knows the stuff that titillates. Here are a few of the flowers of his humor that adorned the editorial page of the initial number, not such flowers as we see by every wayside and upon all paths and along the hedges, but rare blooms peculiar to the Shortridge hot-house of rhetoric. "Cheer up! Christmas will soon be here. . . . If you think the "Times" is afraid to tell the truth on any subject of public interest just try us out once. . . . Do not expect scandal and unclean things, for we are not cut out that way; we know this little paper will go into the homes and schools and we know just what is expected of us. . . . Mark you! We stand for the Constitution of the United States, and all its parts and it must be upheld. . . . We will fight if need be, but always in the open and with fair weapons. . . . One thing sure we shall not die of fright; should we fall, we will fall facing the enemy and with the face of friends and loved ones and of mothers pictured in our hearts. . . . Do you think any other candidate could do as well as Charley can? Well! We should say not." The import of some of the foregoing may be vague to some of my readers, but it is luminous to the townspeople of San Jose. They know what Charley is driving at, and they know that when he says the Constitution must be upheld he means it. If necessary he will uphold it himself and defy the Hayes brothers to tear it down.

A Coolbrith Poem

A few weeks ago I wrote of Ina Coolbrith as California's sweetest singer, and lamented that we have been deaf to the music of her songs as evidenced by our failure to testify in some substantial manner to our appreciation of the genius that has interpreted for us so much of the sweetness of this summer-land of California. Now I am pleased to call the attention of my readers to Ina Coolbrith's latest poem, "San Francisco," published in "Putnam's Critic" for October. Many writers with a moving fancy and a jingle of verse in their heads have written of San Francisco in measured language since the recent catastrophe, but none that I know of has produced anything comparable with Miss Coolbrith's simple lines. Here is a sample of penetrative pathos that stirs the emotions as poetry should stir them. Here are words whose charm is like that of the sound of the murmuring forest and whose reverberations die away in the infinite depth of the soul. Here in easy flowing numbers and simple diction are lines of ineffable sweetness and a tear-compelling tenderness:

In ended days, a child, I trod thy sands,
The sands unbuilded rank with brush and brier
And blossom,—chased the sea-foam on thy strands,
Young city of my love and my desire!

I saw thy barren hills against the skies,
I saw them topped with minaret and spire,
On plain and slope thy myriad walls arise,
Fair city of my love and my desire.

With thee the Orient touched heart and hands;
The world's rich argosies lay at thy feet;
Queen of the fairest land of all the lands,—
Our Sunset-Glory, proud and strong and sweet!

I saw thee in thine anguish! tortured, prone,
Rent with the earth-throes, garmented in fire!
Each wound upon thy breast upon my own,
Sad city of my love and my desire.

Gray wind-blown ashes, broken, toppling wall
And ruined hearth,—are these thy funeral pyre?
Black desolation covering as a pall,—
Is this the end, my love and my desire?

Nay, strong, undaunted, thoughtless of despair,
The Will that builded thee shall build again,
And all thy broken promise spring more fair,
Thou mighty mother of as mighty men!

Thou wilt arise invincible, supreme!
The earth to voice thy glory never tire,
And song, unborn, shall chant no nobler theme,
Proud city of my love and my desire.

But I—shall see thee ever as of old!
Thy wraith of pearl, wall, minaret, and spire,
Framed in the mists that veil thy Gate of Gold
Lost city of my love and my desire.

The Colored Man's Prayer

When Junie McCree, the vaudeville star, came to town and looked over the ruins he remarked to Bobbie North, the Hebrew impersonator, "Well, now I can appreciate the feelings of that coon."

"What coon?" asked North.

"The fellow that amended his friend's prayer. Haven't you heard that story?"

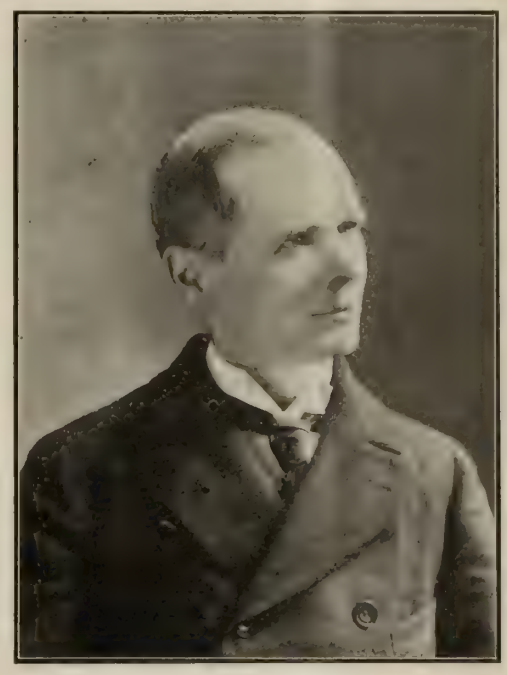
Bobby said that he had not, whereupon McCree told a San Francisco earthquake story that has been going the rounds in the East. The story is about two colored gentlemen who felt the spirit of early piety come over them with the first vibration of the earth on that eventful, unsteady morning. Terror-stricken they fell to their knees simultaneously and pleaded to be spared from the wrath of an outraged heaven. Presently one of them addressed this petition to the great white throne: "Oh, Father please send yoh son down to save us from dis awful Kalammity." "Oh, no, gracious Father," said the other colored gentleman. "Nebba mind yoh son; please come yohself, dis am no chile's play."

The Auto Club's Poet

Some hopelessly irredeemable individual burdened my mail the other day with a series of typewritten lines cut in assorted lengths but not accurately, each beginning with a capital and rhyming alternately. The whole was entitled "The Bay Boulevard," and from it I inferred that the author was indignant because the Auto Club had not carried out a certain enterprise for which it had collected funds. I can stand pretty bad jingle, but these verses filled me with such frenzy that if I could have encountered the author I'd have brained him with them. I shrewdly solaced myself, however, with the reflection, that he has an automobile and may some day unconsciously court retribution.

Gould Breaking In

There is one thing to be said about railroad competition—it promotes a singularly deep interest among politicians in the welfare of the pee-pul. Railroad competition was never so keen in this State as it is at present and the job-chasers are bubbling over with



"Pop" Cahill

A veteran journalist who was lured from the Hearst forces by Mr. Spreckels. As soon as he began writing editorials for the "Call" his brilliant work attracted public attention.

concern for the public weal. Ponder the profound anxiety of Mr. Theodore Bell which finds expression in every attitude that he strikes as he marches up and down the State. He yearns with all the fervor of his immortal part for the privilege of rescuing this State from the awful evils that are now impending. As a prophet of evil he is only a little less tragic than Mr. Langdon. The great evil that Mr. Bell would avert is

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that of railroad domination. His hatred of railroads is intense despite the fact that he is a railroad attorney. He is the general counsel of the road which Dick Hotaling and other capitalists are building from Lakeport into Marin County and they are among his most energetic boomers. And notwithstanding his aversion to railroads he is receiving very substantial backing from the Gould system, the political interests of which are being guarded by Mr. Bert Worthington, one of the old Southern Pacific guard who received his training under Creed Haymond. George Gould is taking a hand in California politics and he expects Mr. Bell to serve in the capacity of opening wedge. If Mr. Gould should be able to introduce his political system in California the politicians would have reason to rejoice.

The Dalton-Thomas Contest

Over across the bay the pee-pul's interests are very much involved in the fight over the assessorship between Mr. Thomas of Berkeley and Mr. Dalton of Oakland. This fight is receiving a good deal of color from the circumstance that it marks the entrance of the Realty Syndicate Company to the political arena. This company appears to be in a fair way to get possession of the political machinery of Alameda County. Its interests are so great that for their protection it will be necessary to become a strong factor in politics. Assessor Dalton is a representative of the clique that has managed the political affairs of Oakland for many years, and the political managers of the Realty Syndicate beat him out of the Republican nomination and gave it to Mr. Thomas of Berkeley. A lot of money is being spent to defeat Dalton, but the latter is a cunning campaigner and he is vociferously appealing for popular support on the ground that he has proved himself the pee-pul's friend and has never been partial to corporations. This claim is hardly borne out by the circumstance that he has managed to hold office for many years in a town governed by corporations. Nevertheless he is the pee-pul's candidate.

Doing the Spectacular

A dark horse frequently figures in political contests, but it has remained for Assessor Dalton, who styles himself "Independent Candidate," though he sought and obtained nominations from the Democrats and Hearst's Independence Leaguers, to inject a white horse into a campaign. Dalton has spent a large part of his time since the present campaign opened in riding up and down Broadway on a big snow-white horse. He dresses the part of a well-to-do farmer in loose-fitting black clothes and a tall black slough hat, and gallops along, saluting his friends and acquaintances in that bluff, hearty fashion that he has cultivated with such care and success. He is a good actor. He manages to attract the attention of the crowds on Oakland's busiest thoroughfare. As a method of political advertising Dalton's theatrical display of himself on his white horse is doubtless effective with those simple-minded folk who vote for a candidate because they like his looks and his manner and who are indifferent to his record. Politicians say that Dalton may win as many as several hundred votes by this ostentatious parading of himself before the public, but they also say that the "Independent Candidate" will need every vote he can get at the coming election.

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The Afong Fortune

The first complete and authentic story of the celebrated Afong family of Hawaii is contained in the following paragraphs from the pen of Town Talk's regular correspondent in Honolulu: "The community is on the tiptoe of expectancy respecting the disposition of the immense fortune which Chun Afong is reported to have amassed after he left his family here and returned to his native land sixteen years ago. When Chun Afong left his wife and fifteen children in Honolulu and returned to his ancestral soil he made very handsome financial provision for them. In no sense did he desert them, as has been frequently said. He bestowed on them a very large proportion of his entire fortune at the time, and he has always kept in correspondence with them, and several of his children have visited him in China. But the amount and the disposition of the fortune he left with them have been greatly exaggerated and misrepresented. In the first place he was not the fabulously rich man which the "Afong Legend," as it has developed, represented him to be and his plantation interests comprised about a third interest in Pepeekoa Plantation, which has been a steady and very satisfactory dividend payer ever since. Most of the remaining stock was owned by Alexander Young until about a year ago, when he sold it to that faction of the Missionary element of the planters who own and control C. Brewer & Co. Besides this plantation stock Chun Afong left his family a good deal of real estate, some of it of much value, and all of it of more value now than it was when he left. What else he left in money, and bonds, stocks, mortgages and negotiable instruments nobody outside the family knows. The purse strings were left in Mamma Afong's hands. And Mamma Afong has proved a very cautious financier. By more than one son-in-law she has been persuaded to make losing investments but the fortune has not been seriously impaired, for she never could be induced to send good money after bad.

China Was His Oyster

"Two or three of the sons-in-law dissipated their wives' dowers, after which their wives visited papa in China and obtained a new bank roll, which in each instance was provided with a string attachment by which it was safeguarded from the husbands. Chun Afong did not leave his acquisitive faculty in Honolulu when he went back to China. Though he was sixty-five at that time he embarked in business with his favorite son, a man of about thirty who had been his chief assistant in Honolulu. In China they amassed a second fortune compared with which the Honolulu fortune was of insignificant proportions. Friends by whom they were visited in China brought back the news that they lived in regal splendor. Each maintained a town and country house, each establishment approximating a Duke's palace in sumptuousness. Now the question of the hour in Honolulu is, What is to become of the second fortune? If the Oriental Croesus died intestate the Hawaiian and American heirs are likely to share in its distribution. If he left a will there is likely to be a contest of international interest. As there are several lawyers among the sons-in-law, one of whom, Judge Humphreys, was a Federal jurist, there will be plenty of legal talent to see that the Hawaiian output of heirs get a square deal."

History of the Family

"So much has been written about the Afongs that is purely fictitious that perhaps a plain statement of the real facts of this widely known and in many respects wonderful family will not be without interest. Chun Afong was born in a district not far from Canton, in 1825. His father was a prosperous merchant who was able to start his son in life with some capital. As a young man of twenty-four Chun Afong, then known as Chun Ah Fong, came to Honolulu, and with the capital he brought established himself in mercantile business. That was in 1849. He prospered steadily, and about eight years later he proposed to Miss Julia Hope K. Fayerweather. In those days no foreigner was permitted to marry a native Hawaiian woman, so Ah Fong became a subject of the King of Hawaii, on May 23, 1857. The next year he married her, having obtained the consent of Miss Fayerweather's guardian, who was Dr. Norman H. Judd, one of the really great figures in early constitutional history in Hawaii. Soon after that Ah Fong became one of the King's privy counselors, and later and for many years he was the Chinese Consul in Hawaii. The young couple made their home on Nuuanu Street in what was then, and is even now, one of the finest residence districts of the city. They also maintained a beach residence at Waikiki, property which was recently acquired for fortification sites by the United States Government, $28,000 being paid for it. In the Nuuanu Street home the European style of living was adopted in its entirety. There was nothing of Chinese flavor except that Afong never abandoned his Chinese style of dress. Mrs.

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"Just a reminder—building composed of steel, concrete and marble"—with John McDermott as manager.

Afong was a member of the Congregational church and brought her family up in consonance with the ideals of that religion. The children were all given the best education the Islands afforded, and most of them were sent away to coast and mainland schools for advanced education. Included in the family was a son of Afong by his Chinese wife, the one to whom he returned. This son was sent to Yale. He died a number of years ago, but he left a son who has long lived in China."

Mrs. Afong's Pedigree

"Afong engaged in sugar planting and bought Pepeekeo Plantation when it was a small affair and developed and enlarged it. The mercantile firm of Ah Fong and Ah Fat was for many years one of the largest Chinese stores in Honolulu. In 1890 Afong made provision for his family here and with the eldest son of his marriage with Miss Fayerweather he went to China in 1890 to end his days. His son married a daughter of a Viceroy of Canton, and both father and son lived at Macao. Afong always kept in communication with his family here. Several members of his family have visited him in China, and he has always been represented here in a business way by S. M. Damon, head of Bishop & Co. Mrs. Afong was a granddaughter of Captain George Beckley, an Englishman, who came to Hawaii in command of his own vessel about a hundred years ago. He entered the service of Kamehameha I, and commanded his armed forces. He designed the Hawaiian flag, so it is said. He married Ahia, a native princess and the daughter of a great chief. He was made what is called a tabu chief himself, that is a chief of the highest rank. His children were brought up as though they were members of the royal family. Mrs. Afong's father was Abram Henry Fayerweather, a Connecticut yankee. He belonged to the same family of Fayerweathers that furnished one of the builders of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, and of which Silas Fayerweather, who tried to leave a large fortune to Harvard and other colleges and left a will contest that lasted for years, was a member. Of this marriage there were fifteen children, twelve girls and three boys. All have been married except Miss Mary Afong. The other children are: Anthony C. Afong, who married a daughter of a Viceroy of Canton and who has a son in Harvard and lives in Macao; Emmeline M. married to J. Alfred Magoon, a lawyer; Nancy married to Frank B. McStocker, a man of much influence in Hawaii; Mrs. Arthur Johstone; Mrs. W. H. Whiting, wife of a Rear-Admiral of the United States Navy, retired; Marie, married to ex-Judge A. S. Humphreys; Mrs. J. W. Riggs; Mrs. I. R. Burns, now of New York; Mrs. W. W. Brewster, now of New York; Mrs., wife of Lieutenant Dougherty of the Twenty-eighth Infantry, U. S. A.; Mrs. Helen G. Henshall, widow of W. A. Henshall, a lawyer; Mrs. Alice Hutchinson; Albert F. Afong, who recently married a niece of Admiral Whiting, and Abram Henry Afong, who recently married Miss May Harvey of Brooklyn.



"The Meadows"

Reproduced from a water color done by Mr. E. W. Currier, who went to Lake Tahoe after the big fire to get fresh inspiration. Among the mountains bordering the lakes are numerous scenes, similar to the one which Mr. Currier has depicted with that felicity which distinguishes his work.



Artist Currier

And a view of the interior of his new studio in which he will soon have another collection of pictures. In front of him is his latest painting of Mount Tallac.

The Stevenson Shrine

The former home of Robert Louis Stevenson may become the property of the German government and serve as an official residence. It was bought by Herr Kunst, senior partner of the Vladivostok firm of Kunst & Rlbers from the Stevenson heirs, who sold it soon after the author's death. Herr Kunst died recently and the Stevenson residence is to be sold by his

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executor. The offer has been made to the German government before placing the property on the market, and the probability is that it will be accepted. Apparently those literary philanthropists who were in fits and fever after the first sale on account of the "desecration" and "degradation" of the "shrine" have forgotten all about the matter. There was quite a coterie of sentimental ones hereabouts who advocated popular subscriptions, entertainments and other forms of money-raising, but nothing was accomplished. Most of the "shrines" of dead authors are maintained by charging an admission fee to the curious who can be inspired with awe when they are permitted to view a broken pen, a tumble-down chair, a rickety table or an old bedstead that belonged to the idol, but the Stevenson family, having no desire to remain residents of far-away Samoa, removed whatever memorials were transportable and as for turning the house into a "shrine" its inaccessibility is sufficient of a barrier. Stevenson himself, however, gave explicit directions to a friend who apologized for not calling on him, saying that he did not know just where the house was. Stevenson wrote that it was very easy to find: "Take the first turn to the left after you sail out of the Golden Gate."

The Problem of the Hour

Professor Jacques Loeb, who has been spending many years trying to find out how life is engendered, is now devoting himself to the task of solving a living problem or rather the problem of sustaining life. It is far more interesting than the study of the genesis of the protoplasm or of the evolution of toads. For the time being Professor Loeb doesn't care to know whether toads are exempt from the pollywog state on account of their blameless lives, or whether the pterodactyl boasted of his red corpuscles. What he wants to know is, How can a poor scientist eat three square meals a day in the midst of industrial problems that give wings to the price of grub. Associated with Professor Loab in the study of this recondite problem are such distinguished pundits as Irving Stringham, Dean of the College of Social Science; Edmund O'Neil, Head of the Department of Chemistry; Dr. Ostethout of the Department of Biology, and Dr. Bancroft of the College of Natural Science. The illiterate layman might imagine that nothing under the sun could give pause to that bunch of specialists.

Two Military Types

The detachment of Colonel Charles Morris from the command of the local artillery district is viewed with mixed emotions at the Presidio. He has some friends at that post but a great many who are not his friends. The little Colonel has always been a somewhat fussy officer with a very soldierly idea of his own dignity which has given him an aspect seldom admired by civilians; an aspect, indeed, that civilians resent. His notions respecting discipline have caused him to be regarded as something of a martinet. However, he has a fine soldierly bearing which was not acquired on the battlefield, for I believe he never had the good fortune to hear the music of hostile bullets. He entered the Army too late for the battles of the Civil war, he saw no Indian fighting and he was at home during the Spanish and Philippine wars. His successor, Colonel

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John A. Lundeen, is of another type of soldier. He is a soldierly, experienced officer, with a reputation for much tact and courtesy in his dealing with everyone.

Lieut. Arthur Stokes, of the Marines, who is particularly well known in this city, left on Monday for the Far East, where he will take command of the marine guard of the cruiser "Raleigh." Stokes is one of the most popular members of the bachelor officers' mess at Mare Island and has a large circle of acquaintances in Oakland and Berkeley, as well as in San Francisco.

Neville Has a Record

Major W. C. Neville, of the Marine Corps, who had command of the first detachment of marines landed in Cuba a few days ago, is no stranger to Cuban soil. He was a lieutenant in the marine battalion which secured, in Guantanamo, the first foothold of Americans in Cuba. He was in the party that made the sortie from Camp McCalla on June 13, 1898, and, after a day of severe bush-whacking, during which he carried his detachment with skill and bravery through an ambush, he aided in capturing and destroying some wells in the jungle upon which the Spanish besiegers depended for their water supply. He was complimented for his meritorious conduct in this action.

The Great Oriental Intoxicant

Assistant Attorney General McReynolds is to come out here from Washington, D. C., early next year to assist the Government in a final effort to evade the refunding of duties that have been paid by importers on the Japanese drink, "saki." Time after time the Government has been defeated in its efforts to have saki classed as wine on which a fifty per cent duty is collectible instead of beer on which a duty of twenty per cent is paid. When the question first came up about $100,000 was involved, the importers having paid that much in excess of the twenty per cent which they claimed was the proper duty. The case was tried in the Circuit Court of the Southern District of New York and the importers won. It was carried to the New York Circuit Court of Appeals, and again they won. The Secretary of the Treasury at first accepted that decision as final. But ascertaining that the amount to be refunded had grown to $900,000, he concluded that the amount was worth another effort. So again the case was brought up, this time before Judge W. W. Morrow in the Circuit Court here. Again saki was declared to be beer, dutiable at twenty per cent. The case has been appealed to this Circuit Court of Appeals, and it is to argue before that body that McReynolds is coming out. By the time this appellate court arrives at a decision the amount to be refunded will be about $1,500,000—that is, if the importers win, in which event it will go to the Supreme Court of the United States. It will take at least a year to settle it there. And if the importers are again victorious the excess duties will by that time have mounted up to $2,500,000—or even more, if our Japanese population keeps increasing. I can't imagine how anyone but a Japanese could drink this stuff. It is made from rice, and the process resembles beer-brewing. Still it has some of the qualities of wine, being a still liquor. It tastes like very bad sherry diluted with bilge-water from a Chinese junk. Still the Japanese like it. And I hear that in Japan this succession of suits has aroused quite a bitter feeling, the determined effort to enforce the high duty being looked upon by many as anything but a friendly act on the part of this Government.

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The Enervating Magazine Lure

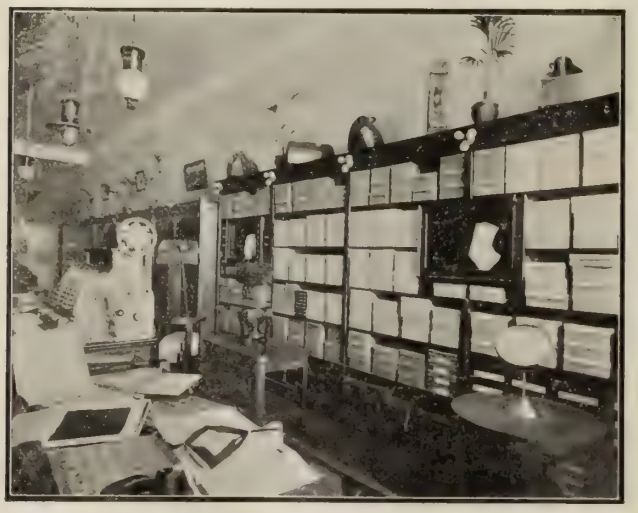
A correspondent writes me in complaint of the prevailing flood of cheap literature. "Time was," he says, "when my reading led me into instructive paths, gave me food for thought or supplied me with delightful reminiscence. But I am degenerating—have degenerated, in fact. The magazine, the periodical, have me in their clutches; the muck-rakers and the other transient purveyors of what they call literature are dragging me down—and I feel myself slipping farther and farther, even as a drug-slave feels his moral nature, his will and his mind weaken. As the user of tobacco does, I deceive myself. I say, 'Tonight I will get out Carlyle's essays, or delight myself again with his 'Sartor Resartus,' chuckling, as I have done before, over his picture of an unclad community.' Then the newstand at the ferry catches me. I spend ten or fifteen cents, or a quarter, and soon am deep in an expose of the substitution of figs for berries in strawberry jam. If it is not that, a general belaboring of the senators, or their patrons, the kings of finance, catches me. Else I become absorbed in some story which I know is inferior to what is on my library shelves, but which I read because I happened to go through the first chapters on the ferryboat, when my neglected library was not within reach. And after reading this mess I go to sleep tangled in a maze of beef, pork, inspectors, rebates, jam, juggling, smart set heroes and heroines, all mixed with the words of some wise college professor who has just solved the social problem. And meanwhile the dust gathers yet more thickly on my Carlyle, and Montaigne, and Hawthorne, and all the rest of them. You may not believe it, but I haven't read Lamb's essay on roast suckling pig since before the fire. I have lost the flavor of Irving, whom once I loved so dearly, and Thackeray, Dickens, Eliot are becoming as memories to me. I read De Maupassant once upon a time—and Daudet, and Rousseau, and Saint-Beuve, Johnson, Macaulay, Thomas a Kempis, French and English, religious and heathen, I read them all. I want to read them again, but I don't get time. The flood is upon me, sweeping me along its superficial course."

Fiction By the Mile

The correspondent gives me some figures. "Do you know," he asks, "how many words of fiction Munsey's various magazines publish every month? Six hundred and fifty thousand! Think what a thumping of typewriters that represents—of the literary people it helps support. Six hundred and fifty thousand! Chatterton became immortal on less, and Pope, Addison, Steele, Dante could have their words cut down to one-tenth that number and enough be left of their works to carry their names down through all the ages. Six hundred and fifty thousand words a month! Yet it is but an eddy in the flood that is pouring off the presses and is keeping me away from the pages I love."

The "Charleston's" Commander

Commander Cameron McRae Winslow, commanding officer of the new cruiser "Charleston," flagship of the Pacific squadron, is one of the Beau Brummels of the Navy and a man long associated with the most exclusive sets of New York, Newport and Washington. He is a prominent clubman and a fine officer. During the Spanish war Winslow had charge of the boats sent by



Interior view of the store of J. M. Jacobi & Co., showing the shadow boxes for displaying furnishing goods.



Exterior view of J. M. Jacobi & Co.'s store at 2123 Fillmore Street.

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Ruef In Action

The Idol of the People, Mr. Abe Ruef, is here shown in the act of pacifying a mob of unruly, leading citizens of San Francisco, who assembled in Union Square last Saturday to devise ways and means of redeeming the city government from graft, gaspipes and other things. Mr. Ruef is admittedly the ruler of this city government against which there is much complaint, but our leading citizens being logical gents, reason thus: The government is rotten; Mr. Ruef is the government; therefore Mr. Ruef is an honorable gentleman who is entitled to our highest respect.

Commander, now Rear-Admiral B. H. McCalla, to cut the cables at Cienfuegos, Cuba. The cables were cut under heavy fire, and Winslow was wounded but his wounds did not prevent him from continuing the work coolly until it was successfully completed. He was advanced several numbers for his gallantry on this and other occasions during the war. Before assuming his present command he was one of the personal aids of President Roosevelt in the White House and also for a time commanded the yacht "Mayflower," used by the President on special occasions. He is a relative of the Captain Winslow who commanded the old "Kearsarge" when that vessel sank the "Alabama" off Cherbourg, France, during the war of the rebellion. The "Charleston's" other officers are picked men, some of them new to the Pacific Coast, where it is expected they will take some part in the gayeties of the coming social season. Rufus Zogbaum Jr., son of the well-known artist, is an ensign on the "Charleston."

Stockwell Going Blind

Poor Stockwell! We may never smile again at the little comedian! He is lying in an Oakland hospital, the sight of his eyes is growing dim and the doctors say that he is threatened with blindness. There is something inexpressibly tragic in this sad plight of the veteran actor compelled by his affliction to withdraw from the footlights over which he has radiated gladness for more than a quarter of a century. It is tragic when any man is confronted by the prospect of being consigned to darkness to the end of his days, but in the case of the mime whom we recall with the most grateful emotions, whom we have come to identify with a long procession of characters which on innumerable occasions lightened the burdens of our hearts, we experience the degree of sadness that is usually reserved for a personal bereavement. L. R. Stockwell is one of the old guard of American thespians, one who has had many triumphs, and to whose credit there are many really artistic achievements, but now in his declining years, in the great affliction with which he has been stricken, he has, to sustain him, nothing more than the affection of his friends. Stockwell might have been one of the great stars of the American stage, for he was a born mummer and there have been few actors who could impart greater warmth to a legitimate comedy role. Nature endowed him with a comedy face and a comedy form and with the temperament of a comedian. On the stage he was not called upon to violently exaggerate, but rather to adapt himself by the slightest effort to the mood of his role, and that he could do with consummate art. But the comedian always chafed under management. His ambition was to be his own manager, and if he had searched the world over he could not have found a more incompetent one. Usually when he owned his company he got the applause, and his salaried employee in the front of the house got the money. He packed many a house in his day and he made a great deal of money which he cared for but to spend. He contributed to the success of many a benefit performance, and he had one peculiarity that distinguished him from the bulk of his profession—that of depending on his money rather than his personality to vindicate his goodfellowship. And now "Stocky" as he was familiarly known to newsboys and hero-worshipers is "broke" and in the hospital and his eyes are growing dim. I hear that the Theatrical Managers of San Francisco are going to give him a benefit in Oakland. I want to buy a ticket.

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Such a Time They Had

The play of "Hamlet" without the Dane would be no more an anomaly than a dinner to a prospective bridegroom without the presence of said prospective bridegroom. Such a dinner took place in Alameda not many nights ago; and it will be many years before the memory of it dies out of the minds not only of those present but of all within a radius of two or three blocks. Alameda is joked upon its varied somnific phenomena. Hereafter the joke will seem to have lost its point in the neighborhood of this famous stag dinner to a prospective bridegroom who did not grace it with his presence. Why he did not is easy of explanation. He (Charles Muller of the Allis-Chalmers Co.) was to be married on a certain Monday night. It was agreed among his friends that he should be given a bachelor dinner on the Saturday night preceding. He fell in with the idea, and plans went forward briskly. The wife of one of the dinner-givers was to be absent on the night chosen, so it was agreed that the event should take place in his house, on the promise of not mussing up the premises. The conspirators agreed that the affair should be made memorable to Muller by practical jokes that would greatly enliven the proceedings. But a traitor told Muller what was in store for him. Muller thereupon persuaded his fiancee that Friday was not an unlucky day. The wedding took place quietly, and when the morning of the dinner day dawned bride and groom were on a boat bound for the South. The news reached the dinner givers through a note left by Muller, who expressed a hope that they would have a joyous time. Well, they did. Cheated of their prey, the foiled jokers dressed a dummy and placed it at the head of the table to take the place of the intended victim. It would have saddened Muller to see what a good time they could have with him. It was six o'clock on Sunday morning when the dinner party broke up, and during the hours of its progress such noise was raised that rents in the neighborhood have decreased. It was four o'clock in the morning ere the one who had been chosen to make the farewell speech to the bridegroom got a chance to deliver himself of his effort. It occupied an hour and a quarter of time, including the interruptions for corrections and suggestions, and for toasts and songs to the dummy bridegroom. One of the funniest phases of the episode—to everyone except the host—is that his wife returned on Sunday morning before he was in condition to efface the evidence of having broken his promise regarding mussing up the premises. No one knows exactly what happened except that he suddenly remembered a business engagement in Los Angeles that kept him there for a week.

A Contribution To Californiana

With considerable curiosity as well as amiable anxiety I am looking forward to Mr. Chauncey L. Canfield's debut in the book world. I shall be very much disappointed if Mr. Canfield does not give us something fresh, vigorous and important, something that exhales not the odor of printer's ink but that is really redolent of the mining camp. I expect much from Mr. Canfield because I am enthusiastic over the form and plan of his work which is now in the hands of the printer, and because he does not feel that he is a literary genius. Mr. Canfield is a railroad agent well known in local transportation circles but he was not always that. He spent his fresh, young days, in mining camps. He lived and worked in the Bret Harte country. His book, which Morgan Shepard is printing, is to be in the form of a diary. It is called "The Diary of a '49'r." It covers the earliest and most interesting period of placer mining from '49 to '52. Mr. Canfield says that he has attempted to give a truthful picture of the actual miner's life in camp and cabin, his trials, his diversions, his experiences, his queer theories as to the genesis of the precious metal, his work in gulch, ravine and bar, together with a record of the incidents and happenings in the region roundabout. Mr. Canfield says that with the exception of a little work by Prentice Mulford there has been no faithful reproduction of the miners of the placer diggings; that Bret Harte and other romancers have given us exaggerated types.

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When the Boss Sees It

It is a common saying among daily newspaper men that if the proprietor of the paper happens to see a runaway or other exciting street incident the affair assumes enormous importance in his mind and he gives orders that it be given pictures and a front page display. The city editor might give the same story a couple of paragraphs. This is borne out by a story published in Saturday's "Chronicle" of men caught looting the ruins of a building owned by M. H. de Young. It happened besides that Mr. de Young saw the looting going on and ordered the men arrested. It was done, and three of them—Italian laborers who most likely had no idea that they were doing wrong—were released, while the junk dealer who had hired them to do the work was thrown into jail. To resume where I began—the "Chronicle" gave the story nearly four columns, which was something over three columns more than, from a newspaper standpoint, it deserved. The "Chronicle" gathered the information while working up the story that a systematic looting of the city's ruins has been going on with the connivance of the police. I told of this in detail several weeks ago, and have wondered why the subject did not receive full attention at the hands of the dailies. Mr. de Young's wrecked building is not the only one that has been looted. The junk thieves have neglected nothing in the way of good picking. They invaded the Hotel St. Francis and stole enormous quantities of brass and nickel fittings, destroying bath tubs in order to get the fixtures loose. Other partially wrecked buildings were gutted by them. Their operations would make even the ruling powers of San Francisco envious.

St. John's Souvenir

Chauncey M. St. John, Chief Deputy Surveyor of the Port, is a water-color painter of far more than ordinary amateur ability, and of late he has been employing his talent in turning out some unique as well as artistic souvenirs of the great fire. Although the Appraiser's Building was saved many of its thick plate-glass windows were broken. St. John has taken some of this glass and cut it into strips three feet long and three inches wide. On paper of the same width he has painted panoramic pictures of San Francisco Bay and the Golden Gate. These he has mounted behind the glass making a beautiful and pleasing effect. Several of his friends have been made recipients of these souvenirs. St. John himself has a fire souvenir with which he would not part. Wandering through the ruins of Chinatown, one day, he saw hanging high on a wrecked building the remains of a sign. The piece of wood was several feet long, nearly two feet wide and two inches thick. He had it taken down, and found that what seemed to be painted and gilded Chinese characters on it were in reality carved characters. With one end of the sign burned away, it is a most picturesque memento of the fire.

AN INSUPERABLE OBSTACLE

After the accident the woman's mind was made up.

"I cannot go to the hospital," she said.

"But," urged her husband, "it is the only thing to do. Modern surgery will then have its full swing, and your life be saved."

Nevertheless she was firm.

"It cannot be," she said, faintly. "Why, in my whole wardrobe there isn't a nightgown worth over ten dollars!" —**The Policeman.**



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Social Prattle

By Tantalus

She's After Culture

Frances Joliffe has started Londonwards again. She was in Europe at the time of the quake but as a disciple of "seeing is believing" hastened home. Frances has the literary bee buzzing in her Virot bonnet and having taken a preliminary canter through journalism expects to mount higher. She goes abroad to widen her intellectual horizon at an English university.

Rumor Confirmed

A relief worker interested in the cause of Mrs. Ella Clemons Sun Yue recently sent an appeal to Howard Gould asking him to build a home for his wife's sister who, with her Chinese husband, is living in a wind-blown tent on the edge of the ruins of Chinatown. Mr.



Louviae Rogers

A Society Belle Who Will Be Among the Guests at the Maurer Garden Party in Berkeley.

Gould's secretary replied, stating that the appeal had better be sent to Mrs. Howard Gould at her hotel. Which substantiates the report that the Howard Goulds are living apart. According to Eastern papers their separation will soon be made final by the divorce court.

That Curio Sale

The sale this week of the curios unearthed from Shreve's after the fire netted a pretty sum for the hospitals. Mrs. John Merrill had charge of the affair, which is equivalent to saying that it ran on ball bearings, for Mrs. Merrill knows how to smooth the creases out of the most dictatorial temper. Some of those on the "inside" wanted to buy up choice bits before the sale opened for the public, but better conscience prevailed and everyone was given a fair chance with no handicaps. Mrs. Latham McMullen was the only representative of her set who played saleslady. Mrs. McMullin, Mrs. Gus Taylor and her sisters, Mrs. George Newhall, and a lot of other young married women belong to a hospital auxiliary but most of them are away just now. The younger girls' societies were better represented. Gertrude Joliffe came early and stayed late, all through the sale bringing her little sandwich to eat at noon just like any $7-a-week counter Miss.

A Scotch Count In Town

A distinguished young athlete arrived in town this week in the person of Count Alexander Macpherson Maclean, managing director in the Far East for John Dewar & Co., the famous firm that manufactures a brand of whisky that appeals to the palates of connoisseurs. Count Maclean is a great golf player and an enthusiastic exponent of all kinds of outdoor sports. On his arrival he was taken under the wing of Mr. Sherwood, whose firm has the local agency for the Dewar Company, and who has a few golf champions in his own family. Mr. Sherwood has been giving the Count abundant opportunity for indulging his sporting proclivities.

Mrs. Carolan's New Chum

Mrs. Frank Carolan has written to friends here that she will be at the St. Regis Hotel during the winter. The St. Regis has become the favorite rendezvous of provincial aristocrats on account of its reputation for high prices. Mrs. Carolan is now enthusing over a new friend, a Mrs. Hans von Winterfeldt, a woman of



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thirty-two, who is the daughter of a Major Godfrey, of the British army and a native of Calcutta. Her husband is the son of a German baron and made his money in Wall Street. She will spend the winter in New York and both ladies expect to spring some new gowns that will make the smartsetters of Gotham sit up and take notice. Recently in company with Lady Gore they attracted lots of attention at the Ritz. Mrs. Carolan doesn't know when she'll return to Burlingame.

One of the best selling books of the season, "The Awakening of Helen Richie," has been in demand in Berkeley. One of the culture-seekers over there got into the drift the other day and asked the book-seller for "The Waking Up of Barbara Fritchie."

Father Sesnon's Ballad Concert

Music lovers on both sides of the bay will be delighted to hear that Father Robert Sesnon is preparing to give a concert at the Macdonough Theatre in Oakland on the evening of November twelfth. It is to be for the benefit of St. Mary's Church, but it will have none of the tang of the usual church benefit performance, for Father Sesnon is versed in the musical art, having had vocal training in Europe, and he always takes pride in the artistic character of his concerts. He has already given two very successful concerts in Oakland that are most pleasantly remembered, but he is confident that they will be surpassed in every respect by the coming performance, which, by the way, is to consist principally of ballad singing. The only instrumental music will be rendered by Nat Landsberger, our premier violin soloist and the greatest of all the pupils of the wonderful Sauret. Father Sesnon will of course be the principal feature of the entertainment, for his resonant tenor is to be heard on the concert stage only on rare occasions. The other singers are Mrs. Birmingham, the charming contralto, who recently returned from abroad; Mrs. Theodore Bonnet, soprano, and Mr. Figone, basso. Mrs. Nat Landsberger and Mrs. Clarence King will accompany.

Major Ben C. Truman and family came down from Lake Tahoe a few days ago and after a short stay in town went down to Del Monte.

When Ristori Came To California

The death of Adelaide Ristori at Rome the other day has driven the Old Guard into anecdotage again. There are still a number of early-day Californians who remember when Ristori, the greatest tragic actress of her generation, made San Francisco split its gloves with applause. The genius of Ristori has burned a niche for her in the memory of every theatre-goer of her time. And those who knew her personally never tire telling of the compelling magnetism which set her apart from the common herd. On one of her trips to San Francisco John Mackay gave a dinner in her honor. One of the guests at that banquet used to love to tell how Mrs. Theresa Fair said to him, "I recognized Madame Ristori even before I was introduced to her—and it wasn't because she looked like a 'Dagoe' either! You could pick her out anywhere as a great

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IN EVERY BOTTLE
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woman." In those Comstockian days all Italians were "Dagoes" to the untraveled, and Mrs. Fair did not realize that she was placarding Ristori with a sobriquet unknown in cultured Italian.

Dear Old Ned Greenway promises to give every debutante a run for her money when the Friday Night Club opens up for business in the ball-room of the new Palace in November.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave her friends a fine treat last Monday on the occasion of her reception to the officers of the Italian ship "Dogali." Mrs. Martin extended the hospitality of the city to the distinguished foreigners. Ewrique Grau and Count de la Rocca acted as interpreters. Several of our perennial belles were there and were strongly tempted to exhibit their unfamiliarity with the language of diplomacy which was adopted as a compromise for the occasion. Mrs. Martin does not speak French.

Dr. and Mrs. McEnery of London have come to town with the intention of becoming permanent residents, and will join the fashionable herd. Mrs. McEnery was formerly a resident of Utah. On the death of her husband she inherited a very large fortune. During a severe illness abroad she met Dr. McEnery in a professional way and their marriage was the result of a romantic attachment formed while the physician was demonstrating his scientific skill. Dr. McEnery held a very high position in his profession in London.

The Beringers

Professor and Mme. Joseph Beringer, the well-known musical instructors, have moved from 1614 Geary Street, where they conducted the Beringer Conservatory of Music for the last ten years, to 926 Pierce Street, between Golden Gate Avenue and McAllister Street. The new conservatory will be the scene of many musical gatherings. Professor Beringer has received copies of his well-known song, "Spielmannslied," of which an English edition has been published by H. Wolff in Wiesbaden. In criticizing many of Professor Beringer's compositions a German critic writes: "The charming 'Spielmannslied,' The Minstrel's Song, Op. 6, by Joseph Beringer, is particularly well suited to the voice, the delicate conception being well adapted to the beautiful words by Xav. Seidl."

Mrs. Scott's Quick Bargain

It is illuminating to watch the methods of the muchly moneyed. A wealthy woman who has a magnificent home on Pacific Avenue studied the effects of a seven-dollar Pompeiian vase for about three hours trying to decide whether it out-valued a ten-dollar Pompeiian relic. Either vase would have brought a hundred dollars before the calamity chipped it of perfection. While the careful bargainer was fingering price tags Mrs. Henry Scott blew in, took in everything in the room in one crisp glance, pounced on the two vases, paid for them and was choo-chooing off in her automobile before the astonished mercenary could recover her breath.

FAT FOLKS.

I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches and hips 14 inches, in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamp. Address, Mrs. E. S. Richards, 360 Sixth St., Riverside, Cal.

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EVERY COMFORT

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A GOOD PLACE TO LUNCH
A GOOD PLACE TO TALK BUSINESS
A GOOD PLACE TO SEND YOUR FRIENDS

The Citizens' Alliance is now located at Room 514, Union Trust Building, corner of Market and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco. Members will please call and leave their new addresses, or if you have not time to call kindly drop the desired information in the mail box.

Stage

Goodwin's Latest Effort

A New York critic writes: "Nat C. Goodwin returned to Broadway at the Bijou Theatre on Monday night, and no doubt his admirers were glad to see him back, but not to the extent that a persistent claque at the back of the house tried to make the audience believe. Of what earthly use is this claque? No amount of noisy youths will force a poor play down the throats of the public, and the claque will not succeed in keeping "The Genius" on the stage for any length of time. Not that the piece, a farce comedy in three acts by William C. and Cecil De Mille, is altogether bad, for it has a few bright spots, some rather witty lines and clever hits at those who affect Art. But it is mostly drivel and only at the finish supplies the star with a few minutes opportunity of showing some brilliant burlesque, and burlesque is really Mr. Goodwin's forte."

Ade's Artie

George Ade says he believes he has struck another live wire in "Artie," the new comedy he is writing for Charles Dillingham. In book form "Artie" has long been one of the biggest favorites among the decade's humor. As a serial the chapters that go to make up the story went a long way toward popularizing the newspaper in Chicago in which they originally appeared, and on which Ade, as a reporter, did his first writing. The stage story of "Artie" will differ considerably from that of the book, although the character of "Artie" will be preserved in all its genial humor. Like the book, the play will be a character study of a quaint city boy.

In the Limelight

Mrs. Leslie Carter, who married herself out of Dave Belasco's management, is soon to make her appearance



THE SIX GLINSERETTIS

Most Marvelous of All Acrobats, at the Orpheum Next Week.



ELLEN BEACH YAW

The Great Coloratura Soprano who will be heard at Christian Science Hall, corner Sacramento and Scott Streets, Tuesday evening, October 23, and at Ye Liberty Theatre, Oakland, Wednesday Matinee, October 24.

in a play called "Cleo" written by Edwin Milton Royle.

The perennial Lily Langtry made her appearance at Keith's and Proctor's last week in a puerile playlet entitled "Between the Nightfall and the Light." A critic wrote: "The action of the piece takes place in South Africa, and an irate gentleman, discovering that his wife is false, vows to kill her betrayer on sight. Naturally he tells the betrayer's wife of his intention. She dons her husband's military attire and proceeds to the veranda to be shot in his place and returns to the drawing-room to die, while he stands looking on in the most unconcerned manner during the death stunt. It took all Mrs. Langtry's talent to carry the piece through, and that she succeeded well stands to her credit. Her work was superior to anything she has previously done here, and I certainly admire her in this tabloid form of entertainment. The feminine "Ahs" and "Ohs" at her entry, and the hearty applause at the fall of the curtain, were genuinely deserved. She is supported by two imported gentlemen with little to do and that done with an English accent so thick that one could cut it with a knife."

George Cohan's play "Popularity" is not a hit. The critics advise him to write some songs for it.

Orpheum Vaudeville

The six Glinserettis, indisputably says the Press Agent, the most marvelous of all acrobats, will head the bill at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. These men, each one a physical wonder, created a sensation in athletic circles when they were last seen here three years ago and since then they have, if possible, made their act stronger than ever. A feature of their performance is an original bounding table novelty which has not been attempted by any other athletes. The Misses Hanson and Nelson, accomplished song and dance artists, will make their first appearance in San Francisco. They are, we are told, "dainty devotees of the terpsichorean art with excellent voices, and are as pretty as they are talented." This will be their

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COMING
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The Spanish Baritone
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MME. SANS-GENE
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Next, "The Prince of Liars."

farewell to vaudeville, as they have been engaged for a big New York production next season. Burton and Brookes, two clever comedians who originated "More Work for the Undertaker" and other tuneful ditties that kept all of the whistlers, hummers and singers going some seasons ago, return after a most successful trip to England. They will present their unique conceit entitled "The Limit," said to overflow with that brand of wit that has made these purveyors of good cheer popular with all classes of theatre-goers. Junie McCree and his company of comedians have made a great hit with "The Man from Denver," and the quaint character actor will give his famous impersonation of "Bill, the Dope Fiend," for the last times. The Waterbury brothers and Ernest Tenney will introduce new selections in their musical skit, "Harmony Island," and Bresina, the captivating European artiste, promises, for her third and farewell week, a complete change of French chansons. Fred. Watson and the Morrisey sisters, the refined singers and dancers, Raffayette's acrobatic dogs and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a varied and interesting program. Every form of amusement conceivable is to be found on the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, and the collection of animals in the Zoo is one of the finest in America. A half hour devoted to a visit to the "Home of the Happy Family" is guaranteed to drive away a most serious attack of the blues.

The Yaw Concerts

Ellen Beach Yaw, a coloratura soprano of considerable celebrity, will be heard in a concert at Christian Science Hall, corner of Scott and Sacramento Streets, next Tuesday evening. Miss Yaw is coming this time with a reputation as a great vocal artist. She has received the endorsement of some of the best critics of Europe and America. Her numbers will include the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia," David's aria, "Thou Brilliant Bird," the beautiful bell song from "Lakwe" and songs by Brahms, Sain-Saens and Massenet. Miss Yaw will also give a concert, Wednesday afternoon, October 24, at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland. She will be assisted by Victor Schertzinger, violinist; Mrs. T. Masac, pianist, and Louis Neubauer, flutist. Reserved seats are on sale at Sherman Clay & Co.'s new store on Van Ness above California.

De Gogorza Concerts

Everyone who attended the Emma Eames Concerts last year will remember the handsome Spanish baritone, Emilio de Gogorza, took all the honors away from the prima donna. At that time Manager Greenbaum resolved to sign the brilliant artist up for a recital and he later succeeded in doing so. He announces that de Gogorza will appear in two recitals, the first at Christian Science Hall on Tuesday evening, October 30, and the second at Ye Liberty Playhouse the afternoon of October 31. The programme will consist of groups of old Italian, modern Italian, French, German and English songs. Paul Steindorff will accompany.

Sans-Gene at Ye Liberty

That delightful comedy "Mme. Sans-Gene" in which the great Napoleon is most amusingly portrayed, and which conveys a very good idea of life at the Emperor's court, will be the attraction at Ye Liberty Theatre in Oakland next week. I am told that this is

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a play which Miss Isabelle Fletcher has found to be a most congenial vehicle for her talent. "A Prince of Liars" is in rehearsal at Ye Liberty.

Comic Opera at Idora

"Iolanthe" with its charming melodies and amusing dialogue has "caught on" at Idora Park, where an excellent performance of the pretty opera is given. It will run next week and will be followed by another first-class musical work, "The Tar and the Tartar," the first production of which made a great sensation and attracted widespread attention to the composer, Adam Itzel, a young American who had just attained his majority. His first work gave promise of great achievement but he died in his twenty-second year.

—The Playgoer.

Why is the New Yorker so much better groomed than the man from San Francisco?

This city is again assuming its holiday dress and her residents are again trying to appear as if nothing had happened. Their intentions are good but do they look the part? Some. Yes, but very few, and, to be sure, it is not always the fault of the man, for in most cases the man wishing to buy an outfit knows but very little about it and furthermore has often neither the time nor the inclination to study styles but submits himself to the care and honesty of the clothing man, who should be in a position to advise him correctly and sincerely, and it will be to the interest of all those who wish to dress correctly at a comparatively small outlay to read the series of articles under above head that will appear in this paper.

The first requisite is to select an honest clothing house where the proper merchandise may be obtained, and under this head we might suggest that it is not always the one who carries the largest stock and does the biggest business who gives you the proper merchandise. On the contrary, you are more apt to find the article wanted in a place where they specialize fine ready-to-wear goods, and there are numbers of shops where you can find such garments at prices ranging from $25 to $35. These shops usually keep their clothes differently from the customary way of piling them up on tables and everytime a patron wishes to look at them have to pull them all out of shape. The proper way to keep clothes for sale is in dust-proof cases and on hangers suspended from rods, which insures the customer a clean garment and quick service. These innovations have been introduced by progressive firms who have seen the advisability of adopting them, judging from the results achieved in New York. Haberdashery and tailoring is handled much on the same principles.

Another important factor in securing smart fitting ready-to-wear clothes is the fitting department. Be sure to have a cutter and fitter alter your clothes and not a bushelman. The difference is vast and the results likewise. Our late dilemma has brought forth more changes beneficial to the community in regard to methods of doing business and especially so in the clothing business.

Now to answer the above question, "Why is the New York man so much better groomed?" Because he first selects an up-to-date honest clothing house and lets them do the worrying to select proper styles and smart clothes.

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TO THE MAN WHO WANTS TO KNOW.

There probably never was a time when people were any more anxious to know the reasons for everything than they are today. At present the subject which greatly interests a large number of them, and about which they have most difficulty in securing any information of real benefit is the **Automobile.** The general attitude is that the purchaser should have such faith in the ability of the manufacturer that he will take what is offered him with the belief that it must be the best simply because the maker so states.

The Stevens-Duryea's folder dissecting their car can be had for the asking, and please notice that we have taken the car all to pieces and shown the outside, the inside, the top, and the bottom. We believe that in a short time the man who buys a car, whether it be $6,000.00 or $600.00 or what not, will insist upon being informed in detail on everything about the machine he is getting. He will want to see what the package looks like after the string and the paper are removed. This book is **not a catalogue**—it is an answer book to every question a man might ask. It is refreshing because there is not a platitude in it; it is a book of facts, with a logical reason given for everything it describes. Some of the descriptions may be unconventional, but conventionality has too long been allowed to stand in the way of information.

This book may seem lengthy to the man who is buying his first automobile. But the man who has bought in the past and is now contemplating the purchase of his second or third car, will appreciate the great value, as well as the rarity, of a thorough description of this nature.

This book is a recognition of the right of the purchaser to know what he gets for his money.

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AT BYRON HOT SPRINGS

The automobile arrivals for the past week at Byron Hot Springs are: Mr. and Mrs. W. Forsythe, accompanied by Geo. Waterman, Mrs. D. F. Verdenal, Miss Dorothy Forsythe, made the run from Fresno in a Pierce-Arrow. S. M. Morris made the run from Oakland in an Acme. Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Frisbie Lewis, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Lewis, made the run in a Rambler. Dr. and Mrs. H. D. Reynerd, accompanied by Dr. E. L. Lichty, arrived in a Cadillac. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Armes, Miss Edith Armes arrived in a Mitchell. Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Breeden, Mr. and Mrs. J. Brett made the run in a Peerless. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. James made the run in a Franklin. Mrs. J. B. Adams, Mrs. C. R. Hall, C. E. Weil arrived in a Pope Toledo.



"Two Mighty Hunters"
—"Wilshire's Magazine" (Socialist.)

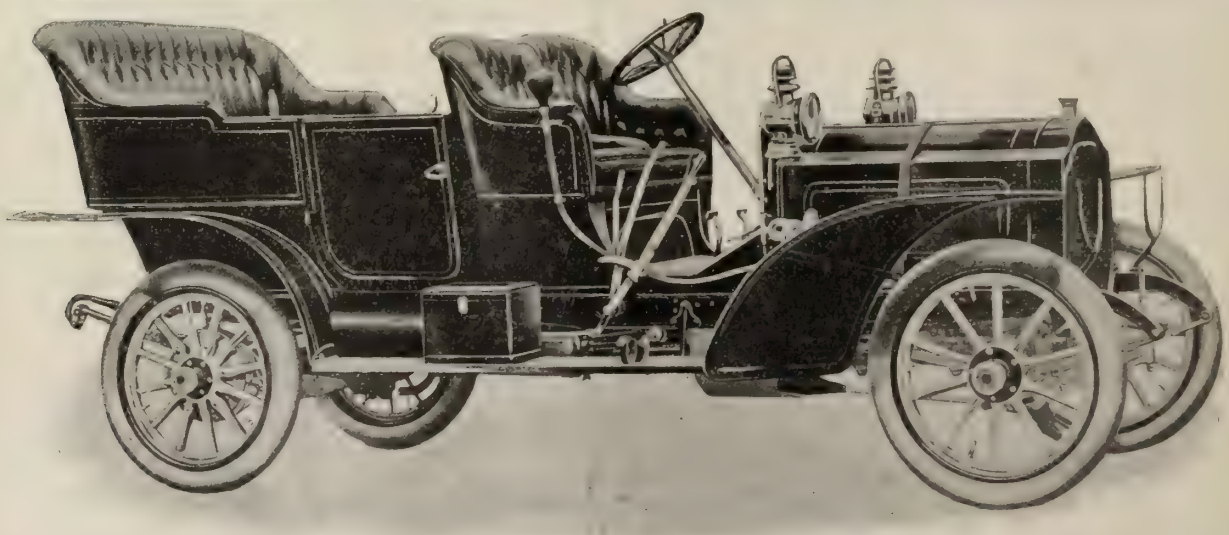
A BIBLICAL DIALOGUE

Whale—I suppose you think this is all my fault.

Jonah—Certainly I do; if you had known enough to keep your mouth shut I shouldn't be in this fix.

—**The Bacillus.**

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'07 PACKARD—EXPECTED TO ARRIVE INSIDE OF A WEEK—PACIFIC MOTOR CAR CO., AGENTS, 376-380 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE, SAN FRANCISCO.

Woman the Human

By L. T.

That was, certainly, a most helpful sermon that our curate, Mr. Mainwaring, preached one Sunday in the summer, when he denounced the worship of wealth, which is so conspicuous and sinister a feature of modern life. He walked into it, properly, I can tell you. Indeed, the fiery fervor of his diatribes against "those so-called Christians, who estimate people, not by their sterling qualities, but simply by their sterling cash," was not unworthy of Jeremiah himself.

His remarks came home all the more, inasmuch as he is a rich young man himself, having recently inherited $300,000 from a wealthy uncle. When I hear a poor parson inveighing against money, it always puts me in mind of Aesop's fable about the Fox and the Grapes. But when a rich parson takes to doing it—well, it is another thing altogether. It makes one think. It made me think, as I sat and listened to Mr. Mainwaring last Sunday morning.

As I have said, he did not mince matters in his sermon, nor did he spare us women any more than he did the men. On the contrary, he laid no small blame for modern mammon worship upon our shoulders. He said that we, more perhaps than the men themselves, appraised members of the other sex by their hard cash, and that our practice of making wealth our chief, if not our sole, matrimonial desideratum was largely answerable for the supreme value nowadays attached to the Almighty dollar.

So long (he added) as we continued to adopt that attitude, there was no chance of man's reformation. The one hope lay in our making a stand. Discarding those sordid views of marriage—which were the curse of the day—we must henceforward show men that it was the personal, not the financial, equation that counted with us; we must let them see that no amount of mere vulgar wealth was any compensation, in our eyes, for ignobility of character, and absence of Christian principles.

I was unusually silent at church parade, in the Park, after service. Mother asked me what I was thinking about.

"I was thinking," I replied, "of Mr. Mainwaring's sermon."

"Ah, Myrtle," she said, "he is a dear, unworldly young man; and it was a dear, unworldly sermon. He was rather severe on us women. But I daresay we deserve it," she added, with a gentle little sigh.

"I am afraid we do deserve it," I answered. "It had never occurred to me before. But his words have awakened my conscience in the strangest manner. I am only a weak, insignificant girl, and my influence is very small. Still, such as it is, I feel that I must henceforward exercise it in making a stand against mammon worship, as Mr. Mainwaring urged."

"Dear child, how sweet of you," said Mamma affectionately.

"I have led a dreadfully frivolous life up till now," I continued, "but all that shall be changed from this moment. For the future, I will be a Christian girl, mother, and live as a Christian girl should. And I think I'll begin by going to church on Sunday evenings, as well as in the mornings. That will be taking a first practical step. At least, if you have no objection, dearest?"

"My darling child, as if I should dream of objecting to your doing what you feel to be right," she answered. "Nay, I would come with you myself, Myrtle, only your dear papa always makes such a point of my being at home to dinner."

"I know, mamma dear; and, of course, your first duty is to him. Then I feel I mustn't keep my Christianity for Sundays only. I ought to have some definite work to do in the week. I think I shall take up district visiting. It surely behoves me to make some attempt to bring brightness into the lives of my less fortunate brethren and sisters."

"Sweet, unselfish pet," murmured my mother, fondly.

Just then we were joined by Captain Bannister, who came up and accosted us with his usual polished friendliness. Captain Bannister's manners were always the perfection of good breeding, and until recently I had considered him to be an ideal of a young man. He was tall, he was handsome, he was athletic, he was gentlemanly, and altogether, as far as externals went, he left nothing to be desired. But something that had occurred a short while before had given me an insight into his true character that had altogether changed my opinion of him. My enlightenment came about thus. Captain Bannister's uncle, Mr. Ballystrade, whose heir-presumptive he was, had, after a childless marriage of sixteen years, been unexpectedly presented by his middle-aged wife with an infant son; and Captain Bannister instead of welcoming his little cousin, as any man of nice natural feeling should have done, had, in my hearing, expressed open annoyance at the event, and said it was just like his damned luck. Now wasn't that an unchristian thing to say? The man who could so express himself about his own dear little first cousin, could not possibly be a nice man. Till then, he had managed to conceal the seamy side of his character. I soon let him see that anything like cordiality between us was out of the question.

My mother thought I should have let him down gradually, but I told her I had to mark my disapprobation in the plainest way.

That evening, true to my resolve, I attended church for the second time, and Mr. Mainwaring insisted on escorting me home. I invited him in. I ran into the dining-room to prepare my parents and found father reading the sporting paper as he usually did on Sunday evenings.

"Daddy," I said, "I have brought Mr. Mainwaring home to supper."

"Damnation!" he growled and threw the sporting sheet into the coal-scuttle.

Mother received Mr. Mainwaring cordially.

During supper Mr. Mainwaring talked to me very earnestly. Recurring to the question of mammon worship and the evil it was working in society, he said that having inherited a large fortune he purposed doing a lot of good with it.

"Ah! how like you," I murmured.

"You agree that it is my duty to spend it thus," he cried.

"Most emphatically I agree," was my heartfelt rejoinder.

He fixed his earnest blue eyes in an intense gaze upon mine.

"Miss Tavistock," he exclaimed, "I do believe that you and I are kindred souls."

"Oh, do not flatter me," I remonstrated, distressed by the unmerited encomium implied in the words. "I am not worthy to be mentioned on the same plane with you. You are the master, I am but the humble disciple."

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"Nay!" cried he. "We are both disciples—both pupils trying to learn the same great task. May we not do our lessons together, Miss Tavistock?"

"Surely," I replied, "if it will help you at all, Mr. Mainwaring."

"Help me?" he said. "Indeed it will, Miss Tavistock. "I need your interest, I need your sympathy——"

"You have them both," I murmured.

"And," he added, bending forward and taking my hand in his. "More than all, I need your—love."

"You have that too," I answered. Some girls I know would have affected coyness; would have said "No," meaning all the while "Yes"; would, in short, have tantalised him with a thousand despicable coquettish arts. But these unworthy subterfuges were not for me. As a true Christian girl, speaking to a true Christian man, I answered him straight from my heart, simply and truthfully.

He put his arm around me. I laid my head upon his shoulder—sweet, sweet resting-place! And he talked beautifully—ah! so beautifully—of the happy future in store for us, working faithfully together for the great cause, devoting our wealth to the good of others, and making our whole life one sweet, harmonious sonata of unselfishness amid the jarring discords of a sordid world.

"Now," he said, "I no longer feel oppressed by the burden of my riches; for——"

"Our riches, dearest," I murmured, pressing his hand in reassuring sympathy, to remind him that the load of that golden encumbrance rested henceforth upon our joint shoulders.

"Aye, darling, of 'our' riches, as you truly say," he replied. "For I now have you to help me; I am sure to spend them aright."

"I am only a child in money matters. But I will do my best," I answered, bravely.

And then Thomas coming in to clear away the supper reminded me that it was time to take Chrysostom (which is Mr. Mainwaring's delightful and appropriate name) upstairs to Mamma in the drawing-room.

We told Mamma the news. She seemed very pleased. She kissed and God-blessed me, and said all manner of beautiful things to me and Chrysostom.

Papa, upon being informed of my engagement, took that low, false, heathenish view of the matter that was to be expected of a man who read a sporting paper on Sundays. What can such a man know of sublime ideals? I felt really quite sorry for poor Papa.

Yet there is a danger in ideals, too, that I had not at first recognized. I mean they tend to make one blind to the imperfections of those whom one idealises. Now, in the fervor of my sublime, girlish love for Chrysostom, I had clothed him with all the attributes of a saint and a hero. It was a great shock to me, therefore, to discover (as I did after a few weeks) that he was very far from being the perfect character I had taken him for.

If there are two things more than others for which I have a righteous abhorrence, those two things are want of openness and the selfish ambition that, under a religious cloak, seeks its own glorification. And it was just these two cardinal flaws that I detected in Chrysostom's disposition.

The painful discovery was made in this wise. Chrysostom came to me one day, and said:

"I have been thinking about this money of mine, Myrtle, and how I can best dispose of it for the benefit of others. I have decided that I cannot do better—after setting aside sufficient capital to bring us in four thousand dollars a year, which will be ample for our modest requirements—to make over the balance to the Maria Kip Orphanage. Do you approve darling?

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I was deeply hurt, not, of course, because I had any fault to find with the admirable object mentioned, but because in having come to a decision on his own account, without first confiding in me, he had showed a lamentable lack of openness towards me, his promised wife. Besides, the "I" and the "my" (when it should have been "we" and "ours") were terribly significant. They bespoke a narrow egotism, quite at variance with true love, and utterly incompatible with Christian principles. I saw, in a flash, how it was. He was eaten up with the desire of personal philanthropic advertisement. He wanted to have the credit of his munificence all to himself.

The conviction of the truth, throwing as it did so glaring a light upon his real character, well-nigh paralyzed me. At first, I was so stunned by the painful enlightenment that I could not speak.

He repeated his question, smiling at me with a pretended frankness that, under the circumstances, was quite sickening.

"Do you approve, darling?"

"It is rather late to ask me that," I answered, now finding words, "when you have already decided. I thought you wanted me to be your help-meet, your adviser, your loving counsellor. I was mistaken, it seems. You make up your mind first, and then ask me for my sanction afterwards. The whole thing is merely a solemn sham. And so, it appears, are your professions of devoted confidence in me. It is a startling and painful revelation, Chrysostom. You have given my little dream of mutual love and confidence a knockdown blow."

He simulated amazement. He protested, with tears in his eyes, that I had put an entirely wrong construction on what he had said and done. It had never entered his head to deceive or slight me. Nor was it too late now to alter the destination of the money. If I preferred some other charity, I had only to say so, and it should be paid over to that instead. And he did love me and trust me—with all his soul; and much more, to the same effect, spoken with such an air of earnestness, that I really think he must have deceived himself into believing it true. Moreover, he almost deceived me, but not quite. An innocent maiden, like a child or an animal, never really trusts again where she has once been betrayed.

I terminated the interview as soon as I could. My heart was sore, and I wanted to be alone. I felt as if the very foundations of existence had given way beneath me. You see, it was less what my hypocritical lover had done that hurt me than the indication it gave of his true character. . . . Could I ever be really happy with one who, while making such a parade of Christianity, at heart fell so short of Christian principles? It was a momentous question; it demanded the most careful thought.

Presently I went and told Mother all about it, and invited her sympathy and advice. Mother, as always, was wise and kind and charitable. She said that, although Chrysostom's behavior was, on the face of it, open to sinister construction, yet we must not be hasty in forming harsh judgments. It was possible (she did not say it was likely, but it behoved us, as Christians, to assume the possibility of innocence until guilt was proved) that his deceitfulness towards me was merely an isolated act, and did not point to an essentially false disposition. Of course, if the latter fact were established, then my way was painfully plain before my face. But until that fact was established, she besought me to be patient and to do nothing in a hurry.

I replied that I would take her large-hearted Christian advice.

That night, at dinner, I had a shock. Father, in his careless, callous way, communicated to us a most distressing item of intelligence.

"Heard the news?" he inquired, between two swallows of soup.

"What news, James?" inquired Mamma.

"Why, the little Ballystrade nipper," said Father, who, even when he is talking of the most solemn subjects, cannot avoid the language of the sporting world. "He's made tracks for Kingdom Come."



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"Do you mean he is dead, James," cried Mamma.

Father nodded.

"Popped off in convulsions," he rejoined; "saw it in the evening paper."

"Oh, poor Charlie Bannister!" I exclaimed, deeply distressed. "How my heart bleeds for him!"

"Eh?" ejaculated my Father, staring at me. "What the dooce makes your heart bleed for Bannister? He has no cause to grieve over the kid's demise, whoever else may have. Not much, you bet."

"Papa," I answered, severely (for his sordid heartlessness had aroused my righteous wrath). "I pity you. You are evidently incapable of any but the most worldly and material sentiments. Captain Bannister may not be a perfect Christian; but, at least, he has a heart. And when he thinks of all the hard things he said, in his anger, against that sweet innocent, who has now been called away—when he reflects on the grievous wrongs in thought and word that he has done him, and the poor babe lying in its coffin, cold and stiff, beyond the reach of his atonement—it cannot but be that he is racked with the agony of bitter remorse and self-reproach. Ah, papa! You may scoff; you may look cynical. You do not understand. It is not in you. But I understand. So does mamma, if I mistake not. Don't you, dearest?"

"Perfectly, darlin_ child," replied Mamma, as she squeezed my hand sympathetically.

By-and-by, when my mother and I were alone together in the drawing-room, I said:

"Mummie, darling, don't you think I ought to write Charlie Bannister a note telling him how truly sorry I am? With the shadow of his injured little cousin's death upon him, this is no time for cherishing resentment. It would be the kind—the Christian thing to do. Don't you agree with me?"

"Surely it would. How sweet of you to think of it, darling pet," answered Mamma, kissing me fondly.

So I wrote that very night, saying anything that I could think of to comfort poor Charlie Bannister's bruised and aching heart.

Charlie Bannister was so grateful for my comforting letter that he called, next afternoon, to thank me for it in person. He was in deeper trouble even than I had supposed. Not only had he the death of his little cousin to afflict him; but he had also just received the worst possible news about his uncle. Poor Ballystrade had developed alarming heart symptoms; and the specialist whom he had consulted only gave him a few months. Charlie was terribly shocked and grieved. I did all in my power, as a Christian girl, to console him.

Next morning, Mr. Mainwaring came to see me. I had hoped that he might have come to express repentance and contrition. But, alas! he did nothing of the sort. He actually tried to defend his conduct, and to make out that he had done nothing that called for repentance.

"That being so, Mr. Mainwaring," I replied; "and your moral obtuseness—to give it no worse name—being evidently incorrigible, I do not see the advantage of prolonging this interview. It has been a terrible awakening for me. But I thank Heaven that my eyes have been opened in time. Shamefully as you have deceived and slighted me, I bear you no ill-will. I forgive you, fully and freely, as a Christian should. Though, of course, I can never have anything to do with you again. Now good-bye."

When he was gone, I went and told my mother all about it. She said that Mr. Mainwaring's obstinate refusal to admit his own wickedness stamped him as a Pharisee of the worst type, and that, as a Christian girl, I had had no option but to behave towards him as I did.



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A few weeks later I saw the following announcement in a newspaper:

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I read it aloud to mamma.

Mamma, who never says an unkind thing of anybody, unless it is richly deserved, remarked:—

"Ah! that was what he wanted—the public advertisement of his generosity. He desired credit with men. Well, he can now see his name in print, and I dare say they'll make him a chaplain-in-ordinary, or a select preacher, or something of that sort. Verily, my child, he has his reward."

"And what price Myrtle's reward?" exclaimed my father, suddenly, in his horrid, slang way, looking up from the inevitable sporting sheet.

"Myrtle's reward," answered mamma, gravely, "is the reward of a good conscience now; and in the future, the crown of the faithful."

Papa laughed. He has an abominable habit of laughing at sacred things.

"Ah, yes," he said; "a mural crown—eh!" And then he went on to mutter something about "Gules, dragons rampant on a ground vert," which, from the strangeness of the wording, taken in conjunction with the subject in hand, I supposed must be a quotation out of the Apocalypse.

"Is that from the Book of the Revelation of St. John the Divine, papa?" I inquired.

"No, my dear," he answered. "It is from the Book of the Revelation of St. Woman the Human."

From the fact that he guffawed immoderately as he said it, I presume it was meant for a joke. Father is always making obscure jokes and laughing at them. It is the only indication to his hearers that a joke has been made. But for that, nobody would ever guess it. Taking this particular one as a sample, now—would you?

Rome the Eternal

(Continued from Page 8.)

There it stood like a mighty bowl pierced with its shadowy arches, its towering walls broken down upon one side, sullen in its grandeur, defiant of Time, a monument standing fixed through the assaulting storms of many centuries and bearing with it an eternal and solemn majesty akin to that shed from the pyramids. Fancy restored to this hollow and gigantic crown of stone all its glory and all its crime, its cries of gladiators and roars of wild beasts, its thunder bursts of applause from frantic thousands, its heaven-ward hymns from multitudes of martyrs. Death was Caesar there and the elliptical arena his festal board. When Flavius Vespasian inaugurated his hundred days festival on the completion of the arena several thousand gladiators and fully five thousand wild beasts were slaughtered here within these silent, brooding walls. Eighty-seven thousand spectators then sat upon these seats of stone, above them the vast white awnings flapped, straining at their supporting masts, from the imperial podium the Caesar nodded to the populace, while to right and left sat the white-robed vestals, rank cruelty at large in their virgin breasts, their lily-white hands terrible with judgment. Patricians, praetors, soldiers and citizens in a dense mass, spotted and sprinkled with brilliant hues and shot with metallic glints from helmet and spear, slanted upward to the highest walls. The emperor made a sign, the Prefect uttered a command, the sanguine sports began, the

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sands of the arena were redly stained while the air shook with cries and shrieks, with maddened shouts and cheers. The old sun saw all this that now sees only the empty ghostly shell and the flitting shadows of men who come to gaze as we do and who build up with a shudder the terrific scenes of dramas once enacted here. The car of History rolls awfully onward in its tremendous course through Time.

We went often to the amphitheatre and once when it was flooded ineffably with the unclouded light of a great full moon it assumed an aspect of almost miraculous unreality. Soft and dreamlike the ponderous stone masses lay pallidly there, shadow and light blended and interfused and a mystic silence overmasting all. The few spectators of the sublime scene felt all its power and awe and spoke in whispers only—as if in the presence of a sacred thing. So, indeed, they were—for here the Time-spirit sat enthroned and his ghostly essence brooded over the titanic wreck even as the luster of the moon held it in the spell of its transient magic. This work was real, as real as the mountain from which it was hewn and piled piece-wise on this spot, and we were the evanescent spectres, invested for a little time with a shred of life, light and fire to stare at the existence of things more enduring than ourselves. But these stones that gazed on savagery are also prey to Time, shall be to him as snow to the sun. The planet that beams so softly down is truly a mirror of oblivion reflecting the passing pomp of the solar life. Yet sweetly, sweetly falls her light;—it is very beautiful, so let us stretch forth our hands gratefully to it and bathe our spirits in its pure glamor—even here in this shattered theatre of remorseless memories.

"Isn't it stunning," said a repressed voice at my back. It was he from Milwaukee. "The greatest thing I ever saw!"

And then came the distressed voice of the sculptor from Breslau: "The damned vandals! To steal and cart away the stuff for five of their pygmy palaces. What fellows those old Romans were for big blocks! And what scoundrels we northern barbarians proved ourselves when we got our hands on these ancient treasures of art!"

"And now the skeleton alone is left." I said. "What can you expect? Even that would not have lasted but for the massive Roman arches. See how they rise and sink, above and underground—and those tiers of seats."

Memorable was that last night in the Coliseum and its insistent beauty lies ever like a dream before me.

I did not forget to present myself to M. l'Abbe Bouyat, to whom I had been given a letter by his friend, the kind, sweet-natured Abbe Boivin of Messina. L'Abbe Bouyat was a jolly-faced priest. French to the core, a true bon homme. He received me in a small, bare room in the Casa Carissimi,—a room which was furnished only with a wooden bench and a tiny statue of the Virgin before which an acetylene gas flame burnt with an inappropriate brilliance. Monsieur l'Abbe was charmed to see me, would be delighted to procure me the necessary official permission to see the Pope, for it appeared by the contents of the letter that his colleague deemed it absolutely essential that I should not forego that honor. Really one should not miss seeing the Pope, said l'Abbe Bouyat—what was Rome without him?—what a pity it would be to leave the eternal city without seeing its spiritual head. Monsieur l'Abbe very kindly offered to call at my lodgings tomorrow to let me know what progress had



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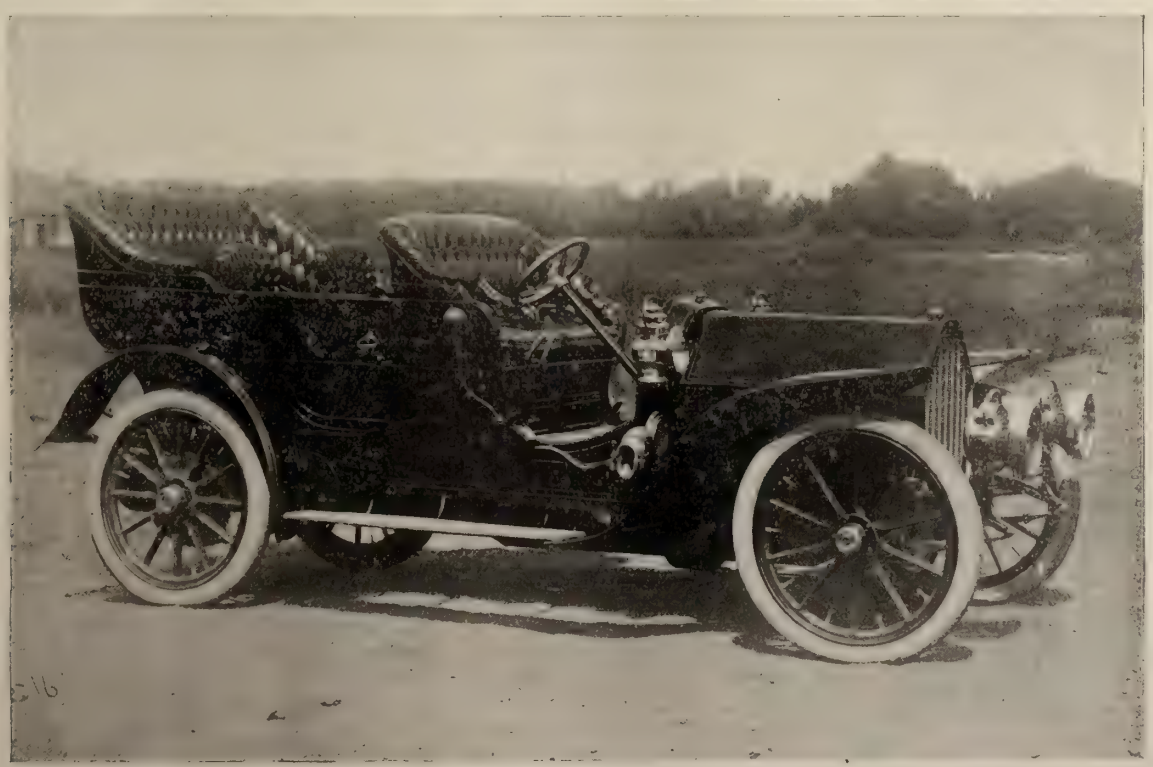
BREAKFAST

been made towards securing for me the much-coveted card of admission. Heartily he shook me by the hand; his manner was both brotherly and paternal.

One day I ascended the great dome of St. Peter's, reached by means of an inclined, winding plane, stone-paved, a veritable corkscrew tunnel. The walls were lined with marble slabs commemorating the visits of royalty and the passage opened upon the main roof which was of brick and lead. Even from this intermediate point a lordly panorama was unfolded to the eye. From this elevation the splendid gardens of the Vatican disclosed their hidden bowers, snowy peaks glimmered to East, the tracts of the Campagna lay unrolled broadly and dimly and from afar the blue Mediterranean rose to the horizon. The Tiber glittered here and there. All Rome lay below like a map—a medley of red roofs and confused walls and ridges. Then higher—into the dome itself, between the outer and inner shell to the lantern over the cupola and thence up a flight of narrow stone steps. The final ascent was made by an iron ladder which entered the gilded ball that supports the mighty cross. It proved a tight squeeze to wedge one's body between the many iron rods that crossed each other in this hollow sphere. Through small slits in the sides a view as from the car of a balloon lay almost underfoot and the hills of the Eternal City were flattened mounds to the eye. One became possessed with a certain exultation thus to stand alone and supreme above the cynosure and centre of so vast and world-wide a faith as expressed itself in this colossal fane. Such a feeling comes over the heart when one has striven for and attained a mountain's top.

The interior of the basilica with all its grandiose vaults, its fluted pillars, chapels and opulent altars, its shimmering statues of Carrara, its color and blazonry and gold, its miracles of bronzework, painting and mosaics, its majestic sense of space and the deep hush that lay in the heavy air, now and then stirred by slight echoes and murmurs—none can fittingly describe save in long lines of particularized details, even as the eye observes them, piece by piece of the stupendous whole.

St. Peter's cathedral is not the loveliest thing in Rome—though it be the greatest. The Basilica of St. Paolo is the loveliest. It lies without the walls of Rome—a noble and magnificent creation of fresh and unfaded beauty. The interior is like the inside of a huge casket with a golden cover; it is built up of precious stones and many-colored marbles, glowing and blooming in column, arch and pilaster. The cealing with its deep panels form a field of gold ornamented with incomparable richness and bearing carved insignia and coats-of-arms. But the windows to whose broken panes of common glass attaches a peculiar history are cold and colorless and send in a harsh, unsubdued light that offends the eye accustomed to the mellow stained glass of northern lands. Between the rows of frescoes lining the upper walls and the close-set arches below, runs a frieze of exquisitely finished portraits of the Popes in circular panels of mosaic, following one another down through the ages from St. Peter unto Leo. The strange faces of these shepherds of the church look down in pride or humility, stern-featured or gentle, grimly gaunt or plumply frank or sweetly serene, one after the other, an imposing array. In the centre of the roomy nave, under a great arch at one end, a glorious altar stands free and open, supporting an imposing baldachin upon four splendid columns of porphyry. It is said and ardently believed that parts of the bones of St. Peter and St. Paul are here preserved. It was something to be grateful for that they were hidden deep in the heart of the precious stone and not exposed to view—for perfect architecture is a nobler sight than the fragmentary anatomy of even two such sturdy saints.



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An Appreciation of Abe Ruef

(Continued from Page 7.)

city has abundant reason to feel that there is no incongruity between his ideas of morality and those of this community. One thing is certain; he has a finger on the public pulse and his self-satisfaction appears to be as well nourished as ever. He still has unbounded confidence in his magnetism and powers of persuasion. A few years ago it was thought that he was too bold and domineering to win great triumphs as a boss. His early downfall was predicted by men who thought that to succeed, a boss should work behind the scenes and keep his dexterous hand concealed. But to Ruef belongs the inglorious discredit of having invented a new kind of bossism by which he acquainted us with the alarming potentialities of a license to practice law.

Unparalleled, so far as I know, is the megalomaniac audacity with which he ignores all the traditions of his trade respecting the deference due to a puritanical public sentiment. Yet if results be a safe criterion by which to judge of the merits of his principles we must pronounce them sound. He is the first municipal boss that ever courted publicity. And he has been eminently successful. Has he disguised his principles with palliating sophisms and converted the community to his obtuseness of moral sensibility, or has he merely availed himself of an easy tolerance born of an unhealthy public conscience? One thing is certain: that Ruef has not found it necessary to conduct his affairs after the manner of other bosses. He has never kept to the shadow of the background and operated through puppets. No prima donna ever had a greater fondness for the stage center. He presides over conventions and struts arm-in-arm or rides in automobiles with his representatives in public office, parading them ostentatiously as symbols of his power. This community has been educated out of all prejudice against the demoralizing influence of such conduct. Merchants along Van Ness Avenue crane their necks to catch a look of dignified recognition as Mr. Ruef scorches by with the Mayor or acting-Mayor in a red devil. Many years ago when Chris Buckley was the boss of this city no public servant would dare confer with him except in the seclusion of a private room. When the news leaked out one day that a dinner had been given in his honor and that a judge was present it created a great public scandal. Yet if the infernally lying newspapers ever tell the truth, in comparison with Ruef, Buckley was a civic patriot. All of which goes to show that we have grown less puritanical. Nowadays when judges and supervisors wish to burn incense at the feet of the boss they hire a brass band and explode fireworks. In Buckley's day candidates for office denounced the boss with his permission. This hypocrisy was essential to the successful playing of the political game, but it would not be tolerated by Ruef. He is proud of his power and wants everybody to know that he is the divinity that shapes the ends of all job-chasers. It does not satisfy him to have them acknowledge his supremacy. The public must see them accepting office at his hands. In giving rein to this exuberant egotism Ruef probably feels that he is something more than a mere political boss; for in all his relations with public officials he acts in the capacity of an attorney, and as such he is privileged under the law to pocket fees for services rendered to those who employ him to exert his political pull.

Within the last few weeks there have been rumblings ominous of a revolt against Ruef rule, but it should not be interpreted as a chastening of public sentiment. It is an expression entirely of the instinct of self-preservation quickened by a too frequent application of the gaspipe. It is somewhat unreasonable, for it is the community not Mr. Ruef that should be blamed for a lawless condition.

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Letters

Walcott's Sensational Story

If some ten-twenty-thirty-cent theatre does not put a dramatization of Earle Ashley Walcott's "Blindfolded" on the boards before the end of the season it will be a clear case of a lost opportunity. The late H. C. Bunner once wrote: "If I can write a story which will make you believe while you are reading it, that when my hero was strolling down Fifth Avenue to attend a meeting of the Young Men's Kindergarten Club, he met a green dragon forty-seven feet long, with eighteen legs and three tails, and that the green dragon wept bitterly and inquired the way to a cheese shop—why, that's realism. I repeat, if I have made you believe while you read that you saw the whole scene before you and realized it, and if you were unconscious of its absurdity—I repeat that that is realism, as good realism as you could find in a book made up from end to end of actual occurrences, with every character drawn directly from life." That is virtually what Mr. Walcott has succeeded in doing. It is not until the mystery is all unraveled, the bandages removed from our eyes, that we begin to question, How could he, and why didn't he? and to recognize the improbability, if not the impossibility of the whole thing. The scene of the adventures is San Francisco, and the time, the days of the stock gambling excitement, in the decade of the seventies. Giles Dudley, residing in one of the New England states, had a cousin, Henry Wilton, whom he resembled as nearly as two people well could. Wilton was a resident of San Francisco, and had written to his relative offering him occupation, but had not gone into particulars. The offer was accepted, and Dudley traveled westward, where he was met by Wilton. No one knew of his arrival, and in consequence, when Wilton disappeared on the very first night, he easily slipped into the vacated place, though what he was to do, or why, was as much of a mystery to him as it is to the reader. He speedily found that his life as well as his personal belongings were unsafe, and that whatever the enterprise into which he was thrust thus unceremoniously, it was one which called for skill, courage and nerve. There are mysterious notes calling for information and furnishing hints of danger, and there is a most satisfactory villain in the shape of a big stock manipulator who is king of Pine Street by day, and almost anything by night, but who, in the capacity of millionaire speculator, employs Dudley, or Wilton, as he is supposed to be, putting unlimited means at his disposal, and apparently without a suspicion of Wilton's integrity or a hint of his own Mr. Hyde characteristics, which are displayed chiefly by night, when he is the leader of the other faction. Wilton finds himself the captain of a band of Free Companions ready to obey any command he may give them, while his employer, whom he knows as Doddridge Knapp by day, but whom he designates in his own mind as the Wolf, has a similar band of condottori under his control. The trail leads from the water front to Nob Hill, and through the Barbary Coast and the Stock Exchange. There are abductions and murders, wild midnight rides, and hand to hand encounters, and, almost of course, a love story with a happy ending. Mr. Walcott has paid a subtle compliment to the intuitions of the female mind by letting every one of the men accept the substitute Wilton for the original, while of the three women, old Mother Borton, the Barbary Coast hag, and both Mrs. and Miss Knapp, are instantly aware of exchange. They trust the stranger because they must, while the others are as blindfolded to the exchange as he is to the object of the dangerous enterprise. It would be manifestly impossible for an absolute stranger in similar circumstances not to betray himself a dozen times a day, if only in the matter of the names of streets and the directions of landmarks, but one does not think of that until too late. It takes the same sort of

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credulity to accept the romance that has possession of the small boy who shins over the back fence and calls it "escaping by way of the postern," when he could with less trouble open the gate and walk out. He might save himself needless exertion and his mother some extra mending, but he would miss a lot of fun. "Blindfolded" was given serial publication in "The Reader." The author is one of the very few writers who have taken the pains not to misspell Kearny Street. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis.

An Old Fashioned Novel

"Hearts and the Cross" must have been written with one eye on the stage and the other on an old-time "Hazel Kirke" audience. It is about equally divided between the "Suwannee River" and "The Banks of the Wabash" and has a complete outfit of scenes and characters, all ready to walk out before the footlights. There is the unforgiving father and the supposedly erring daughter, to return and be forgiven in the last chapter, the submissive mother, the rough diamond hero, and the character parts, "Paragraph" Miller, editor of the local weekly, who seems to have an abundance of spare time more than falls to the lot of most pencil pushers, eternally whistling "The Banks of the Wabash" and making grandiloquent speeches; Jap Munson, expert with the blacksnake, and everlastingly in a rush, though never going anywhere; his perfectly healthy wife reveling in a carnival of imaginary diseases, and a sprinkling of villains all bad enough, though none beyond final repentance. If the region about Craigville is typical of Indiana the "servant girl problem" should be easy of solution, for not only is Susanna, maid of all work at Wilson's, treated as a member of the family and the equal of the daughter of the household, a teacher, but she is courted by the editor and given the use of the family sitting-room for their love-making. It would be hard on the Indiana corn crop if all the farmers' sons were like Joe, who, though grown up and contemplating matrimony, sits and admires the landscape and apostrophizes the rotting fence rail when he should be sweating between the corn rows, and if strangers are always accepted on their own showing, as readily as Robert Wayne was, it is small wonder that electric franchises could be stolen and hidden treasure carted off, but after all, the story is moral and clean, only it is a generation behind its time, though, doubtless, there are those who will enjoy it for its old-time flavor. Robert Wayne, who is the hero of the tale, is a Southerner, an ordained minister who had fallen from his estate, and had even served a term in the penitentiary though unjustly convicted. He was traveling, aimlessly and empty-pocketed, when he was ejected from his stolen place in a freight train near the village of Craigville. He had an amiable personality, and, chancing on Joe Wilson, the two young men immediately became friendly. Wayne had less of foolish pride than most men of education, and was not averse to manual labor. From Joe he learned that the neighborhood was churchless because it was overburdened with creeds, and he determined to earn his living through the week as a farm hand and preach Christianity without dogma on Sundays at the union chapel. He was phenomenally successful, though it is self-evident that his sermons must have been better to listen to than to read if they had such a magnetic effect on his audiences. Of course he was not without making enemies as well as friends, and singularly enough, though so far from his Florida home, he found himself picking up the threads of an old story, and enabled to bring out the solution of a mystery and the restoration of peace to a divided household. It is a triumph of character over circumstances, won not without dangers and disasters. There is much about Indiana politics, the tricks and trickery of both sides and village scenes make contrast with the domestic interior, but what was the object of that mysterious expedition to the woods at midnight, and what was carried away in the

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Hearst and Class Hatred

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, son-in-law of D. O. Mills and minister to England, pronounces Mr. William R. Hearst the greatest stimulator of class hatred this country has produced. And Mr. Brisbane retorts that Mr. Hearst has merely awakened the country to the iniquities of the class which Mr. Reid represents. He asserts that if the fleecers stop fleecing there will be no basis for class hatred. That assertion would be true if there were but one kind of class hatred and that the kind which the fleeced have for their despoilers. But there is another kind of class hatred, the kind that exists in the industrial world and that has been fed by misrepresentation, by deft sophistication of false economic principles and by instilling into the minds of ignorant workingmen mischievous notions respecting the aims and sentiments of all employers. The people of this city know something of that kind of class hatred. They have had abundant experience with workingmen who have come to regard all employers as their implacable foes, workingmen who have been regaled with cartoons purporting to typify the debasement of labor by capital, and who have been led to believe that there should be reprisal and that they are justified in perverting the interests of their employers, in shirking their work or in performing their duties bunglingly. As a consequence of the incitation of that kind of hatred the forces of evil are able to prosper in this community today. Entirely to that hatred is due the city's pathetic plight; and to the consequent discord now existing, or to be more precise, the lack of harmony between business men and workingmen, may be ascribed the failure of the community to rise in revolt against the maladministration of municipal affairs. Mr. Hearst has done a great deal of good in inciting the kind of class hatred to which Mr. Brisbane refers. He would have done no harm had he, in his zeal for the interests of labor, incited aversion to greedy and oppressive employers, but he, or rather Mr. Brisbane, conceived it to be necessary, in order to prove Mr. Hearst's sympathy for workingmen, to persuade them that they were the downtrodden of the earth, that all employers of labor despised their employees and that workingmen should never cease to regard capital, as incarnated in the person of every employer, as their mortal and everlasting enemy. We say that it was Mr. Brisbane who conceived the necessity of thus stimulating class hatred, because we were familiar with the sentiments of Mr. Hearst up to the time that Mr. Brisbane escorted him to the top of the mountain and unfolded the glittering Presidency to his gaze. Mr. Brisbane and other Easterners are busily engaged nowadays in telling the world through the magazines what Mr. Hearst's aims as a reformer have always been, but they are somewhat inaccurate. Mr. Hearst, as an enthusiastic young journalist in San Francisco was quite a different kind of reformer from the man who has been under the tutelage of the Svengali of the "Evening Journal." Mr. Hearst was always an enemy of corruption and oppression. He was an ideal reformer in his young days. He was also an ideal journalist. There was no question of his zeal or of his sincerity in the days when he was assailing corporate and governmental crooks in the "Examiner." He was entirely devoid of political ambition in those days. He had one hobby and that was his newspaper in which his own moral and patriotic principles were reflected, and to his credit be it said, it exercised a very wholesome influence. If in extending his sphere of activity he pursued the course which he had followed in the "Examiner," he would now be exercising a greater influence in the affairs of the nation than Brisbane's Hearst could possibly exert even though he were President. And there are many men that would rather be a Hearst at his apogee as logically developed from the fearless young proprietor of the "Examiner" than the Executive of this great nation. Even though Mr. Hearst should become President his sincerest friends will regret that to achieve it he deemed it necessary to abandon his ideals of journalism.

Euphemistic Reform

The navy and army of England are to be reformed euphemistically. Hereafter soldiers and sailors, instead of being arrested, are to be merely detained, not in cells but in detention apartments. It is believed that these euphemisms will have a softening effect on morals and manners. We have always been under the impression that there is a certain virtue in calling a spade a spade. Statistics show that in those places where bastards are referred to as "love gifts" they are very numerous, and it is notorious that amongst colored people a misfortune is a matter of course. Since kleptomania and dipsomania were invented by amiable reformers theft and drunkenness have become excusable peccadilloes, and who can doubt that since the plea of temporary insanity was first interposed murders have become more numerous. That beautifully vague "strange influence" has unquestionably increased the volume of general cussedness in the world, many a vicious inclination has been indulged under the mask of an "irresistible impulse," and nagging has received a great deal of encouragement since " nervous temperament" was first accorded recognition. By assuming that delinquents cannot help what they do we do not strengthen their purpose not to do. There are no euphemisms in the decalogue.

Ruef's Latest Plan

It has been suggested that an auxiliary police force be organized in the Building Trades Council. The suggestion was made by one of Ruef's puppets through whom the Mayor and his factotum control that labor organization. The plan for an auxiliary police force was in all probability conceived in the fertile brain of Mr. Ruef. It is an excellent one from his standpoint. A Building Trades' Council police force would connote

a citizens vigilance committee, and under the plan suggested it would have the sanction of legally constituted authority. It would have none of the responsibilities which are assumed by citizens when they band together for the preservation of public order in defiance of police officials, and at the same time it would have all the dignity of a patriotic civic body. But imagine such an institution at the beck and call of Abe Ruef! It would be far more dangerous than a corrupt and demoralized, regularly constituted police department. Let us hope that Mr. Ruef is not going to give us fresh demonstration of the familiar aphorism, Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. Instead of seeking to precipitate a crisis he should be eager to soothe the public mind. It will not be to his advantage to try to intimidate the community by swinging his labor union club. It will be time enough to organize the tools of his representatives in the Building Trades' Council whenever it shall appear that decent citizens are organizing for the purpose of summarily instituting reform. If we ever find ourselves involved in so unhappy a situation as that; which would arise in the event of there being two hostile citizens' committees, one representing Boss Ruef's labor union and the other representing the respectable element of the community, then of course, martial law would be declared, but let us hope that our humiliation is not to be carried that far.

That Hideous Conspiracy

It is hoped that the zealous effort that is being made to arouse a sentiment against the conspiracy to place upon the bench two individuals whom the riff-raff of the community regards as friends, will not be in vain. But the conspiracy was cunningly conceived and is not to be easily thwarted. It lies, however, in the power of organized labor to defeat the will of the corrupt bosses, and it is unquestionably to the interest of organized labor to do so. Organized labor has covered itself with odium in San Francisco, for it stands as the sponsor of the most corrupt municipal government on the face of the earth. This is due not to a low percentage of decency among workingmen, but to the treachery and viciousness of their leaders. Nevertheless when San Francisco's pathetic, disgraceful plight is pondered it is organized labor that looms up as the evil genius entirely responsible for the city's degradation. In the circumstances the honest workingmen of San Francisco should realize the importance of defeating a conspiracy, the consummation of which will all the more strongly impress upon observers the danger of union labor as a factor in politics. It is pretty clearly understood that there is only one way of defeating the conspiracy and that is to vote for the election of the four incumbents, Judges Graham, Lawlor, Hosmer and Coffey. These men are known to be capable jurists. They are known as judges who dispense even-handed justice and who are ever mindful of the dignity and sanctity of the judicial office.

White's Diagnosis

Last week, "the first of a series of three articles which diagnose our civic ills," written by Mr. William Allen White, was begun in "Collier's Weekly." In the middle of this first article is given what we conceive to be the correct diagnosis. It is the diagnosis that has frequently been made in "Town Talk." Thus it is given by Mr. White: "So little attention is paid to teaching morals and so much to arithmetic, with its percentages and interest tables, that it is not surprising that our criminal courts are becoming crowded. Perhaps when the laws we now have are enforced, our great universities may have to establish alumni associations in the penitentiaries." But perhaps it was without knowing it that Mr. White hit the nail on the head. To follow the prevailing fashion of magazinedom he becomes optimistic and falls into an amusing contradiction. He argues that as graft was as prevalent in Washington's time as it is now, we must conclude that our morals are no worse than those of our forefathers, and that because the American schools are turning out millions who can read conditions are soon to improve. The distinguished essayist must have done a little nodding between paragraphs, for obviously if our schools are filling the penitentiaries by teaching arithmetic in preference to morals the imparting of a knowledge to read is not likely to counteract the evil tendency of the present system of education. We submit that Mr. White needs an editor. We do not believe that Mr. White believes that a panacea for all our ills is to be found in the ability to read. Rather are we inclined to the opinion that he is sensible of the failure of our Godless system of education and that he is convinced that were our universities to devote more effort to the inculcation of an appreciation of purely intellectual achievement and less to the development of a craving for material triumph, they would contribute to the citizenship of the country a much higher grade of morality than now flows from our institutions of learning. However, we may be flattering Mr. White in assuming that he has a broader mentality than might be inferred from his article. His comparison of the morals of today with those of Washington's time gives us pause. It is a comparison that has been frequently made of late by superficial thinkers. Because there was corruption in public office in Washington's time they conclude that the morals of the people were no better than they are now. But the conclusion is not logical. Neither do the facts warrant the inference. There was graft in Washington's time despite the puritanism and deep religious convictions of the people, but to be a corrupt public official in Washington's time was a much more serious matter than to be a grafter today.

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The Wasting of Education

The decision of the faculty of the Syracuse University that there shall hereafter be no assistance given to such impecunious students as are able to indulge in tobacco, attend the theatre, and otherwise have a good time, is wise and sensible. Students that cannot afford to pay tuition fees should not be able to indulge in luxuries. The cost of maintaing colleges increases every year. Even in cases where tuition fees are paid the bills are approximately only one-third of the expense incurred. College students are growing every year more unruly and disreputable. Their antics which are passed over as boyish pranks are such as would land young mechanics in jail. The least that should be demanded of students that are being educated by the State is that they should conduct themselves decently and give attention to their classes, but nothing seems further from the inclinations of some of them, and so far from the State reaping any advantage from its generosity in providing the opportunity for education, the fact is just the reverse. During the four years of a college course students are emancipated. They have cut loose from parental supervision, they ignore the faculty, and the municipal authorities fold their arms and look on. The consequence is that a college town is often a hotbed of juvenile crime. The little boys in knickerbockers emulate the big ones and both help to fill the penitentiaries. Book education is no substitute for integrity of character. We have too many attendants at universities who should have been choked off at the close of the grammar school, both boys and girls who have no natural aptitude for books but who are either too lazy to work or too vain to recognize their own limitations. Their foolish parents are wheedled into the idea that a ten-dollar boy with a twenty-thousand dollar education will be able to make a big return on the investment some day. They are disappointed when they find their fancily trimmed poultry is, after all, only common barnyard stock with its feathers preened. When the State supplies a college education free it should be as a special reward of exceptional merit, not as a matter of course. Too many of the free scholars at State colleges should be at State reform schools.

Another Burst of Gilmanism

Charlotte Perkins Gilman has been elulliating again. This time in the "Independent," in which, in her characteristic pragmatical tone, she pronounces the domestic wife and mother a failure and dictatorily descants on the civic duties of women. Charlotte is no believer in home life and family seclusion and after the manner of the shallow-pated, afflicted with that most humiliating of all diseases known as a little learning she makes the familiar psychological blunder of assuming that the phenomena of her mind are peculiar to her sex. It is an old story with Charlotte,. If it were not for her deleterious influence on the feeble-minded the world could afford to tolerate her as an unconscious contribute to the gayety of nations. Unfortunately every woman who feels a distaste for the ordinary domestic routine as soon as the new has worn off her kitchen utensils, every mother who dislikes the bother of wiping grubby little hands and putting the baby to sleep, becomes imbued with the idea that she is wasting her talent in mere domesticity when she ought to be sitting on the Grand Jury or poking her nose into the city sewers. The consequence is domestic misery, either divorce or what is virtually the same thing, childless marriages and boarding house life. All women are not domestic. Neither are all women endowed with all the instincts of their sex. But they should not be proud of the fact. There are many abnormalities that are to be very seriously regretted by the afflicted, but Mrs. Gilman thinks they should be paraded as virtues, and some weak-minded women, under the stimulus of her culture talk, think they should affect them on the same theory on which some men, ashamed of their ultra virtue, simulate a passion they never felt. Women of the Gilman type are not competent to speak for the whole sex. They represent only their own faction, the subdivision in whom the bump of domesticity is a hollow, and who crave notoriety and public mention as the breath of their lives. When Mrs. Gilman and her ilk rave at the "domestic slaves" they forget that the domestic slaves have the same rights of representation which they claim and that contentment is as much of a virtue as achievement and far more rare.

Republicans Appeal to Roosevelt

From the Republican papers of New York we learn that Hearst is already beaten. They assert that the Democratic party has repudiated him, that the Labor party has bolted him, that the Municipal League will not support him, that the up-State farmers will not listen to him and that the cities are unanimous in their opposition to him. Nevertheless these Republican papers exhibit all the familiar signs of alarm, and between the lines of their editorials we read that they are in great dread of the result of the election. So



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great is their dread, indeed, that they are exhorting President Roosevelt to get into the campaign and assist Mr. Hughes. They have suggested that Mr. Hearst has refrained from attacking the President so that he might create the impression that he and Mr. Roosevelt stand for the same policies. They assert that this should be very distasteful to Mr. Roosevelt and that he should write to Mr. Hughes repudiating what Mr. Hearst stands for and defining how widely apart are their views on the subject of reform. It is clear that they believe that Mr. Hearst has a good chance of being elected. There are many shrewd observers of the same opinion. Mr. Hearst, does not, as the Republican papers assert, appeal merely to the ignorant and anarchistic. He appeals mainly to the discontented and among the discontented are many intelligent, good citizens, whose discontent is due to the corruption that exists in the public and private life of New York. They may not agree with all that Hearst preaches but they believe that he will give them honest government and that he will try to confound the criminals of high commercial circles. And it is because there are men in all classes of society who bitterly resent the indecent practices of the vicious rich that there is a prospect of the election of William R. Hearst.

Perspective Impressions.

San Francisco expects every member of the next Grand Jury to do his duty.

Mayor Schmitz will not be received with a brass band when he returns to his stricken, long suffering city.

When the boodlers were trapped with marked coin at the last session of the Legislature they talked in a strain similar to that which was adopted by our supervisors when they learned that Heney was after them. Merely a coincidence.

It was reported early in the week that the supervisors had under consideration the advisability of removing District Attorney Langdon from office. Well, isn't self-preservation the first law of nature?

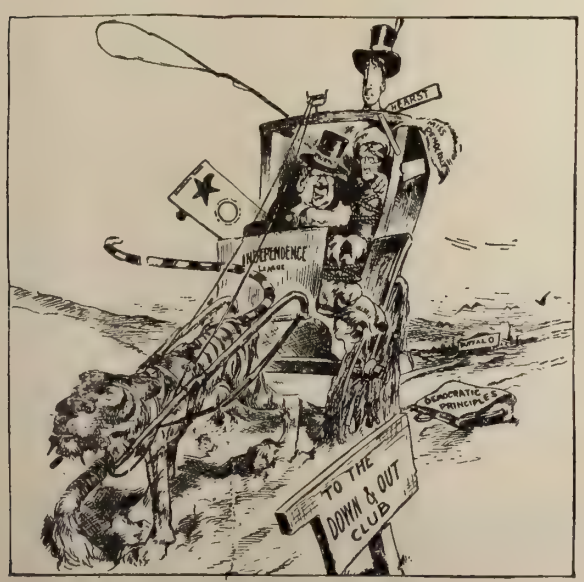
The photograph of the group of prominent citizens that saw the Mayor off and wished him bon voyage, which included his spiritual advisers of all denominations, is an historic memento that should be preserved in the city's archives.

President Jordan doesn't like "Hedda Gabler." He probably prefers Bulwer Lytton's "Richelieu," or Dumas' "Monte Cristo," or one of the other claptrap classics. What Dr. Jordan doesn't know about the drama he knows about fishes.

Constance Crawley says that President Jordan told her that he liked her Hedda better than Mrs. Fiske's. Tut! Tut! you mustn't quote Dr. Jordan aloud, my dear Constance. Quite often when something that Dr. Jordan has said gets into the newspapers it isn't so.

Mrs. George Gould is having her genealogy traced so that her son may boast of his royal blood. She's wasting her money, for what doth it avail a youth to have royal blood in his veins if it be diluted with the fluid that flowed from the heart that beat within the breast of the founder of the Gould fortune.

Uncle Joe Cannon says he has noticed that "it is before dinner that either man or beast gets excited and becomes demonstrative." Perhaps he has also noticed that it is after dinner that man becomes indiscreet and communicative.



Kidnaped!
—Macauley in the New York "World."



The Days of Chivalry and the Knights.
—New York "Herald."

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. MURPHY AND MR. HEARST.

In Reminiscent Strain

By Major Ben C. Truman

To the looker-on in San Francisco at present, after he becomes relieved of the strange feeling of sadness and bewilderment that first overpowers him—and especially the one who has resided more or less for forty years in this most attractive and most enchanting of all American cities, according to the views of all observing travelers—there comes a moment of profound reverie not unlike the phantasmagoria of a dream. When he beholds such magnificent structures as were the Palace Hotel and other caravanserai; such noble edifices as the "Call and "Chronicle" newspaper offices; such pretentious specimens of glorious architectural designs as the Monadnock, the Shreve, the Crocker, the Mills and a hundred others of their kind, and the handsome homes of the Pioneers, Odd Fellows and "City Fathers" wholly or partially in ruins; and the splendid residences that surmounted Nob Hill swept completely out of existence along with the lesser homes of tens of thousands of the poor; the awful wiping out of a score of theatres and other playhouses, and the incomprehensible and dire destruction of a hundred odd churches and cathedrals—sparing neither Hebrew, Pagan, Mahomedan, Catholic, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian nor Christian Science houses of worship along the path of that awful and devastating tongue of flame, it sets any person who has not lost or dismissed his reasoning faculties in doubt as to the noting of the "fall of a sparrow."

To be sure, there have been a small number of insincere or sincere—as sincere as preachers can be in these days of rare intelligence—pulpit declaimers who have declared that the calamity that befell San Francisco was "the work of God on account of the wickedness of its inhabitants." There were even a greater number of preachers who said the same thing regarding the cause of the earthquake in Charleston. Jonathan Edwards was still fiercer in his diagnosis of the wrath of the Almighty; while Wesley declared, in his sermon entitled "The Cause and Cure of Earthquakes" that "earthquakes are God's proper judicial act for the punishment of sin; sin is the cause, earthquakes the effect of God's anger. The earthquakes which shook Sicily, Naples and Malta in 1692 were the acts of God, who was angered over the sins of the inhabitants of those countries." Away farther back the Prophet Isaiah speaks for Jehovah thus: "I will punish the world for their evil, and will lay low the haughtiness of the terrible; therefore, I will shake the heavens, and the earth shall remove out of her place." Wesley and Edwards took their cues from Isaiah and the Palmist; at a later day, and not very remote, Brigham Young and Alexander Dowie have indulged in the same extravagant rot. As a matter of fact—and all intelligent people know it—earthquakes come from natural causes; either from "fractures," combustion, electricity, or other cause possible entirely unknown. The many hot and cold soda, sulphur and iron springs of California and elsewhere; the magnificent active and extinct geysers of the Yellowstone; the active and inactive volcanoes here and there all over the earth; the marvelous movements of glaciers; the convulsions that gave the world the Yosemite with its Half Dome and El Capitan; the beautiful Lake Tahoe, and the multi-colored Grand Canyon of the Colorado are all from other than direst Omnipotent interference, as science has truthfully shown.

I could not pass the ruins of that most magnificent and stately of all hotels in the world, the Palace, without great sadness and pain. I was a dweller therein for twelve years, and I remembered its splendid table and all things else that was superior. I thought of the many who had lived there and had gone to their eternal rest, and been spared the dreadful sight of their grand old home in ruins. I recalled Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker as residents at one time, A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Main, Mr. and Mrs. Herman, Charles F. MacDermott, Sandy Austin, Charlie Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, General and Mrs. John F. Miller, Mrs. Eddy, and others, and hosts of persons still in the land of the living. The Palace had sheltered Grant, Sherman, McClellan, Schenz, Cartin, Joe Johnston, Fitzhugh Lee, Wheeler, Joe Brown, John Russell Young, James Gordon Bennett, Geo. Alfred Townsend, the Marquis of Queensberry, Patti, Booth, Barrett, Benjamin Wood, Langtry, Dana, Harrison, Hayes, Roosevelt, Beecher, and tens of thousands of other persons more or less known to fame.

I am not an argonaut; but I arrived in San Francisco on the evening of December 31, 1866, just as the banquet given to Anson Burlingame, by prominent citizens and Chinamen, at the Occidental Hotel, was well under way. I had arrived overland, by stage and sleigh nearly all the way, from Kansas City—as neither the Union Pacific nor the Central had advanced two hundred miles—for the purpose of sending the first United States mails ever sent by steamer to China the next day, January 1, 1867. But there were Generals Jeff C. Davis, John F. Miller, W. S. Rosecrans and Hiram Leonard, and Jerome Leland, manager, who knew me well; and, as I peaked into the banquet-room, I was bidden in—just as I was, in my "overland costume"—and a place was made for me at the table. There were at that banquet nearly three hundred people, comprising Frank McCoppin, Mayor of San Francisco; Judge Ogden Hoffman, Hall McAllister, Colonel J. D. Stevenson, Eugene Sullivan, James Lick, Abner Barker, Frank M. Pixley, Drury Melone, Frederick Low, Leland Stanford, James Phelan, William B. Ralston, William Sharon, Alvinza Hayward, Marcus D. Bomck, George M. Fitch, Loring Pickering, Fred MacCrellish, and all the prominent Federal officeholders on duty in San Francisco; W. B. Coleman, Henry Wetherbee, and scores of other merchants; the supervisors, and stacks of others—now all dead. It was a great old night; and it came into my mind vividly as I looked into the ruins of what was at that day declared to be the best hotel in the world by all travelers and others who knew what a perfect table was. Some of the boarders at the Occidental at that time and for three years afterward were, besides myself, Tom Madden, Charles Main and family, Henry Edgerton, Judge Southard, Dr. J. Campbell Shorb, General Barnes, Major Gould, and their wives, J. Abner Barker, Joseph Jones, James Freeborn, Colonel Catherwood, George Ensign, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hassie, Dr. and Mrs. Hitchcock and Lillie Hitchcock, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Major H. B. Reese and Major Drew, paymasters, U. S. A.; John McCullough, the actor, and many others—now all dead but two, the writer and Mrs. Coit, nee Hitchcock.

(Continued on Page 35.)

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The Duchess of Padua

By Theodore Bonnet

A third volume of the plays of Oscar Wilde has come from the press to indicate anew to us how much was lost to dramatic art in the downfall and death of the greatest of England's nineteenth century playwrights. In this third volume are plays which are unfamiliar to the public. One of them, "Salome," has lately been exciting much interest among students of the drama who appreciate its literary qualities and its masterly technique. But it is not a cheerful play and has therefore not met with much success. Another of the plays in this third volume is "The Duchess of Padua," which is soon to be produced by the company that outraged the artistic sense of one of the Stanford faculty who has been ridiculed for dissenting from the mob. This, I believe, was one of the first dramas that came from Wilde's pen, and the quality of its dialogue is so inferior to some of the later performances of the gifted lord of language that certain critics have suggested the probability of his having merely collaborated in the construction of it. Unquestionably the author of "The Duchess of Padua" was not the master of word-craft that wrote "Salome." But it should be remembered that the verbal lapidary improves with practice. "The Duchess of Padua," however, is not devoid of cadenced dialogue. There is sweet music in some of the periods and there is much evidence of the handiwork of Wilde in the thumb-touch delicacy of technique which is characteristic of all his epigrammatic plays of the manners and customs of fashionable society. It is a play with a strong melodramatic tinge, but it is something more than a melodrama, for there is no exaggeration of the life which it depicts, the life of the poison and stiletto period of Italian history. Indeed the elements of the play should give it durability, its passions and sentiments being generic, their universality constituting its chief excellence.

The play is founded on a story of revenge. In the first act young Guido Ferranti learns that at his birth, his father, Prince of Parma and Duke of all the fair realm of Lombardy, fell a victim to the treachery of Simone Gesso who is now Duke of Padua. This knowledge is communicated to him by Count Moranzone, a conspirator intent upon dethroning the Duke. Ferranti agrees to join the Palace guard, to ingratiate himself into the confidence of the Duke and to kill the latter at a psychological moment of which he shall be apprized by Moranzone. The conspiracy proceeds satisfactorily until Ferranti, having won the love of the Duchess of Padua, feels that were he to become a murderer he would become loathsome to the object of his affections. Moranzone does not learn of Ferranti's change of heart until the night set for the consummation of the conspiracy. They meet on a flight of stairs leading to the Ducal bed chamber. Ferranti has in his hand his father's dagger which had been sent him by Moranzone in token of the psychological hour, and he explains to the Count that he intends laying it with a note on the sleeping Duke's bosom.

"When he awakes," says Ferranti, "he will learn in whose power he was, who spared his life; that is the fairest revenge for me."

Moranzone denounces him as a dastard and taunts him with his love for the Duchess. In this scene Wilde arrests the dramatic movement to make way for a few of those decorative passages with which he loves to delight the ear. While merely decorative in themselves, however, they are not without dramatic effect for they are an aid to suspense, an artistic device in the handling of which no dramatist ever exhibited greater skill.

"Thou talk'st of love," says Ferranti, "and knowest not what love is."

Moranzone: I too, young sir, have wandered moon-struck, have sworn, sick with yearning, to die, and died not; I too have nimbly rhymed of loves and doves in halting verses sung to a cracked guitar, as lovers used to do; I know the trick o't, mad lust of food and bed. At bottom we are all beasts—love is merely sensuality under a holy name.

Ferranti: Now am I assured you know naught at all of love. Love is life's sacrament; it hath magic to charm virtue out of naught, and purifies from all the nauseous refuse of the world. It is the fire that refines the gold from dross, the fan that sifts chaff and wheat, the Spring that from the hard-frozen soil lets innocency put forth her rosebuds. God walks no more amongst mankind—his image, Love, goes in his stead. The man who loves a woman knoweth the secret as well of the Creator as of the world created. There is no house so lowly, so poor and pitiful, that, if the indwellers be pure of heart, Love shuns the same; but if bloody murder knock at the palace gate and find an entrance, then creeps Love forth and dies. That is the penalty ordained of God and sin. The bad man cannot love. I take this to be a woman's mission—through the power of love to save man's soul; love for my Beatrice hath taught me to see a more sublime, more holy vengeance. * * * Was't not for Love's sake that Christ, who was himself Love incarnate, exhorted men to forgive their enemies?

Thus did the sincerest of Modern Christian poets whom dissipation led into practical paganism, utter his Christian thoughts on the chastening influence of the sentimental passion. The style of their utterance is not the style of the author of the prose poems. It is somewhat jerky. It is not above mediocrity but the thoughts are the thoughts of a poet, and even Homer nodded occasionally.

Upon the departure of Moranzone the Duchess of Padua emerges from the Duke's room a blood-dripping dagger in her hand. She had killed her husband and when she confesses to Ferranti, telling him that the deed was done so that there should be no barrier to their love he shrinks from her. From this point on the tragedy is a purely psychological study, abounding in thrilling moments. In scene after scene you behold the author compressing a spring, till its tension is ready for the final, sudden discharge; yet it is all done so

(Continued on Page 38.)

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The Spectator

On the Trail of the Grafters

Some of the grafters simulated a pretty bold front when the news came out that detectives had been on their trail for months and that Frank Heney was in possession of sufficient evidence to justify him in assuming the robes of authority for the purpose of prosecuting malefactors. But while affecting the nonchalant air the dew of terror was on their foreheads, there was a sensation of hollowness in the midsection. Don't doubt for a moment that in their first solitude thereafter they presented the spectacle of fearful shuddering humanity on the brink of almighty abysses. I am reminded of the saying of Seneca, "Whoever



Francis J. Heney

expects punishment already suffers it and whoever has deserved it expects it." There are many citizens of this city at this moment, official and private, who expect punishment, but perhaps they have only a faint conception of the character of the proofs of their guilt that have been obtained. Nevertheless a thousand times among the phantoms of sleep comes the dread vision of the felon's cell and in many a moment of awakening has been heard the dull creaking of prison doors. What a warning to evil-doers there is in the plight of the bribe-givers and the bribe-takers! No man that takes or gives a bribe knows when the record of his guilt will confront him. For either may turn State's evidence to save his own mortal part from incarceration. None of the grafters of our city government except those that have already negotiated for immunity, knows the nature of the proofs that are in Assistant District Attorney Heney's hands. Every grafter is under a strain. Suspense will produce a great deal of insomnia. As the plot thickens and nerves begin to fray, some of the crooks, finding themselves shadowed, and escape impossible, will be eager to contribute to the already bountiful store of knowledge pertaining to the wild orgie of graft into which this city has been plunged for years.

Heney Shaping the Preliminaries

Some days will elapse before Frank Heney succeeds in getting the whole machinery of justice in good working order, but there need be no fear as to results. His plan of campaign has been mapped out and he is not to be out-manoeuvred. Behind him is a fund large enough to enable him to accomplish all his purposes. The untrenched boss will find that his bulwarks are not impenetrable, and it is pretty safe to predict that when Heney reveals a few glimpses of his hand, the servile tools in office now ready to render assistance to the defense will scamper hurriedly over to the side of decency in the hope of averting a blow to their own fortune.

The Spreckels Fund

Ruef and Schmitz are not the only big fish in the pool which Heney has preempted. Some of our foremost citizens are keeping them company and in all likelihood will be brought to the surface. Some of them have a powerful social pull but it will be exerted in vain. When Rudolph Spreckels undertook the task of raising the fund for the prosecution he was asked by one man who was invited to contribute what he would do in the event of a friend's being threatened with exposure. His answer was that if a guilty man were brought to light in his own family he would not be spared. This answer was so satisfactory that the man by whom the question was propounded handed Mr. Spreckels his check for five thousand dollars. Mr. Spreckels entered into the project of redeeming his native city from the rule of grafters with great earnestness and enthusiasm. It was some months ago that he was awakened to the shameless condition of affairs. As a man of large property interests and one in touch with Eastern capital he had many opportunities of observing the extent to which the insatiable greed of the grafters was responsible for the staying of the city's progress, and with each new bit of evidence of criminality that came to him his indignation grew until at length to him was suggested the scheme of redemption. It seemed feasible and he quietly proceeded to raise the necessary funds.

The Spreckels Policy

Ruef says that he has known for months what was being done. If so he has been very careless in the meantime. Rudolph Spreckels has not taken the world into his confidence, and he now feels assured of success. And yet he is maintaining a discreet reticence. He has made the prosecution of the grafters a public project and has taken particular pains to avoid imparting to it a political hue. His aged father offered to supply all the funds necessary to carry out the project, but

Rudolph Spreckels deemed it advisable to enlist the sympathies of the best men in the community regardless of their political or social affiliations. And there could have been found no man more suitable for the project than Rudolph Spreckels. For not only is he entirely without political ambition, but he has never antagonized labor. He refused to join the Citizens' Alliance, and he represents no clique or faction. So there is no reason why any decent man in the community should withhold his sympathy or support from this great public movement. Mr. Spreckels has not even discriminated in the matter of receiving contributions to the fund. In the last few days he has received contribution of a few dollars from poor men who in that way expressed their sympathy and he told them that he could not appreciate their support more had they given thousands. So it appears that behind Rudolph Spreckels is crystallizing that healthy kind of public sentiment of which this city has so long been sorely in need.

Ruef's Career

In a week or so we shall probably learn something more of the resourceful nature of Abe Ruef. That he is skilled in all the tricks of his trade there is no doubt, but there never was a rogue so astute that he always safeguarded himself against detection. He has had a great deal of experience in the ways that are dark both of shifty politicians and nimble lawyers, and for years he has been skirting the edge of a precipice, and not always with the circumspection that betokens superior shrewdness. In the memorable case which marked an epoch in the career of Jack Chretien Ruef figured in doubtful capacity. Nobody could be quite certain whether he was a somewhat reckless rogue or an honest fool. During the stormy days of the Fair case when Mrs. Craven was trying to loot the estate of the dead millionaire Ruef figured as one of the attorneys in the background, the confidential friend of Mrs. Craven, associated with Martin Kelly the malodorous boss who was believed to be taking a deep interest in the jury. As boss of the city Ruef has exhibited a certain cunning but he has not shown great wisdom in so conducting affairs as to provoke the indignation of the whole community. He might have exercised greater finesse, but his cupidity has proved stronger than his tact. Wherever there was a chance for "fee" whether as attorney for the Public Administrator, or attorney for the liquor interests, or attorney for the French restaurants, or as a side-partner in a deadfall, Ruef could not refrain from being Johnny on the Spot. The real big boss usually goes in for larger game.

Markham's Latest

From last Sunday's "Examiner" I learn that the brain of Edwin Markham has again been in labor. In mental throes he evolved a rythmical address to San Francisco and to the "sons of broad-shouldered pioneers, seasoned by struggle and stern tears." I have conceived a strong prejudice to the Markham brand of poetry, because it does seem to me that Mr. Markham does nothing more than show by example, not that prose is everything but verse, but that verse, while masquerading as poetry, is very bad prose. Mr. Markham has written poetry, but his is a case of a reputation forced into unnatural bloom fading as soon as it expanded. He now writes as though both his fancy and his hands were bound and his emanations are not even good common sense. The wretchedness of his latest composition may be shown by extinguishing the rhyme and form. This is what he says: "Oh, hill-hung city of my West, where oft my heart goes home when tired, There came a time when all went by, A cruel splendor in the heavens." I altered four words without altering the meaning and I am quite sure that as altered the whole is not more inane than the original. In the second verse the poet speaks of the darkening effect of red flames. I think I could improve it by substituting for the words "red flames" the words "black smoke." In the third verse the poet tells of a vision. He sees the sons of broad-shouldered pioneers laying "new squared beams in song." The sense of which I catch in the next stanza, wherein he advises the aforesaid sons to "build airily." This poem was accompanied by illustrations and was given the distinction of a full page. Which shows that if our newspapers do not recognize stupidity, when they see it rhythmically presented, they have a very praiseworthy respect for a man who has a knowledge of the mechanical rules which contribute to the structure of poetry.

Oh, Markham, of the half-strung harp,
Who sings in strains both flat and sharp,
Who reaches feebly for the crown
And the lean statute of renown,
Who tries to show the muses more
Than e'er those sisters saw before,
Beware! or else some fateful day,
As verseward you your weary way
Plod on, bawling your awful rhymes,
They'll punish you for all your crimes
Against the saintly gift of song.
So don't your fustian roars prolong
But quit your clatter while there's time
To make peace with the sacred Nine.

Some Deft Misrepresentation

In the history of this State there was never, perhaps, a campaign more prolific of chicanery and misrepresentation than the one involving the present three-cornered Gubernatorial contest. I am of the opinion that Mr. Gillett is the only candidate who will have a shred of self respect left when it is over, and that notion I indulge because I assume that unless a man has escaped the affliction of a conscience a sense of his abasement is inevitable when he has time to reflect on the mean advantages which he has taken, especially if they have been taken in vain. From out of Candidate Bell's headquarters have come several pieces of misrepresentation



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which nobody appears to have taken the trouble to scotch. One of them is the story of the Harriman dinner at Washington. The story has been industriously circulated that it was a dinner at which Mr. Gillett was sprung as a candidate for Governor, with the warm approval of Mr. Harriman. The facts are that the dinner was given in honor of the California delegation, that Mr. Harriman and other prominent men who were in Washington at the time were invited, that during the flow of reason many humorous speeches were made, toasting in satirical vein various statesmen and amiably lampooning them on the score of their political ambition. It was known at that time that Mr. Gillett was a candidate for Governor and that circumstance inspired a josh toast which provoked the smiles not only of Mr. Harriman, but of everybody at the table.

A Picture and Its History

Mr. Bell's bureau of prevarication has also made a lot of political capital out of a picture of a group of men taken in Santa Cruz during the convention. The Pee-pul are requested by the prevaricators to observe the affectionate manner in which Mr. Gillett's hand is resting on Abe Ruef's shoulder. Now for the true story of that campaign picture. It was taken by flashlight in the home of Major Frank McLaughlin in Santa Cruz. It was taken for his private collection of notable photographs and the group included all of his guests, in the selection of which, it is needless to say, Mr. Gillett had no voice. It was such a good photograph that a Call correspondent asked permission to use it and the permission was granted. Now it happens that the picture derives peculiar interest from the circumstance that it affords an example of how the camera sometimes appears to lie. For while Mr. Gillett's hand appears to be resting on Abe Ruef's shoulder, the shoulder of the boss in reality is not under Mr. Gillett's hand. The hand that is resting on Abe Ruef's shoulder is the prehensile member of that distinguished bon vivant, Major Frank McLaughlin.

Did Bell Receive Orders?

The effort that is being made to convey the impression that Mr. Gillett and Abe Ruef are on very friendly terms no doubt meets the warm approval of the San Francisco boss, inasmuch as his sympathies are with Mr. Theodore Bell. Early in the campaign Bell took a swat at Ruef in one of his speeches, but since then he has refrained from hurting the feelings of that individual. It has been asserted that he was "called down" in a telegram from San Francisco, and I am told that while he was in the San Joaquin Valley a man offered to bet a large sum of money that Bell had received orders to "quit on Ruef." But now that Heney is likely soon to have Ruef on the run perhaps Mr. Bell will ignore orders, if any such were received.

Our Literary Performers

The ambition for literary fame appears to be growing stronger in California every day. We are making a very strenuous appeal for recognition as the literary centre, or at least as the hot-house of literature, on this continent. Notwithstanding the great number of poets and magazine editors we have contributed to the effete East we manage to keep up an output of literature that should win for this State a reputation for its verbal crop equal to that which has been achieved through its gold mines, its wheat fields and its oil wells. Geraldine Bonner who is writing a new novel over in Berkeley, Miriam Michelson who builds a row of flats every little while on the profits of the latest child of her genius, Mrs. Atherton, who writes and writes, Jack London who has to plagiarize to save himself from brain fag while meeting the incessant demands of his publishers—these are a very small minority of the Californian purveyors of fiction and fiction is only one phase of the manifestation of the cacoethes scribendi in California. Two "Examiner" reporters, George Homer Myer and Earle Walcott, have contributed to the steadily swelling stream of novels. Mr. Canfield, a railroad magnate, has sent a mining camp romance to press, Mrs. Alice Prescott Smith, a pupil of Mr. W. C. Morrow, has come out with another novel, and still another pupil of Mr. Morrow, in the person of Mr. Charles D. Stuart, has had a novel accepted. It is called "Casa Grande" and is placed in the early days of California. On all sides of us there are men and women tracking human character into its shyest recesses, studying human conduct, watching the play of human thought and striving to get new impressions of human life. And now that W. C. Morrow, who has been most successful in developing the imaginative faculty in ambitious men and women and in familiarizing them with the technique of the literary art, is once more giving reign to his own instinct for fiction writing, I am looking for something of a distinctive quality, for Mr. Morrow is a writer of distinction, one who sees life as it is and who has a knack for plunging us into the midst of it.

O. W. Nordwell

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Our Pampered Scribblers

Alice Hegan Rice, author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," invested part of the fortune she made from that book in a lead mine, and has made another fortune. They are a rich and pampered lot, the authors of today. The sales of Robert Chamber's recent books have run up to 600,000; of the English authors, Marie Corelli takes the lead, with 100,000 copies of her latest work sold, and Hall Caine and the others range from 40,000 upwards. Alfred Noyes, the English poet, is making a living from his verse at only twenty-six years of age. Gilbert K. Chesterton, with no thought of room rent or meal tickets, walks the streets which Samuel Johnson tramped while wondering if he could afford to dine at a six-penny coffee house in an alley. The writers of jingle are rolling in easily gotten wealth, and short-story writers ride in their own automobiles and yachts, alternate between their city and country homes, and employ valets. Playwrights carry around rolls of banknotes larger than their arms. And they don't appreciate their good fortune at all. They should be compelled to read daily a chapter from the lives of the earlier writers, then lift up their voices in thankfulness that an omnivorous public keeps yelling "more." I would recommend as a spur to proper appreciation a perusal of "Curiosities of Literature," by Isaac D'Israeli, father of England's great premier. In the chapter on "The Poverty of the Learned," they will find that Xylander sold his notes on Don Cassius for a dinner, and that Cardinal Bentivoglio left nothing behind him but a reputation—during his life he had even less. Cervantes went hungry, and Caemons, most illustrious of Portuguese writers, died in a hospital. Du Ryer, the French poet, could afford no better habitation than a small cottage in the country, and when friends came from Paris to see him he set before them the best he had—brown bread, milk and fruit from the tree under which they took their simple meal. Vaugelus worked for thirty years on his translation of Quintus Curtius—and the manuscript of this precious work was all that he left behind him. Corneille practically died of starvation. When Louis XIV heard of his distressful plight he sent him money—but it was too late. Simon Ockley, after devoting his life to Oriental researches, dated the resultant book from the prison in which he was confined for debt. Fairy fancies came from Spencer's brain, but he lived in the misery of poverty, compelled

"To fawn, to crouch, to ride, to run,
To speed, to give, to want, to be undone."

Sydenham died so miserably in a sponging house that with his death came the birth of a literary fund "for the relief of distressed authors." No such fund is needed now. What is needed is a society for the suppression of superfluous authors to the end that the public may read less and think more.

Alameda's Pulpit Reformer

The Rev. P. C. Macfarlane, of the First Christian Church, of Alameda, who presented a very impressive and ugly picture of conditions in San Francisco to his congregation last Sunday night, is not of the familiar type of sensational preacher. He is not intemperate in his language or bitter in his censure. He is of the judicial temperament and never dogmatic. He does not jump to conclusions or deal in glittering generalities. Before discussing the affairs of this city he investigated the local situation and supplied himself with information obtained from reliable sources and he carefully refrained from judging harshly. His utterances were as a consequence forceful and effective. The Rev. Macfarlane has made quite a record as a reformer and also as a churchman in Alameda, where the policitians have learned that he is not a man to be trifled with. He has won the confidence of his flock and they are giving him liberal support. He undertook a short while ago to raise money for the building of a handsome church and it is now in course of construction.

Idol Smashing

In one of the Rev. Mr. Macfarlane's pictures of Mayor Schmitz that individual was depicted in a state of panic on the morning of the earthquake. That picture is quite different from the one that was most industriously circulated during the weeks immediately after the catastrophe, the one that glorified our bewhiskered Executive. In the post-earthquake picture the Mayor looked like a great hero. His touts, with that keen sympathy which is born of a lively sense of favors to come, created in the public mind a fine illusion. They doctored history in the making and the Mayor awoke one morning to find himself no longer infamous. So many fingers were pointing to him with

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pride that he saw himself as others thought they saw him, and then came the announcement official, "My career dates from April 18." The Rev. Mr. Macfarlane has been dispelling an illusion, shattering an eidolon, exposing feet of clay. And I am prepared to give corroboration to the Rev. Mr. Macfarlane's assertions, to attest the genuineness of his picture, the spuriousness of the one hitherto accepted. The conduct of Mayor Schmitz on the morning of the earthquake was not that of a great hero. Like many others of far braver spirit he was in a state of panic. When General Funston's aide reported to him that the Federal troops were subject to his orders, he did not know what to say. It was suggested to him that it would be a good thing to have the troops and he assented. It was next suggested that the saloons should be ordered closed, and to his credit be it said, he ordered them closed. Like many others that had been deeply impressed by the awe-inspiring forces of nature Mayor Schmitz was in a very virtuous mood that memorable day. It was Garrett McEnerney who suggested the appointment of the Committee of Fifty and it was not Mayor Schmitz that suggested the names of that committee.

Patriots Mindful of Posterity

When the garbled history of the organization of the Committee of Fifty and its work is rewritten the man who will loom up in its pages as the great hero and civic patriot of those stirring times is that most modest of men, Garrett McEnerney. The most self-sacrificing of all the citizens of this community during the days of terror was Garrett McEnerney. He was the one man who kept his mental poise through it all, who knew the right thing to do and whose advice was followed. He suggested everything of importance that was done even of the slightest detail from the appointment of Mayor Phelan to the chairmanship of the Finance Committee to the institution of an Information Bureau. He sat at Mayor Schmitz's elbow at the meetings of the committee, and though the words of wisdom fell from his Honor's lips the thoughts they embodied came from the brain of the distinguished attorney. There were men that observed all these things, men distinguished for their own ability who have been secret worshipers of McEnerney ever since. In those days of stress Mr. Ruef was not at Mayor Schmitz's elbow. Mr. Ruef was busy trying to get the Fire Department to concentrate its energies in the saving of his private property. While McEnerney was in the background directing public affairs there were other prominent citizens elbowing themselves into the foreground, doing the spectacular, but accomplishing nothing more than the carrying out of McEnerney's policies. Their only original project that I know of had for its object the enlightening of posterity respecting the great services which they had rendered in the time of the great historic calamity. While smoke was still issuing from the ashes of the city they had badges struck off to serve as historic mementoes, and two of them were given to gentlemen who were in New York at the time of the earthquake. But this is another story, a very funny one that will be worth telling some day.

A Church Episode

I was told an amusing story the other day of a communion service that was postponed by the Rev. Macfarlane one Sunday. Before the regular services he announced that the sacrament would be administered

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at their close, and requested those that wished to partake to remain. They did so, and the clergyman withdrew to make the necessary preparations. Presently he reappeared with a troubled look on his face and announced that there would be no communion service that day. "I am very sorry," he said, "but I have just learned that my son has eaten all the wafers."

Two Singers

For lo! These many years have I heard of a singer named Yaw—Ellen Beach Yaw—and in my mind the name has been associated with vocal gymnastics, for numerous press agents have informed me that she had a "phenomenal range". I have long entertained a strong prejudice against singers that go about with that sort of thing as their stock in trade; almost as strong as the prejudice which I have conceived for fool critics that tell about it as though it signified much in a musical sense. I have noticed that the singer that boasts of a phenomenal range seldom has anything else worth talking about. But what I was about to say is that I dropped into Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland, last week, to hear Ellen Beach Yaw. I heard only half her performance and that was sufficient to satisfy my curiosity. In the years to come when I recall that I once heard Ellen Beach Yaw, I will probably remember that she was a tall, graceful woman who sang quite well, much better in fact than I expected in view of all that I had read about her phenomenal range. I will also remember that she tried to vindicate that range by emitting funny little sounds —yaws I think they were—and that some of the critics referred to those little squeaks as "high notes." If Miss Yaw would not offend with those vocal emissions she would be quite acceptable as a concert singer. And one night last week I went to Oakland to hear **Mackenzie Gordan** sing. I was anxious to hear him because I had heard club critics eulogize him as a very great artist. Some of them compared him with Caruso. Mr. Gordon is really very interesting. The natural quality of his voice is delightful. The quality indicates that he is a baritone, but unfortunately Mr. Gordon considers himself a tenor and to prove it forces out some high notes in an entirely incongruous register. The effect is not pleasant. However Mr. Gordon, though he has not had a superior quality of vocal training, phrases well, sings ballads with considerable artistry and exercises fine discrimination in the selection of his programme. As I listened to him I wished that he knew more about voice production; also that he would put as much dramatic fervor into his voice as he puts into his body. He gives a concert that is really worth while for he is accompanied by that most sympathetic accompanist, Mr. Maurer and associated with him is that delightful artist, Mr. Nat Landsberger.

An Unemotional Jurist

William Raisch, acquitted in the United States District Court last week of the charge of filling out and selling fraudulent naturalization certificates, had an imposing array of lawyers—Samuel Shortridge, Peter F. Dunne and Bert Schlessinger. Shortridge had the closing speech for the defense, and closed it with a peroration that was a surprise even to those who have heard some of his best flights. His final appeal occupied about five minutes. There was no spread-eagle oratory in it. Shortridge did not throw his arms aloft or raise his voice in mighty thunders. Instead he stood close to

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the jurors, leaning on the railing in front of them, and spoke quietly, calmly, appealingly. There were stock phrases used, but not in a cut-and-dried manner. From a dramatic standpoint alone it was a notable piece of work and when he closed the lawyers who had gathered to hear him turned to each other with remarks of commendation. But judges and lawyers view things from different standpoints. When Shortridge started his speech Judge De Haven told him to make it short. As the attorney finished and turned away from the jury, while his persuasive voice was still lingering in their ears, His Honor broke the spell by snapping, "You've been just an hour and fourteen minutes." But Shortridge's great speech won the jury.

Three Straight

The government suffered another defeat Monday when Harry Silver was acquitted of the charge of selling liquor without a government license. Silver had a stall in the National Theatre, in the management of which Zick Abrams is interested. He says that his arrest grew out of the fact that he was making lots of money—that Abrams, wishing to get him out so that he could lease the concession at a higher rate, informed the Federal officials that he was selling liquor on the sly. At Monday's trial there was no lack of evidence to back up Abram's assertion. Five witnesses testified as to the liquor selling. Silver had no witnesses and no attorney, but in mangled English he told the jury his side of the case. The government attorneys freely expressed their disgust when the jury, after half an hour's deliberation, came in with a verdict of not guilty. This is the third acquittal in as many weeks. Just preceding the Raisch trial was that of Mary Louise Bowen, an Oakland woman who, while a postoffice clerk, embezzled $7,000 and gave it to one Louis Baker, a printer, a man of family, and now a fugitive from justice. Neither the woman nor her attorneys denied the embezzlement. The defense was intermittent insanity, manifesting itself in an inordinate desire to give away everything she possessed. The jury gave her the benefit of the reasonable doubt. It is an odd thing in connection with the Raisch case that at the first trial, when the jury disagreed, six of the jurors were from Oakland and six from San Francisco. They divided evenly, the Oaklanders for conviction and the San Franciscans for acquittal. At the trial which ended Saturday all twelve jurors were from across the bay.

Club Men Sell Game

The Sacramento Bee has been making quite a fuss in the capital city by asserting that many members of the gun clubs sell ducks in the markets; also that the Sutter Club, made up largely of hunters, leaves a standing order at one of the markets for all the game it can get out of season, including quail, which it is unlawful to sell at any time. The duck hunters of Sacramento are mightily stirred over the stories that have come out. I do not remember ever before reading such positive and conflicting statements as are made by the parties to the controversy. J. P. Murphy, one of the oldest and best known market men in Sacramento, says: "It has been the custom for years for many gun club members to bring their ducks to our market and dispose of them. . . . I have bought hundreds of ducks from men of wealth of this city who are members of the gun clubs. It would not be so bad if they came out openly and sold them, but this they do not do. We are forced to go after the ducks and get them from back doors

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and other out of the way places. For this reason I am disgusted with the means that are taken to get the ducks into the market." Murphy is the one who makes the charge that the Sutter Club dines on forbidden birds. "You know," he said in an interview, "that there is a law forbidding the sale of any kind of game birds except ducks. Yet I have sold hundreds and hundreds of doves and quail to the Sutter Club. And this has not been done in the open season alone, but in the closed season as well. The Sutter Club last year left orders for all the doves and quail it could get. It simply pestered us and other market men to get what it wanted. How do I justify myself? I'll tell you. A good part of the members of the Sutter Club are men who make up the gun clubs of this city, and who are continually making a loud fight for the game laws which they claim will protect the game of the State. They are the men who make the game laws. And they make them solely for themselves. They cry out for the wardens to see that the laws are not broken. When a man is caught in the closed season with any game on his person they claim that he should be prosecuted. The next morning they sit down to a breakfast of quail on toast or partake of doves that have been sneaked into the club." To offset such a positive assertion as this comes the statement of the manager of the Sutter Club, who says that there is absolutely not a shred of truth in the story. The denials as to the gun club men selling ducks in the market are not so emphatic. Although no member will acknowledge that he has sold ducks many of them know of other members who have. While the Sutter Club cannot be convicted on the word of one man against another, the evidence that the members of the gun clubs sold their game in the markets is overwhelming. It is asserted, also, that the limit is often exceeded. There are some seven or eight of these duck clubs in Sacramento, and it is estimated that the members kill at least 50,000 ducks a year on their preserved grounds. One can hardly blame the market hunters for feeling disgruntled that the sportsmen are their rivals in business.

The Humor Of It All

If that ordinance prohibiting crowding on the street cars goes into effect, people will miss lots of fun. Really, if one sees the humorous aspect of everything, and refuses to be upset by discomforts, a street car ride is full of joy. For instance, I took a Kearny street car at Geary the other day. We went ten feet. The five minutes' blockade that followed was caused by a wagon, the driver of which was slowly shoveling debris into it. Once in a while he stopped to exchange personalities with the motorman, and when he had finished and climbed on to his seat he felt the necessity of further discussion. We went a block and a half during the next spurt, then several passengers got on, including old ladies in great quantities. That meant that I and others of my unfortunate sex must hang onto straps. Just to read about it one may not be able to imagine that to hang to a strap in a hot and crowded car, with dust blowing in through the doors, and the conductor jamming his way through, is funny; but honestly, it is. Especially is it humorous when each of the old ladies want to get off at California Street, and each takes several separate opportunities to tell the conductor of her destination. It started at Sutter street. "Will you please stop at California street?" said the fattest of the old ladies—"at California street, I said. Did you hear me?" "Yes, ma'am, this car stops at California street," said the conductor. A warlike little old woman who heard only the last words made a wild plunge through the crowd. "Here," she yelled, "I wanted to get off at California street." The conductor's patience was sublime. "We are not at California street yet," he said. "Well," said the warlike one, "why did you say we were?" "Impudent fellows, those conductors," said a wheezy man with a cane. And the car swayed, and the passengers stepped on one another, and the heat grew in intensity, and the dust came in clouds—and another team stopped us. This was only a three-minute blockade, in consequence of which everybody was in good humor—that is, everyone who was able to see the humorous side of street-car riding. "Will you please stop at California street?" said a woman who had been attentively reading her insurance policy. The conductor nodded, and several passengers looked anxiously out of the window as though suspecting him of being in a plot with the motorman to take the whole lot to North Beach. Back and forth we swayed again, hotter grew the car, thicker grew the dust, more ridiculous grew the situation. Then we reached California street. Off piled the crowd, the old ladies, one or two young ones, the wheezy man with the cane, the warlike woman and the woman who had been reading her policy. The car was nearly empty.

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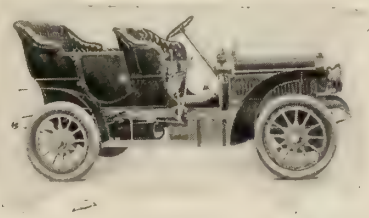
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I sank into a seat with a sigh of thankfulness. There were no wagons in the way, and merrily we scooted along. I was reviewing in my mind the uproariously funny experience I had just gone through, when I bethought myself of the memorandum of my appointment. I drew it forth and looked at it. The dominating words written there were—"California street," which made the whole episode doubly ridiculous.

The Socialist And The Lady

Quite in contrast with his gala arrival in this country several months ago was Maxim Gorky's quiet departure for Russia last week. His companion Mme. Andreiva sailed with him. Anthony Comstock, hotel proprietors, the "400" "yellow journals" momentarily shocked into propriety, superconventional sand, bagging blue stockings, and even the Broadway conductors had failed to separate the steadfast couple. Verily M. Gorky is a man of convictions and of principles. "Mother," his promised new book on his impressions of America is bound to be as novel as were his experiences in this country. His last few weeks in this country were spent somewhat along the lines that led to his apprenticeship to literature. Cast out by society at large for his connection with Mme. Andreiva and not being able to make his expense money through lectures as he had planned he was forced to seek for quarters where he could live and let live till funds arrived from Russia to help him out of his wholly unexpected predicament, for through it all he stoutly refused the proffered aid of his American friends. He went up into the Adirondacks and joined a sort of socialist colony. Everybody had to work and Gorky took his trick with the rest at the broom, scrub brush and wood chopping. The quarters were not tasteful to Mme. Andreiva and she hired out as a waitress at a near by big hotel, the St. Hubert's Inn. She is a clever actress and played her part well but she possesses too striking a personality to keep it concealed long. The male guests were quick to notice her exceedingly trim figure, her pretty face and her striking hair which she proudly keeps in beautiful condition. She might have kept her identity concealed till the time was ripe to leave for Russia had not her meetings with Gorky, after work hours, betrayed her to the vigilant, argus eyed male guests of the hotel. Gorky used to slip over from the socialist camp meeting every evening to meet her in a shady wooded path. Mme. Andreiva's experiences with some of those same male guests at the hotel would make interesting reading in contrast with the treatment she and Gorky received here socially.

Now its all over, except the book, and they've gone home happy. "I have no feelings against the Americans for their treatment of me," said Mme. Andreiva; "they are simply incapable of understanding. In spite of it all I have learned a great deal and have had a delightful trip." Gorky simply glowed with happiness as he stood beside her on the vessel and waved his hand to the score of Russian patriots who came down to the dock to bid him a tearful farewell.

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The Little Brown Hustler

The local Anti-Japanese and Korean League would be able to glean a deal of valuable information of the commercial doings of the little brown men could they have a talk with L. F. Thayer. Mr. Thayer is a New York merchant who has just returned here after a thorough study of the chances of foreigners doing business in the Orient. He declares emphatically that there are a great number of boomerang surprises in store for the self-satisfied, paunchy, silurian American merchant who regards the Orient as a big fat commercial oyster patiently waiting on the other side of the Pacific to be opened by him some day. According to Mr. Thayer's investigations, within the next ten years Japan is going to give the commercial world a bigger shaking up than she did Russia in the late war. Within the next few years the big national industries that she is now indefatigably pushing ahead night and day will have gathered sufficient business momentum and then lucky will be the "white devil" who will be able to find business crumbs anywhere around the Yellow Sea. What Japan has already done in disposing of her wares in this country is marvelous considering the few years she has been engaged in the commercial game. How many of even our wide awake merchants know that Yokohama now ranks second among the ports of the world in the value of its exports to the United States? Only London surpasses it. How many know that this country absorbs over one-half the products of Formosa and nearly one-third of the exports of Japan?

Asia for the Asiatics

For years we have been taking from Japan more than twice as much as the little brown men have taken from us. In the past Japan has admitted only 28 per cent of our goods free of duty and we have admitted 70 per cent of theirs. The old situation was bad enough for us but it will get rapidly worse now that the new Japanese tariff has just gone into effect. Under it all American products except cotton must pay a heavy tariff. The exception of cotton is obvious; Japan wants to get all the raw cotton possible in order to feed her new cotton mills with the out-put of which she hopes to control the cotton-goods trade of the Orient. American agents residing there have already butted against this trade wall, against the new tariff law. The most conservative shout "reciprocity." At the best the situation is very critical for our interests. Mr. Thayer declares that unquestionably Japan intends to take advantage of the new tariff law and of every device to foster and develop its home industries and to expand its trade in the Orient against all foreigners. Asia for the Asiatics is its policy at every point. Already its grasp on the China trade is almost immovable.

Our Inadequate Consular Service

The present trade situation in Yokohama illustrates how rapidly America is being left behind in the race for commerce. At that great sea port, which is the headquarters of American consular service in Japan and the home of the consul-general who has jurisdiction over all the ports in that country, there is only the consul-general, Henry B. Miller and one assistant. The routine work is so heavy that there is not a moment's time for special study to make reports on the trade conditions in Japan. Other nations with far less

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trade relations than ours are alive to the situation. Germany has eight trained men there and Great Britain has a corps of active agents who are constantly scratching over the Japanese field looking for trade openings. Mr. Thayer is on his way to Washington to urge the appointment of a commercial expert to be attached to our consular service in Japan, a competent man who shall give his whole time to the study of local conditions and prospects and collate data as shall be of benefit to the consuls in their work of looking after American interests in Japan. He declares that with the strides Japan is making to control the situation in the East it behooves Americans to do something, and to do it at once, if they wish even to preserve the trade they have already captured in the Orient.

A Clever Game

Just before the big fire I told the story of an up-to-date real estate agent across the bay who, being burdened with a big holding of land which the public would not take off his hands, hit upon the theatrical expedient of employing a lot of surveyors to go through the dress rehearsal act of surveying a railroad over his property with the proper side switches, stations, etc. At the same time quiet rumors were buzzed about that the Western Pacific was behind the movement. I have just heard of a real estate sharp in the southland who, caught in the same fix, went the Alameda promoter one better. He actually had the railroad ties laid over his land and began to stretch the rails, not many of the latter to be sure but just enough to make the proper showing and work off his lots at fancy figures. He cleaned up his deal by selling off his embryo railroad at good junk prices. The bigger the boodle in sight the more ingenious the tricks of Autolycus.

Our Union Philanthropists

The Relief Corporation has come in conflict with organized labor, with the result that the cottages now being built in some of the public squares may not be completed before the rains begin. Not long ago the corporation building committee, of which Thomas Magee is chairman, bought at a low figure some six hundred doors. Upon their delivery at one of the parks a walking delegate of the Carpenters' Union made the discovery that they were "unfair," and threatened to withdraw all union men from the job if the committee persisted in using the doors. Alexander Mackie, who is supervising the building of the cottages, explained to the walking delegate the situation of the committee. He told what the delegate already knew; that all the sash and door mills on the Coast wherein none but union labor is employed have large contracts which must be executed before any work can be done for the Relief Committee. He said that thousands of the tents now sheltering refugees are practically worn out, and that the health of the community demands that these people be housed immediately. His arguments were so convincing that the walking delegate used his influence with the union, and the latter graciously permitted its members to handle the tabooed doors. Thinking the question was settled, the Relief Committee, finding some three thousand more non-union doors for sale very much under the market price, bought them. Again the omnipotent walking delegate objected, and again the unions considered the matter in council. A meeting was held on Wednesday night

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of last week, when Mackie appeared before the District Council, and stated the case all over again for the building committee. His reception did his hosts little credit. They intimated that he was profiting by the building operations and sneered at his assertion that his services were volunteered and that he was receiving no compensation. He withdrew from the meeting without receiving the desired permission to hang the doors, but was told that the matter would be brought before the Trades and Labor Council at some future gathering of that body. While the carpenters are pondering over the matter the rainy season is approaching, and the work of finishing the homes for refugees is being seriously retarded.

Wanted a Megaphone Arrested

Captain W. J. Petersen of the Oakland police force was sorely puzzled last Saturday night by a request made to him in all seriousness that he arrest a phonograph for speaking on a public street without a permit. The offending instrument was a very large and vociferous one stationed at a window of an office at the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street in Oakland in the interests of Hiram A. Luttrell, candidate for the District Attorney on the Democratic ticket. Its stentorian tones were heard distinctly above the roar of traffic at that very busy corner and penetrated into stores and offices for the radius of several hundred yards. After the phonograph had shouted that Hiram A. Luttrell was against "The Plunderbund" for more than an hour the monotonous reiteration of the phrase got on the nerves of several hundred persons who for business reasons could not get out of earshot of the sound. Finally one very indignant listener hurried over to the police station and demanded of Captain Petersen with great display of excitement that he arrest the phonograph for street speaking without a license. Captain Petersen was much perplexed. He turned the matter over in his mind for several minutes and then decided that it would be neither good law to arrest a phonograph nor good politics to take into custody a speaker for the candidate for District Attorney even though Lawyer Luttrell's chances of defeating the Republican candidate, Everett J. Brown, are so minute as to be barely visible under a high power miscroscope. So the instrument was permitted to continue its nerve-racking performance until it shouted itself hoarse, or, in unmetaphorical language, wore out its record.

So That He May Splurge

At the next session of Congress a raid will be made on the Federal treasury by the territorial officials of Hawaii. My correspondent in the Islands informs me that Governor Carter hopes to have his salary doubled. He feels that as Honolulu is the gate-way of the Pacific to the mainland and he is called upon to entertain visiting ambassadors, ministers and other State officials crossing the ocean the drain on his private purse is too severe. When Prince Li, the representative of the Emperor of China, stopped at Honolulu about a year ago, Governor Carter gave him a reception that cost five hundred dollars. And he has given other receptions that came high—too high, he thinks, for a Governor drawing only five thousand per. So Congress is to be asked to raise his salary to ten thousand. And to make the pull as strong as possible an effort will be made at the same time to raise the salaries of the Federal judges. In this matter there will be a unanimity of sentiment among the job-holders and their friends will pull for them as one man.

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Social Prattle

By Tantalus

And Still They Come

As was announced in Town Talk two weeks before the fact was bavarded in the daily papers, Miss Harvey is to wed Oscar Cooper. Mr. Cooper has carpeted Miss Harvey's path with attentions ever since her debutante days and Cupid's clairvoyant sealed their fate a year or two ago. Those who diligently cast the matrimonial horoscope declare that a supposedly incorrigible bachelor is laying siege to the second Miss Harvey's affections and the odds are that the "To Let or To Lease" sign on her third finger will soon be replaced by a diamond placard. Mrs. Downey Harvey does not share Mrs. Eleanor Martin's love of formal society, so the wedding of Miss Harvey and Mr. Cooper will not be an elaborate affair. Mrs. Martin would like to have her granddaughter's marriage lift society out of the commonplace inertia into which it has fallen, but Mrs. Harvey prefers the soft tinkle of the wedding bell to blare and brass of trumpets, so the wedding plans do not promise a thrill for society.

Another Engagement Rumored

Society is casting a suspicious eye on Virginia Joliffe. After carefully studying all the signs and symbols, Dame Rumor whispers softly that Virginia and the manager of a very prominent corporation are engaged. Virginia is perhaps the most popular of all the Joliffe sisters. She has a tailor-made style of her own that has never been ondulated by the Marcel wave or any other French invasion. She is strikingly distinctive in her sleek togs these fussy days of elaborated clothes. I saw her the other day in a black and white check, the skirt cut barely ankle length and the severely mannish jacket topped by a white linen turn-down collar. A tiny pale blue walking hat gave color to the costume. As Miss Joliffe has reached that enviable state of slenderness where she barely casts a near-shadow she can afford to wear abbreviated skirts, but plumper persons who have adopted the fad decidedly detract from their inches.

A Daughter's Reproaches

There has not been any reconciliation between Mrs. Darling and her daughter, Mrs. Maud of Monterey. The latter is still in a very resentful frame of mind and eager to confront her mother in a court of justice. But Mrs. Darling is enjoying herself in Europe and apparently she is in no hurry to engage in a legal battle with her own daughter. Meanwhile Mrs. Maud reproaches her mother whenever the subject of their differences comes up. In her most recent criticism of Mrs. Darling she intimates that the latter has been neglecting her son, Dr. Clinton H. Catherwood, who, she says, has been at death's door in Denver, Colorado. Her sister, Mrs. Morton Grinnell, is now on her way from China en route to the bedside of her brother. Dr. Catherwood has tuberculosis, contracted while making microscopical researches.

The Interesting Shains

A friend in New York writes me that Mrs. Grace Shain, mother of Grace Fields the actress, is going to wed a young tenor in the Metropolitan Opera Company. Mrs. Shain is a daughter of the late William Channing Beals whose name is woven in the warp and woof of our early church and political history. At one time Mr. Shain was very prosperous and his family enjoyed a certain amount of social prominence. But about the time that his daughter Grace was ready to make her debut he fell into evil days and instead of taking her inherited place in society Grace Shain drifted into the Tivoli chorus under the name of Grace Fields—the late Chief Justice Fields was her great-uncle. While Grace Fields was at the Tivoli, her engagement to Ogden Hoffman, was frequently rumored but the report went a glimmering with the departure of the Shain family for New York. Shortly after their arrival there Mr. Shain died. Early in her metropolitan stage career Grace Fields married the black sheep of a prominent Philadelphia family and when she found out just how inky his wool was she divorced him. Since then she has risen many rungs on the musical comedy ladder and now plays leads. Her name has frequently been linked with that of a New York millionaire, whose wife is a leader in the Vanderbilt set. On the Mummers Highway and wherever the gossips of the Rialto gather it is whispered that the millionaire is anxiously waiting for his wife to divorce him that he may bestow a wedding ring on the dashing California actress. In the meantime her mother, who is still a handsome and remarkably young looking woman, has been playing a lead in a musical comedy of her own with the result that she is soon to marry the young tenor.

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"The Henry Dutton Fosters," writes my Hawaiian correspondent, "arrived in Honolulu on board the "Siberia." They expect to spend the autumn and probably the winter here. They are visiting Mrs. Dutton's brother-in-law and sister, Mrs. Harry Macfarlane. A number of affairs have already been arranged for them. The season promises much socially. Mrs. Carter, wife of the Governor of the Territory, has begun to do some entertaining, and it is said that in the future the Governor's mansion will be the scene of a great deal of festivity.

Miss Carrick In Berlin

By the time of our next issue we may have some news of the musical debut in Berlin of Miss Mary Carrick, a young pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt, whose playing here during the past three years awakened much interest in her career. Miss Carrick left San Francisco with her parents last April and has since been sight-seeing in Italy, France, England, Ireland and Germany. Her repertoire is a remarkable one, including the stupendous Liszt sonata, never hitherto attempted by any woman pianist. It is an odd coincidence that on the night of the Carrick Berlin recital Mansfeldt himself will be heard in recital in Eureka, and another pupil of his, the gifted young composer, Albert Elkus, gives a recital under club auspices in Fresno. Truly the Mansfeldt piano plant is prolific.

McNaught-Geary Engagement

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fletcher McNaught of Seattle, Washington, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Helen Fairfax McNaught, to Mr. Edward Hamilton Geary of this city. The wedding will take place during the winter. Miss McNaught is one of the belles of Seattle's smartest society. Mr. Geary is a grandson of John W. Geary, for whom Geary Street was named. He is assistant secretary of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company and is a member of the University and other clubs. His father is Major W. L. Geary of the Army.

Naval Notes

Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. Navy, whose marriage not long ago to Miss Katherine Dillon was a notable social event, has been granted a leave of absence for three months, during which he and Mrs. Winship will spend some time in the country motoring. Lieutenant Winship's duties at the Union Iron Works will be performed, during his absence, by Lieutenant-Commander Casey B. Morgan, at present one of the inspectors there. * * * Captain Franklin J. Drake, who returned to this port the other day as commanding officer of the "Wisconsin," was formerly ordnance officer at Mare Island. He will be ordered East when the "Wisconsin" goes out of commission to receive an extensive overhauling preparatory to her assignment to the Pacific Squadron. * * * Captain James T. Bootes, of the Marines, better known in the service as "Deacon" Bootes, whose engagement to Miss Anna Katherine Buck, of this city, was announced in these columns several months ago, had one of the most picturesque of smart military weddings. The ceremony took place at Cheefoo, China, on board the battleship "Wisconsin." Captain Bootes commanded the marine guard of the "Wisconsin." * * * The launching of the new armored cruiser "North Carolina," at Newport News, Va., a few days ago was a great social event. The fashionable contingent from Fortress Monroe, Washington and Norfolk was there in force. Among those on the christening stand was Mrs. W. G. Miller, daughter of Rear-Admiral Bowman H. McCalla. Her husband, Lieutenant-Commander W. G. Miller, has been many years on duty on the Pacific Coast. It is rumored that he will be attached to the "North Carolina" when that vessel goes into commission, although he has been seeking retirement for some years past on account of ill health brought about by service in the tropics. * * * The Lawrence Benets who arrived at Benicia barracks the other day are people of high social standing. Mr. Benet is a son of General Benet who was formerly Chief of Ordnance of the United States Army. One son is a Major in the in the Army stationed at Benicia and it is he whom the Lawrence Benets are visiting. Lawrence Benet inherited his father's aptness for the science of ordnance gunnery, and entered the service of the Hotchkiss Arms Company, taking charge, in time, of the company's Paris office. For the past twenty-five years "Larry" Benet has made his home in Paris, paying regular visits, however, to his native city, Washington, D. C. His wife is a Washington girl, nee Margaret Cox, a leading belle of the capital city. "Larry" Benet is one of the Old Guard of Washington beaux, comprising such merry blades as Gaillard Hunt, Don Rockwell, Marshal Wallack, Bob Hillyer, Charlie Poe, Roscoe Heath, Carroll Mercer and others, now well into middle age, some even dead.

Gossip From Los Angeles

My Los Angeles correspondent writes: Colonel L. J. C. Spruance, vice-president of the Jonathan Club, secretary of the citrus union and one of the most popular after-dinner speakers in Southern California, took a bride last week in the person of Mrs. Mary Baxter Kelsey, daughter of John F. Baxter, a wealthy Pittsburg banker and Nevada mining man, now residing

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A GOOD PLACE TO TALK BUSINESS
A GOOD PLACE TO SEND YOUR FRIENDS

in Pasadena. The couple succeeded in surprising their friends with the news of the wedding, which was sent by wire to dining club fellows from Coronado. Harry Blood, author of the song, "Isn't It Funny What a Difference a Few Hours Makes?", was being feted when the telegram arrived, and after a hearty chorus of the popular song Mr. Blood led his hosts in the pursuit to Coronado where they became guests at the wedding dinner. Spruance is chairman of the house committee for the Jonathans and his skill in arranging entertainments and dinners to delight the epicure is far-famed. Colonel Spruance is Lieutenant-Colonel on the Governor's staff and has long been a member of the famous Calumet club of Chicago. He is also a member of the Los Angeles Country Club, the San Gabriel Country Club, the Covina Country Club, which he organized, and the South Coast Yacht Club. He is a large stockholder in the Visalia Sugar Company. * * * *. Captain Frederick J. Cressey, pioneer and war veteran, who, less than a year ago at the age of sixty-five, hastened his fourth wedding day with the impetuosity of youth, is beset with family troubles. Captain Cressey created a mild sensation when he begged to be excused from jury duty on account of his approaching marriage to Mrs. Eleanor Daniels Hart, a wealthy woman also three times bereaved. His marriage took place after a two weeks' courtship and now comes the brother of the bride, H. M. Daniels from Indiana and his sister, Mrs. J. Baxter, to file a petition asking for the appointment of a guardian for the person and estate of Mrs. Cressey, whose husband is charged with using undue influence to secure her money and property. Captain Cressey wears three wedding rings upon one finger. On his sixty-fifth birthday he sent to his friends printed slips containing his personal history and the prominent facts of his marriage to "three loving wives who await his final home-coming."

An Amateur Opera Company

The talented amateurs of Fruitvale who gave a successful performance of "Pinafore" a year ago have organized the Aeothen Opera Company and are to appear in "The Pirates of Penzance" at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Tuesday evening, October 30. The proceeds are to be donated to a local charity. Mr. Anson S. Hilton of Fruitvale is the able leader and President of the company and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee is the Vice-President. These two talented musicians will give their time and attention to the work of promoting the artistic character of the performances of the organization. The directors are M. S. Hauser, E. C. White, Rufus H. Smith and McCollough Graydon. Among those who will participate in the opening performance are Mrs. Thomas Nunan, Miss Camille Southard, Miss Muriel Damon, Miss Elaive Dubem, Miss Lolita Randall, Sanford Bennett, McCollough Graydon, Rufus H. Smith, Frank Figone and E. C. White. The patronesses are Mrs. Oscar M. Long, Mrs. I. L. Requa, Mrs. George T. McNear, Mrs. T. L. Barker, Mrs. H. W. Bishop, Mrs. George H. Wheaton, Mrs. Edson Adams, Mrs. T. C. Coogan, Mrs. Thomas Crellin, Mrs. William Letts Oliver, Mrs. R. G. Brown, Mrs. William L. Shiels, Mrs. C. M. Sadler, Mrs. G. M. Stoef, Mrs. R. A. Wellman, Mrs. A. A. Moore, Mrs. A. L. Thompson, Miss Mollie Conners, Mrs. Roland L. Oliver, Mrs. G. B. Sanborn, Mrs. Valentine Hush, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Mrs. Robert Bain, Mrs. Frank C. Havens, Mrs. W. S. Goodfellow, Mrs. W. C. Little and Mrs. Samuel Hubbard Sr.

Referees' Sale

By Order of Murray F. Vandall, M. K. Miller and G. H. Umbsen, Referees

We will offer the Johnson Estate property, consisting of 2717 acres, near the town of Sonoma, County of Sonoma, in 16 different parcels, at

Public Auction

Saturday, Oct. 27, 1906

at 11 o'clock a. m.

Sale will be held in front of the U. S. Postoffice, Napa and First Streets East, in the Town of Sonoma. This land is suitable for diversified farming and suburban homes.

For catalogue and further particulars apply,

G. H. UMBSEN & CO.

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Stage

Irving's Son

Henry B. Irving, son of the late Henry Irving, is making an effort in New York to revive some of the plays of his illustrious father's reportory, and he seems doomed to disappoint. It has been suggested that he has to lay the spirit of Sir Henry before he can revive it. Of his performance in "The Lyon's Mail" a critic writes: "Physically the son is, if anything, more liberally endowed. His voice is clear and strong, and he speaks with a perfection of enunciation and a mastery of delicate phrasing which is beyond praise. But this is small compensation for the lack of the salient stroke of the master painter of character, for the vision and the fire of picturesque, melodramatic imagination. It was an able performance, but it lacked at once the mellower and more penetrating notes of pathos and the curdling touch of the grotesque—of horror tinged with satanic mirth. It was as the frank and warmhearted Lesurques that Mr. Irving showed to best advantage. Here he was unaffectedly simple and natively sympathetic. There were times when one forgot the seemingly inevitable comparison. But in the more trying role of the Dubosc the sense of shortcoming was persistent. The details of the various scenes were faithfully reproduced, and the actor's likeness to his father, as striking at times as it is incomplete, haunted one with the sense of memories partially revived. One was carried to the verge of conviction, but remained always unconvinced. In the scene of the robbery of the mail coach Mr. Irving was unaccountably lacking. There was little of the effect of savage brutality, and of the thrill of grotesque horror there was nothing. It seemed the work of a low comedy villain out of place. But in the final scene, in which the drunken bravo watched from his garret for the execution of his innocent double, Mr. Irving rose to considerable heights. He gloated and he danced with the glee of anticipation. He was racked by doubt, made desperate by fear and finally gave way to brutish despair. The climax, in which Lesurques appears triumphantly vindicated, he carried off with fine stage effect. This, however, was small excuse for the occasion. The play is at best melodrama, and though a capital piece of its kind it is obviously out of date. The dry bones of Charles Reade's stagecraft rattled—but not in the way to make a rattling play."

Lackaye and Lewis

A correspondent writes: "Wilton Lackaye has taken Chicago playgoers by storm in offering to them one of the most thrilling and heart pulsating dramas that has ever been produced. His new play is entitled the 'Law and the Man,' founded on Victor Hugo's greatest novel, 'Les Miserables.' The play is such an unusual combination of fine character, heart interest, dramatic effectiveness, and so splendidly acted by every member of the company that it is not strange why the Grand Opera house is crowded nightly by a fashionable audience." By the way, Lackaye has in his company an old-time San Francisco favorite, the erstwhile bewitching Jeffreys Lewis who used to play "La Belle Russe" and "Forget-Me-Not" at the old Baldwin. She was a great adventuress on the stage and a fascinating one off. She alienated the affections of Harry Mainhall, the Alcazar's leading man, years ago, and there was a terrible scandal over it. She is as great an actress as ever, but now she is playing middle-aged parts.

The de Gogorza Concerts

That great baritone, Emilio de Gogorza, who proved a sensational surprise when he came out with Emma Eames, will give a concert at Christian Science Hall Tuesday night. The programme will consist of four groups of songs. The first will include "Plaisir d'Amour" by Martini, "Joconde" by Nicolo Isouard and "Where'er You Walk," Handel. The second will include "Once I Loved a Maiden Fair," Horatio Parker; "The Complacent Lover," same composer; "When Dull Care," H. Lane Wilson, and "Off to the Front" by the Bohemian composer Korbay. The third group is German and includes Ruckauf's "Lockruf," Schumann's "Widmung" and Tschaikowsky's "Nur Wer Die Sehnsucht Kennt." The final group is "Rencontre" by Faure, "Le Chemin du Ciel," Augusta Holmes; "Suzanne," Paladhille; "A Toi," Bemeberg, and two Spanish ballads by Alvarez. Between groups three and four the great artist will sing the beautiful aria from Tschaikowsky's glorious opera "Pique Dame." The following afternoon a concert will be given at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, and de Gogorza will sing "Caro Mio Ben," Giordani; "Adieu



Emilio de Gogorza

the famous baritone, who will appear under Will Greenbaum's management at Christian Science Hall, Tuesday evening, Oct. 30, and Ye Liberty Treatre, Oakland, Wednesday matinee, Oct. 31.

Chere Louise," Monsigny; "The Pretty Creature," Storace; "The Viking's Daughter," A. Goring Thomas; "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes" (old English); "Mother O'Mine," Tours; "Lenz," Hildach, "Esblinkt der Thau," Rubinstein; "Cacille," Richard Strauss; "Le Gardeur de Chevres," Lenormand; "Malgre Moi," Pfeiffer; "Le Marriage des Roses," Caesar Franck; Spanish ballads by Alvarez and the two operatic numbers "Largi al Factotum" and the great prologue from "Pagliacci" which caused such a furor when he sang it at the Eames concert. Prices will range from $1.50 down to 50 cents. Seats for the city concert may be obtained at Sherman Clay & Co.'s new store on Van Ness Avenue, above California, and in Oakland at Ye Liberty box office. Complete programmes may be obtained at each box office.

The Wednesday "Pop" Concerts

Will Greenbaum has arranged to give a series of popular concerts at "Ye Liberty Playhouse" during the Winter. As soon as he can secure a suitable place he will also give a series in San Francisco. These concerts will be greatly varied and will include recitals, orchestral instrumental and vocal ensemble concerts. The prices will range from $1.00 down to 50 cents, including reserved seats. The first of this series will be given Wednesday, Nov. 7, and the attraction will be a piano recital by Hugo Mansfeldt who has not been heard in public for a number of years. His programme will include the ever welcome "Moonlight Sonata" of Beethoven and a "Song without Words" by our talented "Native Son" Albert Elkus. The second event will be a popular orchestral concert by an organization of picked instrumentalists under the direction of Paul Steindorff. The special feature at this concert will be the first performance in many years of the wonderful Beethoven Septette for string quartette, French horns and wood wind instruments. It is one of the greatest works of the master and is rarely heard in public.

A Delightful Resort

The jolly comedy opera "The Tar and the Tartar" replete with beautiful music and including the famous "March of All Nations" in which half a dozen national airs are kept going at the same time, each one distinctly heard yet blended in one grand burst of harmony will be the attraction at Idora for the next few weeks. This is one of the brightest, cleverest and most important musically of the many comic operas written by Americans and it is well worth a journey to Idora to hear for they certainly do put on things with remarkable skill at this popular resort. There is a splendid grill room on the roof garden of the theatre and one can spend the afternoon in the beautiful gardens and skating rink, dine as well as at the dear old "Palace Grill" and enjoy an evening of opera at a most moderate cost. The admission to the Park including a reserved seat at the opera is but 50 cents. Where else in the world can you get so much?

Orpheum Vaudeville

The Empire City Quartette, the most thoroughly entertaining singing comedians in America, will head the bill at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. The four men comprising the organization, when last here, made such a hit that they were retained for three weeks and this year their work is said to be better and brighter than ever. Sim Collins and Lew Hart, "Two Strong Men," will give a side-splitting burlesque on the usual feats of strength performed by athletes. Their work is said to be indescribably funny. Augusta Glose, the daintiest little lady who ever sat at the piano, will be accorded hearty acclaim on her reappearance in San Francisco. She has a peculiar charm and personality and has many new and original songs to offer. She has been in London since visiting here and has something novel for the delectation of music lovers. Max Millian, a young violin virtuoso who has made his mark in Europe and America, will be heard for the first time in this city. He is reputed to have a surprising technique and purity of tone and, with his sister as accompanist, gives a short but delightful concert program. The six Glinserettis, astounding gymnasts, Hanson and Nelson, expert exponents of singing and dancing, Burton and Brookes, the favorite singers and comedians, Raffayette's acrobatic dogs and Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a varied and interesting program.

Ye Liberty Playhouse

Manager Bishop's offering at "Ye Liberty Playhouse" for next week is a bright comedy called "The Prince of Liars." Irene Outtrim one of the cleverest ingenues we have ever had in local stock and a charming singer besides has been re-engaged by the management and will appear in this production. Elaborate preparations are being made for the next week's production which will be that exceptionally interesting play "The Admirable Crichton" which Bishop has secured at an enormous royalty.

Extra! Extra!
DE GOGORZA
The Great Spanish Baritone
(Late with Emma Eames.)
Mr. Paul Steindorff at the Piano.
Christian Science Hall, Tuesday Evening, October 30.
Seats at Sherman Clay & Co.'s, Van Ness near California.

Ye Liberty (Oakland), Wednesday Matinee, October 31.
Seats at Box Office of Theatre.
Prices: $1.50, $1.00 and 50 cents.
BALDWIN PIANO USED.
Wednesday, November 7, at Ye Liberty Playhouse,
HUGO MANSFELDT, PIANIST.

ORPHEUM Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Oct. 28
Matinee every day except Monday
GLORIOUS VAUDEVILLE!
EMPIRE CITY QUARTETTE; Collins and Hart; Augusta Glose; Max Millian; Hanson and Nelson; Burton and Brookes; Raffayette's Dogs; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week of the SIX GLINSERETTIS.
PRICES: 10c, 25c and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Sutter and Fillmore Streets. Phone, West 6000.
CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. to Midnight. Admission, 10c; Children, 5c.

IDORA PARK OAKLAND Direction H. W. Bishop
Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.
Commencing Monday Evening, October 29
THE TAR AND THE TARTAR
A Comedy Opera With Beautiful Music.

Ye Liberty Playhouse 14th & Broadway OAKLAND
BISHOP'S PLAYERS IN
THE PRINCE OF LIARS
Next Week: "The Admirable Crichton."

AUTOMOBILE GOSSIP

Mr. John Lee Jr. recently bought a Cadillac runabout and presented it to his wife. She operates the car easily and is one of the few women seen in the park driving a motor car.

Mr. H. L. Keats, the pioneer automobile dealer of Portland, Ore., passed through this city on his return from an extended visit of the Eastern factories. While in the East he attended the Vanderbilt Cup Races and says he believes American cars, especially the Thomas, would have made a very favorable showing had it not been for tire trouble. The Thomas car changed tires seven times during the race. Mr. Keats is agent for the Thomas and Oldsmobile for the States of Oregon and Washington.

Mr. Robert Burnett, of Oakland, made the round trip from Oakland to Salinas and return—a distance of about 240 miles—on Sunday last in his Model "S" Oldsmobile in eight hours. Mr. Burnett believes this to be record time for this trip.

Mr. F. L. Hansen and family made a trip around the bay on Sunday last in his new Winton Touring Car.

Diamond flat tread type wrapped tread tires were the equipment of Tracy's Locomobile when he made the fastest time of the Vanderbilt race and established the record of the course, 26:21, in the cup race, October 6. They equipped Le Blon's Thomas car, which headed the American team **and all the other American cars in the eliminations and final race.** It is regretted that the slippery condition of the course and momentary expectation of a downpour of rain made the use of leather non-skid tires seem advisable on Saturday. The riveted tread of these tires will not stand the strain of locking wheels at terrific speed and several changes were necessary. The leather non-skids used on foreign tires likewise gave trouble and repeated changes were made. **Tracy's wonderful record was made after he had changed back to Diamond wrapped tread tires and in this round and afterward he had no tire trouble whatever.** The whole performance of Diamond wrapped tread tires in the eliminations and in the cup race stamps their work as the greatest tire achievement of the year.

—The Autoist.

IN COMMERCIAL CIRCLES

Tait has given us something new again. Now it is "The Pompeian Garden." Mr. Tait has built a building alongside of his now famous restaurant and on the upper floor he will install a restaurant and place of amusement which he has named a Pompeian Garden. The place is most attractive and there is no doubt it will serve the pleasure loving people of San Francisco well.

Miss Marie Sweeney, who was so long in business at 121 Post Street, has opened an attractive shop at 1536 Bush Street. Although Miss Sweeney lost everything she has now as fully an attractive place as before.

The activity and resourcefulness of people engaged in business before the fire in their efforts to get re-established is phenomenal. I was through a residence on Eddy Street this week which Ed. Burns has transformed into a Hammam Bath house. He has a Hammam bath house there that is more complete in detail and construction than any ever before constructed in this city. There is every convenience and acommodation. Mr. Burns should be complimented for his enterprise.

Swain's Grill in Post Street has become the rendezvous at lunch of many of the business men and in the afternoon ladies who are shopping can always be found there. The music at dinner is a feature appreciated and the appointments and service, for which Swain's has an established reputation, are as before satisfying its patrons.

Dr. Henry Meyer, who was burned out at 731 Sutter Street, has opened offices at the corner of Post and Gough Streets.

—The Rounder.

OUT OF THE DARK.

Out of the dark Love mocks at me,
Eyes that I thought no more to see,
Voice that I thought no more to hear,
Foolish words that I once held dear,
Laughter that paid a penalty.
Even the birds croon drowsily
Hints of an ancient melody,
Bringing the song of yester-year
Out of the dark.
Vainly to Love I make my plea,
By him to cease his mimicry;
Just as the balm of sleep seems near,
Cruel as some grim shape of fear,
Deep in the night comes memory,
Out of the dark!

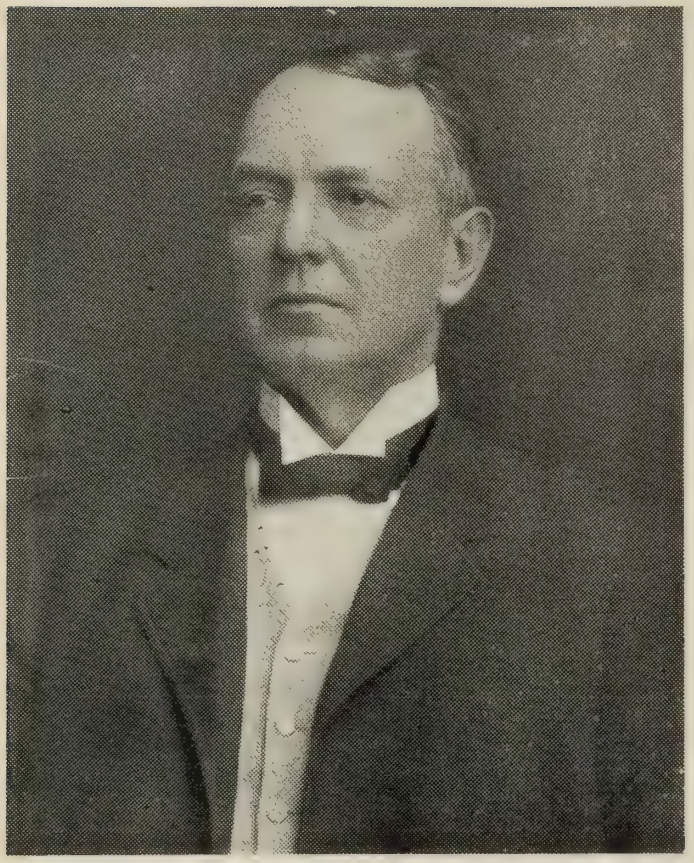
—The Forlorn.

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THE BEST PEOPLE

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JUDGE JAMES A. COOPER IS HONORED

Leading members of the Bar Association of San Francisco are playing a very important part in the present campaign. One of the most learned, best equipped in every way, and most popular judges that has ever held a position in our courts is being tremendously boomed for Presiding Justice of the District Court of Appeals by his fellow lawyers and the very remarkable thing about this is that these members of the legal fraternity, regardless of party affiliations, have unequivocally endorsed his candidacy. No man on the bench today stands in higher repute than does Judge Cooper. He is at present an Associate Justice of the District Court of Appeals for the First District, and in the position since his appointment in 1905, he has written more than five hundred opinions covering almost every phase of the law and many of these have become leading cases. During his present term of office his friends point with pride to the fact that not one of his decisions has ever been reversed by the Supreme Court. His qualifications are unusual, his integrity unquestioned, and he is just the man for the position he seeks. He will lend a fine and dignified presence, a sound judgment and all the requisites necessary.

UNPRECEDENTED

"So the judge set aside the verdict?"

"Oh sure! The prisoner was young, handsome and most becomingly gowned, and yet the jury convicted her." —**The Clerk.**

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JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., Ltd., LONDON

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Coates Plymouth Gin
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VARNEY W. GASKILL, Pacific Coast Manager
1006 Washington Street, Oakland, Cal.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

THEODORE F. BONNET, Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants.

Action No. 360.
Department No. 7.
Roland Becsey, Brewton A. Hayne, Attorneys for Plaintiff, 707 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:—

To all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants,

GREETING:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of THEODORE F. BONNET, plaintiff herein, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have, in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

First: Commencing at a point on the northeasterly line of Boardman Place, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet northwesterly from the northwesterly line of Brannan Street; running thence northwesterly and along said northeasterly line of Boardman Place twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly one hundred and seventeen (117) feet six (6) inches, thence at right angles southeasterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly one hundred and seventeen (117) feet six (6) inches to the northeasterly line of Boardman Place, and the point of commencement, being a portion of one hundred (100) Vara Lot No. One Hundred and Eighty-seven.

Second: Commencing at a point on the northerly line of "A" Street one hundred and six (106) feet eight (8) inches west of the westerly line of Twenty-third (23rd) Avenue; running thence westerly along said line of "A" Street twenty-six (26) feet eight (8) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles easterly twenty-six (26) feet eight (8) inches; and thence at right angles southerly one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement, being a portion of Outside Land Block No. Two Hundred and Sixty-one (261.)

AND YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: to obtain a judgment and decree that plaintiff is the owner and seized in fee, and is in the actual and peaceable possession of the real property hereinabove described.

WITNESS MY HAND and the Seal of said Superior Court this 22d day of October, A. D. 1906.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in the "Town Talk," a newspaper, on the 27th day of October, A. D. 1906.

ROLAND BECSEY,
BREWTON A. HAYNE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

The Gift of Tongues

By L. T.

Polonius Bruggins had reached the mature age of 78 when he first fell a victim to the fascinations of psychic research. He was a man of education and refinement, well read in the classics and could quote his Homer or his Horace ad lib., when occasion required and read his Livy or Thucydides in the original with ease and pleasure.

In relation to psychic phenomena and indeed to everything else that savored of mystery or superstition, Polonius Bruggins had always been a pronounced sceptic. And so he continued as long as his mental vigor continued unimpaired. But when increasing age and failing health began, in some degree, to cloud his facilities, he became bitten with a strange mania for dabbling in those very mysteries which, throughout his life, he had persistently ridiculed.

There were not wanting those to encourage him. An old gentleman fast sinking into his dotage, with a half million dollars at his disposal, was hardly the sort of proselyte to be otherwise than warmly welcomed by the esoteric brethern and sisters. Two of these made a particularly bold bid to get hold of him and they succeeded almost beyond their hopes.

The names of these two were Percival Hyslott, a past-master of the science, and his wife and coadjutor Mehalath, who, as a medium, was said to have no rival. They humbugged him with solemn tomfooleries in a way that threatened to deplete his fortune, for whenever they wanted money the spirits promoted Polonius Bruggins to give up.

Mehalath was a woman of no particular education. She had no languages at command except her own, the English, and a slight smattering of French and German. Yet if she got in touch with the departed spirit of any foreigner—Russian, Turk, Chinaman, Hindu or Persian; aye, or some spirit of the old-world dead, Sanskrit, Ancient Egyptian, Koptic, Phoenician or Ethiopian—her revelations under the influence of the particular spirit, were always delivered in that spirit's mother tongue.

Moreover, in order to prove conclusively to the audience at the seance that she did really speak in the language specified, it was Percival Hyslott's practice to invite now and then some recognized professor of Oriental languages to be present, one whose bona fides were above suspicion—and to call upon him to interpret the message of any Oriental spirit under whose influence Mehalath might come.

Such experiments, though frequent, and though conducted by men who were, more often than not, scoffers at spiritualism, invariably proved successful. That is to say, the interpreter was always bound to admit that the medium did speak quite correctly in the language of the spirit whose message she was inspired to convey.

It was a great puzzle to the professors. They were altogether unable to explain it by natural means. That Mehalath, when in her waking senses, knew nothing whatever of the languages in which, under spiritual influence, she frequently spoke, appeared to be true enough. Besides, even if she had learned one or two such languages, it was inconceivable that she should have been mistress of more than a dozen such, any one of which by itself was the study of a lifetime. How, then, was it to be explained? The professors shook their heads, and frankly admitted their inability to supply any solution. What wonder, then, if the ordinary, credulous person was driven to accept the explanation put forward by Hyslott—viz., that his wife really was inspired at such times by the spirits of the departed? Ay, and many not credulous, who came as sceptics to one of these seances, and witnessed one of these crucial experiments, went away believers.

Polonius Bruggins himself pinned his faith upon this particular test, and used it as an unanswerable argument to all his friends who remonstrated with him on his credulity. In fact, he told William Shakespeare Bruggins, in so many words, that when he could explain that he, Polonius, might have patience to listen to him, not before.

William Shakespeare Bruggins was nephew and heir of old Polonius. He was very much worried, for he knew that the spiritualists designed, by the aid of spirits, to get their victim to make a will in their favor.

Now, the explanation of Mehalath's power was simplicity itself.

There dwelt at that time in a disreputable district of the city, Andreas Polyponski, a Polish Jew, who had once been Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Warsaw. He was an exceedingly clever man, with a marvelous gift for languages, of which, ancient and modern, he knew some two dozen. But withal—like many another gifted man—he was vicious, dissipated, and drunken; and so he had gradually lost berth after berth, until he had finally come down to a cheap lodging where he picked up a precarious livelihood by acting as intermediary and interpreter in a shameful import traffic which I will not deign to specify.

By some means or other, Percival Hyslott had found this old man out, and, seeing what possibilities lay in him, had made overtures to him to place his linguistic attainments at Mehalath's disposal in return for certain remuneration in hard cash.

Polyponski, who had no scruples, and was prepared to do anything for a little ready money, jumped at the offer. So Mehalath would visit him at intervals, taking with her a written English version of the revelation to be made at the next seance. This Polyponski would render into the language required—Syriac, Persian, Koptic, or whatever it might be—verbatim, and repeat it slowly to Mehalath, who went on repeating it after him until she had it by heart. She had a wonderful memory, so this exercise presented no serious difficulty to her. An hour with Polyponski, and she was primed and ready. There you have in plain terms an explanation of the whole mystery.

Now, when in course of time it was planned by this designing pair, the Hyslotts, to induce Polonius Bruggins to make a will in their favor, they determined, in order to place the revelation beyond doubt, to have recourse to this crowning miracle. And, after some discussion of details, they decided that one of the monarchs of Ancient Egypt—Pharaoh Necho, in fact, as a well-known historical character—should be the spirit with whom Mehalath should find herself in touch.

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The substance of the dialogue to be enacted was drafted as follows:

"Who are you?"

"A Pharaoh of Egypt."

"Which Pharaoh?"

"Pharaoh Necho."

"Have you anything to say to me,"

"Yes, something most important."

"What is it?"

"The spirits of the departed are much troubled about Polonius Bruggins. He designs to leave his fortune to a scoffer and a sceptic. Seek the man out; tell him that, if he persists in this resolve, he will have a terrible time here when he comes to be one of us."

"Who is the sceptic of whom you speak?"

"William Shakespeare Bruggins."

"Have you any more to say to me?"

"No, not now. I have delivered the spirits' message to Polonius Bruggins."

This choice specimen of Percival Hyslott's composition was taken by Mehalath to Andreas Polyponski. The old man read it through with a knowing grin.

"Aha!" he chuckled, speaking with his quaint foreign accent. "Dish Necho—practishal old speerit hum—what? He knew—vot you English say—two or dree tings! So you vish him rendered into de pure Egyptian of de period, eh, madam? Vell, vell. I can do dat for you. I have study de hieroglyphics. Let me tink a minnit, and den I shall have de repetition lesson ready for you, madam. . . . Now den. I vill begin, and you shall say after me. Von guinee? Oh, come, madam, I tink dat de Egyptian of de period might be vorth a guinee and a 'alf," he added, in wheedling tones.

"No, no, Andreas. A bargain is a bargain. And you know that a guinea a lesson is our agreed terms," answered Mehalath, shaking her head.

"Vell, madam," he said, "since we agree for von guinee, I vill do it for von guinee. But it is cheap—dirt cheap at de figure. Have I madam's attention?"

"All right. Go ahead," replied Mehalath.

He began, rehearsing the Egyptian of the period slowly, word by word, Mehalath repeating it after him. In less than an hour she had it pat and perfect. Then she took her departure.

The seance was fixed for that evening. Percival Hyslott had done his best to arrange that some recognised Egyptologist should be present, so that he might be called upon to translate Pharaoh Necho's message, and so the genuine character thereof might be established beyond cavil.

But, failing in his endeavors, he had secured the services of a friend and fellow-spiritualist, who was to attend the seance as an independent member of the audience, and who, when the usual invitation was issued to "any lady or gentleman present who may understand this spirit's tongue to come forward and translate it for us," should declare himself an Egyptologist and volunteer his services as an interpreter.

Of course, this confederate, who did not know a word of Ancient Egyptian, had been previously supplied with the necessary key to the translation. He had also been cautioned not to offer his services too quickly, but to wait and see whether any real Egyptologist were present among the audience (as possibly there might be) and to give such an individual the opportunity of volunteering first. Percival Hyslott, indeed, hoped that this might be the case. The more independent the testimony, the better he should be pleased.

The hour of the seance arrived. Mehalath, the medium, was placed in a raised chair in the centre of the impressed and awe-struck audience—men and women of all ages, and of varying degrees of intelligence, who had each paid their guinea for admission. The room was darkened. All waited, eager and intent. Dead silence for five minutes. You might have heard a pin drop.



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Then, hark! Mehalath, the medium, begins to mutter.

"Hush!" says the voice of Hyslott, in an impressive whisper. "They come! they come! The spirits of the dead possess her. . . Ah! Who is it? . . . Say, Mehalath, what do you see?"

"I see," answered the medium, in rapt, far-away tones, "I see a man, tall and of a swarthy countenance. He wears a jeweled crown and royal robes. He speaks! He addresses me. Aha!"

She shrieked, as if in an ecstasy. Then began to speak fast and eagerly, in an unknown tongue.

"Stay, Mehalath!" says Hyslott, with a commanding air. "Stay! What language is this?"

"It is the language in which the Royal Spirit speaks to me—he is a Pharaoh of ancient Egypt. I see his name written in letters of fire on his forehead. It is Pharaoh Necho."

"Is there any one present," demanded Hyslott of the audience, "who knows the tongue of the ancient Egyptians, and will volunteer to interpret for us the message of the great Pharaoh Necho?"

Silence. No response. A long pause of suppressed excitement. Then the confederate spoke.

"I know the language of the ancient Egyptians," he said. "I will interpret."

He came forward, and stood bending over Mehalath, the medium, who in dreamy, far-off tones recited the spirit's message.

Word by word, sentence by sentence, the confederate rendered it into English.

"The spirits of the departed are much troubled about Polonius Bruggins. He designs to leave his fortune——"

But here, suddenly, some one in the audience laughed; then another; and all became confusion.

"Who are these impious scoffers," cried Hyslott, angrily, "who thus dare to make game of the solemn messages of the departed?"

Only more laughter. Then some one switched on the light, and now was revealed the venerable person of Polonius Bruggins, standing erect, his face pale with fury and humiliation, shaking his fist at Percival Hyslott.

"Impostor! Swindler! Thief!" he gasped.

Then he turned and hurried from the room.

* * * * * * *

Percival Hyslott and Mehalath found it advisable to leave London early next morning and to lose themselves for awhile in foreign parts.

So William Shakespeare Bruggins, after all, inherited his uncle Polonius's fortune, and indeed he had earned it by his astuteness in finding out the secret of Andreas Polyponski, and bribing that unscrupulous old Jew, with fifty guineas down, to prime Mehalath, the medium, not with the requisite message from Pharaoh Necho in the Egyptian of the period, but simply with the Lord's Prayer in Greek, from the Gospel according to St. Luke.

BRIDGET'S REASON.

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In "Blind Alleys," George Cary Eggleston raises the problem of how people are to help each other without doing more harm in one direction than they accomplish good in another. He discusses not only the well-worn topic of "pauperization," but other aspects of the situation, giving a concrete interest to his subject by means of a group of well diversified characters. There is Joe Blake, a writer engaged on one of the New York papers, but with an independent income from other sources. Joe is a high minded gentleman far sighted enough to see possible consequences. There is also a Miss Gerard, a rather superior species of stenographer, since she knows how to spell and what words mean. She is badly in need of employment, and circumstances are such that Blake is able to give her a trial, and finding her satisfactory, to push work in her direction. He candidly likes the girl, but if he keeps on, feels afraid that she may be justified



Mr. W. D. Hyde

Author of "Practical Idealism," "Outlines of Theology," etc. Courtesy of the Macmillan Company.

in thinking he means more than he does. Is the material help an offset to the probable mental harm? Again, Miss Gerard has a disreputable old father who drinks all he can get hold of, and who will carry out and sell or pawn anything he can get his hands on, so that she cannot be responsible for the safety of books and manuscripts left in her charge. Is it helping her to give him these opportunities? Blake has a secret in his life. When he was years younger he married a girl whom he sincerely loved. She believed herself to be a musical genius and he believed her. He gave her every opportunity to perfect herself, sending her to Paris, where she was given every encouragement as long as she was spending money, but as soon as she changed her tune and asked for engagements she was told the truth, that she had no genius at all but digital dexterity, and would only make a successful teacher of young pupils. Meanwhile she had dropped her married title and was supposed to be a young girl, and naturally enough found men falling in love with herself and not her music. As Carolyn had a little more sense than usually falls to the lot of "geniuses" and still felt some respect for her marriage vows, here was an unpleasant dilemma. In giving his wife assistance in pursuing her musical studies, did Blake do her more harm than good? Dr. Stanfield had grown up under singular conditions. He knew

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nothing whatever about his parentage. His earliest recollections were connected with an Oriental court where he played with queer colored children and spoke their tongues. Later on he found himself living in France, watched over and taught by a tutor who was most punctilliously painstaking, yet who evidently had no other incentive than strict duty. He lived in Germany, in Italy and elsewhere under the same conditions, always supported in luxury, but knowing nothing of its origin nor even whether his name was his own. Everything was done and decided for him. Was it a greater advantage to him to be saved from struggle, or was there more danger of making him dependent and unresourceful? Later on, his affairs were put entirely under his own direction. He was left to select his own college, and his own profession, given a post-graduate course, and then, apparently, abandoned. Would he sink or swim? Considering all the circumstances of Blake's married life, would it be better or worse for him to have his wife restored to him, and considering her selfish absorption and the temptations of a young and pretty woman, would she be willing to settle down to a quiet existence with a man absorbed in his work? There was a young officer recently resigned from the army, about to marry a millionaire belle. On the eve of the ceremony it was discovered that he already had a wife and child though he claimed to believe that both were dead. Of course the second marriage did not take place, but the bride to be effected the restoration of the little family. Later on the officer, having received an appointment as engineer in Egypt, adopted Mohammedanism, wives and all. Would it have been better to have left the confiding girl who married him only to be deserted once, living in peace with her child, rather than to have reunited her with her lord to have this happen, her child taken from her and she to seek death by suicide? In a word, how is one to be able to tell whether by interfering at all, one does not set in motion a train of circumstances which is no more to be headed off than a train of runaway cars? There is an original character, a Miss Imboden, a spinster of middle age who, as she herself states it, has more money than any one has a right to, and who is intent on dispensing it, not in endowing institutions and founding libraries, but in helping people, and to this end she puts herself in communication with all who have suggestions to offer, though she is wise enough not to adopt any one's theory. The discussion at one of her dinner parties reminds one of the suggestions made for the guidance of Mrs. Russell Sage, for one would have her spend everything in the cause of temperance and another in educating "the masses" and so on. Though Mr. Eggleston distinctly disclaims responsibility for any of the opinions put forth by his characters, he ought not to try to dodge the utterance of one truth, that it is not the class commonly known as the poor who live in poverty and are ready and willing to receive help who are most in need of it, but those who have a higher standard of living and too much pride to let their needs be known and who are quick to pierce the disguise in which charity offered to them is veiled; and that poverty is more a question of the proportion between income and necessity than of abstract earnings. Of course there is a love story, two in fact, to carry the threads, and one has the choice of two heroes and at least three heroines, without any sentimentalizing at all, altogether a new situation for a novel. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

—**The Bookworm.**

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In Reminiscent Strain

(Continued from Page 8.)

There are very few of the men who made the old San Francisco who lived to see its partial destruction—indeed, many of their sons have passed away, although among these latter living are "chips of the old block;" but the majority of the builders of the new San Francisco can never tell the stories of their trips around the Horn, or across the plains, or via Panama and Nicaragua, as the habitues of the old Union and Pacific clubs, respectively, on the corners of Bush and Montgomery and California and Montgomery, used to do. There are possibly hundreds still living who used to come down on the steamer "Capital" from Sacramento forty years ago, but who do not remember when the old San Francisco had a volunteer fire department and when Charlie Le Gay, Tom Maguire, James H. Cutter, Abner Barker, Henry Wetherbee, William B. Fairman, Cutter McCallister, Milton J. Latham, W. T. Garratt, Louis McLane, Tom Williams, Billy Blossom, Jimmy Gibbs, Joe Hooker, Fred. MacCrellish, Benjamin Avery, Main and Winchester, Barry and Patten, Frank Turk, John McComb, William H. Richardson, Billy Hampyaw, John Sime, Charles Cora and Lillie Hitchcock ran "wid der machine."

Few there are of the new builders who can call to mind the occasion of the parade up Montgomery Street of the first military company organized in San Francisco which had for its first captain Henry M. Naglee, with Hall McAllister and Dick Sinton as lieutenants, with Eugene L. Sullivan, Mayor Teschmacher, A. J. Ellis, Billy Tillinghast, A. G. Abell, Mrs. Bowie and Geary, Frank Turk and Hyde, Gough, O'Farrell, Folsom, Howard, Sime, and such men, as non-commissioned officers and high privates.

And how many of these new builders are there who remember when such delightful old characters as Barry and Patten, Flood and O'Brien, Billy Blossom and Jimmy Gibbs dispensed drinks, or where the Red Lion, the Mint, the Blue Wing, and other old saloons were located? Not many; nor are there many old fellows who remember the old "What Cheer" and "Miners," two of the earliest cheap restaurants started in San Francisco; or the old St. Nicholas, where such distinguished early thespians as Kate and Susan Denin, the elder Booth and Junius Brutus, a son; Miss Julia Dean, and others, often took their meals; where the minstrels Jerry Bryant, Eph Horn, Sher. Campbell, Mike Mitchell and Wambold, Backus and Birch "put up," and where Wallace composed his beautiful opera "Maritana."

In comparing the dear old San Francisco with the forthcoming, or new, I am constrained to predict that what have been known the world over as its French restaurants will not come out of the ordeal with much of the old-time flavor of the past. These famous eating-places were not only unsurpassed, except in table wares and adornments, but they had no equals when preparations of viands and rates therefor are chiefly considered. Indeed, it were impossible to obtain at any price so excellent a dinner either at Parker's or Delmonico's, Gay's or Welcker's, Voisin's or Paillard's (Paris), the Shepheard Grill in Cairo or the Cafe de Paris in Monte Carlo, as at Marchand's or the Poodle Dog for from $1.00 to $1.50. There were even cheaper restaurants on Bush, Pine, California, Clay and Washington Streets, where for nearly forty years a person could obtain a dinner consisting of soup, fish, entree, roast meat or chicken, salad, fruit, dessert and coffee, and a bottle of good red or white wine for fifty cents; and there was neither skimp nor hurry about any part of it. The same dinner in Paris or London would cost all the way from $1.50 to $3.00, and in Boston, New York, Washington or New Orleans from $2.00 to $4.00. Then there were the restaurants and markets where good substantial meals could be obtained consisting of one or more meat or fish portions, cup

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of coffee or other drink, with bread and butter, assorted pickles and condiments, ad libitum. Some of these restaurants were known the world over; especially the Poodle Dog, Marchand's and some others, whom Patti, Bernhardt, Coquelin, Arditti, Sala, Irving, Florence Forrest and hundreds of other bon vivants competent to judge declared to have been the best and altogether the most enjoyable in the world. Now, will these same kind of eating-places be revived? Never. The real old time California flavors went away with the fire that destroyed the establishments and can never be restored—and there are plenty of reasons why they cannot be: Rents, meats, vegetables and fruits are much higher than in the old times; the conditions of labor are so completely changed that in a majority of cases the employes and not the employers dictate terms; wines and liquors and canned foods are more adulterated than in the days of the honest, old California methods; the whole army of union and non-union waiters are more neglectful and more rapid in getting rid of the guest in these days of enormous "tips" than in the good old long ago when there was no mercenary celerity and no holding a man up for a tip of from twenty to twenty-five per cent in excess of the price of a meal. Besides, the old caterers are all the old customers. The methods are and will be hereafter thoroughly Eastern; the free and easy ways of the old Californian have given way to the dress-suit-case men and women of the present time; the natural has been expunged by the unnatural; the age of the automobile has obliterated that of the stage-coach; the traction car has buried the bob-tail, and all things have so changed that the good old-time San Francisco restaurants are actually things of the past.

Forty years ago nearly all the newspapers were edited, printed and published not much more than a stone's throw from the corners of Washington and Montgomery Streets; and most of them were edited, printed and published in separate buildings. The "Bulletin" occupied three different places and the "Call" the same, the publication office of the former being on the corner of Merchant and Montgomery. The editorial rooms of the "Examiner" (then an afternoon paper) were on Washington. The "Alta" had a building of its own on California Street. The "News-Letter" was published on Merchant Street, the "Dramatic Chronicle" thereabouts and the "Golden Era" and "Californian" had offices on Montgomery, near Clay. These papers were all ten cents a copy, or fifteen cents each if a quarter were tendered, as there were no five-cent pieces of any coinage in San Francisco until early in the seventies. The theatres were all not far away from the corner of Montgomery and Washington, forty years ago, Maguire's Opera House being on Washington near Montgomery, and the Metropolitan Theatre on Montgomery near Washington. There was also an Academy of Music on Pine, near Montgomery. The California Theatre was opened on Bush near Kearney in 1869. Then there shortly followed the Alhambra on Bush, near Montgomery, and the Standard opposite. The Baldwin came five or six years later.

It would be impossible to enumerate an hundredth of the very old landmarks that have been wiped out forever—and such enumeration would not greatly interest the majority of the readers of the present generation of San Franciscans. No thought have they for the old Painter and O'Meara or Main and Winchester little brick stores; what do they care about the site of the New World Market in 1851, or the spot on Leidesdorff Street where on the 17th of November, 1855, Charles Cora killed Marshal Richardson and was hung by the Vigilantes for the deed; or the old Turner block and the first Merchant's Exchange, or Slippery Duncan's "Bazar of Art?" And not many more are there who would be interested in the old building that was swept away at Fourth and Townsend Streets, which used to hold Leland Stanford and Charles Crocker, Mark Hopkins and David D. Colton, (and all their secrets) A. N. Towne and Jerome A. Fillmore, Corning

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In some respects the new San Francisco starts off unencumbered by many of the inodorous things that disgraced the city's first decade. It will rise from its ashes with none of the evils of ballot-box stuffing and editor-killing of its earlier days. The code duello, which was considered an honorable means of settling personal quarrels in the fifties, has gone into permanent disrepute and decay. As a matter of fact there were more duels fought in and around San Francisco between 1850 and 1860 than in any other city in the United States—during which the great Broderick fell; Captain Gilbert, the editor of the "Alta," was killed by General Denver; Johnson, editor of the "Examiner," killed Senator Furgeson; Little Johnnie Nugent, editor of the "Herald," was severely wounded twice; a score of other prominent men were killed or severely wounded; and Senator Guin, while firing at a California Congressman, missed his colleague but killed a donkey a hundred yards away. Another old institution, known as "Steamer Day," which came and went as regularly as the tides, though not quite often, has pretty nearly gone out of date, and the genus "Hoodlum," which came early and stayed late, and which was unlike any other vicious character on earth, had almost entirely disappeared on April 18, 1906.

There was an array of characters in San Francisco in the fifties and sixties such as no other city in the world has ever produced—not so strictly undesirable as members of the vicious class, but on the whole not a nice lot for a gentleman's club or a young ladies' social. I allude more particularly to the "Emperor Norton, the Protector of Mexico," in his grotesque uniform; the "Gutter Snipe," the unwashed, unbrushed, and unshaved creature who obtained for food what the dogs disdained along the curbs; "Robert Macaire," the lean, ragged specimen in the long frock coat buttoned up closely to the chin, and who resembled a huge perambulating grease spot from occiput to toe; "Rosy O'More," the law-breaking oracle of Telegraph Hill, who was deported by Vigilantes in 1852; "Peg Leg Smith," who died from excessive drinking in 1862; the "Great Unknown," a mysterious character who could out dress any of the beaux of San Francisco in the early sixties; the "Limekiln Man," a big, tall, shaggy human being who slept in the lime-kilns at Rincon Point for several years; "Captain Thayer," the dingy recluse of Hathaway's wharf; "Uncle Freddie Coombes," who dressed in continentals and claimed to be George Washington II., and then there were "French Joe," "Colonel Michael Pinkham," "Isaac Hill the Quaker," "Old Dundreary," and a few other harmless nuisances, all of whom a long time ago passed away.

Every once in a while I read or hear that San Francisco must be rebuilt without a Chinatown. This would be reconstruction with a vengeance and a flaw. The preacher demands that this sinful spot should be elminated from the blue-print. There is sin elsewhere—and everywhere. If the Almighty made the universe and "all there in it is," then He made all the sinners and all the sinful places. Let the preacher look to the sins of the men and women in his own flock; the inhumane usurer, the harsh landlord, the unscrupulous merchant and unprincipled real estate dealer, the white profligate and gambler, and let Chinatown, that wonderful oriental mosaic, that has attracted millions of visitors, come right along with the rest.

Now as to the length of time required for the rebuilding of San Francisco. Presumably good guessers range from three to ten years—the optimist says two years, and the pessimist twenty. But, taking Chicago, Baltimore and Port-

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land into consideration—and allowing for graft, friction of municipal functionsaries, unsatisfactory labor conditions and high prices of material—I entertain no doubt whatever that San Francisco will have fully emerged from its ruins and ashes in from four to five years and appear more beautiful and more attractive than ever before. San Francisco is as much needed in the world as Boston, New York, Baltimore, Galveston and New Orleans; and, even more than either one of the places above named, the City of the Golden Gate is without a rival. From the standpoint of commercial needs and importance, it is the best located city in the United States, and is not excelled by any port in the world in point of safety and convenience. Thus, the time will never be when there will be no San Francisco. It has probably had its LAST SERIOUS JOLT. The great compound fracture that extended from Santa Rosa to Salinas has been set. But even were this not incontrovertibly so the time will never come when San Francisco is not. Besides its superior commercial importance, its climate is more equable than that of any other city in the world—varying less than ten degrees—and its healthfulness the same. Its people are incomparably sociable, hospitable and charitable, and it is in the midst of farms and gardens and orchards that produce all the grasses and grains, fruits and vegetables known on earth. Go where one may throughout the world, "There is a glamor about San Francisco," said George Augustus Sala to me once, in a London club, "that I have experienced in no other place in the world." Henry Irving, Paul Blouety, and all extensive travelers, have said the same. And whoever has met an actor in any place in the world who has not asked about "dear old 'Frisco" so soon as he had learned that the one addressed was from the lovely city beside the Pacific sea? Why, such an honored Mecca cannot be wiped out. Indeed, had there not been a single chimney or even a brick left standing—had the whole peninsula been left a desert waste, San Francisco would have come forth again bigger, better and more glorious than before.

The Duchess of Padua

(Continued from Page 9.)

adroitly that your interest is excited by the terrible suspense, the deliberate slowness with which the action is conducted to the end and that end is never foreshadowed. Oscar Wilde's artistic sense may have failed him at times, but never, his dramatic. The play is the work of a poet who brings imagination on the stage. It is the play of a poet who is a psychologist out of the sympathy which is understanding. It was written with a consciousness of beauty and like all true works of art it proves nothing but suggests everything. The design of the poet is to contrast the operations of the male and the female mind steeped in love. First we have the man chastened by love shrinking from the thought of wreaking revenge by murder. Then the woman, daring and irresponsible in love, committing murder to indulge her unholy passion. Maddened by her lover's revulsion, by what she conceives to be his failure to appreciate the depth of her love she accuses him of the crime. He is arrested and she seeks to deny him the right to utter a word in his defense, fearing that he will deny his guilt and charge her with the crime. When the court overrules her, the accused man speaks and asserts that he killed the Duke for

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A Complicated Situation

There is much in the political situation in San Francisco today which is difficult of comprehension to the people of other communities. Their inability to appreciate our plight is not surprising, for conditions in San Francisco are unique and unprecedented. Never was there a city similarly involved. San Francisco's political misfortunes are the result of a singular combination of circumstances arising out of the domination of labor unions. These unions elected a city government which has proved corrupt, and the members of the unions constitute a large element of the community. Though they are not in sympathy with the rascals in office, they permitted themselves to become a huge machine operated by bosses in league with the crooks that control the municipal government, and are in consequence unable to assist in the redemption of the city. Not only that: they constitute a tremendous obstacle in the path of reform. Indirectly this large fraction of the populace is engaged in giving aid, comfort and courage to the forces by which the city is being throttled. And thus is the situation piteously perplexed. We are overwhelmed with confusion worse confounded and all is propitious to the vicious and malign enemies of the city. The situation is one without parallel in all the history of municipal government. Here we have public sentiment semblably divided in a matter upon which in all ages of the world it has been a unit. Unquestionably if we could have taken the sum of individual sentiment at any time in the past few months on the question, "What shall be done with the crooks in public office?" we should have found that the people were almost unanimously in favor of getting rid of them even though it should be necessary to give a score of them a little vertiginous experience at the end of a rope. But the sentiment of a large element of this community is obtainable in no way except through a few pernicious rascals who are in corrupt copartnership with the unconvicted felons in public office, and who, in their rule of the workingmen of San Francisco, are more tyranical than was ever feudal lord or Russian grand duke. And the situation is not to be rendered entirely satisfying by putting the grafters in stripes. Organized labor as well as the city is in need of redemption. While the unions remain subservient to crooked bosses they will constitute a very dangerous factor in this community. They have become most dangerous since the fire, which drove many citizens to neighboring towns, augmenting the balance of power in the hands of the tools of Boss Ruef's partners. The cosmic forces operating disastrously contributed to our political misfortunes, for as a result of the scattering of old residents, the crooked labor bosses are becoming more powerful than ever. There is nothing that we would hail with greater delight than an honest labor leader with the ability to put the political intriguants of the inner council to flight and to make the unions stand for decency as well as high wages.

The Unmasking of Bell

From the interior press we learn that the people of the whole State are taking a deep and sympathetic interest in the revolt in this city against the forces of indecency and corruption. It is quite natural that they should. Conditions in the metropolis are usually reflected throughout the State. The city is the unit of State government, and at this time is to be had a striking exemplification of the intimacy of the relationship. The political party which is striving to make Theodore Bell Governor of California has its headquarters in this city. His interests are being promoted by certain labor bosses that operate a State labor machine for their own aggrandizement. They are the political Hessians of organized labor and in this campaign they are for Theodore Bell. Unfortunately for Bell, long before joining his forces they contracted an alliance with the Schmitz-Ruef machine. And that machine demands so much of their attention in these troublous times that they cannot concentrate all their energies upon the task of advancing Mr. Bell's interests. They have to divide their political stock between Mr. Bell and Mr. Ruef. In the same breath in which they laud Mr. Bell they exhort their minions to rally to the defense of the Citadel of Graft. The situation is very discouraging to Mr. Bell and to his angel, but it throws a white light upon him which makes the brand on his back so luminous that it may be read even by scorchers in automobiles. The farmer of the remotest cowpath, even though he be susceptible to the most familiar persuasions of the gold-brick artist, should be in no need of further enlightenment as to what the election of Mr. Bell would mean to the great State of California. Up to the time that Mr. Ruef summoned his labor henchmen to his aid young Mr. Bell's dissimulation was working like a charm, but when the subsidized Hessians of organized labor strove to mingle their theatric harmonies, to blend a Bell lyric with a funereal threnody over the revolt of decency against Ruef, the attempt at melodic chiaroscuro was a fanfare of jangling discords, more offensive to the ear than syncopated ragtime screeched by a steam siren.

Exemplars of Bad Citizenship

"Some of the so-called 'good citizens,'" said Mr. Raphael Weill, in a newspaper interview, "are probably the most to blame for the present situation; 'good citizens,' who, desiring small and large favors from the city administration supported Ruef and his schemes. It was among these 'good citizens' that Ruef, Schmitz and all that gang found their greatest supporters." Quiet true, Mr. Weill. And Town Talk has, from time to time, taken pains to let this shamelessly complaisant community know some of the so-called good citizens to whom you refer. Their names have been published exclusively in this paper in connection with news of their thrifty, indecent fawning upon the wretches that have demoralized San Francisco and wrought greater havoc than earthquake or fire. We are very glad that Mr. Weill has called attention to the holders of

spurious certificates of character. We intend that they shall not be soon forgotten, nor the part they have played in the debauching of a fair city. We think they are more to be despised than the conscienceless scoundrels in public office. For most of them inherited sufficient wealth to enable them to maintain a show of that self-respect that infuses into the mind a horror of merited contempt. Their fellow citizens had a right to expect them to give evidence of the possession of that pride which is a household god of a genuinely respectable society and is usually accompanied by a sense of honor to direct its motions. But these men enrolled themselves among the enemies of this community, for while many a poor citizen who had known Schmitz and Ruef before their accession to power scorned to talk to them, these social leaders publicly cultivated their friendship, giving an example that was demoralizing and depraving.

Our Defective Charter

We have so much trouble on our hands at present that it would doubtless be vain to suggest the advisability of having another charter framed. There are other things more urgent in hand, complications from which we must extricate ourselves before devising safeguards against their repetition. But having got ourselves into trouble it is well to look about and take note of the several springs and the involved machinery of the trap that we unconsciously set for ourselves. We may now get vivid impressions, whereas if we wait until we escape from the evils by which we are beset we may find it somewhat difficult to recall their exact order and variety. However, when it is all over there will be few to deny that the organic law of the city is very much conducive to misgovernment. It has been pretty thoroughly tested both by honest and dishonest officials and we have become familiar with all its defects. It is objectionable mainly for the reason that it vests one man with more power than the ordinary mortal is capable of exercising without abusing. It would be an excellent charter in Utopia but not in San Francisco or any other American city where the grafter will avail himself of the opportunities it affords for graft and where the inclination to build up political machines is temperamental even among men who think they are pure-minded patriots.

Female Neuters

Boston, the birthplace of fads, isms and notes of alarm, is now viewing with consternation the dreadful prospect of a third sex entering the human species. It has been discovered that the character of the General Federation of Women's Clubs has undergone a great change, that the members have abandoned Shakespeare and Browning for altruism of the politico-social kind. It is believed that in the women's club movement a great social and political instrument is being created, and it is said that unless all the signs are misleading, it promises to have a most decisive effect on public affairs, and that in the achievement of this effect many women will be unsexed. The theory is advanced that a new sex will be evolved, something corresponding to the feminine neuters of ants and bees, not adapted for child-bearing, but with a marvelous and perfect instinct for social service, indispensable for the maintenance of the common life. This theory will no doubt be indignantly resented by the women in club life, postulating as it does the tendency to sexual atrophy among them. There is no justification for such a postulate. Many of the most active and zealous club women are mothers and the proportion among them of abnormal persons devoid of the sexual instinct is not greater than it is outside of club circles. However, there would be no occasion for regret if feminine neuters were endowed with "a perfect instinct for social service," for the probability is that their morals would be all right and that they would render a virtuous social service, something that is quite as important as child-bearing of which there will always be sufficient to meet the demand. According to Schopenhauer almost all the imperfections of the female nature are natural endowments that enable woman to fulfill the functions for which she was created. If so, then perhaps we may assume that the feminine neuter, having no sexual functions to perform, is more scrupulous than the normal female. But whatever the facts may be it is certain that club women are doing a great deal of good in the world, that there is more genuine patriotism among them than among men, the kind of patriotism that does not depend for excitation on martial music but that finds expression in acts of devotion to the civic welfare.

The Vanishing Male Teacher

A busy statistician is spreading abroad the result of his enumeration and comparison of the pedagogues of the United States, and "views with alarm" the decreasing percentage of males. In 1870 forty-one per cent of the teachers were men, but the figures have steadily fallen until, in 1905, they numbered but twenty-five per cent, and there is every indication that the next enumeration will show a still greater shrinkage. Of the total number of teachers, there are, in round numbers, one hundred and thirteen thousand males and three hundred and forty-one thousand females. There is even a worse side of the case to be considered than the mere comparison of numbers. Teaching is not only no longer attractive to men, but the profession does not now call to itself the brightest and best of the female minds. With the growth of "system" and formulas, the pedagogue is but a higher development of the factory operative. There is no room for originality, and no encouragement for ambition. The object of the school boards is to turn out as many pupils as possible, each of a certain standard, like the interchangeable parts of a machine, and the teacher that works variations on the pattern spoils the adapta-

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bility of the cog or wheel or nut. A generation ago it was far from infrequent that inquiries were made as to whether there were good teachers in a school or town. Now the query is respecting the system. Beginning with the kindergarten and ending with the college, the educational plant is one huge manufactory. The raw material in the shape of infants is poured in at one end of a shop and it passes from hand to hand in its course, each piece receiving precisely the same treatment, all pressed in the same mould, painted in the same colors and decorated with the same stripes, and it issues at the other end, ready to be distributed to the various markets, with scarcely a distinguishing mark. Teachers are engaged in hustling the line along, taking care that there are no stoppages en route, and making Mary Jones as much as possible like Tommy Smith in the brief while that they are under her charge. It does not take any great amount of intellect or capacity to accomplish this, and there is little, if any, chance for the rank and file of the teaching body to step off the treadmill. The theoretical qualifications for a position in a school department are such that it requires years of preparation in order to obtain a certificate, and the men and women who can afford to take normal and university courses in order to fit them for positions, if they have originality and ambition, speedily determine that there are now other occupations which will afford them a better opportunity in the world. There is nothing in the whole range of human occupation which offers less opportunity for advancement and repays less for the mental outlay than school teaching. It is more exhausting than the digging of ditches or the scraping of bricks. Driving mules and leading pigs are pleasant pastimes beside the joy of trying to induce unwilling pupils to learn according to a formula which must not be departed from by a hair's breadth. There are factories enough in operation to keep a surplus stock on the market, but the best brains will no longer be sent through the factories with that end in view. Even the best prizes are small in comparison with what other occupations have to offer, besides which they are few and more dependent on a strong pull than on personal qualifications, so that there is nothing surprising in the fact that the male teacher is a vanishing quantity and the brightest women avoid an occupation which exacts so much in the way of preliminary preparation and such an expenditure of nerve force while offering a remuneration no greater than a good clerkship.

Rearing Criminals

The case of the eleven-year-old boy of San Jose who administered carbolic acid to his mother and sister in their coffee one morning last week seems to have attracted no especial attention. Indeed similar actions on the part of children have been so common within the last ten years that there seems to be a general indifference to such manifestations of depravity. As usual, the lad is described as "handsome, well-bred, and very bright at school," and as never before having displayed any vicious tendencies, and there is a passing surprise at his sudden criminal development. There has been a deal of this criminal development in children under the present system of "encouraging individuality." Before the abandonment of the old fashioned notion that children were born to be educated out of barbarism the business of becoming a parent was not so precarious as it has become under the rule of the faddists. Children of today are pampered from their cradles, indulged, encouraged to assert themselves, taught to spell desire in capitals and to ignore duty. They are rarely placed under any sort of discipline, but their foolish parents flatter themselves that they are encouraging independence and "building character." Children that are never put under discipline, never obliged to restrain their appetites or curb their inclinations, and whose sole rule of action is "I want" are not likely to develop unselfishness or waste thought in consideration of others. They see only the obstacle to the gratification of their desires, and they waste no argument with themselves on any other aspect of the case but that of clearing the path in the speediest manner, whether it result in the destruction of life or of property. The modern child is brought up without reverence for anything in heaven or on earth. He is treated as an equal by his parents when he is not set up on a pedestal and worshiped, and he is taught if not by precept at least by example, that his teachers are tyrants to be defied or outwitted. He is a professed atheist before he dons his first long trousers. And yet he has not been trained upon the theory that an ounce of mother is worth a pound of religion. There has been too much sentimentalizing over children and their rights. The fault has not been so much in recognizing them as something more than chattels of their parents as in carrying on the discussion in their presence, printing articles in periodicals to which they have free access, and in a word, cultivating the ego of which, as Kipling says, they already have too much in their cosmos. It is a case of sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind. No one meant to train up infant murderers, suicides and incendiaries, but the process has been explained in words of one syllable, with pictures and diagrams. It is not surprising that the children have made use of their imitative faculties, the ones most highly developed, and, having steeped their minds in all the theories concerning the wickedness of restraining natural inclination and breaking proud spirits, they have fitted to their own cases the concrete example of other lawless ones who have taken their revenge and have done likewise.

The Bar and the Judiciary

The Bar Association has recommended some pretty good men to the esteem of voters, but unfortunately, owing to the notoriety of its tolerance of dishonest practitioners its solicitude for the purity of the bench is not taken seriously. To impart value to its endorsements it should cultivate a more aggressive virtue and give emphatic expression to its aversion to ways that are dark and tricks that are disreputable. But even though its influence for good is not all that it should be, we should rejoice that the Bar Association does not recommend bad judges. It is consolatory to know that decency prevails; and that we do know because the association has advised us to vote for such men as Lawlor, Graham, Coffey and Hosmer for the Superior Court, and such men as Kerrigan, Dooling and Hall for the Court of Appeals. Town Talk has no hesitation in approving the choice of the Bar Association. We earnestly hope that the gentlemen mentioned will be elected and we also hope that Judge Henshaw will be elected to the Supreme Court, for he too enjoys the confidence of the bar. He is one of the ornaments of the State's highest tribunal, a jurist whose ability is recognized in the legal profession throughout the country.

The Genius of the Mountain

(A Vision and a Sermon)

By Theodore Bonnet

Now there was a Young Man of the land of Strife, the son of Pioneer, a choice man and a goodly; and there was not among the people of the tribe a goodlier person than he. From his childhood he had been filled with deep affection for the city of his birth. And even while yet a lad he would fly into a great passion did anyone dare say aught in disparagement of the city of his love.

And as he grew to manhood the Young Man's love for his native city grew also, and, behold, in time it developed into a consuming passion.

Now it came to pass upon a day that the city of the Young Man's pride and of his love was laid waste by a great cataclysm. And the young man fell into sore distress; his heart was filled with a deep melancholy; and his mind was rent with great torture. And he put ashes on his head and mourned amid the ruins of the city of his love and of his birth.

But the physical distress of the fair city filled the Young Man with not so much of sadness as the sanctimonious utterances of the men dubbed by him Philistines of Gath and other foreign pulpits. These men spake in reproach of the fair city saying that by the perversions of its irreligious inhabitants had the anger of the Lord been kindled. These Philistines ravaged his tender feelings and much anguish came upon him. He protested that the shield of the Lord had not been cast away, but in the streets of Askelon the Philistines published the miserable tiding that the inhabitants of the Fair City had tempted beyond endurance the avenging rage of heaven; that the holy beings who guide erring mortals along the paths of virtue, affrighted at the impiety of the unanointed had resigned their charges to baseness and to ruin.

And it came to pass after this, that one night, long after the great calamity, the Young Man in whose sentimental bosom there still rankled resentment against the slanderous Philistines, passed out of the ruined city of his birth and of his love. And the city was asleep; and the solemn stillness was unfretted save by the stealthy footfalls of the thug and the reverberating snores of the watchmen on the walls.

And the Young Man was still in great sorrow; for now was the stricken city being looted by thieves, the distressed inhabitants thereof, intent upon regaining the lost prestige of their erstwhile seat of government, committed the while to the foul lust of relentless murderers. And moreover, the governing officials of the stricken city, false to their sacred trust, were indulging riotously their mad passion for dishonest gold.

And the Young Man, girt with sackcloth, lamenting the awful plight of the city of his birth and of his love, went up on to a mountain which was situate over against the horizon that was to the East. And he sat down on a rock that was on the mountain. And he bowed his head in his hands and he wept.

Now there dwelt on this mountain one who was known to be learned in the afflictions of men; wise alike to prescribe for the suffering spirit and the suffering body, a Benign Genius, who spent much time in prayer, and who through divine grace had become much versed in the ways mysterious of an Inexplicable Providence.

And as the Young Man wept, the Benign Genius hearing the mournful music of his anguish emerged from his haunt and approached the grief-stricken visitant.

And the Benign Genius bestowed on the Young Man a look of compassion. And he addressed him in a sweet voice and said to him: Why dost thou weep?

And the Young Man's frame shook with emotion. And he made answer and said: Because the city of my birth is in sore distress; and because the city of my love has been maligned.

Urged by the Benign Genius the Young Man told the dread story of the City's tragic experiences. And he spake most bitterly of the libels that had been uttered in the streets of Askelon.

Then the Benign Genius sat down by the side of the Young Man and communed with him. And he said unto him: My son, thou shouldest not doubt the evidences thou hast received and art now receiving of the retribution that hath been visited on the city of thy birth. The inhabitants of that fair city were given to evil ways. For lo, these many days, a confederacy of evil has marshalled its forces in the highways.

And the Young Man arose. He was much displeased and he spake to the Benign Genius saying: Wouldest have me believe that the Lord hath done evil even unto his own servants; that he raised up evil against his own houses, his temples of worship, made for his greater glory?

And the Benign Genius made reply and spake on this manner unto him: Even the ministers of God fall from grace and are in need of chastening. In all that stricken city not one servant of the Lord possessed the courage of his convictions. By none were the people reminded that His writing is upon the wall whether of the Indian or the porticoes of Greece. In no temple was it told that the Jews of old oft found themselves involved in retributive suffering for what even they, the anointed of the Lord, could not conceive to be serious delinquencies. Not once was it said from the altar that in all times there hath been scoffers at the great exemplifications of the connection of depravity with misery and ruin. I tell thee, my son, that there was no impertinent moralizing in the words of the

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The Advent of Winter

The Wintry days draw nigh apace, and soon the dale and wood
Maternal old Dame Nature will o'erspread with milk-white snood.
What "snood" is I don't know; it seems poetical and good.

Congealed will be pellucid brooks, and husband the songs of birds—
"Pellucid" is a corker among adjectival words—
No longer can the frondose sprouts be cropped by lowing herds.

Then masses mucilaginous will rear up by the stream,
While beavers with palmated feet in vain for weeds will steam.
I trust you'll all agree with me "palmated" is a dream.

Then those whose labial curses made an atmospheric hum
In days calorificent wish the same again would come,
That they might greet the culex with its sheathlike labium. —**The Wordslinger.**

Perspective Impressions.

A Hilbert has gone to join his brother. The newspapers appear to be on the qui vive for other social items of the same general character.

Now come a list of the early autumn's best-selling books. Read the list and you will be able to predict the fuel for the early winter's fires.

The grafters assert that Ruef's prosecution is "purely political." And Mr. Heney pleads guilty to the mild impeachment, for his object is the political rehabilitation of San Francisco.

James G. Maguire finds in Bell an ideal candidate. This is the same Maguire that was once the ideal candidate of the Gallaghers, one of whom is now the ideal Mayor of Abe Ruef. It's funny—the bedfellows that are made in politics.

Organized Labor will find that a very large emetic will be necessary to get rid of McCarthy.

In the years to come men will be judged by the company they kept in October, 1906.

A Southern paper says that crushed mint leaves bound upon the forehead will relieve headache. But the Southern gentlemen will continue to prefer the essence of the leaves taken internally in the old familiar way.

Bishop Montgomery approves the prosecution of Ruef. Now let us hear from the heads of all other churches. There is no question of dogma involved in this matter. Religion should not be hostile to the quest of truth.



"I Wish to Get in Touch With the Common People."
—McDougall, in Philadelphia "North American."

Big Battleships

By a Naval Expert

Though the Dreadnought of the British navy is in a large measure an experiment, and though we have not yet received authentic reports of what happened during her gun trials which were to have taken place some weeks ago, the news comes from Washington that the Bureau of Construction of the Navy Department is working on the plans of a big battleship which will be larger than the British monster. Yankee ingenuity is undismayed. We have more than once wasted a great deal of money in naval experiments, notably in the case of the dynamite ship which we were afraid to try during the Spanish war, but we have money to burn and we cannot afford to lag behind. The Dreadnought has a displacement of 17,900 tons, and will carry a battery of ten 12-inch guns and no other guns except some of light calibre to repel torpedo boats. The big guns of the Dreadnought will have a velocity of 2850 feet a second and a muzzle energy of 48,000 foot tons; and it is estimated that her new 12-inch gun will have double the power of a 9.2-inch gun, nearly five times the power of a 7.5-inch gun and eight times that of a 6-inch gun. At six miles every shot from the Dreadnought's guns will penetrate and demolish the thickest armor used on war vessels. It is believed that the Dreadnought will revolutionize naval construction and that she will be the model for the great navies of the world, but so far the details of her construction are a tight secret in the tight little isle. It is known that on her speed trials she exceeded twenty-one miles an hour but what has been sacrificed to enable this leviathan to achieve that speed is something of which the experts of the world are in ignorance. But the matter in which experts have been most interested is the probable effects of the firing of ten heavy guns all together. The strain that this will put upon the vessel is tremendous. The mischief is done not by the recoil, which will probably draw the Dreadnought several yards sideways through the water, but by what is known as the "blast." "Blast," despite much study, is still a somewhat obscure problem. It is complicated by back-blast and other physical issues which are best described non-technically by saying that much the same thing happens round the gun as in a thunderstorm. The explosion causes a vacuum, the air rushes in to fill the gap, and it rushes fast enough to strike a tremendous blow. At certain angles from the muzzle its force is most acute. So far things are simple: but when eight guns in a space of less than four hundred feet are firing, all sorts of side-stresses will be set up; and with guns firing past each other, the result is a problem somewhat on a par with that of the irresistible force encountering an immovable object. Under the strain of firing, vast steel beams may bend like the spokes of an umbrella. If all calculations are correct they will return to their original shape like springs; if there has been the tiniest error, they will not return and the ship will be warped out of shape and monstrous turrets will be thrown out of alignment. All this is what may be termed the risk side of the business. Then there is also the question as

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The Low Stern of the Dreadnought

The High Bow of the Dreadnought

THE BRITISH NAVY'S DREADNOUGHT

This is the ship that marks a revolution in naval construction and is the model for a battleship to be built by Uncle Sam.

Hearst Versus Hughes

(Special Correspondence from a New York Journalist.)

New York, October 28, 1906.



Hearst Caught in the Act

A great contest, the most important contest in which the electors of this State have engaged since the civil war, and one that may prove to have a distinct bearing on national affairs, is drawing to a close, with Hughes a two to one favorite over the native son of California. Personally I think the odds should be greater. Mr. Hearst has not much more strength in New York City than he had when he ran for Mayor, and that was a three cornered fight, which, if he won, as he claims, he won by a narrow margin. He stood much better before the plain people of the city then than he does now after his entangling alliance with Murphy. He will get a large proportion of that Democratic vote which would vote for a yellow dog on the Democratic ticket, but he will not get a united Democratic vote and he has alienated many thousands of sincere Socialists and other cranks who voted for him for Mayor. His great strength lies in the Ghetto, for the ignorant Jews have heard of his journalistic broadsides against the Russians and they think he is their friend. In the country towns he is the object of a great deal of curiosity. The barber talks to you about him as he lathers your face, the butcher talks to you about him as he wraps up your package of meat, every man you meet on the street car discusses him, but the prevailing query is, Do you think he's on the level? In bucolic regions Mr. Hearst is not above suspicion.



Charles E. Hughes

The campaign has been very interesting in an oratorical way. Some good things have been said on both sides. Mr. Hughes is the more logical, convincing talker, Hearst the more entertaining and diverting.

From the things that have been said one gets a good sidelight on feelings, sentiments and issues. Early in the campaign Mr. Hughes made some very good points. He showed that Hearst, notwithstanding his indiscriminate abuse of corporations, has organized in his interest what is known as a holding company. This Mr. Hughes characterized as a device familiar to all corporation attorneys. Sometimes they even organize trusts that way, he suggested. This holding company—the Star Company—was assessed last spring, but Clarence J. Shearn, its secretary, and Mr. Hearst's "corporation attorney," wrote a letter of protest to the Board of Equalization in which he declared in effect that the company's only asset was $100,000 of the stock of other corporations against which bonds had been issued. The assessment was removed.

Mr. Hughes presented a letter written by Mr. Shearn to the Board of Elections in which he stated that the "American" was published by the Star Company. Mr. Hughes called for information as to whether the first and second Star companies are identical. If they aren't he wanted to know whether the second, which publishes the "American," has paid any taxes. His obvious suggestion was that it hadn't. Picking up an editorial admission in one of the Hearst papers that a "legitimate serviceable corporation is one thing, and a predatory corporation another," Mr. Hughes fired back this retort: "Yes, and a sham corporation is another thing and a corporation which does not pay its taxes is still another thing." Mr. Hughes didn't let the Hearst corporation drop there. He took up two others and showed that when they were assessed a statement was presented by Mr. Shearn showing that their liabilities were in excess of their assets, and they, too, escaped taxation.

There has been a good many exchanges of verbal fire between the candidates and Mr. Hearst has scored pretty often. In one of his speeches he said:

"Mr. Hughes quotes Jefferson's letter to an editor advising that a newspaper should be divided into four parts, heading the first truth, the second probability, the third possibility and the fourth lies. Being a Jefferson Democrat and an editor I endeavor to conduct a Jefferson newspaper. I endeavor to adhere to the above classification and to publish as the department devoted to lies the Ananias cup contest, filled with clippings from the columns of the corporation newspapers and extracts from the speeches of the corporation candidates. The competition for the Ananias cup was begun by the New York "World" when the Independence League convention was in session in New York. The "World" made a bold bid for the cup by asserting that the delegates to the convention had received from the Independence League headquarters the money to bring them to New York and to support them in New York and to return them to their homes. It is a complete falsehood from top to bottom and from side to side. Not a single delegate received a single dollar from the League, and every delegate paid his own expenses here and his own expenses home. (Applause.) The New York "Herald" entered the contest for the Ananias cup with a self-evident lie. The "Herald" stated that I would spend a million dollars in this campaign. That is an utter falsehood. I guarantee not to contribute more funds to my own campaign, in which I am personally interested, than I did to the campaigns of Grover Cleveland and William Jennings Bryan, in which I was merely interested as a Democrat. The New York "Herald" having secured the lead has been unwilling to abandon it and yesterday issued the most complete falsehood of the campaign. The "Herald" states that I employed Chinese labor on a ranch that I own in Palermo, California. I have never employed

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The Spectator

The Abuse of Spreckels

It is very much to be regretted that certain gentlemen should see fit at this time to attempt to assuage public indignation against Abe Ruef by inciting public prejudice aaginst Rudolph Spreckels. Mr. Ruef is in no danger of being railroaded to the penitentiary. He will get a square deal. The law throws more safeguards around the defendant than around the community. In addition to the safeguards of the law Mr. Ruef has with him much of the machinery of the government. Epictetus tells us that if we applied ourselves as heartily to our proper business as the old politicians at Rome to their schemes we too might accomplish something. Mr. Ruef has applied himself to his schemes after the manner of the old politicians of Rome, we to our proper business with not the same assiduity, and therefore it would be difficult enough for us to accomplish the business in hand even though Mayor Schmitz's mentor received aid and comfort from none but the birds of his own feather. It is bad enough to have labor unions beguiled into sympathy with him, but worse to inject into the contest an element that for its own sake should be eager to keep out. There are still some springs for the exploding of indignation and prejudice that have not yet been touched, and it were folly to invite the pressing of them. What was once a spasm of disturbance threatens to become a serious convulsion. It is somewhat illogical to indulge in personal abuse of Rudolph Spreckels for the purpose of urging protest against the prosecution of Abe Ruef. But even though it were not it should be remembered that the emotions of the gaspiped community have been aroused, and therefore that the people are not in a mood to be driven into sympathy for the accused at the point of a fallacy. I do not know whether Mr. Spreckels is deserving of opprobrium, but if he is his present conduct will atone for a great deal. However, some men are irresistibly inclined to damn themselves to immortal fame as did Bavius and Maevius by provoking a sneer from Virgil and a snub from Horace.

Heney's Programme

At this writing (Tuesday) I am in ignorance of the character of the grand jury that will be asked to indict Abe Ruef. I do not know whether sufficient evidence to convict will be deemed by the grand jury sufficient to indict, nevertheless I am quite sure that after the cornered boss shall have exhausted all the innumerable technicalities invented by an ingenious profession, he will be brought before the bar of justice. Though Mr. Heney may have to face a grand jury of Missourian sceptics he will not falter. He cannot be deprived of the privilege of calling witnesses, subjecting them to the ordeal of a cross-examination and equipping himself with sworn testimony to be used in court. And when he begins that cross-examination it will be found that Mr. Ruef had very good cause to plunge into a state of panic when he learned of Heney's appointment by District Attorney Langdon.

The Evidence

There has been a good deal of guessing as to whether Heney and Burns had obtained possession of damaging evidence. It is doubted by some that have been made skeptical by the dailies. For the dailies have been kept very much in the dark and what they have published has been largely of a speculative nature. It is a significant fact, however that when Abe Ruef swore to a complaint charging Mr. Crothers of the Bulletin with libel he did not base that charge on any of the allegations made against him respecting his past performances. He swore that he had been libeled in an article charging him with expecting rumuneration for putting through the water deal now pending. The Bulletin has been more specific in its accusations than any other newspaper. The fact is that the Bulletin, having been on the trail of Schmitz and Ruef for some years, has become identified in a measure with the present prosecution and should be possessed of considerable knowledge respecting the nature of the evidence now in hand. But the Bulletin has given no hints of the evidence, for the reason, perhaps, that it is more concerned for the success of the prosecution than for the scooping of its contemporaries.

Some Wild Statements

The newspapers have intimated that certain Supervisors had agreed to give evidence for the prosecution and that it would be proved by direct testimony that there had been bribery in connection with the trolley and telephone franchises. They have mentioned a case of extortion and have told of a theatrical manager who had been forced to contribute to the treasury of graft, but they have yet to tell the true story of Detective Burns' researches and of what he found. They have told some things that were not true; for example, the visit of Ruef to the home of William F. Herrin on the morning of which the Hebrew boss was apprised of Heney's appointment. Ruef did not make that visit and Mr. Herrin denies having seen Ruef since Heney's appointment or having held converse with him over a phone or in any other way. This is an emphatic, positive denial, and I am sure that testimony to the contrary cannot be produced.

The Smartness of Him

There is really no need of misrepresentation at this time. In the long run the truth will be found most effective. Besides Mr. Ruef may be relied upon to keep public sentiment at its apogee. His appointment of



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himself to the district attorneyship was only a commonplace sample of his ability to provoke public disgust and incite public rage. His projected organization of tax-eaters into a defensive graft association for the defiance of public sentiment is eloquent of his inability to apprehend the rashness of his own desperate impulses. Yet he is spoken of on the street as a very shrewd man and a man of ability. The notion of his shrewdness is so ridiculously absurd that it might fairly be dismissed without serious notice but for the fact that it has been received with much favor in some high quarters. He himself has never neglected an opportunity to give currency to the notion. He is a man of inordinate conceit. He boasts that he made fifty thousand dollars a year in his profession before he became a boss. Yet it is notorious that he never raised himself above mediocrity as a practitioner. How did he manage to make his profession more profitable than John Garber has found it? He was never anything but a shyster, depending for success on his pull as a ward politician. Ruef without a political pull could never attain to the position which Heney has reached in his profession, and yet he threw out his chest in court the other day and sneered at Heney's methods, saying: "Do you suppose I'd spend months in landing a man if I went after him?" This from the man under whose nose poor, degenerate Jack Chretien looted an estate. Either that or the negative of it and in either case very little glory is to be extracted by Ruef. Mr. Ruef's shrewdness, in my opinion, is hollow and unsubstantial and requires the bolstering of an unreasoning, ignorant public acclaim. And by applying himself earnestly to the winning of that acclaim he finds that he is too famous. Confusion from the same source has seized other great figures in history. Being unaware of the perils of an embarrassment of glory and fearing that his schemes were to be unveiled, Ruef felt that he must perforce try to keep pace with the quickened sensibilities of his worshippers of the push and turned the small trick of appointing himself to investigate himself and awoke to find himself convicted before the bar of public opinion. If he were a brilliant lawyer that trick would not have been turned. But a brilliant lawyer would not have tried, on becoming the boss of a great city, to run a bank, a peanut stand and an old-clothes shop in one office.

A Big Building Project

Though Mr. James D. Phelan denied, the other day, that he was about to begin the construction of a steel building on his lot at the O'Farrell and Market Street gore, it is nevertheless true that the preliminaries of the project are now occupying his attention. But the preliminaries in this instance are not incident to the designs of an architect. The fact is, I am told, that Mr. Phelan has entered into a very powerful capitalistic combination for the purpose of carrying on the work of reconstruction on a very large scale, a larger one perhaps than was ever before attempted in this or any other country. As at present outlined it is to be a twenty-five million dollar affair, and the principal designs in view are to escape the thralldom of the labor trust, the over-charges of the middle-man in the handling of material and the commissions of the contractor in the work of construction. All the members of this powerful combination are wealthy men who have land to improve, most of them having been owners of large down-town office buildings that were destroyed by fire. Their project is one which may prove to be a solution of the industrial problem that has affected the city ever since the fire. The company will bring all the necessary labor to town and will make provision for the housing of its mechanics. The result will in all probability be the establishment of the open-shop in this city, a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Loeb Swats the Doctors

The X-ray came up for discussion at Berkeley the other day, while the world-famous biologist, Professor Jacques Loeb, was diffusing scientific information in his class of medical students. And the Professor waxed wroth as he spoke of the empirics of medicine in San Francisco, the doctors of little learning, who are engaged in trifling with that dangerous thing, the X-ray, in a criminal fashion. He says that it is being used to stay the ravages of cancer, whereas nobody knows definitely what it may lead to. But it is known that it has produced cancer. Doctors that apply it to their patients are using human beings in the same way that rabbits are used by vivisectionists, and these malpractitioners should be sent to jail. Professor Loeb called them murderers. He also severely censured those doctors that employ radium in their practice, saying that they know very little about its effects on the human body. He related that some years ago, in Germany, physicians discovered a medicine that was very effective in the cure of influenza. They cured many sufferers, but presently the persons that had been dosed with drugs began dropping dead from heart disease, and then it was discovered that the influenza specific was a good thing to physic rodents with.

Frick's Federal Court Debut

Abraham Lincoln Frick of Oakland came across the bay into the big city last week and tried his first case in the Federal Courts. He defended Charles J. Harrington, who embezzled $1,600 from the Oakland postoffice, in which he was a clerk. Frick lost the case, which was a hopeless one; but he attracted a good deal of attention and gave the San Francisco lawyers some points on how to conduct a trial. Frick looks like a



The two telegraph companies,

POSTAL and **WESTERN UNION,** have joined hands with us—This is the first branch they have established in Seattle, notwithstanding flattering offers from other hotels. Our central location, the fire proof construction and management all tend to success—all that means business to them. The arduous duties of a business man requires transmission by wire—quick forwarding and response—we have all the world affords in this line.

"Just a reminder—building composed of steel, concrete and marble"—with John McDermott as manager.

farmer—also like the great Abe, for whom he was named. He is not cast in so big a mold, but there are many suggestions of the great emancipator in his face, especially when he gets into action. To those who had never heard him before he revealed himself a clear, forcible speaker, with a rugged eloquence that is very convincing. He has a way of wagging one hand high above his head and standing silent for a minute while apparently trying to think of a word—but every one listens for the word. Sometimes he is very slow in his delivery, with long pauses between the words; but his attitude holds his listeners. Judge de Haven paid strict attention to every word of his speech. In fact, Frick seemed to make a great impression on his Honor, who has heard so much lawyer-made eloquence that he usually pays little attention to it. Frick won de Haven's heart by the expedition with which he conducted his side of the case. The Judge is impatient of the dilly-dally methods of most lawyers. Frick bothers little with objections and is remarkably quick on cross-examinations. In short, he eliminates useless delays. He has fewer tricks than most of the legal lights.

The Ways of Counsel

Shortridge, for instance, nearly always, on cross-examination, repeats after the witness the answer the latter has just given him—which is to no purpose unless the answer is an important one. Peter Dunne has another way of emphasizing important answers. When anything in favor of his client drops from a witness's lips he will affect not to hear and say to the court stenographer, "Mr. Reporter, will you please read that answer?" Bert Schlessinger has a whole box full of tricks. His favorite method of indicating that in his opinion things are going his way is to smile and nod his head at his associate. He is particularly fond of this when the court is instructing the jury. Words of wisdom will fall from his Honor's lips, and Schlessinger will nod and beam. Often when the instructions are against him he will try by this method to indicate that they are in his favor. He was doing this one day while a Government attorney was examining a witness. It exasperated the other Government attorney, who called out to his associate: "Please stand back here and ask your questions. Mr. Schlessinger is trying to make faces at the jury, and you are right in his way."

The Collins Method

George D. Collins—who was let out of jail on Saturday long enough to make a speech of several hours' length in the Circuit Court in support of a petition for a writ of habeas corpus, is probably the greatest objector in town. He has been known to object at a witness being asked his name; and before Judge de Haven once, out of sheer force of habit, he objected to a ruling that was in his favor. One of Collins' methods of discrediting a witness under cross-examination is to say "Yes" with a rising inflection, and with a world of sneering doubt in his nasal tone. United States Attorney Devlin likes to irritate opposing counsel by interruptions at vital moments. One day when Shortridge grew eloquent while discussing an objection Devlin remarked, "This is not the place for a speech. Mr. Shortridge should save his fireworks for his address to the jury." "I am not letting off fireworks," said Shortridge hotly; "besides, I don't suggest them, as you do." Devlin's face turned as red as his hair. To return to Frick: Harrington's brother repaid the amount that had been embezzled. "It was a shame;" said Frick, "that should have been saved for counsel fees."



RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF LA MERCED

This Was One of the Buildings That Were Utterly Destroyed By the Valparaiso Shake.

Delmas May Defend Thaw

Be not surprised if, when Harry Thaw is brought to trial for the White murder, he has for his leading attorney not one of the many members of the New York bar that have been bidding for a slice of the Thaw fortune but a distinguished representative of the legal profession of California in the person of D. M. Delmas. The hint that Mr. Delmas will be the man chosen to conduct Thaw's defense comes to me in a private letter from New York, where he has spent most of his time since the fire. He went to New York with his associate, H. C. McPike, and it is understood in the Californian colony of the metropolis that they are preparing to open offices there. It is said that Tom McCaleb is the man that persuaded Thaw to hire Delmas, which is quite likely in view of the fact that McCaleb is not only an intimate friend of Thaw but also a very ardent admirer of Delmas. McCaleb has pronounced Delmas the most eloquent man in America. If Delmas should become identified with the defense it would be a very happy introduction for him into legal practice in the new field. It would be hard to find a man more capable of handling this particular case, for Delmas is not only a great strategist but also a great spellbinder with a fine facility in the stirring of emotions. There is great breadth to his mode of handling a case. He manipulates with ease and precision vast masses of fact and makes them contribute with unerring skill to the production of a single effect. The largeness of his manner, the certainty of his handling and the magic of his eloquence place him at once among the really great lawyers of the country. But aside from his legal ability Delmas could probably be of great assistance to Thaw on account of his relations with Mr. Hearst, whom he placed in nomination in the St. Louis convention. The Hearst newspapers would probably devote much space to the exploitation of Delmas if he became the attorney for the defense.

A Boom In Stock Jobbing

If mining manipulation is any indication that shrewd operators believe that there is a surfeit of loose change around San Francisco waiting for "the wise ones" to pick up there must be barrels of it in the easy-going pockets of the men working among the ruins. Old-time brokers who couldn't pay office rent a year ago are now said to be making from one hundred to three hundred dollars a day out of their commissions. So great is the rush to their ranks to get in on this good thing before it peters out that the value of seats in the board has jumped to five thousand dollars since the fire. Less than twenty months ago they went begging for a few hundred dollars. Hungry outsiders are determined to cut in and a rival exchange has just been organized. Their action has aroused the bitterest kind of feeling, as the old board is a solid phalanx to prevent the approach of any outsider to the "jug of cream," as it is called. What promises to be a lively fight for its possession is in the air. Down low there is a rumor that the Nestors of the old board believe it would be a wise move to take in the most energetic and influential

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leaders of the new board at reduced rates and thereby break the backbone of the new movement. Mindful, however, that the more a jug of cream is divided the fewer the portions, the most conservative members among the old board strenuously object to this move. "Defend the jug; we need the cash," is their slogan. And so another fight to capture all the money in sight is interjected into the efforts to raise San Francisco from the ruins.

Her Passion For Notoriety

An Oakland friend of Elizabeth Magie, the young lady who recently boosted herself to the very apex of yellow journalism by advertising herself for sale to the highest bidder, tells me she is a character that will make every effort in the near future to cap that freaky feat. She is of a twin nature with Mary McLane and is voracious for publicity. All her life she has been doing "queer things" designed to attract public attention. Some three years ago she resigned as stenographer from the Dead Letter Office in Washington in a sensational way because "she could not be a party to the Government's manner of doing business." Her father is dead; her mother and brother still live in Washington. She was ever the close companion of her father and he used to say of her, "Mary is bound to fly, but she hasn't got the wings." Her parents never could tell just what she was going to do next. After she left school at the age of thirteen they were obliged to let her have her own way. At that early age she had begun to write, somewhat in the strain of Mary McLane and her school. Some of her skits attracted wide attention in the locality where she lived. Then, as now, some of her critics said, "she's crazy; but what a little wizard she is to advertise herself." Her parents let her have her own way because they regarded her as a genius.

Manuscript Awaiting a Market

For several years Miss Magie was the secretary of the Woman's Single Tax Club of Washington. She diffused very advanced ideas among them, and numbered Henry George Jr. among her friends. But with all her eccentricities she took great care of her reputation and saved her money. Even while still what might be termed a mere girl she saved enough from her earnings to buy a beautiful home of several acres at Brentwood and there she lived with an old colored man and woman servant. All her life she has been writing till she has accumulated stacks and stacks of manuscripts which only await a publisher.

No Change In Currents

The tidal wave theory to account for the grounding of three large transpacific steamers within a short time of one another has failed utterly of support on investigation. The theory was invented as a defense for bad navigation, or at least careless navigation. The "Sheridan" ran aground from the breaking down of her machinery when close to land in a region where currents run swiftly. The "Mongolia" and the "Manchuria" ran ashore through imprudence. The currents existing today in the North Pacific ocean are not remarkable. They are quite well known to good navigators. At times they vary somewhat in both strength and direction, but these variations have not been any more marked this year than heretofore. It stands to reason that any change in the ocean bed which would give rise to such changes in the ocean currents as the defenders of the unlucky navigators claim would have wrought such tremendous havoc in other directions that there would have been no doubt about its occurrence.

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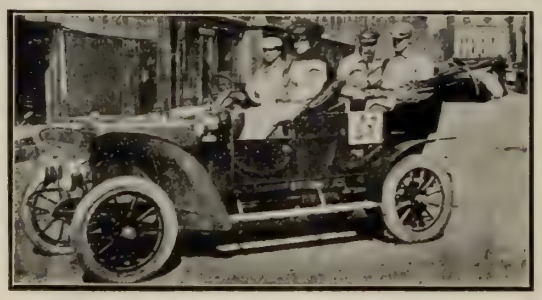
A number of prominent citizens of West Oakland, which district includes among its residents some very substantial people from business, professional and social standpoints despite the too prevalent idea that it is a neighborhood of tin cans and billy goats, have formed an organization to oust the garbage crematory from their midst. The newly perfected organization, which is called the West Oakland Protective Association, has among its members J. L. de Fremery, the millionaire importer; Horace Miller, of the well-known and wealthy family of bankers, and Colonel John P. Irish, naval officer of the Port of San Francisco under three presidents and two parties and a man of large means whose habit of going without a necktie is due to a whim and not from a sense of economy.

The Fragrance of It

The garbage trust would not now be the object of a most spirited attack had it lived up to its promises and burned the refuse of Oakland in a crematory. But for the past five months it has been spreading the garbage over the land adjoining its dismantled plant at Wood and Twenty-second Streets. The piles of refuse have been set on fire and, covering several acres as they do, have given off great clouds of nauseating fumes. There are smells for each hour of the day, I am told by the connoisseurs of the Protective Association. There is the smell that pervades the atmosphere of West Oakland at breakfast time. It insidiously persuades the resident of that section that his poached eggs were laid months ago. There is the odor that arrives early in the afternoon and has caused many an unsuspecting society woman at a West Oakland luncheon to handle her knife and fork most perfunctorily and wonder why the hostess could not have been more careful in her selection of shrimps for salad. Again there is the rich oleaginous smell that creeps through the window interstices at dinner time and reasons effectively with the diners not to eat the roast beef or the broiled bass. But the campaign of the West Oakland Protective Association is being waged so vigorously and with such assurances of success at the present time that the garbage trust will undoubtedly be compelled to abate the nuisance and the residents of West Oakland will soon be able to discuss their meals in peace.

A Genius For "Collecting"

Some forty young men of Alameda have been made acquainted with a new game that is not likely to become popular. They were introduced to it by Ernest Porter, one of the prominent young men of the town, and now they are wondering if the knowledge obtained was worth the price. Porter, as did many others, lost personal effects in the earthquake. In his possession was a very fine collection of steins, the pride of his heart. They made a beautiful shelf decoration. They were all there on April 17—likewise on April 18; but on the latter date they formed a scrambled mess of fragments that to Porter was heartbreaking. Now to merely go out and buy forty or more steins all in a bunch and have them brought home in a crate affords no joy to a collector. They must be gathered one by one, as circumstances dictate—must be souvenirs, else they are worthless. The collection had occupied a long time, for souvenir occasions are not of daily occurrence. Porter wanted a collection at once, and at last he evolved a plan that would not only immediately replenish his stock but fulfil the other desired ends. He sent out invitations to a number of men friends, telling them



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that he was to give a stein party. Exactly what the party was to be he did not disclose, the only point he was explicit on being that each guest was to bring with him a stein, to be left behind when he went home. It was successful beyond Porter's dreams. Forty came, and each brought a stein. Porter filled them, and provided other entertainment; and when his guests went home he had a beautiful souvenir collection, many of the mugs being worth several dollars each. Some of the guests have talked it over with each other since, and have wondered—well, they have just wondered. Some of them have intimated to close friends that it was their intention to take very small, cheap steins as a joke on the host. But each thought he would be the only one to do so, and that his contribution would make him appear stingy. On account of this timidity, there is not a flaw in Porter's collection. And he will not need to do any more collecting until another shake-up comes along.

Brawn As Well As Brain

Every week every editor in town—and for all I know every editor in the State—is supplied with a weekly official bulletin from the department of publicity connected with the faculty of our great institution of learning across the bay. These bulletins are breezy documents filled with information of interest in reference to the great university. This information is not dry-as-dust. It does not indicate that in the academic groves where taste and philosophy are majestically enthroned, where is nursed the infant genius of the people, the learned professors are spending all their time in developing a generation of Aristotles, Newtons, Raphaels and Shakespeares. It is not the intellect only that is developed in Berkeley, but the muscle too, and therefore the weekly bulletins convey information of the muscular doings. For example, this week's bulletin deals with football.

The Important News

Thus the bulletin: "The University of California is glad to announce that the game of Rugby football is still succeeding almost beyond expectations. The 'Varsity fifteen is finding it possible to arrange contests with a good many other teams. Two games were played last week; one with Pomona College, the other with the All-stars team, an aggregation of players in the immediate vicinity. On Wednesday the 'Varsity played Vancouver in a game fraught with interest and excitement from start to finish. The absence of injuries was a marked feature of the game. Despite the fact that the Vancouver men were clad in light suits with no padding, none of them were injured. In fact the only time taken out during the contest was for a California player who lost his wind in a scrimmage. California won the victory only by playing her level best. A second contest scheduled for Saturday afternoon with Vancouver is anticipated with very great interest." It is very interesting to learn that the science of Rugby is finding favor among the young men of Berkeley, and that philosophy and literature are not having a monopoly of attention. The distinguished truth-searchers are entitled to congratulation on their successful demonstration of the possibility of playing in unpadded suits without jeopardizing limbs. And surely the fact is worthy of special mention that even in Rugby as in the more strenuous game a player may still enjoy the ineffable felicity of losing his wind in a scrimmage.

Generous Critics

In these days of over-production in the magazine field when so much money is spent in inveigling readers by fulsome, self-laudatory advertisements, it is refreshing to come across testimony of appreciation of the kind

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to which I am indebted to my esteemed contemporary, the sprightly Meddler of the Oakland "Tribune": "Town Talk has been winning golden compliments among Eastern critics, one of whom classed it as the ablest weekly on the Pacific Coast." That is far more than the editor of Town Talk himself would have the immodesty to say, and yet it is not as much as has been said. One foreign daily has pronounced Town Talk the best weekly paper in America, and Mr. J. Stapleton Cowley-Brown, the distinguished Chicago essayist, has given expression in print to the same judgment. This testimony is cited because of the belief that many of Town Talk's amiable and partial readers will be pleased to receive confirmation of their own opinion. At the same time it would be idle to disclaim being sensible of the virtue of tooting one's own horn. I believe that you can make people believe anything that you toot through it providing you toot it long enough.

The Truth About Funston

So much romance has been set afloat in connection with the deeds of General Funston that it is not surprising that reaction should have set in and resulting in the kind of misrepresentation that does not glorify. Those that have the pleasure of the General's intimate acquaintance know that he has pretended to nothing beyond that which he really did, and that like the heroes of San Juan Hill who were not there he has been the victim of a maudlin uproar by sensational fiction mongers who took advantage of the hysteria of the Spanish war period. In has lately been asserted that he was persona non grata to the Cubans on account of his desertion of them in their trouble with Spain. The truth is that he went to Cuba as a newspaper correspondent with a kodak under his arm and while there exhibited a courage that won the admiration of the natives who insisted on making him a captain of a phantasmal artillery. But he soon saw that the Cubans were not engaged in conventional warfare and he made up his mind to return to the United States. He applied to Maximo Gomez for an honorable discharge about the time that a small squad of Spanish prisoners were brutally butchered by the heroes and Gomez withheld his permission because he did not want the news of the butchery to reach this country, where it might conflict with the noble and resounding poetry then issuing daily from the luxurious offices of the Junta in the Raleigh Hotel at Washington. Soon afterward Funston presented himself to the nearest Spanish officer in authority and was eventually permitted to sail for Key West.

Disappointed Their Friends

When Mrs. Pauline Somps announced her engagement to John Tonningsen the French colony smacked its lips in expectation of a wedding that would be a seven days' delight. But Mrs. Somps and Mr. Tonningsen disappointed their friends by marrying so quietly that you could not hear Hymen's footfall outside the church door. Mrs. Somps was in Europe at the time of the quake and hastened back to personally attend to the large estate which her first husband left her. The Somps's have always been counted among the very wealthy French residents in San Francisco. Mr. Somps came here in the days of gold but instead of digging for the yellow he bought a large tract of land in the Mission and raised vegetables—and the miners swore by the can opener that every onion was worth a nugget. The Somps' fortune thus seasoned with herbs

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and other savories of the garden grew apace. Mrs. Somps is a very charming woman and her marriage to capitalist Tonningsen causes but one regret—her friends will see nothing of her for the next few years, for the Tonningsens intend to tour the world.

The Awakening of Mills

I am glad to report that D. O. Mills has changed his mind. He wired his agent last week to begin at once the work of repairing and refitting the Mills Building. Fully a year will elapse before the building is ready for occupancy, for it is the intention of Mr. Mills to have it remodeled. Some weeks ago it was reported that the multi-millionaire had resolved not to have his building reconstructed until the labor trust relaxed its grip on the city, but at that time he had no adequate notion of the greatness of the demand for office space. There were many other men like Mr. Mills, in ignorance of the growth of business since the fire, and now that they realize that San Francisco has already resumed its proud position as the commercial centre of the Pacific Coast they are eager to get some of the business with which the old town is teeming. New building contracts are now being made in large numbers every day, and it is estimated that contracts aggregating over thirty million dollars have been signed. Those pessimists that a few months ago were predicting that San Francisco would not be rebuilt within ten years are no longer to be heard. Even the most conservative prophets are now of the opinion that very few of the city's scars will be visible at the end of five years.

Our Rich Ruins

The "Journal of Progress," published by the Passenger Department of the Southern Pacific Company and sent only to the principal newspapers, magazines and railway offices in the country, is a very newsy little sheet. It contains a great deal of information obtainable from no other source. From it I learn that a movement is on foot to establish smelters in this State to handle the steel taken from the ruins. It is said that the ruins are richer than any known mine. At first the steel was shipped East but now it is going to local smelters, by whom it is being melted and recast for new beams. It is said that the cost of structural steel will be greatly reduced when the new smelters are established.

Dr. L. D. Mead, who has been seriously ill at Byron Hot Springs for several weeks, left Wednesday for a long vacation. He will go to Santa Barbara for a few weeks and from there will go to Tahiti. Mrs. Mead accompanies the Doctor, and they expect to be absent from Byron several months.

The Berkeley University Orchestra of sixty-five musicians will give its fourteenth symphony concert in the Greek Theatre next Thursday afternoon at 3:30.

Next Sunday afternoon an oratorio will be given at Christ Church in Alameda. Mr. Nat. Landsberger will be concert master.

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Progress of An American Heiress

A correspondent writes me from London: "There is an elderly woman in London's very highest, smartest society who has just been made a lady at the gracious hands of King Edward. This, no doubt, sounds somewhat curious to American ears, and needs some explanation. Perhaps if I say that lady in her case should be spelled with a big L it will expedite matters considerably. Now, here are the facts. I imagine there are many Americans left who remember Mrs. Paran Stevens of New York and her daughter Minnie. They were great swells among Ward McAllister's 'Four Hundred" away back in the sixties. They were very rich and the girl was ticketed as an heiress at the time. She wasn't a bad looking young woman. She was tall, fairly graceful, with commonplace features, and a muddy complexion. But having money(or the promise of it when she found a husband to suit her, made her beautiful. The dot she would have (so it was said) ran to seven figures, and with it, rumor said, she meant to buy herself a title."

She Married a Captain

"Her mother was quoted as saying that no one under a duke was worthy of "Minnie," but "Minnie's" ambition, it was said, would be satisfied if she obtained a lord as she wanted to be a Lady. It may be remembered by old San Franciscans that in the seventies the Stevenses crossed the continent with a large party of upper crust New Yorkers and a sprinkling of English noblemen one of whom was Lord Walter Campbell, son of the Duke of Argyll, for whom there was a good deal of angling. A little later the Stevenses came over to England and were taken up by Albert Edward, who was then Prince of Wales. He has long been a patron of adventuresome Americans. It was assumed that the Stevenses were in a title-hunt, for that is supposed to be the diversion that engages all American heiresses that go to England. Presently it was reported that Minnie's million dot had captivated the young Duke of Montrose. But it was said that his mother, known as the Red Duchess, wouldn't hear of it. And as she was Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria she was too many guns for the Prince of Wales. But a little later the Prince arranged a match with his pal Captain Paget of the Scots Guards and according to the amiable tittle-tattle of the London clubs he assured Mrs. Stevens that the captain would have a title some day, being in direct line of succession to the Anglesey marquisate. Which was quite a joke because the Captain was about twenty-seventh in the order of succession and stood about as much chance of becoming Marquis Anglesey as he did of succeeding to the throne of Russia. However Captain Paget was very handsome and Minnie liked him and old Paran Stevens, the New York hotel keeper, who was a good American with a prejudice against titles, handed his daughter the million dot."

And Now She's a Lady

This was away back in 1878, and many children have been the fruit of the union, to most of whom the Prince of Wales has stood godfather. For twenty-eight years has patient Minnie bided her time as plain Mrs. Paget. It is true her husband has become a General, having distinguished himself in the Boar war. That is to say if any English general can be said to have distinguished himself in that grotesque campaign, where the great Lord Kitchener's ablest exploit consisted in a lucky escape from capture by an ambush! The succession to the Anglesey marquisate seemed to get farther off instead of nearer, and poor Minnie, now with whitening hair, began to see what the blossoming of the aloe meant, when last week the King came to the conclusion that she had waited about long enough and made her husband a knight. And so Minnie Stevens is a "Lady" at last. No wonder people say that King Edward delights in doing noble actions. All he needs is the opportunity.



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By Tantalus

The Social News Drought

The society editors of the daily papers find news so flat these days that they have resource to a "tournure." To be sure the "tournure" was originally created to produce an exaggerated outward curve for lovely woman but the society bavardes pad their copy both front and back, and plump it in the middle with repetition. How many times this summer were we told that "Mr. and Mrs. Jim Follis are erecting a pretty residence in that delightful suburb San Rafael." And of late society news is bolstered out with the oft-repeated assertion that "to the regret of their large circle of friends the Tom Eastlands are going to spend the winter on Atlantic shores." As the Eastlands really intend to be gone only a few weeks it seems rather remarkable that so much mistaken ink should be splashed around their departure.

A New Social Writer

Apropos of society editors I am told by a friend of that estimable woman, Mrs. Alexander, that that popular and charming lady has taken up the pen once held by the late Mrs. Salisbury. Mrs. Alexander is a sister of Mrs. Mountford Wilson. It was her home which some Chesterfield christened the "Chaperonage." A more vulgar imagination might have labeled it a boarding house, for Mrs. Alexander had a number of girls living with her, among them Helen Boss, Olga Atherton and several other homeless society girls. Last year Mrs. Alexander chaperoned some girls to Europe. She is in the social "know" and the society column which she edits ought to ring true. Moreover, she is a woman of culture and is able to write something worth reading.

News From Miss Kline

Alice Kline has written to Mrs. Will Taylor that she will spend the year in Tours. Miss Kline is a musician who has always been a pet of the smart set. She was made much of by the Hopkins sisters and was a great favorite of Mrs. Easton. Miss Kline was driving with Templeton Crocker at the time that the mishap occurred which nearly made him a cripple for life. She went to Europe with valuable letters of introduction and found an open sesame to the Duchess Dauley's graces, under whose protection she is now living in Tours.

I hear that Mrs. Gus Spreckels has a new protegee in the person of a talented young English girl. For several years Lily Lawlor basked in the generous presence of Mrs. Spreckels, privileged to enjoy all the arts and elegancies of continental life. Miss Lawlor's voice could not be built into grand opera timbre but she does pretty parlor tricks with it and Mrs. Spreckels had her warble at all her smart crushes. For a year or more the fascinating Lily has not been living with Mrs. Spreckels but has had a studio in New York. Her studio teas are said to be quite as smart as any in New York, for Miss Lawlor knows how to surround herself with worth-whiles.

The Belle of the Fete

The fete given at the Menlo Park home of the E. W. Hopkins for the benefit of the rectory for the Episcopal Church proved two things: that generous spenders still stalk the fashionable byways and that Mary Keeney is the prettiest girl at the last ditch of school girlhood. She returned from a finishing school in the East just in time to attend the fete and Mrs. Fred McNear, who is wise in the ways of mandom, had the fresh young beauty sell raffle tickets for a .22 rifle. Of course the men stampeded in her quarter and she sold tickets galore. It is not yet decided whether Miss Keeney shall make her formal debut here this winter. The chances are that she will wait until next year, when her chum, "Flossie" Hopkins, will make her bow to the smart set. Florence Hopkins is still in school in New York. Her cousin Marion Zeile also went on last week for a polishing year in Gotham. It is just possible that Mary Keeney will be presented to New York instead of San Francisco society this winter. She was the belle of the dance which Hermann Oelrichs Jr. gave last year to the youngsters of the smart set. Mrs. Peter Martin's sister Blanche is one of the few New York Misses with as much claim to puchritude.

Where Beauty Is Rare

It is amazing what a paucity of beauty New York style covers. While out here there are beauties galore who perhaps lack the sartorial finish of the Gotham product in the matter of unadorned looks there isn't even the core of that Paris apple left for New York. Birdie Fair was considered a paragon of beauty when she went on to New York and as Mrs. W. K. Vander-



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bilt she still gets press notices as the beauty among the young matrons. She would be counted out in the first round here. There are so many more beautiful women to outclass her.

Mrs. Dean Is Pearl-Hunting

I hear that Mrs. Walter Dean Sr. is spending much of her time abroad hunting pearls to replace the magnificent collection which she lost in the fire. Although Mrs. Dean rarely wears any jewelry she has the collector's love of gems and owned some of the finest in California. It was always a poignant regret with her that she did not secure the now almost priceless Lola Montez ruby which Haggin bought for a beggarly price when that famous actress' effects were sold out here. The ruby, which is one of the finest stones known to the world, was not recognized for its worth until Haggins purchased it and had its history and value brought to light.

Miss Judy's Farewell

Baroness von Meyerinck gave a delightful musicale last Friday afternoon at her new home in Larkspur. About twenty-five invited guests enjoyed a fine program of Italian, French, German and English songs delightfully rendered by Miss Virginia Judy, this being the farewell appearance of this popular singer, prior to her departure for Shanghai, where she goes to take charge of the branch of the von Meyerinck School of Music. Miss Judy sailed last Saturday on the "Doric."

The Sesnon Concert

Oakland music lovers are looking forward with glad expectation to the ballad concert to be given by Father Sesnon at the Macdonough Theatre for the benefit of St. Mary's Church. The programme has not yet been announced, but from the quality of the talent that is known to have been obtained the artistic success of the performance is a foregone conclusion. Among the artists to participate is one whose performance will be a very pleasing surprise. I refer to Mr. Alphonse Sutter, a pianist of the highest rank who seldom appears in public. His artistry won the enthusiastic praise of Paderewski and the great virtuoso urged him to take to the concert stage. Mr. Sutter, by the way, is the only living grandson of General Sutter.

Naval Notes

While Captain F. J. Drake was on his way back to his old friends in this city on board the battleship "Wisconsin," which he commands, Mrs. Drake, so well known both at Mare Island and in this city, was proceeding on the steamship "Minnesota" from Asia to Bremerton, Washington, where the "Wisconsin" is to be overhauled. Mrs. Drake is visiting Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Burwell at the Puget Sound naval station. She paid a short visit to San Francisco after the "Wisconsin's" arrival here. * * * * Major Joseph H. Pendleton of the Marines, who has spent most of his time of recent years on duty on the Pacific Coast, from Sitka to San Francisco, has been ordered to command the marine garrison at the Puget Sound naval station. He and Mrs. Pendleton, who was the daughter of the late Professor W. W. Fay, are now enjoying a vacation and will establish themselves at the Puget Sound station early in November. * * * There is much gratification at the Cosmos Club and elsewhere in this city over the return of Lieutenant

1907
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J. C. Burnett, U. S. Navy, (retired) who has for years been a resident of San Francisco, having been for a long time in charge of both the local naval recruiting depot and of the Branch Hydrographic Office in the Merchants' Exchange. During his absence the Branch Hydrographic Office has been in charge of Nautical Expert J. T. McMillan, formerly a Lieutenant in the Navy.

The Promenade Concert given last Sunday afternoon by the Outdoor Art League of the California Club at the City of Paris Tea Gardens was a very enjoyable affair and a most gratifying success artistically and socially.

AUTOMOBILE GOSSIP

The automobile races held Friday on the track at Santa Rosa demonstrated the fact that motor-car races will attract a great deal of attention, not only among those who have cars, but people who don't know anything about an automobile. Although the races for the autos did not take place until dark, most of the spectators agreed that the contests between the gasoline wagons were more exciting and interesting than the events in which spirited horses took part.

The Pioneer Automobile Company's demonstrating model "A" Oldsmobile has arrived and is on exhibition in their salesroom, No. 901 Golden Gate Avenue, where it is attracting a great deal of attention.

The city of Oakland will have a combination police and ambulance automobile. The Fire and Police Commissioners, at their meeting this week, awarded the contract for this machine to the Middleton Motor Car Company of San Francisco. It will be a Columbia electric, and built specially for the service.

The Hovey-Boushey Company expects that their demonstrating cars will arrive in a few days. They have left the factory in the East and are on their way by express.

The Franklin Garage is now open and is working up a splendid trade. The managers are well known in the automobile business and have one of the best garages in the city. They know what an owner wants and are giving the service.

Probably the highest price given this season for a secondhand car was paid to J. H. Baxter for his 1906 Thomas "Flyer" by A. D. Nash of Tonopah. The mining man had to have a car immediately, his 1907 Thomas not being due until December—and $3,800, the price paid by him, was what induced Mr. Baxter to part with his handsome machine.

—The Autoist.

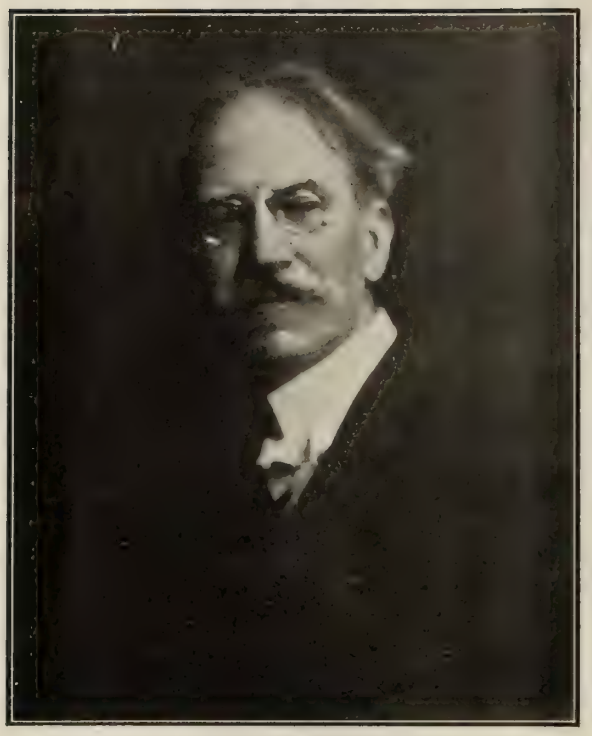
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Stage



Genthe, Photo

HUGO MANSFELDT

The premier American pianist who has been persuaded to return to the concert stage and who will make his appearance under Will Greenbaum's management next week.

Guilbert and Chevalier

Yvette Guilbert and Alfred Chevalier, who are perhaps the two most distinguished and the highest priced vaudeville stars in the world, are soon to make their appearance in this city. They were in Chicago last week and this is what W. L. Hubbard writes of them: "Finer, truer art has not been offered in Chicago—or anywhere else in the world, so far as that is concerned. For that which each of these two gifted people places before their patrons is as faultless in its way as is the greatest that any singer, instrumentalist, orchestra, or actor achieves, no matter who or where the performer or body of performers may be. It is perfection of its kind, and it is the quality, not the size, of an artistic achievement that determines its value. Both Mme. Guilbert and Mr. Chevalier are workers in miniature, but both are masters. Their respective fields of work seem at first glance diametrically opposite, but this difference exists more in externals than in the essence of the artistic offering itself. Mme. Guilbert devotes herself to the singing of songs of the Pompadour, the 'crinoline,' and the early English periods, and for these she attires herself in beautiful costumes of those times. She is to the eye a veritable delight—dainty as a bit of Dresden china, exquisite as a figure by Watteau. Mr. Chevalier lends his art to the singing and reciting of songs and poems written largely in the idiom of the London cockney, or in the vernacular of the slums. He appears dressed in costumes ragged and soiled—those which suit the people he impersonates. He presents no figure of beauty or of grace. Realistic better describes the externals of his performance. And yet diametrically opposed though the work of Mme. Guilbert and Mr. Chevalier may seem to be, the inner character of their art offerings is largely the same. Both the songs the gifted Frenchwoman sings and the songs and poems the Englishman gives are the expression of the folk of the countries and ages in which they originated. Both have the simplicity, the directness, the truth which are the basis of all folk lore, either sung or spoken, and which give that lore its enduring value. It matters not whether Mme. Guilbert be singing the beautiful 'Bells of Nantes' or Mr. Chevalier be giving his pathetic 'My Old Dutch' each is voicing the sentiments and feelings of the people. One people is French, the other British,



Habenicht, Photo

FRANCES D'ARCY

The Charming Soprano, Who Will be Heard at the Orpheum Next Week.

but both are the same at bottom, for both have the sympathies and the emotions that are common to all humanity. And as the offerings of these two talented artists are closely allied, so are their art methods. Neither of them possesses a singing voice that is in any way exceptional so far as volume or quality is concerned. In fact both have small voices, but so perfect is their control of them that more is accomplished with them than countless far more richly endowed vocalists can achieve with their larger, fuller organs. Mme. Guilbert's voice is remarkably clear, sweet, and light. And the absolute purity of intonation makes listening to her a constant joy. No matter how she may color the tone for the sake of dramatic expression, it remains ever true in pitch and there never is left the slightest doubt in the hearer's mind as to what tone she is singing or what is the contour of the musical phrase. She is a truly artistic vocalist as well as a marvelous interpreter. As for her interpretation it is impersonation in a certain degree in that gesture, facial expression, and movement are employed. And every gesture and movement is grace itself, and every change in facial expression is as eloquent as it is exact. But the spirit that is behind all this gesturing, expression, and movement is what makes the woman an artist truly great. She sees the picture that the song contains, she possesses not only intelligence but imagination and fantasy in exceptional degree, and she has mastered so completely the technics of her art that every thought, every fancy which possesses her is made unmistakably and beautifully clear to the onlooker. It is not necessary to understand French in order to know what she is singing about. All that are required are eyes and a heart. Twelve numbers were given yesterday afternoon by this inimitable artist, and they were twelve short periods of complete enjoyment and delight. To particularize were unnecessary. Each was perfection in its way, and to contact them was to be refreshed, uplifted, and gladdened as one ever is by the coming into the presence of art that is simple and true. Mr. Chevalier is not a whit less marvelous in his work than is Mme. Guilbert. Nine selections he contributed to the afternoon, and only the most unqualified praise and admiration can be accorded him for all he did. His London cockney is like life itself, and his Frenchman, his old soldier, his broken down actor, or his old workhouse man is not a bit less real and true. The heart reaching pathos that he can put into just a word or a single phrase proves him a master of all the art of the spoken voice, and his wonderful makeup, his accuracy in pose and his eloquence in gesture show him an actor of the highest quality. He uses no scenery and no stage properties, and yet the whole picture is clear and distinct the moment he begins. He fires the imagination of the spectator, and then guides it unerringly and firmly whither he will. His is the art complete—small in its manifestations, but flawless in quality."



etta Jewel Frank Bacon A. Burt Wesner

Who Will be Seen in the Comedy Drama "Out of the Fold" at the Colonial Theatre Next Week.

Hugo Mansfeldt's Recital in Oakland

The first of the regular series of Wednesday afternoon "Popular" concerts at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, under the management of Will Greenbaum, will be given this coming Wednesday, November 7, and the attraction will be Hugo Mansfeldt, the well-known piano virtuoso. The seats are now on sale and mail orders accompanied by check or money order will be carefully attended to. The prices of seats are 50 cents, 75 cents and $1.00, including reservation and general admission will be 50 cents.

Here is the excellent, varied and interesting programme: Wolfgang A. Mozart, Sonata, A major; Ludwig van Beethoven, Sonata, C sharp minor (Moonlight Sonata); Franz Schubert, Minuett, B minor; Robert Schumann, Romance, F sharp, Aufschwung, Warum?, Scherzo, F minor, Nocturne, F major; Carl von Weber, Perpetual Motion; Frederic Chopin, Berceuse, Nocturne, F sharp, Funeral March, Waltz, A flat; Albert I. Elkus, Song Without Words; Franz Liszt, La Campanella (the little bell); Wagner-Liszt, Romanza (Tannhauser); Mendelssohn-Liszt, Wedding March and Fairy Dance, (Midsummer Night's Dream).

The second of the "Pop" concerts will be an orchestral and chamber music one and the program will be decidedly novel. Paul Steindorff will be the permanent director of the orchestra, which will probably result in the formation of a permanent organization. The program will be divided into two parts, the first serious and the second "in lighter vein." The important work at this concert will be the Beethoven Septette for string quartette, French horns and clarinet. This work is one of the finest and most beautiful of the great master's. Greenbaum's idea of mingling the classic with the popular is an excellent one, for many who would not go to a straight chamber music concert will be attracted to one like this.

Idora Park

The brilliant comic opera, "The Tar and the Tartar," is attracting large audiences to the cosy opera house at Idora Park and will continue to do so for some time. The company is excellent, Ferris Hartman excelling

himself as the "Tar" and the chorus and orchestra making a decided hit in the remarkably clever "March of All Nations." The next opera to be produced will be a distinct novelty. It is "Don Caesar de Bazan" by Dellinger, and has never been heard here. The story is the same as that of the famous play of that name and somewhat similar to "Maritana." In Dellinger's work the soldier of fortune is the baritone and Arthur Cunningham should make a glorious "Don Caesar."

"The Young Girl and the Stage"

Ethel Barrymore contributes to the forthcoming "Harper's Bazar" her opinion concerning "The Young Girl and the Stage." The whole aim of the article is, as the writer says, "to show two things which I firmly believe—first, that out of the thousands of girls who desire to become actresses not ten have any chance of success or happiness upon the stage; and second, that the women who belong to it may be improved by it instead of the reverse. To live all over the world, to see all sorts of people, to be most intimately associated with a class famous for brilliancy of mind and kindness of heart—even to learn little things such as how to enter a room, how to offer a cup of tea, how to dress, how to talk, how to smile—all this must make for improvement in a woman who has any native material susceptible to improvement." Miss Barrymore, herself of the third generation of actors, does not believe that heredity plays any part in a girl's chance of success. The son of a bricklayer, the daughter of a seamstress, are just as likely to be born with dramatic talent as the child of theatrical ancestry, who will be continually compared with distinguished relatives, and generally to disadvantage of the new aspirant for honor.

Grauman's Skating Pavilion

Skating is no longer a craze. It is a passion that is not to be abated. And with the approach of winter the people by whom it is indulged are increasing rapidly. To them it will be a delight to learn that San Francisco is to have the finest skating surface in the country. This will be in Grauman's skating pavilion, corner of Page and Fillmore, which is to be opened this Saturday. It is pronounced by experts the largest and handsomest amusement pavilion in America. The opening concert will be given by the Donatelli Italian Band of fifty pieces, an organization composed of excellent musicians whose performances should appeal to music lovers. It is safe to predict that Grauman's will immediately become a very popular resort.

Ye Liberty Playhouse

Bishop's players will appear during the coming week in that charming and novel play by J. M. Barrie, "The Admirable Crichton." Manager Bishop has spared no pains or expenses to make this the finest production he has ever presented at his Oakland playhouse, and it will be cast in a most satisfactory manner, a number of new people being specially engaged. Landers Stevens, one of the most talented of young actors, will assume the title role. After this play "What Happened to Jones" will be produced.

At the Colonial Theatre

The popularity of the clever stock company at the Colonial Theatre continues to be evidenced by large and appreciative audiences. The programme this week is Du Souchet's very funny and clever farce, "My Friend From India," which is admirably staged and acted and furnishes a fine evening's amusement. Frank Bacon carries off the principal honors as the barber, Augustus Keene Shaver. He completely effaces the memory of a long line of predecessors in this very exacting role. Bacon is an exquisitely droll comedian, one of the most entertaining we have seen in a long

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BISHOP'S PLAYERS IN J. M. BARRIE'S MASTERPIECE
THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON
Reserved Seats 50c and 25c.
Next, "What Happened to Jones."

Extra: Next Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, First "Popular" Concert.

HUGO MANSFELDT
PIANIST
Prices: $1.00, 75c, 50c. General admission, 50 cents.
Second concert, Wednesday afternoon, November 14. Grand Orchestra and first performance of Beethoven Septette.
PAUL STEINDORFF, Director.

ORPHEUM Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Nov. 4
Matinee every day except Monday
A VAUDEVILLE SWEEP!
VASCO; Mlle. Alexandra and Mons. Bertie; Wilson Brothers; Frances D'Arcy; Collins and Hart; Augusta Glose; Max Millian; Orpheum Motion Pictures and the
EMPIRE CITY QUARTETTE.
Election returns will be announced from the stage Tuesday evening.
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Secure your seats now for the opening concert by
THE DONATELLI ITALIAN BAND
OF FIFTY PIECES
Seats on sale at box office, corner Page and Fillmore.
THE FINEST SKATING SURFACE ON EARTH.

time. He could successfully invade the vaudeville ranks and score a tremendous hit as a monologist. His support is excellent. A. Burt Wesner is particularly happy as the Kansas millionaire, Erastus Underholt, and the character of his son Charlie is played by Wilfred Rogers with a fine rollick which is both appropriate and effective. Tom Valentine has a very good impersonator in Harry Pollard and Orral Humphreys is in his element as the Rev. James Tweedle. Izetta Jewel is very satisfying as Marian Hayste. She is an actress of exceptional talent and great personal attractions. She gowns handsomely and in perfect taste and there are moments in her comedy scenes when she suggests the Ada Rehan of many years ago. Bessie Bacon is simply delightful as the unsophisticated German servant girl Tilly and great Rudos is the just due of Jane Jeffery, whose splendid impersonation of Mrs. Arabella Beckman-Street contributes considerably to the success of the performance. May Farley and Edna McClure find favor in their respective roles of Bernice and Gertie Underholt. "My Friend From India" will be played for the last time Sunday night, and there will be matinees of it Saturday and Sunday. Next week the comedy drama "Out of the Fold" will be presented for the first time in this city. The production will be a splendid one and the cast will include Frank Bacon and the entire Colonial company.

Some Novelties at the Orpheum

Vasco, known all over the world as "The Mad Musician," will make his first appearance in America at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. He comes from London, via Australia. During the course of his act he plays on twenty-seven musical instruments. In addition to being able to keep his audience amused he reveals himself as a very capable, serious musician. Mlle. Alexandra and Mons. Bertie, novel and refined French aerialists, will also make their first bow in this country. They give a beautifully graceful but perilous act, entitled "After the Ball," in which they display some startling costumes. The Wilson brothers, German fun manufacturers, promise fifteen minutes of unbounded hilarity. They designate their turn "In a Padded Cell." Frances D'Arcy, a soprano, will be heard in San Francisco for the first time, but her engagement is limited to one week. She is possessed of a splendid stage presence and a highly cultivated and sympathetic voice and her selections will be operatic and popular in character. The members of Empire City Quartette have again completely captured the community with their drolleries and splendid singing, and they promise a complete change of entertainment. Augusta Glose will vary her delightful musical monologue. Max Millian, the talented young violinist, will be heard in new selections and Collins and Hart, the immensely amusing "strong men," and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a programme that should prove interesting with people of every political complexion. Election returns will be announced from the stage Tuesday evening. The one place for a delightful outing in the city is the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located. Amustment devices of every conceivable kind are there to be found and the Zoo is full of rare and well-kept animals.

"In the Bishop's Carriage" Coming

"In the Bishop's Carriage," a Liebler production, will be the first two-dollar attraction to visit this city since the fire. It will begin a week's season at the Colonial Theatre Sunday night, November 25. It is a dramatization by Channing Pollock of Miriam Michelson's famous novel and has proved an immense success in the East. The cast is headed by Jessie Busley, for several years a prominent and popular member of Charles Frohman's forces. Among those associated with her are Byron Douglas, James Keane, Sam Reed, Malcolm Bradley, Harry Ford, Rose Eytinge, Mary Faber, Kate Jepson and Lavonia Shannon. Had it not been for Mr. Bacon, "In the Bishop's Carriage" would have had to pass San Francisco, but he is an old friend of George Welty, general manager for Liebler & Co., and at his request he agreed to give up the Colonial Theatre to him for a week, during which the Colonial Stock Company will visit San Jose, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Salinas and Watsonville.

EPIGRAMS FROM "RULERS OF KINGS"

When Death lays his iron hand on a mortal's power of love his virtues rise and set upon his corpse. That is the secret of the superstition which makes us think kindly of the dead.

The secret of the failure of the reformers of the United States is that they have the ideals and the political bosses have the sense.

—The Gleaner.

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IN COMMERCIAL CIRCLES

O'Hara & Livermore, who so long were at 356 Sutter Street, and whose shop is a pleasant remembrance to people devoted to the beautiful in applied arts, have again opened for business at 1611 Franklin Street. They have an artistic salesroom and a commodious work shop. Their Pasadena stock was very complete, so they supplied the new store from that and really make a very creditable showing.

Wolfe & Hawley have put on sale this week a really fresh importation of Forsythe silk waists and lingerie waists. Wolfe & Hawley do not have sales often, and this one is certainly a bona fide one.

—The Rounder.



The Spirit of the Century.
—Drawn by Ryan Walker expressly for "The Arena."

AT BYRON HOT SPRINGS

The automobile arrivals at Byron Hot Springs for the past week are as follows: J. W. Phillips, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Lewis and Mrs. C. Stacy, arrived in a Rambler. Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Still arrived in a Ford. Robert Chapman and Miss H. Chapman arrived in an Autocar. Among the other arrivals are: From San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Flint, Wm. Gi elman, Dr. M. Silverberg; from Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright, Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Still; from Martinez, Sheriff R. R. Veale; from Point Richmond, Dr. C. L. Abbott.

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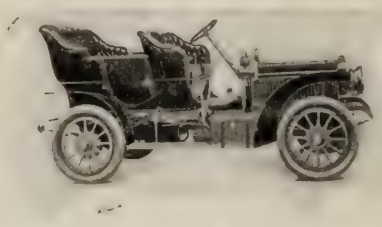
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In Old Monterey

By Major Ben C. Truman

Hotel del Monte, Oct. 21, 1906.

If there is a single place in the world that is beyond the need of praise or panegyric that place is Del Monte. I had the honor and delight, just twenty-seven years ago, of christening it, in a book that I prepared for its use, the "Queen of American Watering Places," and if I were overexuberant concerning its irresistible charms at its earliest day the unrivaled progress of the place along the lines of beauty and attractiveness and wide-spread celebrity emphasize the fact that its coronation title has not been unworthily bestowed; for today Del Monte is regarded all over the world as the most beautiful public resort in existence, when climatic delights, equability of temperature, magnificence of grounds, accessibility of woods and sea, and excellence of management and acceptableness of rates are considered. During the past twenty-seven years I have written many hundreds of descriptions of this incomparable spot, where oak and pine come nobly together; where all the flowers known bloom and exhale fragrance every day in the year; where the cavatinas of song-birds come mellifluously all the sunshiny hours, and where the aroma of woods and fields are blended with the spices of far-off Cathay. So, for once, partly on this account and party because Del Monte is a jeweled household thought, I will curb my inclination to again delineate its fascinating enticements, although I could fairly go into ecstacies in just depicting the entrancements that have been aimed at since I was last here a year ago. And, yet, the grasses and herbs seem greener and more sparkling, the festooned oaks and pines nobler and more venerable, the flowers and flowering plants prettier and more redolent of delicious odors; and the hotel, that has been especially written of and otherwise praised on account of its extreme neatness and cleanliness, even sweeter and freer from a suspicious speck than ever before. I will just add, however, that I have visited in a good many lands and been in the company of a good many noted travelers since Arthur Brown completed the original hotel in one hundred days and rotund old Charlie Crocker and stout Mrs. More led off in the first cotillion on that opening night in June, 1880; and I have always heard the beauties of Del Monte sung of in the highest key. And included among its most enthusiastic admirers have been President Hayes, General Sherman, Geo. Alfred Townsend, Andy Curtin, "Paul Blouet," Patti, Geo. Augustus Sala, Henry Irving, Charles Dana, Samuel Medill, "Josh Billings," General McClellan, Amos Cummings, Pullitzer, the Marquis of Queensberry and hundreds of others.

I walked over into and around Monterey the other day for the first time in twelve years, and was surprised at the transformation; for the old place had continued its somnolence many years after San Diego, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles had got important moves on themselves. Why, there are really excellent hotels there now and at least a hundred odd wooden residences; and there are dealers in "eastern additions" and "hillside lots," and a number of people have been operated on for appendicitis and run over by automobiles. To be sure, there is a traction street car line in the old town, and there are at least two banks; there is a Woman's Exchange and a Young Men's Christian Association; there are several macadamized streets and seven or eight miles of stone sidewalks; and there are people's stores and emporiums, and at least a score of barrooms and cigar stores and slot machines innumerable. But there still remains an adobe flavor and a reminiscence of the days when Stoneman essayed "Hamlet," Armistead "Laertes" and Burton "Polonious," while the inimitable Derby played the "ghost" and entered the stage on an army mule wrong-end-foremost. There are numbers of really pretty bazars now where there were only two variety stores thirty years ago in which anything from a ham or an anchor to a jewsharp or a shoestring could be purchased, on credit or for cash, and wool, hides, fuel, fish, whale oil or abalone shells accepted as payment. Now there are candy and shoe shops and clothing and dry goods stores that would attract attention in any town. There are several meat markets whose muttons and sides of beef would put to shame many such in cold storage in other towns in northern and southern counties. There are also three weekly papers and one daily. And, yet, there is an undeniable flavor of the old Monterey, when every habitation was an adobe, and every man, woman and child a Catholic; when there were no railways nor telegraphs and only a steamer from San Francisco once a month. The old pueblo is being Americanized and modernized. Yes, but the sweet Mexican monosyllables are heard on every hand, and the odors of antiscorbutic esculents betray the preparation of salsar, enchiladas, chili con carne, and the like.

The two places form an exquisite ensemble—Del Monte, with its delectable atmosphere, where the society demoiselle of San Francisco and her charming sister of Los Angeles, like "Miss Flora McFlimsey of Madison Square," have nothing to wear (?) and Monterey, with its musty reminiscence of Don Sebastian Vizcaynez, Padre Junipero Serra and Commodore Sloat and the dusky maids whose dancing and dolce far niente were the admiration of their lovers and the American officers half a century ago. But, as I have remarked above, the old town has somewhat succumbed to modern innovations—and while here and there may be seen a sombrero and a black veil, and the odors of Mexican cooking may come upon the wayfarer unawares, the real old musty flavor of Monterey has about gone; and no longer—

"Beneath sweet Eve's consenting star
Fandango twists his jocund castanet."

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The Genius of the Mountain

(Continued from Page 7.)

Philistines. The Holy Book is filled with accounts of spectacles of admonition, of tales of extraordinary convulsions that made men reflect on the hereafter.

And the Young Man wept for the words of the Benign Genius seared his wounded heart.

And the Benign Genius said unto him: When public villainy, too strong for justice showeth his bold front, the harbinger of ruin is unmistakable; no need then to wait for heaven to despatch messengers of light or comets to be interpreted by seers, or to wake the dead to warn men of their fall.

And the Young Man groaned. And he pleaded in palliation of the ways of the stricken inhabitants that they were uncertain of the character of their rulers.

And the Benign Genius frowned and made answer unto him saying: Thrice they selected for themselves depraved rulers. They shut their eyes to iniquity. My son, dost thou forget that the Mayor of that fair city sacrificed on the altar of his greed the fair name of a young woman that he might give pretext for the consummation of an infamous commerce.

And the Young Man raised his hands in protestation.

Then, said the Benign Genius, Behold, the populace laughed at the young woman's shame and at the polls once more was the indecent ruler acclaimed. Listen: Why shouldest thou wonder at the ruin of churches? Were the temples not made desecrate even by the ministers of God, who entertained within the sacred walls at money-grubbing festivals that shameless ruler and there commended him unto the esteem of their flocks.

And once more the Young Man groaned and pleaded that the ministers had been deceived by hypocrisy incarnate.

Say not so, said the Benign Genius, they trafficked open-eyed with him by whom they were consumed, with the man that devised against them. They heard him proclaim from the house tops his allegiance to the King of Graftopotamia. They saw that king with the connivance of their ruler traffic with iniquity in the purliens of the town, with keepers of brothels and with keepers of rum-shops. I say unto thee that no man was deceived. The ruler of that once fair city paraded as his mentor, one whose stinking reputation sent its effluvia heavenward stifling the angels above. My son, God is ever just. Oftentimes to the lambs whom he loves he gives by seeming to refuse, but more often his ways are less difficult of comprehension. He that blew the spirit of life into the nostrils of men deals with them as he sees fit; sometimes he is patient, but not always. Sometimes he rebukes with direful cosmic forces, sometimes by making men suffer what seemeth to be the natural consequences of their sins, as in the stricken city today where he doth seem to have strewn the path of justice with thorns and briars. I say unto thee that as he plagued Egypt, as he tormented all the congregations of Israel with his wrath, as he committed Jerusalem to the legions of Rome so did he surrender the inhabitants of the city of your birth and of your love into the hands of Abraham King of Graftopotamia.

But, pleaded the Young Man, are the afflictions of the city of my birth, are the miseries of the city of my love never to cease?

And the Benign Genius made reply: Not until the inhabitants thereof cease from their stubborn ways and hearken unto the voice of God. Not until they have paid the full penalty of their misdeeds. The wicked that are snared in the works of their own hands

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must come to know God by the judgment which he executeth. What signs of repentance hath been given? As the hart panteth after the water brooks so panteth their souls still after wickedness. Even unto this day are men chosen to dispense justice that waver between deviltry and duty. The wicked walk on every side when the vilest men are exalted. In the city of thy love at this hour are men that hath been licensed to plead for justice. They are of one tribe called Lawyers. They affecteth concern for the altar of Justice and tolerate within their midst one by whom their profession hath been exposed to the scorn of the righteous.

And once more the Young Man wept, and the Benign Genius said unto him: The mercy of the Lord endureth forever. Wilt thou therefore, now being wiser in thy thoughts, promise me that thou wilt go forth and strive to incline men's hearts away from evil and unto the testimonies which hath been vouchsafed them by the author of their being.

And the Young Man gave his promise whereupon a shaft of dawn fell athwart the mountain top whence the Benign Genius had vanished.

Big Battleships

(Continued from Page 9.)

to what may happen to the men in the end turrets when the amidship guns fire past them? Nevertheless we are going ahead.

At the last session Congress, having the Dreadnought in mind, made an appropriation for a new battleship of great size and power. The question of building one big ship instead of two battleships like the Idaho and Mississippi, which have a displacement of 13,000 tons and carry a primary battery of four 12-inch guns, and secondary batteries of 8-inch and 7-inch guns, was well threshed out; and probably it was pride in big things for America that carried the day, rather than technical knowledge of broadside power and gun range. England has since settled the general question herself by deciding to lay down three new battleships of slightly less displacement and greater speed than the Dreadnought and equip them with eight 12-inch guns, so arranged as to obtain the same broadside power. The plans of our Bureau of Construction provide for a battleship with a displacement of 20,000 tons, and the presumption is that the broadside power will be greater than the Dreadnought's. The Dreadnought was planned upon the advice of British experts who witnessed the battle of the Sea of Japan. It is obvious that they reported against secondary batteries for battleships. Our own Captain Mahan has great faith in the secondary battery. He has not been won over to the leviathan equipped only with guns of the heaviest calibre, and the explanation is that his deductions from the fighting off Tsushima differ from those of the British specialists. However we are going in for the big ship and the single battery of powerful long range guns, especially as with the use of turbines a speed of more than twenty knots can be attained. And as to speed even Captain Mahan maintains that at its best it is "a less valuable factor in a battleship than fighting power is."

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A Prelude to Destiny

The Story of a Great Temptation

By May Isabel Fisk

"Well, everything is arranged—the carriage will call for us in twenty minutes."

The man closed the door as he spoke, and advanced into the shabby little "ladies' parlor" of the village inn. The woman dropped the limp lace curtain she had been nervously fingering while staring into the street below, and met him with an anxious glance.

"Have I been recognized?"

"No; give yourself no further uneasiness on that score. I have been making inquiries below and had they a suspicion as to your identity I should have detected it at once. These stupid villagers have no capacity for concealment."

The woman turned again to the window and minutely scanned a passer-by. Apparently absorbed in this scrutiny, in reality she saw nothing. Yet it was not until the figure passed out of view that she turned to her companion.

"What time is it?"

The delicate face was noticeably pale and the large dark eyes luminous with excitement. Her voice was low and tense, but quite steady.

"Quarter of five, precisely," replied the man, consulting his watch. "Dear, before we start perhaps you would like——" .

"Nothing, nothing. The children will be having their tea, and wondering why I do not come." She spoke slowly and as though thinking aloud. "Lathrop is in his study, poring over his papers in the Grant case, oblivious to everything—and particularly to such an insignificant matter as—a wife. At seven, Morton will announce dinner, and, as I do not appear in the drawing-room nor yet at table, he will note my empty chair precisely as he would the absence of the carafe or his favorite course of caviar, only—he would regret the caviar. My letter will be given him then."

"And by that time, dear heart, we shall be well on our way, and the past, with all its misery, irrevocably back of us."

"Do you think it will be? I am almost afraid not. I do not believe that change of environment and even circumstance can ever blot out entirely that which has been. We can only gather up what is left and piece it together—the future must in part be shaped as this. But, ah, to go away—away from it all——!"

Suddenly she approached her companion and, placing a hand on either shoulder, searched his very soul with her silent gaze.

"Ernest, are you perfectly sure we are not making a mistake?"

As he looked down into the sensitive, patrician face, he felt he had never before been so keenly alive to her rare beauty and charm. Her air of distinction and modish garb seemed strangely out of keeping with the dingy, old-fashioned little room. The responsibility of taking this life into his keeping bore heavily upon him; with an almost solemn air he covered with his own the small hands resting upon him and said:

"Miriam, darling, have we not already settled this for the hundredth time?"

"Yes, dear; but tell me again—I am so afraid I shall exhaust your patience—I shall always be asking you this."

"Listen, my sweetheart. I am as certain as one can be of anything in life, we are doing right——"

"No," she interrupted sharply, "don't say 'right'—we both know better——"

"We are not making a mistake," he corrected quickly. "You are leaving a man you have never loved, a house that sheltered you but was no home——"

"It holds my children," she whispered. She walked slowly to the window. "Divorce—disgrace—" She shuddered.



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Instantly the man was at her side. He lifted her chin and forced her eyes to his.

"In the sight of all truth and right living—not in the eye of the world—which is the greater moral wrong—being the wife of one you loathe, or coming to me, the man who loves you better than all else in life and whom you—you—? Say it," he commanded.

"Love with all my soul," she finished quietly. "Dear, you know and I know what the heart of each holds for the other. But humanity at large does not place a very lofty interpretation on the impulse that causes a woman to leave her husband and elope with her lover. Elope—it's not a nice-sounding word, is it? There is something slippery and sneaking about it."

"Please don't, Miriam. You are not yourself. I have never known you like this before."

"I have never eloped before," she rejoined, with an unmirthful little laugh that broke into a sob.

For reply the man bent and kissed her lips, then drew her head against his shoulder.

"Ah, Ernest, I know you are going to be disappointed in me—you think me something more than I am. I'm not brave—I'm not a bit of a heroine. I'm just a miserable, weak woman, starving for a little happiness—and I want that happiness with you. You do not know, you cannot realize what your love means to me. My whole existence has been shaped according to rules of conventionality—my every heartbeat restricted to the usages of good society. My 'position' was ever kept before me until I grew to believe the empty forms and shams to which I conformed as living, and the puppets that moved on this artificial stage, real people. I never questioned the meaning or sincerity of it all—it answered well enough—until I met and loved you. And then all seemed so hollow and frivolous and little to be desired—oh, if only you had come into my life sooner and differently!"

The man drew her closer to him and gently stroked her hair.

"Sweetheart, the love of man for woman or woman for man never came at call nor departed at bidding. It seems the one mysterious element of destiny over which we have no control. Reason cannot dictate to it. Its volition is solely its own. So fragile it is, a breath may extinguish it, and yet again through the storm and stress of a lifetime it reigns to eternity. My love for you is the supreme part of my being. No woman ever touched my heart till I knew you. And, dear, this is no boy telling his first love tale, but a man of forty who knows life in every phase. You awakened in me the best of which I am capable; you gave me tenderness of thought and a respect for all women I never had before.

"I shall make you forget all the wretchedness you have passed through—I have no dearer wish than to devote the rest of my life to banishing the pitiful droop of your mouth and putting to flight forever the wistful light in your eyes. I love you in every way a man can love a woman—I rejoice in your beauty, but above and better than that I love you, yourself. Darling, say you do not fear to trust yourself to me. We are going away together; we are going to a country you have never seen—we will begin a new life——"

"Ernest, can we? We are facing a terrible situation. Are we going to be able to solve this problem any more satisfactorily than those who have tried before? In the eyes of society—and we cannot altogether disregard its influence, even upon ourselves—I shall be an outcast."

The man would have interrupted, but she silenced him with a gesture.

"Yes, even the shelter of your arms, dear, cannot shield me from the world. We can never hold up our heads in the ranks where we belong, and although we may not wish to return there, we do not want to know they are forever closed to us. With all your love for me, the depth and sincerity of

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which I do not doubt for a moment, shall you be able to stifle my conscience? Will you never become unutterably weary of the sob in my voice, that I may not always conceal from you?"

She clung to him, sobbing convulsively. Gently he soothed her and then disengaged himself from her clasp.

"Dear heart, try to calm yourself; the carriage will be here in a few moments and we have a long ride before us. I am going down now to get you a glass of wine. I will bring it myself so no one may see you."

He drew a chair to the grate.

"Sit here till I come back. Hold your hands out to the blaze—they are cold."

The woman half-rose from her seat as he turned to go.

"No, Ernest, please don't leave me—even for a moment. I know it's absurd to be so nervous, but I don't want to be alone. I—I—don't want to think."

"There, there, sweetheart! I shall not be gone five minutes—you must have something to steady you before we go."

The door closed and she was alone.

"My children—my children!" she whispered, brokenly. "My happiness means the ruin of their future—they will be disgraced—the stigma can never be removed from them."

Great tears slowly welled from her eyes. She left her chair and began pacing the floor.

"What have I been thinking of? But, oh, I want a little happiness! I want it—I want it! Is it so wrong that I should? What shall I do? What shall I do? My children—my children!"

She wrung her hands in despair.

And Lathrop? For him she experienced not a quiver of remorse. Their marriage had been one of convenience, arranged by their parents—a highly suitable match which was smiled upon and approved by their world. Beauty and position were hers—money, brains and ambition his.

She remembered how on the day of their wedding she had laughingly alluded to the combination. And he had acquiesced silently and answered never a word. In the five years of their married life he grew ever more reserved and undemonstrative and constantly more engrossed in his work. No, he cared little or nothing for her. All the devotion and thought he should have given to a wife were absorbed in his endless law papers. But the children——!

Suddenly she drew herself erect and tiptoed to the door. All was silent below. She peered through the curtains—the carriage had not arrived. Quickly she caught up her hat and veil and fastened them on, then drew her cloak about her. Her face, rigid with suffering, was now ghastly white.

She opened the door and listened—no sound near by. She looked down a corridor to an exit at the rear of the house, whence she knew she might escape unobserved.

There was yet time. Lathrop was not to receive her letter till seven—she could reach home before that. With a heart-broken moan, she softly closed the door and fled down the hallway.

An hour's swift walking brought her to the park gates. Fortune again favored her and she passed through the grounds unperceived. She continued across the first terrace, beyond the entrance hall and to the stone veranda outside the library. The long French window was ajar and she gently pushed it open.

Lathrop was seated at his desk as she had pictured him, bent over his papers. The light from above fell full upon him, and she noted how white his hair was turning. She had never observed it before.

She stepped through the window and started across the floor. Lathrop did not turn his head, though surely he must have heard the rustle of her silken skirts. She paused for a moment irresolutely, and then approached him.

"Lathrop, Lathrop! I'm not bad—I'm not bad! I've come back—I did not think! Forgive, forgive me! You must—the children!"

She knelt at his side and grasped his hand.

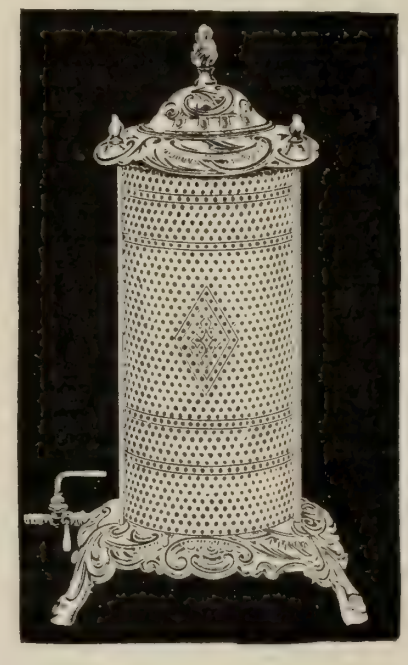
It was cold and yielded stiffly.

She sprang up with a shriek, her foot striking an object that slid over the polished floor. It was a revolver.

Her note, which was not to have been delivered until seven, lay on the desk, crushed and torn. Someone had blundered.

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LASH'S BITTERS
TONIC LAXATIVE

Hearst Versus Hughes

(Continued from Page 10.)

Chinese labor in all my life and I do not own a foot of ground in Palermo either directly or indirectly."

On another occasion he said:

"I cannot expect the "Herald" not to lie about me, for the moral idiot who would employ the publicity of the first page of a home newspaper to advertise and pander to vice would not hesitate to lie. I defy Cadet Bennett to come home and face the United States authorities as the real perpetrator of the crime. Mr. Bennett wrote me a letter enclosing the clippings from my newspaper and saying that he would never forget me for my action in this matter. I hope he never will forget me. I shall be proud to have it remembered that I stopped the New York "Herald" from dragging innocent victims into a life of crime and shame."

On another occasion he took a smash at the whole press, presenting in a measure the spectacle of a rather careless bird unconcerned for the cleanliness of his nest, for he said: "Now we claim proudly to have a free press in this country, but I am sorry to say that I have found that if you want fair treatment the press is not free, but you must pay to get in."

One night Mr. Hearst scored with some clever witticisms:

"My friends, while Mr. Hughes says he does not stand for any specific measure, he must admit that some magnificent issues have been injected in this campaign by himself and his associates. The opening gun was fired by Job Hedges in the Republican convention, where he declared that I was traveling around the country in a private car with a band, and that consequently no self-respecting citizen could vote for me. When earnest citizens are deeply interested in reforms in government it must be discouraging to them to see the campaign centre around Mr. Hedges's prejudice against bands. Another burning issue is the statement by a hostile newspaper that I wear collars made in Paris, and while this is not true, it is hardly as serious an issue as if I wore a corporation collar made in Wall Street. Mr. Hughes is now dragging the headlines of my newspapers into the cyclone centre of the campaign, and all the time the corporation candidates are avoiding any reference to the important issues about which people are seriously thinking. It has become evident of late years to all thoughtful citizens that the trusts and monopolies and great corporations have not only secured control of the business of the country, but of the government of the country, and that they conduct the government to promote their private interests, and without regard for the welfare of the poeple. Mr. Hughes says he is not a corporation lawyer because he takes cases from various corporations and does not receive a yearly retainer from any one corporation. This seems to me to be a lawyer's quibble unworthy of a broad minded man. And an equally unworthy and untruthful quibble is Mr. Hughes's statement that I have made my newspapers into a company in order to avoid suits and liabilities."

One night when Mr. Hughes was at his best, addressing the students of Columbia College, he mauled Hearst in this fashion: "We have complex questions presented to us and demanding thought and not screeches. * * * * The presence of a systematic attempt to give currency to defamation, to destroy everything that is good and to make the plain people believe that everything is evil and that there is no one who can be trusted

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save one who desires to elevate himself to office, a systematic attempt to undermine the foundations of our institutions by interfering with the judgment of our citizens by improper means—that, gentlemen, is the danger you must combat, and you must combat it by earnest, fair discussion of the questions of the day, and by appreciating that the foremost issue of this campaign is not whether this position is right or that position is right or whether this should be said or that should be said, but whether we shall deal honestly and soberly, and in the American manner—and I say American manner, for there is nothing American that is not fair."

But perhaps the worst drubbing that Hearst received from Hughes was in the course of one of the latter's speeches in which he said:

"We have a new issue presented to us now. We have a new species of propaganda. For many years it has been the effort through recklessness of utterance, through improper appeals, through attempts to confuse the public judgment, to create an army of discontent to march upon the citadel of government. That is not American. That, in my judgment, would not succeed; but it is a new issue, and the question will be presented on election day whether the people really understand the importance of it. Can they be fooled with a name? Can despotism triumph in the name of independence? Can a man start out to control and to assert his will, and in one way and another to accomplish an individual purpose, to achieve his object, and say that he is proceeding in the name of independence? Can a man take the hand of a boss whom he has denounced and in his cartoons placed in stripes and grasp that hand to take the public office and claim to be against bosses? Not with American people understanding the hollowness of that pretence. Can a man take our judiciary in New York, when we are enlarging the equipment for the purpose of despatching our accumulation of legal business, and make it a matter of bargain with Charles F. Murphy, and agree that so many nominees shall be dictated by him and so many nominees dictated by another, and then succeed in fooling the American people in talking about the expression of the popular will? The American people are not so easily fooled. They know the test of sincerity. If a man really desires the free expression of the popular will, then let the popular will express itself before he attempts to obtain office by demanding its expression. If my opponent desires to be Governor through the expression of the popular will, then let him quietly go about his business until the people demand his candidacy. If he desires to be really independent, then let him take an independent platform and stand on it and stay there. It is an easy thing to talk about independence and to talk about the abuses of party; but if he wants a nomination, what is done? If he wants the advantage of Democratic machinery in an election, what is done? If he really wants not the independence, but the office, then he goes to those who control the votes and gets it in that way. I read this morning in a speech that was delivered the other night the following: "No, my friends, as the result of Mr. Hughes's investigation of the insurance companies we have the substitution of ruthless Ryan for the more or less harmless Hyde." Did he believe that? Did he believe that that was the fact? Did he

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care whether it was the fact or not? Are not the facts public records in this State and known to every citizen? Doesn't he know that Mr. Ryan obtained the stock of Mr. Hyde before the insurance investigation was even ordered? Doesn't he know that Mr. Ryan, whatever power he may have in that stock company, acquired that power through a transfer of stock before I had any relation to the insurance investigation?"

Perhaps the most pitiful figure in the whole campaign is that cut by Mr. Bourke Cockran, who has been trying to explain himself. At a meeting one night recently he said:

"I, speaking for myself, will say that far from being anxious or even willing to support the candidacy which ultimately issued from the convention, to the last moment, I at least was sweeping the horizon in the hope that somewhere or other might be discovered a man who could be made a candidate, with the convictions among the people that he honestly and sincerely meant to enforce the principles of this platform, and stood some chance of election. There was but one serious, honest candidacy before that body. It was not a candidacy agreeable to me. I did not like it, but I accepted it because I was there in a representative capacity, and I was bound on my honor not to indulge my own resentments or prejudices, but to voice the conviction, the desires and the judgment of the party that clothed me with representative power." Mr. Cockran has made this talk so often that he is gradually beginning to believe it. But nobody else does. It is generally understood that he was whipped into line by Boss Murphy, who made his deal with Hearst to get control of the State organization, and who, at the same time, received a very substantial token of esteem.

Letters

"Four Boys in the Yellowstone"

E. T. Tomlinson's "Four Boys in the Yellowstone" is one of a series of juveniles designed to familiarize American boys with the history and geography of their own country. The four boys in question are chums, pupils of a preparatory academy near Boston and they represent approximately the four cardinal points of the compass. One is from New York, the north, one from Boston, the east, and the other two are from the south and west. They have all the provincialism of the untraveled, intensified by their youth, and each is convinced that his own section represents the best in manners and achievement. The father of one of the lads is a railroad magnate and he places his private car at the disposal of the boys to make a trip to the Yellowstone. Needless to say, the invitation is joyfully accepted, and besides seeing all the wonders of the west, they each have some of the corners of their confidence in their own point of the compass rubbed smooth. Incidentally Mr. Tomlinson has hit a smash at the educational system of the day which permits four bright, wideawake youths to progress as far as the entrance portal of the university without knowing anything of the size and importance of the cities not situated on the Atlantic sea board or the history of the country not connected with the Revolutionary War and the Abolition movement. Needless to say, the quartette returns better informed than when they started on their trip and with the determination to see more of the United States. The chaff and punning repartee which makes up the greater part of the conversation between the young voyagers will, doubtless, prove brilliant and entertaining to boy readers, though it is tiresome to the adult, and, of course, the author has been wise enough to introduce other elements of interest besides guide book descriptions

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and statistics. He has also been sensible enough not to introduce sentimentalism and for that the boys, who, after all, are the court of last appeal, will thank him most heartily. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

"The Perfect Tribute"

Charles Scribner's Sons have published in a separate volume Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews' short story. "The Perfect Tribute." Despite wide margins and leads, there are less than fifty pages of large print, but the design has evidently been to furnish in convenient form a story not too long to be made a portion of the programme for Memorial Day or other patriotic occasions, and it should be made one of the school classics, to be placed side by side with "The Man without a Country." "The Perfect Tribute" was paid to President Lincoln on the day after his Gettysburg oration. According to the fancy of the author, Lincoln believed that he had proved publicly his inability to make a speech, and that the silence with which his effort was received was the measure of his failure. He had not read the papers on the next morning, when he was jostled by a lad evidently in both haste and grief. The boy proved to be in search of a lawyer needed to draw up a will for his dying brother, a young Confederate officer, and the president without revealing his identity, accompanied the boy in his capacity as a lawyer. It was at the hospital bedside that the "perfect tribute" was paid, the young Confederate insisting on reading with his last breath, the newspaper account of the dedication speech, and characterizing its reception as the greatest compliment that should have been paid, unconscious that he was addressing the author and that his own attitude and words were still a greater tribute. The treatment is dignified and serious, and the booklet can be recommended to the notice of patriotic societies, school committees and other organizations interested in the promotion of good citizenship.

A New Juvenile

"Little Miss Rosamond," whose history of one summer makes the theme of Nina Rhodes' new juvenile, can be heartily recommended. Rosamond is a little orphan girl of eleven years, living with her beloved brother in a boarding house in Richmond, Virginia. Circumstances make it advisable for her to go north, to Long Island, to live for a while with her Uncle John, who is a stranger to the child. Naturally, she finds the new environment and the new household strange, and while she does nothing very naughty she is yet making just such mistakes as would any little girl in her place. Uncle John is rather grim and Aunt Emma an invalid in the care of a trained nurse and Rosamond is daily cautioned not to make a noise, nor to talk, nor to do any of the things that little girls love. But she is a brave little maid who keeps her disappointments and her homesickness out of her letters and honestly tries to be good and not troublesome, and in the end she has her reward, for there are some joyful surprises in the last chapter. There is no field of literature so untilled today as that which should produce healthy stories for the little girls on the border land between fairy tales and grown up novels. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

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A Most Amiable Merchant

Mr. Harris Weinstock, a successful merchant and public spirited gentleman, expressed himself in the columns of the Bulletin last week on the subject of the Heney campaign against graft. He said: "Whether Mr. Ruef is innocent as he claims or guilty as charged, remains to be determined by court and jury; fair-minded citizens will meanwhile suspend judgment." It is not to be inferred that Mr. Weinstock intended to rebuke Mr. Phelan, who has pronounced the Schmitz administration corrupt, or to reprimand Mr. Spreckels who has been somewhat precipitous in the expression of his views. It would be a mistake to interpret Mr. Weinstock's sentiments as derogatory of Mr. Raphael Weill who has not suspended judgment pending the outcome of the prosecution. Nor should we conclude that this philosophic merchant with the judicial temperament meant to censure the press for provoking public clamor. For in all probability Mr. Weinstock merely intended to impress the community with the charitableness of his nature. There are times when men of Mr. Weinstock's amiable discretion exercise a most wholesome influence. But this is not one of them. This is not a time in which public judgment should be suspended. Nor is the case of Abe Ruef one that cries out for abstract justice. Abe Ruef himself has been asking, nay whining for suspension of judgment, but he is not eager for justice. Abe Ruef is no ordinary malefactor. In his personality and plight he is peculiarly undeserving of the benefit of those generous considerations which the law throws around the prisoner at the bar. While there may be some doubt as to whether he is guilty of infractions of the penal code there is none respecting his demoralizing influence upon the city government. Under cover of a license to practice law granted by the state that educated him he has carried on a most vicious and indecent traffic. We know that he is the agent of the Schmitz administration, and that in the dual capacity of boss and lawyer he has distributed official favors for fees. Under his license to practice an honorable profession he has promoted the business of a wholesale liquor dealer and secured an interest in numerous enterprises that came into existence with the consent of the Schmitz official family. These are matters upon which neither Mr. Weinstock nor any fair-minded citizen need suspend judgment. Mr. Ruef's sordid performances have been open and notorious. The significance of his acts has been patent to the most obtuse. When Hilbert Brothers advertised Ruef as their attorney, Mr. Ruef expected no suspension of judgment on the part of saloon-keepers respecting the object of his employment. It was not by suspending judgment respecting the peculiar powers of Abe Ruef that the French restaurant keepers were enabled to resume business. From the first day of Mayor Schmitz's official career Abe Ruef has been reminding the public of his pre-eminence as the purveyor of special privileges. He has been quite willing to shoulder all the obloquy of municipal misgovernment so long as he was adequately compensated. He has been quite willing to shoulder the responsibility of putting notoriously unfit men on the bench so long as the prospect of their presence there gave him assurance of a more profitable law business. And worse than all else he has sought to persuade the public that these various infamies were consistent with decency and contrary neither to the penal nor moral code. It is in the case of this man that Mr. Weinstock asks us to suspend judgment. Mr. Weinstock is entirely too amiable. In the case of Mr. Ruef it would be almost impossible to do injustice save to the community. If he has not transgressed any of the statutes against felony then the penal code should be amended. And at any rate we know that he is a grave menace to the peace, dignity and prosperity of this city and we should have no conscientious scruples against making up our minds in advance of his trial respecting the degree of his culpability. If we are prejudiced against him it is because he wantonly drove us to that state of mind.

Root's Interpretation.

The legal question raised in this city in the controversy over the rights of Japanese school children will probably lead to the settlement of the far more vexatious question of the jurisdiction of the Federal Government in matters pertaining to the violation of our foreign treaties. This country has found itself in an embarrassing position every time a foreigner has been the victim of mob law in any of the states. Jurisdiction in such cases has always been assumed by the states in which the crimes were committed, and the United States has been unable to give to foreign nations the assurance that it demands when its citizens appear to have been damaged abroad. Congress has been urged to give the Federal courts jurisdiction in all cases involving treaty questions, and though measures for that purpose have been introduced none has ever been passed. But now Secretary Root holds that such legislation is unnecessary; that under the Constitution the Federal authorities have the right to assume jurisdiction. He argues that by Article VI of the Constitution treaties are made the supreme law of the land, and "the judges in every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding." Article III of the Constitution likewise provides that "the judicial power shall extend to all cases in law and equity arising under this Constitution, the laws of the United States and the treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority." There never has been the slightest doubt that Congress could by law take from the state courts cognizance of the murder of a foreigner under treaty protection. It has not hitherto been thought possible for the United States courts to take jurisdiction of such cases, however, without statutory authority, as the constitutional provision respecting the exercise of judicial power has been held not to be self-executing. We do not understand that Mr. Root

proposes that the United States courts shall now assume such criminal jurisdiction. His point appears to be rather that the equity powers of the federal courts fairly permit them to enjoin persons from violating treaty rights, and to enforce respect for those rights by mandamus. As those same equity powers are widely employed to enforce other constitutional provisions with or without special statutory authority, there is nothing revolutionary in this doctrine, though its application may be novel. It is a doctrine which will not be enforced irregularly or by "usurpation," but will be submitted to the courts just as any other point of law raised in behalf of the government in a litigation would be. If the courts find that the point is well taken and that the equity jurisdiction of the United States can under existing law be invoked for the protection of the treaty rights of foreigners, a great gain will be accomplished for good order and national honor, but no federal power will be exercised which the United States government has not long possessed by express warrant of the Constitution.

Demoralizing the Heathen

The conditions set forth in Pierre Loti's novel, "Disenchanted," wherein the Turkish maidens are represented as revolting against the old national custom of submission and obedience to parents, appears to be one of the problems of modern Japan as well. What the French governess has been to the Moslems the Occidental teacher has been to the Japanese. Both have introduced to the East the Western notion that marriage not founded on romantic passion is a monstrous thing, and in consequence the young people, quick to embrace the new doctrine, are falling into the evil ways leading from it and ignoring entirely the virtuous paths. The native teachers, as well as the parents of the land of the Mikado complain that as a result of the teaching so opposed to the traditions of their country, the old-time idea of respect for parental advice is a vanishing quantity and elopements with all their train of evils are common. Courtship with its embracings and kisses is entirely foreign to the old Japanese ideal and public manifestations of preference are considered indecent, but were tolerated amongst the foreigners as curious customs and regarded in much the same light as the little Japanese looked upon the English and American girls, with their shamefully short skirts and long stockings. Just why it should seem to foreign teachers a part of their office to interfere with ancestral customs in these matters it is difficult to see. If anything, the American girls are in greater need of an infusion of some of the Oriental spirit of reverence for parents and superiors and submission to the counsels of age. As far as the duration of the marriage bond is concerned, the happiness of domestic life, the care and comfort of children and the decencies of social deportment, there is nothing to show that the free choice of the Western world has produced any improvement on the restrictions of the Eastern ideal. On the contrary, in America, where the bars to marriage have been split into kindling wood, the number of unhappy and unsuitable marriages, as indicated by the number of separations petitioned for, is in vast excess of those in lands where the parents select the mate influenced by questions of family connection, social standing and financial position, instead of leaving all to the whim of the moment. It is one of the educational fads of the hour that pupils of the upper grammar grades and the high schools should be given systematic instruction to prepare them for marriage. As yet, no practical plan has been formulated for putting the scheme into execution, for there are still some things which school boards are reluctant to attempt, but considering the chaotic condition of our domestic arrangements, it would seem to be at least ordinary prudence to work out improvements at home before meddling with the established order abroad.

Educating Good Joiners

The Supreme Court of the State of Washington has decided that the school authorities have the power to suppress the Greek Letter fraternities in preparatory and high schools. This is a decision of greater importance than would seem at the first glance. It re-establishes the status of the teacher as a director, not a tool of the "student body," and hints that hereafter we may hope to see some mild effort at discipline. The Greek Letter fraternities have been one of the strongest subversive forces militating against discipline. Virtually the fraternities have dictated the general conduct of the schools and determined which pupils should be permitted to attend and under what conditions. Those students that did not care to join, or who, on account of some capricious freak, were not invited to become members of the associations were given to understand plainly that the sooner they withdrew from the school the better for them. Bad as the boys' societies have been, the girls' have been even worse. It has been no infrequent experience for pupils to be snubbed and ignored during school sessions and excluded from social pastimes unconnected with school affairs, out of a species of cruelty and persecution. Though the fraternities have never been in any sense school organizations they have, none the less, assumed the right to use the school premises for their meetings and entertainments, and on many such occasion they have done damage enough to incite the wrath of taxpayers. At best these school fraternities are recruiting classes for the innumerable ancient orders of Sheiks, Princes, Nobles, Sultans and other exalted rulers and blessed potentates that now infest this land of democracy giving eloquent testimony to our national abhorrence of caste and aversion to the trappings of State and

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insignia of office. So strong is the national appetite for regalia, so widespread the notion that membership in a fraternal society is essential to commercial success that every city abounds in habitual joiners, and the only genuine exclusives are those that enjoy the distinction of being unattached and free from every badge that denotes in many instances the craving of mediocrity for brotherly assistance.

The Governor-Elect

James Gillett has been elected Governor of California despite the fact that he was repudiated by organized labor and pronounced the enemy of the workingman. He has been elected Governor of California despite the fact that his enemies insisted that he should be taken seriously in the role of protege of the Southern Pacific Company of Kentucky. As a matter of fact Mr. Gillett is not an enemy of labor, but the labor unions repudiated him at the behest of their leaders, and as a consequence he is under no obligations to them. Most unfair and contemptible were the tactics employed to compass the defeat of James Gillett, and we take special pride in his triumph compensating us as it does for our efforts to refute the aspersions that were cast upon his candidacy. The most offensive misrepresentation in which his enemies indulged was in reference to the manner in which he obtained his nomination. The friends of that hopelessly misguided one, the Hon. George C. Pardee, were the first to give currency to the report that there was something peculiarly sinister in the influence that dominated the convention. In truth the convention differed in no respect from any of the Republican State Conventions held in California in the past twenty years. Its most commendable achievement was its frustration of the plans of a Governor who had most flagrantly manipulated the machinery of the government for his own aggrandizement. But in some mysterious way Governor Pardee evoked the sympathy of the mob, or rather he managed to provoke some sentiment against the convention that had turned him down, though if it had done otherwise it would have been deserving of the everlasting reprobation of the people of the State. And that sentiment was artfully manipulated by the Democratic campaign committee into whose hands Pardee enthusiastically played while unconsciously damning himself politically to the great glee of his enemies. In stimulation of that unreasonable sentiment the further misrepresentation was indulged that Gillett had entered into an alliance with Ruef whereas that malordorous boss, in a state of panic, had thrown his delegation to the support of the man from Humboldt in the vain hope of winning the favor of the latter's friends, all of whom scorned to bargain with him. It was subsequently made clear to all intelligent persons that Ruef's sympathies were with Bell, but the misrepresentations of Gillett were kept in circulation until the polls closed. Fortunately they proved futile. Pardee and his misled friends have been routed and Gillett will enter the gubernatorial office free from entangling alliances, and in view of Pardee's conduct, unconstrained by precedent to give recognition to any of the appointees of his predecessor.

The Direct Primary

At the next session of the legislature steps will be taken to enable the people of this State to adopt the Direct Primary system which is now in operation to a greater or less extent in thirty-two states of the Union. The advocates of this system tell us that it brings out more voters than usually avail themselves of the elective franchise at the primaries for the election of delegates to conventions and that it gives us better government by destroying machine domination and by making the officials responsible to the voters instead of to the boss and the ring. These are consummations devoutly to be wished, but there are many sceptics of the opinion that the Direct Primary will prove in time as unsatisfactory as the caucus system. They assert that it will make public office more accessible than ever to wealth, and far less easy of attainment to those that have not sufficient money to spend in self-exploitation. It will unquestionably cost a deal of money to boom a man in every county in the State and obviously the man of wealth will have some advantage in this respect over his penniless competitor. The advantage of wealth under the Direct Primary was recently demonstrated in Washington where Bourne, a very rich man, elected a legislature pledged to support him for the United States Senate after spending a lot of money to educate the people up to an appreciation of his peculiar fitness for the office.

Moral Regeneration

If the magazines may be relied upon to enlighten us respecting the subject that now most deeply concerns the American people we must conclude that it is the progress of dishonesty. It is impossible to find a magazine nowadays in which some division of that subject is not discussed. We are being informed of all the avenues in political and commercial life through which men are illegally and immorally enriching themselves. We are also being advised of the efforts that are being made to curb the aggressions of the dishonest and of the plans that are being devised to reduce the opportunities for indulging a morbid cupidity. But from no source do we learn that anybody has been seized with the old-fashioned notion that a diffusion of moral sentiment might have a beneficent effect on a people whose conduct affirms the failure of the peculiar brand of Christian civilization under which they are living. The theory that we are to be coerced or intimidated into honesty by legislative enactment is of course absurd. There is only one way to reform a people and that is by instilling into them a sense of the desirability of righteousness and an appreciation of honor and decency. When our educational institutions begin to disseminate the kind of culture that leads to the moral enlightenment through which comes the deep religious conviction that was the boast of the greatest minds of modern times then will follow signs of the elimination of the venom of old Adam. Moral regeneration is not to be wrought either through the instrumentality of legislation or godless education. Knowledge of the best means of achieving success does not carry virtue along with it. Character is not to be changed by the removal of temptation. Nor is it sufficient to urge the substitution of the pleasures of knowledge for the indulgence of sensual appetite. Cardinal Newman had the right idea when he urged that Faith be put first and Knowledge second so that poetry may become the type of gospel truth and physical science a comment on Genesis.

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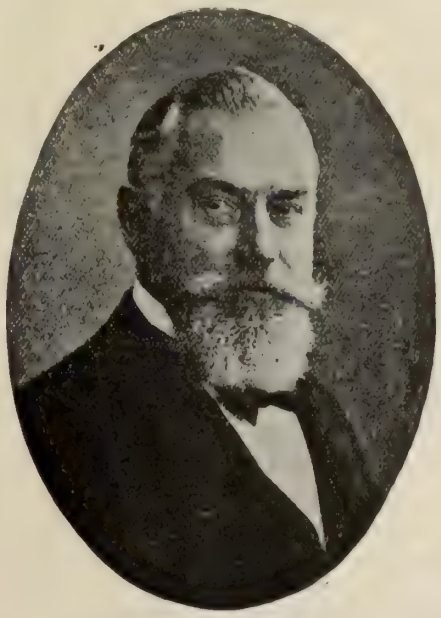
The Cancer Problem

By Dr. Albert Abrams.

(Dr. Abrams is in Europe familiarizing himself with the latest developments in medical science. Before leaving this city he consented to write for Town Talk of things that he considered of general interest pertaining to surgery and medicine. It was recently reported that great progress had been made in the study of cancer, and Dr. Abrams writes of the latest treatment.—Ed.)

Paris, Oct. 23, '06.

The average layman acquires his cancer information from the meretricious literature of the charlatan. The Carlylean observation, that there were 45 millions of people in England—mostly fools—implies the subsequent, that neither nationality nor soil modifies the truism. Quackery thrives on the fertile soil of credulity and what is obvious in medicine fails to compete with that which is mysterious and obscure, hence the prestige of charlatanry. Scratch the epidermis of the average civilized man and right below it you will find the barbarian and that is one of the reasons why the conventional one is more easily seduced by the blatant effrontery of the charlatan than the sober truths of science. Many of our diseases are influenced for weal or woe by the mind and justifies what one has said of the physician, that it is more important for him to know what kind of patient the disease has got than to know what kind of disease the patient has got. Many paths lead to cure, otherwise, there wouldn't be successful allopaths, homeopaths, osteopaths and numerous other kinds of paths. Now cancer is not built on psychic lines and is not amenable to mental influences; if you credit this statement you will go to the educated physician, otherwise you will go to the quack and may God have mercy on your soul. It was at one time believed that cancer was constitutional in origin and consequently its removal by surgery was regarded as impossible. It is now conceded that it is local in origin and if it is removed early enough, it is practically tantamount to a cure. It is quite likely that you will procrastinate and later on when you do submit to an operation, opprobrium will be cast on the knife when the expected results are not forthcoming. Primarily, the cancer is a local proposition but its real malignancy is manifested when it spreads to contiguous parts and inundates vital structures with cells which proceed to grow just like the tumor from which they emanate. Now here is where the quack participates in the tragedy. He deprecates the knife as much as the patient. He will dissipute the growth by the aid of a wonderful embrocation or destroy it with a paste, the main ingredient of which is arsenic. In the former instance he spreads the growth to neighboring structures and in the latter, he saps the vitality of the sufferer by his caustic paste. You often hear that the quack cures cancers, but does he? Now every cancer is a tumor but every tumor is not a cancer. To the quack every tumor is a cancer all the way from a humble wart to any other innocuous excrescence. If a man entertains the pleasant delusion that every dollar he possesses is a million, then such a man if he has a dollar is a millionaire and if you want to co-operate in his delusion, borrow a dollar from him and you have relieved him of a million dollars. You may have heard that after the physician had pronounced the growth a cancer, the quack nevertheless cured it. Now the quack often thrives on the mistakes of the physician. We concede the fallibility of the latter who only applies the data of his art in diagnosis and such data are not always unfailing. You note that the physician is only permitted to think he knows it all whereas the quack is authorized to know he knows it all. It happens but unfortunately not often enough, that a cancerous growth may disappear of its own accord even though no treatment has been employed and it would be quite natural to conclude that if any remedy were used at this time, it would have received the credit of curing. We have admitted that the early use of the knife is at the present time the only satisfactory treatment of the disease but owing to the situation of the cancer in inaccessible regions and the fact that it becomes inoperable owing to delay, other measures have been suggested and employed. To recount the latter would be equivalent to inditing a tome on the fallibility of human effort. To-day a



Professor Vincent Czerny.

theory is born and on the morrow we officiate at its burial. Thus is expressed the catholicity of medical progress. The cancer has been exhaustively studied in every possible direction; its facteriology, architecture chemistry, etc., have each in turn elicited some suggestion which has been employed in treatment. Thus Doyen described a bacillus of cancer and from it prepared an anticancerous serum. This serum awaits the confirmation of time. If you study the architecture of a cancer you will find it to be made up of cells but unlike the cells of healthy tissues which are limited in number and disposed in orderly fashion, they have become rampant and appear to have gone mad. To discipline these unruly cells, we employ the X-rays. The latter positively inhibit the growth of some cancers and in numerous instances cures have been achieved. Altogether, the results with the X-rays in superficial and deep cancers are very encouraging and when the X-rays are judiciously em-

(Continued on Page 36.)

Adelaide Ristori

By Richard Davey.

To the present generation the name of Adelaide Ristori is that of a once great actress; but to the playgoer of middle age it revives haunting memories of many never-to-be-forgotten impersonations of classical and historical characters in which the greatest actress of modern times excelled. In the loftiest tragedy she was incomparable, for Nature had endowed her with every attribute necessary to success in this branch of her profession—beauty of form and face, a flexible and mellow voice, and that indefinable something without which all the other gifts are as nothing—Genius. Born at Friuli in 1821, Adelaide Ristori was on the stage when only three months old; but was speedily withdrawn from public admiration, for, like Master Tommy Harris, "her 'owls" indeed "were orgins." At fourteen she made her debut, if we err not, as the heroine of Silvio Pellico's "Francesca da Rimini"; in which she met, considering her age, with a certain measure of success, due no doubt quite as much to her exceeding beauty as to her exceptional talent. She belonged to a family of actors, members of a well-known touring troupe headed by Machiaroni, from whom Adelaide obtained a thorough grounding in stagecraft. The Machiaroni husband and wife were, however, old-fashioned players, apt to tear passion to tatters, and to storm and rant on occasion. The subtle talent and good sense of the young Adelaide soon led her to perceive that the methods which had pleased eighteenth-century audiences were likely only to excite the merriment of those of the nineteenth; and she set to work to modify a good deal of what she had been taught, and so brought her art in closer contact with Nature. For some years she won popularity as a comedienne of a broader type, and her Mirandolina was certainly superior to that of Duse. To this part, which by the way she played for the last time some twenty-five years ago in her own drawing-room before a courtly audience, a very parterre de princes, she added several other of Goldoni's popular comedies, notably "La Scozese" and "La Vedova Scaltra." She next essayed some of the more actable of Alfieri's tragedies, and, following the example of Rachel, who had galvanised the over-stately heroines of Corneille and Racine into something like life, Ristori imparted by her more modern methods a new interest to those of Alfieri, whereby she added considerably to her popularity. Before she was twenty-one she had become the leading actress of Italy, but being in the neighborhood of Rome, Cupid, who happened to be playing somewhere about Frascati where she was performing, induced her to give her hand to the Marchese Capranica del Grillo, a young gentleman belonging to one of the most distinguished patrician families of Rome. It seems a long time ago now since this romantic event, for it was none other than the famous Cardinal Pacca who induced the parents of the bridegroom to forgive their son and accept the actress as their daughter-in-law. This led to her retirement from the stage, but with Ristori the passion for acting was too great to remain long subdued. Whilst taking part in a charity performance she was inspired by an irresistible desire to return to the stage, and with her husband's consent she determined to go on with a career for which she was so lavishly equipped. For some years she confined her study to the purely classical drama, varied occasionally by what might be termed descents into the Goldonian form of low comedy. Her art was, from the beginning, absolutely free from morbid emotion or hysteria, and so exceedingly direct that it would have been impossible for her at any period of her career to take such parts as La Dame aux Camelias, La Tosca or Fedora. She once remarked to me "I cannot portray vice, but I can understand and realize crime." All the more powerful passions were within her range—hatred, jealousy, remorse, revenge—but her love-making, except in farce, was as a rule a failure. Her mind, like her life, was so singularly crystalline that she could not understand mere vice. "I would rather be a great murderess," said she, "than a morbid sickly fantastica, such as are, for the most part, the heroines of your modern drama." In 1855—half a century ago!—Adelaide Ristori appeared in Paris. Rachel was then in her prime, and it was generally believed that the challenge of the Italian actress would prove disastrous to her. But the Parisians, ever appreciative of exceptional talent, were taken by storm, not only by the beauty but by the genius of the foreign artist; Rachel had found a rival at last! It happened that Legouve had written for the great French actress a play on the subject of Medea, which that capricious artist had at first accepted with enthusiasm and then refused with disdain. Translated into excellent Italian, it eventually became one of Ristori's favorite parts. As Medea she was from start to finish superb. It would be impossible to excel the

(Continued on Page 32.)

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The Silent Sufferer

By S. R.

To suffer in silence is frequently regarded as a thing in itself intrinsically noble and desirable. It is customary to speak with deep admiration of those, who, while undergoing severe mental and physical pain, hide the fact from their fellows. Goldsmith in "The Deserted Village" wrote of "the silent manliness of grief" and his attitude is one almost universally adopted. But it is doubtful whether this ideal of dumb, patient suffering will bear the test of minute examination. There are times, of course—the great crises in our lives—when agony is so intense as to make any expression of it impossible. At such times if we are wise we creep away alone to fight out our battle in darkness and in silence. . . .

But with the so-called minor ills of life it is different. Here the man who suffers in silence becomes merely tiresome and tedious. The sufferings which he is undergoing become far more painfully insistent by his silence than if he shouted them aloud from the housetops. The man is a nuisance. His patient wistful face with mouth drawn down at corners obtrudes between us and our pleasures. He is a standing reproach to us. His look tells that he could a tale of woe unfold an' he would. But he will not. Whatever of romance there may be in him and his ailments is lost to the world. He gives no opportunity to his fellows of expressing that half-malicious sympathy which most of us feel in listening to the woes of our friends. He offers no chance of comparing symptoms. He gives no clue whether his pain arises from a disordered liver or from some noble purple grief or unforgotten sorrow. We are left to conjecture. It may be a broken heart or acute dyspepsia. He is unwelcome everywhere—a death's head at life's feast.

But not only to the onlooker is he tedious, he is also a nuisance to himself. Silent suffering results very often from a sense of absolute impotence—a belief true or ill based that there is no possible cure. So long as there is a chance of happening upon some remedy, the ordinary carnal man will continue to dilate upon his pains. He may not intend to follow your advice, but at least he can hear your suggested remedy and apply, if he choose, the assuaging balm of your sympathy or the bracing tonic of your cynical indifference. And as his sufferings grow greater in the telling, so they will grow less in reality. The poignancy, the sting is taken out of them. In the mere expression of them is inestimable relief. But the man who endures them all dumbly has poison working in his system. There is something sinister in silent suffering. The habit of it is adverse to action. It produces brooding, morbidity and neurasthenia. Many a sorrow, that allowed free expression would soon be cured, becomes by secret coddling a never-ending wound.

There are some people who through slackness, indifference or sheer terror of their fellows go through life suffering many unpleasant things without protest. Although they may not actually allow others to jostle them off the pavement as they walk, this they are content to endure. All their lives they seem to be apologising to the rest of the world for their existence. They dislike "fuss" or they are too careless or happy-go-lucky to assert themselves. Hence they come off badly everywhere. These are the men who always get the uncooked chops and the tough cuts off the joint. . . .

The attitude of mind which is content to endure without complaint little discomforts, little inattentions is essentially a wrong one. To suffer silently whether from good nature or any other cause is to put a premium on inefficiency. Many of the evil things which we suffer arise from it. Maybe the political healthiness of the English people, its freedom from revolutions and the like, should be traced to the mild explosiveness of the race on the smallest pretext. In nations, as among individuals, it is the silent sufferers who are the dangerous element. They are the men of resentment, the malcontents. If we, for instance, did not grumble about the weather we might brood over our meteorological wrongs until we persuaded ourselves that the Almighty bore us some special grudge. It is not without significance in this connection that we are coming to recognize that quickness of temper if not a virtue is at least one of those vices of which one does not mind being accused. A few bad words heartily emitted at the right moment clear the atmosphere wonderfully. The silent sufferer sits and sulks.

Unfortunately there are times when the exigencies of our social life demand that we should endure without remark. In church listening to a poor sermon or at the playhouse witnessing a bad play we cannot, with any seemliness, arise and shout out our pain. The social system has its martyrs and every day we are bound to let many things which cause us, perhaps, acute discomfort pass unnoticed. . . .

There is, however, a form of silent suffering which demands the most full-hearted sympathy. It is the dumb agony of those who yearn for expression and seek for it in vain. The after-dinner orator spluttering for the words that will not come or the budding politician seeking vainly for the end of a sentence of which he has lost the thread. The lover who with bursting heart can only look dumbly at his irresponsive mistress, knowing the while that if only he could translate his glowing thoughts into words he needs must melt her. The "mute inglorious Milton" who knows that he is a poet; the musician who is conscious that he has in him unexpected harmonies to which he can never give birth. Something of this anguish all those know who attempt to express themselves through any medium. Even the most successful—surely—realize how inadequately the thing expressed corresponds with that deeper vision within.

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Autumnal

(From the German of Karl Gerok.)
By J. S. J.

I.

Fainter fall the sunbeams,
Cold the sky and pale,
Of the summer sun dreams
Drowsily the vale.

II.

From the dying roses,
Wan with autumn's grief,
As the twilight closes,
Falls the last loose leaf.

III.

Golden hues are shading
Berry leaf and tree,
Dying now and fading
Seemeth good to me.

Perspective Impressions.

Mr. Hearst is young and strong. He may live it down.

Let us give thanks for the re-election of Judges Graham, Lawlor and Coffey.

In the opinion of Abe Ruef, to suffer abuse is the tax which every person of merit pays to the public.

When last heard from Eugene Schmitz was removing his mortal part from the public gaze in Paris. Whither he had gone none could tell, but the supposition is that he was hotly pursued by a haunting dread.

Now let us resume where we left off with the inquiry into the methods by which Abe Ruef made it possible for an orchestra fiddler to travel round the world in sumptuous state.

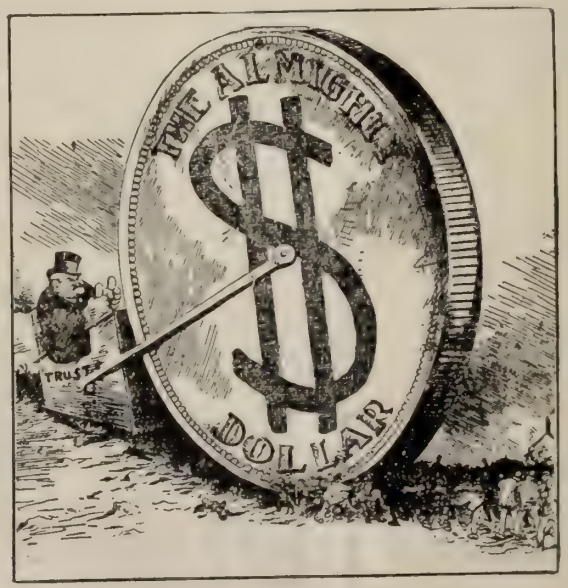
Governor Pardee will be remembered after the first Monday in January as the Governor who wore an opera hat in a daylight parade, who earned the sobriquet of Weak Brother in a great emergency and proclaimed himself a sorehead in a political campaign.

Even an Apostle of Discontent may exercise a wholesome influence. Mr. Hearst was responsible for the awakening of the Republican party of New York. To him the people of New York are indebted for the nomination of Mr. Hughes, an honest man who is not subservient to corrupt corporate power.

The Stuyvesant Fish who is engaged in a great financial battle with Mr. E. H. Harriman is known to fame as the husband of the lady that runs things in the social set of which Harry Lehr is a shining light. If Mrs. Fish would come to the rescue of her husband it would behoove Mr. Harriman to watch out.



"Two Mighty Hunters."
—"Wilshire's Magazine."



Lots of Power Here.
—Tad in the New York "American Journal."

The Spectator

The Pursuit of the Grafters

The election being a thing of the past, it will soon be quite evident, even to the cynical scoffers who have questioned the sincerity of the men behind the prosecution of Abe Ruef, that there is no ulterior purpose to be achieved; in other words, that neither Mr. Spreckels nor Mr. Heney have had any thought of achieving a political coup. Ruef and his sympathizers have tried to persuade the public that it was politics that inspired the prosecution and have intimated that Heney's zeal would be abated immediately after election. But it will soon be evident that Heney is as much in earnest as he was when he started on the trail of the land thieves, and that Rudolph Spreckels is actuated by nothing but zeal for the public welfare. However public sentiment is no longer as important in this matter as it was a week ago. There has been a steady accumulation of evidence illuminative of the ways that are dark and tricks that have been profitable as well as peculiar to the shifty boss, and he will soon learn that it will be ridiculous for him to protest and pose. In the brief period of his supremacy Abe made many enemies and they are now coming to the front. The probability is that they will come in droves as soon as they are convinced that he is on the run. Abe was not beloved of his clients. Many of them are eager to relate the full history of his employment. Some of them have already related it, conspicuous among them being Monsieur Malfanti of the gay Delmonico restaurant which was closed by a virtuous police commission and opened by a servile one at Abe Ruef's behest.

His Money-Lust

That malodorous French restaurant scandal is likely to constitute one of the historic chapters of the Ruef prosecution. And when the testimony shall all have been given perhaps the admirers of the thrifty boss will feel that they were somewhat extravagant in their estimate of his sagacity. They have credited him with sufficient shrewdness to refrain from giving rein to his inordinate cupidity in any capacity save that of licensed attorney, and they have laughed at everybody by whom the possibility of his transgressing the penal code has been suggested. But Heney may convince them that Ruef's knowledge of the law was not sufficiently broad to guide him safely through the shoals of the devious straits through which he piloted his craft of the low, black hull. But it would be premature to go into particularities and circumstantialities at this time. Suffice it that the tenderloin shyster in his mad lust of ducats was not always as circumspect as would have been a more talented attorney and less indecorous money-grubber. While it would be no crime for him to accept a fee from the French restaurant keepers to act as their attorney before the Police Commission, it would be a crime for him to conspire against them with Mayor Schmitz for the purpose of extorting money from them. And when the testimony of ex-Police Commissioner Reagan is heard in connection with the testimony of Malfanti and others it will make the case against Abe Ruef and Mayor Schmitz look very much like one of conspiracy.

His Fatal Egotism

As I have suggested, Abe Ruef's former clients, the men that sought and paid for his services, not because of his rare legal ability but on account of his intimacy with the Schmitz official family, are now coming to the front to tell how well he earned his fees. And where circumstantial evidence is being depended upon the testimony of clients is dovetailed with that of ex-commissioners who lost their jobs because they failed to show the great egotist the deference due to a man of his exalted station. But Heney does not have to depend on circumstantial evidence. He is in possession of testimony in all its infinite variety of the sufficiency of which for the divers purposes for which it is to be offered he has not the slightest doubt. Ruef would have his followers believe that Heney has been merely rainbow chasing. But it should be remembered that Ruef's forlorn hope is the keeping of his official partners faithful. He realizes now that he made the mistake of his life in alienating Maestretti, Reagan and Poheim, and from what is known of his efforts to regain their friendship after the storm broke it is reasonable to infer that to retain the confidence of other officials is a matter deemed by him of vital importance. But when the whole story is told as it will be told it will be seen how vain was the hope which he indulged. There never was a rogue who, at some time in the game of his adoption, did not "overplay his hand."

That Arizona Tragedy.

Abe Ruef's favorite method of establishing his innocence is to attack the character of the person or persons by whom he is accused. In this strategy he is most resourceful. And among his own followers this method of acquitting himself is most effective. They accept as conclusive of the falsity of all charges against him the slanders that he has uttered against his accusers, and they are very busy circulating the stories with which they have been supplied by their esteemed boss. Francis Heney is of course the object of their most vicious attacks, and they are picturing him as a very bad man, one who is absolutely dan-



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gerous to be at large. According to their version of the Arizona Tragedy in which Heney figured it was as cold blooded a murder as was ever committed, and yet Heney was a very popular man in the Territory. It happens that there is in this city the surgeon who probed for the bullet that was fired by Heney and who was the intimate friend of the dead physician. And it also happens that this surgeon's version of the homicide is quite at variance with the one given by Ruef and his gang. The surgeon to whom I refer is Dr. George Goodfellow, than whom there is not a medical man of higher standing in his profession on this coast. Dr. Goodfellow was asked about the Arizona tragedy some days ago, and he said: "Mr. Heney killed a man who was my friend, but he killed him to save his own life. He could not have evaded the issue. He was pursued vindictively for weeks and tried to keep out of trouble but couldn't. He was defending his life when the pistol was discharged and he was engaged in a struggle with a man vastly his superior in physical strength."

Making Copy of Her Neighbor

Geraldine Bonner's latest novel dealing as it does with living representatives of California's new rich aristocracy, suggests the old, familiar ethical problem:



Geraldine Bonner

How far, if at all, is it right to make copy of your neighbor? This question is raised every little while, but nobody appears to take much interest in its solution. The first Californian writer to make copy of her neighbor was Gertrude Atherton in "The Randolphs of Redwood," which she recently rewrote and put on the market under the title of "The Daughter of the Vine." It was said that the Randolphs were something more than Gertrude Atherton's neighbor; that she had been their guest, but you cannot believe all that you hear. However, there is great power in a precedent, and both Gertrude Atherton and Geraldine Bonner can, if they think it necessary, take shelter under the shadow of great names. The English novel, as the word is understanded of the people, is about 160 years old, and during that period, who has not been accused of making copy of his neighbor? There are old Dryasdusts who will tell you who sat for the portrait of Parson Trulliber and the name of the farrier who was not allowed to dock Sir Charles Grandison's Flander's mare. They know the names of all Smollet's doctors and even of his unspeakable sea-captains. All the great novelists—Scott, Disraeli, Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Bronte and George Elliott—all made copy of their neighbors.

The Adjustable Cap

But it doesn't matter whether a novelist scorns to draw from a model. However ingeniously a character may be evolved out of the inner consciousness of a writer, somebody will fit the cap on—his neighbor. And here really lies the trouble. The people who were measured for the cap never turn a hair. Who ever heard that Hill or Arcedeckne complained till Thackeray tried to set his heel on a real viper? Then they turned, and said "You're another." Poor dear Harold Skimpole would have enjoyed "Bleak House" if some damned good-natured friend had not discovered he was in it. We can never quite forgive Dickens for the ungracious kick with which he dismisses Skimpole. In another case, having drawn a somewhat ill-natured portrait in an early number, he made amends in the sequel by loading little Miss Mowcher with virtues till "Comedy wondered at being so fine." But he at least saw no harm in drawing from the model. Did he not induce Forster to ask him to meet a learned counsel at lunch, and write next day "I think I have got him pretty well, considering I only had one sitting?" The result was Stryver in the "Tale of Two Cities!"

....PLAYS....

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Getting Back to Their Hill

While the slopes of Russian Hill and Nob Hill are almost as bare as they were left by the fire of last April, Telegraph Hill is taking on its old populous aspect. As of old the children swarm the streets—for they are true Rooseveltians, these. Italians and Mexican who inhabit this hill, of which it has been written that

"The Irish they live at the top av it,
And the Dagoes they live at the base av it;
And iv'ry tin can in the knowledge av man
Is scatthered all over the face av it."

Taking the poet's segregation as correct, the Irish did not suffer so much as the Italians did, for many homes on the extreme top of the hill still stand. But there were Irish on the slopes and at the base, too. And all of them seem to have united in an endeavor to make their beloved hill as habitable as it was before. The fact is that they are making it more habitable. Nearly all the houses on Telegraph Hill were old, fragile, unsanitary. They went like dry rushes before the flames. They are being replaced today by new dwellings that, while not expensive, are modern in



Looking Up Kearny from Washington

This part of town was swept clean by fire. In the foreground is Abraham Ruef's new building, erected from the proceeds of his law practice, every dollar of which he says he obtained honestly.

appointments. New and fresh and free from the collected microbes of generations of none too careful dwellers, they will be far more beautiful than were the old tinder that they are replacing. There is nothing temporary about the new buildings that are going up. They are built for people who have lived all their lives on the hill, and would not live in any other part of town.

The Sentimental Attachment

Ask half the people of San Francisco why they live in any particular locality and they will confess that they have no particular reason. Ask a Telegraph Hill resident and the answer will be, "Sure, because it is the finest part of town." They love the wind-swept slopes and precipices, the steep highways, the view of ocean, bay, islands and distant shores. They love these things so well that they are flocking back there and building anew and better than before. Already the Italian fisherman's wife stands in her doorway and distinguishes her husband's boat from the others as the fleet comes up the bay. Vegetable stalls, where one may buy wine both red and white, olive oil, cheese that looks bad and smells worse, macaroni in fifty-seven varieties, are scattered over the hill again. The toot



On the West Slope of Telegraph Hill.

Not a building was standing here after the fire.

of the fish-peddler's horn is heard on Fridays, and things are becoming more and more as they were before the fire.

Steepness of hill does not deter these people. Kearny Street from Broadway to Green is so steep that flights of steps in the sidewalks are necessary in order that people may reach their homes. Yet these two blocks have more dwellings on them than any other two blocks on the hill. Not only cottages have been erected, but flats and large tenements. The west side of the hill is being built up almost as rapidly—



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and here, too, the steepest blocks have the most houses. Broadway, the Market Street of that quarter, has two or three blocks of good business buildings, while others are going up as rapidly as carpenters and masons can erect them. They are the true home-builders, the people of Telegraph Hill—the backbone of the town. Fire and shock cannot frighten them away. They regard only one town as worth living in—and only one part of it as habitable.

The Revolutionary Refugees

I'll wager that the Relief Committee think that Hercules' labors were a snap compared with the labors shoved upon their aching shoulders by the turbulent actions of refugees Mary Kelly, Alva Udell and the rest of the red hot rampant radical leaders scattered about the various camps. In the seven months that have elapsed since the fire they have learned when and where to kick hardest at the fences of the famous nine million dollar relief fund. All of which was illustrated when Mary Kelly started last week's cyclone by seizing one of the refugee cottages which had been erected by the Relief Committee with a view to charging a small rental. She flatly refused to pay any rental or to vacate. This act placed the Relief Committee in a very delicate position. How would it look for such a charitable organization to invoke the courts in order to collect rent for the cottages built on public squares with the money subscribed for the relief of the people being sued? And the worst of the situation is that hundreds of vigilant "rent dodgers" and "relief fund looters" stand ready to break in at Mary Kelly's heels or the heels of any adventurer who can show them an opening to the cottages or anything else belonging to the Relief Fund.

Udell's Soft Snap

Alva Udell is the lawyer who spins the legal entanglements for the refugees. It took the biggest earthquake in the history of the city to shake him into the slightest kind of notice as an attorney and this notice will go into eclipse with the passing of the Relief Fund. He has organized what he calls the United Refugees, a combination of those that think they are not getting their fair share of the fund. There are five thousand members and each member pays Counsel Udell fifty cents for the privilege of registering with the organization and one dollar a year in advance as dues. Incidentally it may be noted that if the refugees are contentedly paying this tidy sum for legal advice on the best ways of getting what they think is their fair share of the fund, the Relief Committee is spending a far larger sum proportionately in what is called "administrative expenses." Verily money is the sinew of war, even in disbursing the public charity. The biting humor connected with the disbursement of the Relief Fund depends upon the viewpoint of the spectator.

The Anarchist Trial Judge

Judge Joseph Easton Gary, who died in Chicago last week, was entitled to more than the brief mention that he was accorded in the dispatches. He was one of the notable figures in the history of the American judiciary. He had the reputation of being the wittiest, the most satirical, and in some respects, the most picturesque of the judges of the middle west. He was in his eighty-fifth year at the time of his death, but with mental and physical faculties unimpaired, and he was the oldest in

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point of both years and judicial service of the judges of Illinois. He had a varied career, born in New York, where he learned and practiced the trade of carpentering until 1840, he removed to St. Louis, and engaged in the study of law, and was admitted to the bar four years later. After the Mexican War, he turned further west, settled in Las Vegas, New Mexico, studied the Spanish language, and practiced in the mixed courts of that territory. In 1853 he found himself in San Francisco, where he remained for about three years in the practice of his profession, after which he settled permanently in Chicago. Since 1853 he was continually on the bench, and presided over some of the most notable trials ever conducted in the United States. He gained an international reputation by his connection with the trial of the Chicago Anarchists in 1886.

His rulings were sustained by both the State and the Federal Supreme Courts and his course went far towards solving the problem of how to deal with the lawless elements. For a long time after the execution of the convicted criminals Judge Gary was guarded by police and detectives, though the precautions were not of his seeking. Some years after the event, and while there was still inclination on the part of sentimentalists to regard the rioters as martyrs and victims of prejudice. Judge Gary contributed to one of the magazines a review of the trial couched in plain and simple language, devoid of legal verbiage and circumlocution, in which he set forth the facts and the law so that none but those determined not to understand could fail to comprehend. Though for more than sixty years connected with the law, Judge Gary never lost his early interest in mechanics and was fond of trying his hand at inventions. He devised a number of contrivances which would have been great successes, amongst them a railroad brake, a circular steam press, a rotary churn and a steam pump, but, unfortunately, it always proved that some other inventor had been a little ahead of him. Judge Gary was emphatically a gentleman of the old school. His clothing was of the old-fashioned cut such as was adopted and made almost sacred to the legal profession in the middle of the century, and in his home life he adhered to old ways. When he first settled in Chicago there was no such convenience as a milk cart and the Judge used to go night and morning to an old woman who lived some blocks away, for a supply for family use. Though the necessity disappeared years ago he continued the early habit to the end of his days, and some of the middle aged of his neighbors said that one of their earliest recollections, was Judge Gary carrying the milk.

Some Gary Anecdotes

I remember many amusing anecdotes of the quaint jurist. Shortly after his election to the Appellate Court of Cook County he was asked what he found to do to keep him busy. "I'm kept busy reversing Judge Blank!" he said. In the course of a trial one day he said to the attorneys:

"I see that you gentlemen are spoiling for a fight," he said. "My advice to you is to go into an adjoining room and chew each others' ears for a while. It will save time later on." The advice was not accepted but the hint was taken nevertheless.

His Tribute To Conkling

Judge Gary objected most emphatically to being interviewed for publication. The longest interview he ever granted was on the occasion of the death of Conkling. Reporters were sent about to gather the opinions of prominent persons, and Judge Gary allowed himself to be quoted to this extent: "I greatly admired Conkling on account of his great ability. He was too big a man for me to talk about." During the progress of one of the court sessions there was some slight disturbance, and the author of it was seized by a bailiff and carried before the bar. "What are you making all this commotion about?" sternly asked the Judge. "Please, your Honor," replied the culprit, "I've lost my hat." "Is that all?" said the Judge. "Why, men have lost whole suits in this court and not made half so much fuss." One day there was brought before him an alleged bigamist. He had lived for two years with the second woman and had agreed to plead guilty on the assurance of the State's Attorney that his sentence would divorce him from No. 2. Judge Gary, addressing the prisoner, said "of course you understand what that plea of guilty means?" "Yes, your Honor. Anything to get free."

"I suppose there are some things beside which prison would be a relief," said the Court. "Any relative or friend of this defendant in court?"

A woman in black, with a voice resembling a ripsaw going through a knotty plank, arose and answered: "I'm his second wife, Judge."

Giving her one look, the Judge seemed to read her through; he continued: "Some things beside which

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prison would seem a relief. You ought to be willing to take three years?"

The prisoner nodded his assent, and the Judge resumed: "I will give you one year. You seem to have had the other two before you were arrested."

The Larceny of Ore

A condition of affairs exists in Goldfield at present, I am told, that probably has never had its parallel. A system of thieving is going on that would put a supervisor to blush—and it is going on with the full knowledge of the looted. It is not done with their consent, but they are forced to see their gold stolen day after day without being able to stop the thieving. The sufferers are the mine-owners, and the men who are growing rich at their expense are their employees, who are stealing the highest grade ore in enormous quantities. Recent telegrams tell of a wagon-load of ore stolen from a store-house at the top of a mine-shaft. The thieves were not caught. What is more, no attempt was made to find them. In Goldfield are men known as "high-graders" who buy this rich ore. The mine-owners know them. They see their employees trafficking with them. They know that when a big pay-streak is found the miners load their pockets with the best ore in sight. It is estimated that over $150,000 a week is made by the miners through these stealings. And their employers do not more than feebly resist. One day not long ago a body of unusually rich ore was uncovered. The superintendent remarked, sadly: "Now, boys, leave some of this for the company."

Why The Thieving Is Permitted

There must be a reason for all this. And the reason is that there is an unwritten law among the mine-employees that if one of them is discharged for stealing, all the others will quit work. This would be a calamity under existing conditions. All the Goldfield mines are being worked by men who have leased them until the beginning of the year, giving the owners a percentage of the gold taken out. They must surrender the mines on January 1st. Consequently each and every one of them is working wildly and feverishly to get out all the gold he can by that time. From one mine a million dollars was taken in thirty days. Another yielded a million in a hundred days. Some of the ore is so rich that it is kept in safes or in safe deposit vaults. Actually, ore running one hundred dollars to the pound is too plentiful to excite great comment. The lessees of the mines cannot afford to have their men quit under such conditions. A week's lay-off would mean a fortune. Far better to let the miners loot part of this fortune than to lose all of it—for after January 1st the owners step in and take what is left. So when miners come out of the shaft with bulgy clothing black looks are cast at them, but nothing is said. When a miner announces that he is sick and must go to Goldfield, the object of his errand is known—for he takes a heavy trunk with him and comes back with an exceedingly light one. He has been paying a visit to the "high-graders."

Rise of a Chorus Girl

Miss Clifford's admirers are in the extreme ecstasies of joy. She is on the very crest of the top wave of musical comedy success—and in London, too. A very

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remarkable achievement for a girl who came to this country as an immigrant in the steerage some six years ago. Her parents were dead and she had to make her own way through what help she could get from an uncle and aunt living in poor circumstances near New York. It was while working as a servant that she heard of a girl acquaintance who had made somewhat of a success in the chorus. Forthwith she quit her place at housework and applied for a position in a New York chorus. She had a good figure of the chorus lady type, a pretty face but otherwise no special talent, but she was persevering and never missed a chance to pick up any stage business that would advance her in the ranks. For a long time she barely made her way attracting no particular attention.



Two Civic Patriots

The beardless gentleman behind the glasses is Abe Ruef's Nemesis, Mr. Francis Heney. The handsome gentleman under the white hat is the angel of the prosecution, Mr. Rudolph Spreckels.

She Answered An Ad

One of Kolb and Dill's bright particular stars told me the other day how Miss Clifford got her first chance. Manager Savage was on the eve of taking "The Prince of Pilsen" over to London and was looking for a girl to take the part of "the Manhattan Girl" in the representative girls of the big cities of the world. "Advertise for one," suggested his press agent, "and you'll advertise the play at the same time." He did, and my informant and Miss Clifford slipped into the place to see if they had one chance in ten million. The ad. must have been regarded somewhat in the light of a hoax for it was the rummiest aggregation that ever assembled in such a quest. The applicants were passed out about as fast as they approached the desk. The room was about cleared when one of the judges happened to pass near the corner where Miss Clifford was shrinking in dread, hope and apprehension. She was the only one that approached anywhere near class form. They tried her voice and her walk and decided they could whip her into proper shape by the time the play reached London. She burst into tears when they told her she could have the place if she made good. She made an instantaneous hit in the little part in London



Metcalf and Altmann

The first conference between the Secretary of Commerce and Labor and the President of the Board of Education on the subject of the segregation of Japanese School Children.

and she has been climbing in the profession ever since. She has one of the best press agents in the business. Now she is engaged to a nobleman's son and the lusty playwright is butchering plays to fit her.

When Church and Bank Join Hands

The Latin Quarter has been the surprise of the city in the way it has recovered from the effects of the big fire. Fully two-thirds of the structures have been rebuilt and at least one-half of these are superior to the ones destroyed. Those who have watched with wonder the rapid rise of this section have reasoned it out on the theory of the thrift, industry and stocking-saving qualities of this portion of our population. Indeed it was known that as soon as the embers of the big fire cooled sufficiently many parts of the ruins were alive with property owners delving among the cellar ashes anxiously searching for the pots and kettles that contained their hard earned hoards. The frugality of the Latins may in a measure explain the quick rebuilding of that portion of the town but the chief reason is a building scheme early entered into in that section to beat the machinations of the local lumber trust. At the time of the disaster the Catholic church in that district happened to have some available funds on hand. Those in charge of it quickly realized that homes and shelter were of the direst need. Lumber under the manipulation of the trust had begun to soar, making it almost a prohibitive quantity in that section. So the church and the Italian bank entered into an understanding whereby they practically started a lumber mill in the north to supply the Latin Quarter with its output. Not only was the lumber supplied to consumers at about ten dollars a thousand less than the prevailing trust rates but money was advanced to the builders at an unusually low rate of interest on their property as security. And on this kind of head work has the Latin Quarter risen so rapidly from the ashes.

On The Way To The Ferry

We had dust, now we have mud. It is ankle-deep on lower Market street, except in the chuck-holes, where it is knee-deep. It was just opposite a pair of such chuck-holes that a car blockade was caused on Monday night by the stalling of a truck in two other chuck-holes. There was a great time. Commuters looked anxiously at their watches, and at last, when time and the ferry-boat would wait no longer, waded through the mud to the sidewalk and lit out for the ferry. Those who remainded on the cars were gloomy until the Hotel St. Francis "automobus" came along, loaded with passengers and baggage, and lifted the gloom. As he went past the car the chauffeur drove slowly. It was a fatal error. A first wheel went into one chuck-hole, a rear wheel dropped into another that was just the right distance away; and there they stuck. Instantly the bourgeoisie on the car grew joyous in watching a whole load of the aristocracy running chances of missing a train. It wasn't because the chauffeur and the machine didn't try that the latter stuck there. The wheels whirled, and whirled, and whirled—but they got no farther ahead. The male passengers got out first and pushed and hoisted while the public gave sarcastic advice. Then the ladies got out, and the men shoved still harder. They put fragments of San Francisco under the wheels, and with other souvenirs of the fire they pried. Another truck came along just then, and it, too, stuck. That made two trucks, an auto, and a string of cars two blocks long.

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I was sorry to miss the finish, whatever it may have been; but the ferry-boat beckoned, and as I was doing no good—my suggestions going unheeded—I continued my commutistic way on foot. The last printable words I heard were: "Get a horse."

The Song That Caused a Row

Great is the power of verse, the novel and the intercepted letter to move men and women to tears, madness and ungovernable vengeance but the why and the wherefore of the hysterical influence of the up-to-date musical comedy song is past the understanding of the ordinary layman unfamiliar with the gossip of the rialto. For instance consider the following lines, lines that have split a big theatrical partnership, made bitter enemies of two prominent "stars," set London agog and divided the Johnnies of Mayfair into two hostile camps hurling great clouts of contempt at each other:

I walked one day
Along Broadway
  When I was in New York
A friend of mine
Said, "My! you're fine
  You have the Gibson Walk
You have the pose and Gibson nose,
And quite the Gibson leer.
You've surely heard of the man called Gibson;
(Chorus: He meant the fellow called Dana Gibson.)
What he meant was not quite clear
Until I landed over here.

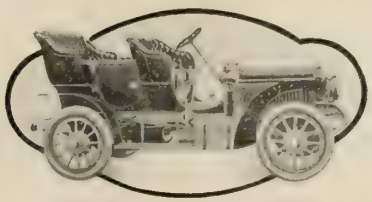
Refrain:
  So why do they call me a Gibson Girl,
  A Gibson Girl, a Gibson Girl?
What is the matter with Mr. Ibsen?
(Chorus: Mr. Ibsen.)
Why, Dana Gibson!
Wear a blank expression
And a monumental curl;
And walk with a bend in your back,
Then they will call you a Gibson Girl.

Just walk around town
Look up and down
  The girls affect a style
As they pass by
With down cast eye,
  And a bored and languid smile.
They look as if
They'd had a tiff
  With Mr. Beerbohm Tree.
They do their best, for they've seen the pictures.
(Chorus: They've missed the point of the Dana pictures.)
  Which are intended, don't you see,
  For all in perfect type should be.

Those are the words of the song "Why Do They Call Me a Gibson Girl?", the hit in "The Belle of Mayfair," now being produced in London. The local manager gave them to Miss Camile Clifford, bride to be of young Bruce, second son of Lord Aberdare, and thereat Edna May, the great Edna May, the bright particular star of musical comedy, quit the theater in a huff. She kept the cables hot for a day wiring her trouble to Charles Frohman, her manager. Frohman tried to heal the breach but his London partner stood just as manfully by Miss Clifford, so Frohman cut the partnership and cabled Edna May to take a continental trip till he could get a new play in readiness for her.

Harrison and the Olympians

Once more has discord been fomented in the Olympic Club and once more have serious consequences threatened to ensue from a dispute over a question of policy. And as usual that sensitive and belligerent Celt, William Greer Harrison, was in the thick of it. Nothing momentous ever takes place in the Olympic Club unless William Greer Harrison is in some manner identified with it. The history of the Olympic Club for the past quarter of a century is nothing more nor less than a biography of the great perennial pedestrian who added to the sum of knowledge of the British Geographical Society some years ago by giving practical demonstration of the fact that San Jose is within walking distance of San Francisco. And it was this same William Greer Harrison who gave world-wide celebrity to the glorious climate of California by inaugurating the custom of taking a dip in the Pacific Ocean every first of January. In many ways Mr.



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Harrison has made the Olympic Club famous. He gave the Olympic Club a salt-water bathing system and he has given the Olympic Club a president for innumerable successive terms, but every little while a bunch of Olympians resolve themselves into an indignation committee and protest against Mr. Harrison. Their most recent protest was based upon the action of the Board of Directors (which is another name for Mr. Harrison) in employing an architect to draw plans for a new club building. The protestants wanted the matter thrown open to competition. They insisted that it be thrown open to competition. Mr. Harrison threatened to resign if they didn't abandon their protest. Then somebody suggested a big dinner and all the Olympians sat down and dined, after which they stood up and sang Hail to the Chief, and Mr. Harrison bowed gracefully with appropriate blushes. Mr. Harrison's architect will pencil.

The Down and Out Club

In consequence of the sulking of Governor Pardee throughout the late campaign, and of the opposition of his political machine to the Republican candidate, all his faithful henchmen will be enrolled as members of the Down and Out Club. The Governor insisted upon having company while committing political hara-kiri in a fit of peevishness, and now the satellites of his Administration will have him to thank for their undoing. They'll all have to go. None will be spared. Not even Secretary Pillsbury of the Board of Examiners, nor Chairman Lemon of the Library Trustees, nor Mr. Snook, attorney for the Board of Regents, nor ex-Senator Guy Earl, who turned his brother's paper, the Los Angeles "Express," against Gillett. Even the Pardee sympathizers at Folsom—and there were many of them—all were dragged down with the doctor. Senator Belshaw, who was appointed Prison Commissioner, will be sidetracked, leaving only Ford and Felton to uphold the tottering Pardee machine. Gillett will appoint a man to join forces with Devlin and Ray and they will then handle the patronage. The Harbor Commission too is likely to come under Gillett's control in the first year of his term.

An Old Land-Mark in a New Place

Our readers will welcome the news of the re-establishment of the Louvre at the corner of Eddy and Fillmore Streets.

An artistic restaurant has been fitted up in a manner to call forth praise from all who have seen it—with entrance for ladies on Eddy Street and an entrance for gentlemen on Fillmore, and on Thursday night, of last week, a gala dinner was given for which more than 500 reservations had been made, and where there was an exceptionally pleasant time—the greeting of old friends, and the enjoyment of a most excellent dinner.

The Louvre has long been recognized as a feature in the life of San Francisco, noted all over the world for its excellent restaurants.

The Germans, as well as the Americans, who have traveled or lived on the continent, and who have cultivated a taste for the famous beers of Germany, have for more than a generation looked to the Louvre for the importation of such beer as Culmbacher, Hofbrau, Wurzburger, Pilsner, etc.

Music lovers congregate at the Louvre to hear the popular and classical music by the Louvre's excellent orchestra, lead by Mr. Joseph.

Mr. Jesse Meyerfeld, than whom there is no more popular restaurateur in this city of restaurants, is the president and general manager of the Louvre now, as he has been in the past.

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Social Prattle

By Tantalus

Astrologer Horst

According to the "Chaperone" Baron Von Horst is a wonderful astrologer who has read the fate of many society girls in the stars. From other sources I hear that some time ago the Baron cast Anita Harvey's horoscope and found a young attorney's name written large in her book of fate. Well so did Town Talk! Wonderful and weird are the ways of the prognosticator! However, the Baron is not only an astrologer but an astronomer as well—astrology is a drawing room trick of which he is very proud but from the lonely heights of his castle in Coburg he has scientific communings with the stars and the stars don't seem to mind it at all!



Miss Elsa Lange

A society belle of Berkeley whose engagement to Edmund Maison was recently announced. Miss Lange is a Berkeley sophomore. Mr. Maison is a wealthy mining man of Nevada. He graduated from Berkeley.

It is marvelous what a fascination fortune telling has for the smart set. There are several girls who have assiduously studied palmistry and it is considered quite a stunt to know the Mount of Venus from Mt. Tamalpais. Maude Bourne, Mrs. Lansing Kellogg, and half a dozen others are very clever amateurs at the gentle art of fitting generalities to particular palms.

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A Distant Relationship

The eastern press has commented on the fact that Gus Spreckels did not come to the financial assistance of "his brother-in-law" Moses E. Wooster who recently gained unenviable notoriety through his connection with that edition de luxe "Fads and Fancies." It is more than likely that Gus Spreckels would throw out a gilded line to a bankrupt brother-in-law. But it so happens that Moses E. does not bear much closer relation to him than Moses in the bull-rushes. Mrs. Philip Wooster is Mrs. Gus Spreckels sister and while Moses Wooster and Philip Wooster are related it does not follow even in Chinese custom that Gus Spreckels should say "him my clousin"! Fads and Fancies Wooster has just filed a petition in bankruptcy which shows that even distant relationship is sometimes an asset for besides $700 to dressmakers $98 to milliners, $163 to grocers, $530 to butchers, and $163 to dentists, Wooster owes B. J. Hoffacker of San Francisco $7,125 which has been advanced to him at various times. Mrs. Hoffacker is a sister of Mrs. Gus Spreckels, Mrs. Philip Wooster and Mrs. Ruby Dore Bond. Mrs. Dore and her daughters, Mrs. Bond and Mrs. Philip Wooster are at present in New York. It was expected that Mrs. Spreckels and Mrs. Hoffacker would join the family circle there but Mrs. Hoffacker is busy superintending the arrangements for the marriage of her daughter Lacinia to Raymond Splivalo which takes place next month. Mrs. Spreckels changed her plans at the last moment and instead of waiting for the family re-union hurried on to Berlin to join her daughter, Mrs. Spencer Eddy.

Miss Maye Colburn is still in San Rafael but will return to town as soon as her mother can find a suitable home. House-hunting is the popular diversion in society nowadays.

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VAN NESS AT WASHINGTON

Tactless Mrs. Catt

Apropos of Berlin I have just read an interesting letter from Edith Livermore on the commotion in the coffee pot raised by the recent address of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the American woman suffragist before the American Womens' Club of Berlin. Mrs. Tower, wife of the American Ambassador, the wife of the consul general and all the ladies of the legation are enthusiastic members of this club and it was at Mrs. Tower's invitation that Mrs. Catt addressed the meeting. A great many important German women were present expecting to hear Mrs. Catt elucidate the subject of equal suffrage in America. But Mrs. Catt seeing that a large part of her audience were German women of title and position delivered herself of a speech that topped the pinnacle of tactlessness. In a voice husky with eloquence she shrieked that it should be the mission of every American woman living in Germany to "lift German women out of the swamp of immorality in which they now live." She declared it was hard to see decency through the cloud of cigarette smoke which envelopes all classes of German women and so on. Just as soon as the Catt began to show that her claws were not properly trimmed Mrs. Tower and Mrs. Spencer Eddy showed their indignation by leaving the hall and several other Americans followed their footsteps. But the Germans stayed on to hear the worst. Most of them seemed to take Mrs. Catt as a provincial joke but some were highly indignant that an unqualified judge should publicly condemn them and at a lecture to which they had been especially invited by representative American women. However the most indignant German is mild in her censure compared to the protests of the members of the American club who tell that Mrs. Catt shamelessly outraged all sense of tact in her stupid arraignment of women she cannot know or understand.

The Latest Burlingame Craze

Burlingame is becoming almost slant-eyed in its frantic attempts to recognize Japanese art and culture. Almost every one is adding a choisi and Japanese garden to the landscape and bits of Tokyo around. No one in these parts yet possesses a genuine peach blow or sang de boeuf but almost anyone can talk near—learnedly on the subject. Harry Bowie of San Mateo is the most ardent disciple of a single chrysanthemum against a back ground of nothing. Mrs. Shimada, the Japanese artist, lives in the Bowie home and illustrated the lecture on "Japanese Flower Arrangement and Its Significance" which Mr. Bowie gave this week before the Burlingame club. Most of the club men know a "peach" when they see her but their interest in peach blows does not seem to be as keen as that of their wives and sisters. Mr. Bowie is one of the few men that think sang de boeuf more vital than beefsteak for dinner and it is his enthusiasm which has swept the ladies toward things Japanese.

Wilberforce Williams and Sidney Salisbury have taken apartments at the Bachelors, in Laguna Street, for the winter.

A Los Angeles Wedding

The chief social event of the month in Los Angeles, writes my correspondent, will be the wedding of Miss Adelaide Brown, daughter of Mrs. E. T. Brown and Sydney I. Wailes, of Washington, D. C. Miss Brown is related to the Bannings who own Santa Catalina Island and she is a niece of George S. Patton, long prominent in California state politics. Miss Errol Brown of Washington will come West to attend her cousin, the bride, on November 27, and among the

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bridesmaids will be Misses Louise Burke, Louise McFarland, Grace Mellus, Anne Patton and Inez Clark. The matron of honor will be Mrs. Henry Carlton Lee, who is a niece of Senator W. A. Clark. Miss Brown is being much feted these days while chief among others who are coming in for attention are Miss Brown's cousin, Miss Anita Patton, one of the season's debutantes and Miss Edith Herron, daughter of the R. H. Herrons, who is also a bud.

The Second Greenbaum "Pop" Concert

Next Wednesday afternoon, November 14, Will Greenbaum's second "Pop" concert will be given at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, and the offering will be his newly organized orchestra of thirty of the finest musicians in the West under the able direction of Paul Steindorff. The orchestra will be a surprise to our music lovers, and it is the intention of Messrs. Greenbaum and Steindorff to make it a permanent institution. There will be no attempt at Symphony concerts, for that field is well covered by the University of California orchestra but the programmes will be made up of the best popular works and will include some of the chamber music of the great masters. This class of work is rarely heard in public and some of the most beautiful compositions of the masters are in this form of work. For instance at next Wednesday's concert the Beethoven Grand Septette will be given. Beethoven never wrote a more interesting or beautiful work than this, yet it is seldom played. No student or music lover can afford to miss the opportunity of hearing it. The programme complete is as follows: Part I—Overture, Euryanthe, Weber; Grand "Septette" Op. 20, Beethoven; clarinet, Mr. Kunzelmann; bassoon, Mr. Beetz; french horn, Mr. Huske; violin, Mr. Koenig; viola, Mr. Heinsen; violincello, Mr. Weiss; contra bass, Mr. Angermunde. Part II (in lighter vein)—Overture, "Il Guarany," Gomez; Hymn to the Sun from "Iris," Mascagni; Le Rouet de Gand-Maman (Grandmama's Spinning Wheel), Gillet; Grand Fantasie "Mefistofele," Boito.

The Clement-Cloman Engagement

The many local friends of Captain Sydney A. Cloman have been keeping the wires hot with felicitations on his engagement to Mrs. Flora Louise Clement of Washington, D. C. Captain Cloman is one of the most popular army officers that ever visited San Francisco and in the Bohemian Club, of which he is an enthusiastic member, he has many warm friends. Mrs. Clement is one of the most gracious members of Washington's smartest society. The marriage will take place on December 6 at the residence of John Hays Hammond at Lakewood, N. J. After the wedding the couple will go to London, Captain Cloman having been appointed military attache to the court of St. James.

On Friday afternoon of this week the management of the Paris Tea Garden inaugurated a season of vocal concerts with Mrs. John Darwin Gish as principal soloist. Mrs. Gish is the soloist of Trinity Church. The second concert will be held next Tuesday and thereafter concerts will be given every Tuesday and Friday afternoon.

Miss May Coyle gave a dance last Saturday evening to a number of friends at The Paris Tea Garden. Mrs. Langhorne will give the first of her Saturday evening dances of the season there this Saturday. This delightful place is becoming quite the rendezvous of the smart set for lunches, dinners and social gatherings.

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A Notable Triumph

Hugo Mansfeldt has reason to be proud of the great success of his pupil, Mary Carrick, of whose triumph in Berlin the news was cabled by Herr Liebling, court pianist to Emperor William and intimate friend of our own virtuoso. But her triumph is also a source of much gratification to Town Talk for in this paper was her talent first exploited. In the issue of May 30, 1903, the musical critic of Town Talk said: "Miss Mary Carrick is not a child phenomenon, but a serious young woman who, under the guidance of Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, has studied her Liszt to some purpose." The same paragraph in which her rendition of the very intricate Legend of St. Francis and of the eighth Rhapsody discussed contained these words: "Her power and speed are surprising and she succeeded in evoking a soul out of the much banged Rhapsody. Mr. Mansfeldt is to be congratulated on his pupil, and



Miss Mary Carrick

the public of San Francisco on the fact that such results can be arrived at by local tuition and without the necessity of going abroad to study." Miss Carrick is, I believe, the first American whose musical education was exclusively American to succeed in winning the enthusiastic approval of European critics. Before going to Berlin she excited a great deal of interest and won high praise in England. And all the credit belongs to Hugo Mansfeldt of San Francisco.

A Dancing Club For Marin

San Rafael is rubbing its manicured hands with glee. The suburban elite are to have a smart dancing club this winter so that those who have a mind to may shake-a-day-day to the city cotillions. For the commuter there is always a drop of bitter in the sweets of town joys. And now that accommodations are not generous in the city it will be especially inconvenient for the out-of-townites. So Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Mrs. Jim Follis and several other society women who are going to winter in San Rafael have decided that they can just as well play in their own back yard. Only the blue ribbon class will be asked to join the club as the directors do not want the dances to have a village flavor. The list of members will not be as long as the Greenway or Shorb-White dances, but they are to be the very best syllable of exclusiveness.

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Stage

Brilliant Play By An American

Mr. Langdon Mitchell is the author of the latest successful epigrammatic play. It is entitled "The New York Idea" and is played by Mrs. Fiske. She has won a great triumph in it. A correspondent writes me that



Lillian Apel
Pianologist, at the Orpheum.

from the literary viewpoint it is the most brilliant work that ever came from the pen of an American playwright. He says: "It is not so much in what he has to say as in how he says it that Mr. Mitchell has distinguished himself. His dialogue snaps and crackles, repartee is flashed back and forth across the stage continually, and epigram answers epigram in never ending flash, until the whole atmosphere is surcharged to the exploding point. From start to finish here is a fine example of how a comedy with a serious underlying idea should be written. The wit is not forced, the epigrams are not studied, the satire gets at you but does not hurt you. You see the trend of the argument, the motive is fully revealed, and the conclusion is fully justified. The play is founded on the maxim, Marry the man you have a whim for and leave the rest to the divorce court. It is an old theme Mr. Mitchell has taken and put in a setting of the hour. 'Tis the theme of "She fell in love with her husband"—old as "The School for Scandal" and older. The setting is New York society and the grotesque and demoralizing effects our wicked divorce laws produce upon that society. The moral of the play is, if you must have a moral, that sometimes it requires a divorce to make a man and a woman understand that they love each other. In a better, soberer state of society neither the divorce nor the moral would be necessary. Here are some excerpts from the dialogue:

It's just simply a fact, Karslake, and that's all there is to it. If a woman has once been married—I mean the first man she marries—she may hate, she may despise him, but she will always be jealous of him with other women.

The lady on the sofa was my brother's wife. He divorced her—incompatibility; Rhode Island. The lady at the tea table was Mr. Karslake's wife. She divorced him—desertion; Sioux Falls.

Here's to the old days, Cynthia!
No, no, no, not that.
Well, then, here's to your next husband!



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No, let me propose a toast; here's to the relation I am to you!

Well, what relation are you?

I am your first wife once removed.

An Englishman, when he marries, expects three things—love, obedience and five children.

Three? I make that seven!

Do come—I'm desperately hungry—whenever I'm married that's the effect it has.

How's the bride? Did she paw the ground like the horse in the Bible? I can't imagine Vida not snuffing the battle from afar when she sees the wedding ring.

I'm no duke in a pickle of debts, you know. I can marry where I like. Some of my countrymen are rotters, you know. They'd marry a monkey, you know, if pop, up the tree, had a corner in cocoanuts.

You know, Mrs. Karslake, I like your country. No fear and no respect. No can't and lots of can.

I'm not an American, you know. I was brought up not to interrupt.

I mean to be a perfect wife to Phillip and all his relatives. That sounds rather miscellaneous, doesn't it—but you know what I mean.

I argued in my sermon that if there is nothing final in nature—not even death—why should marriage be final. Oh, my dear, it was an exquisite sermon. All New York was there—and all New York went away happy.

I am going to Saratoga next week—C. W.

C. W.?

Yes—creditors willing.

First you riot. Then you diet.

The Parson—Ah, it seems to me that horses are like the fourth gospel and any conversation about them becomes animated beyond the limits of the urbane.

And you propose to me now when I'm just in sight of the goal—the gallows—the halter—I mean the altar.

They say your American girls run to talk—and I have met some that could chat life into a wooden Indian. * * * In fact, some of your American girls are the nicest boys I ever met.

Never was a friend to a woman in my life! Might as well be a friend to a whisky and soda. Friendship with women is all fudge. I'm not a friend to the rose in my garden.

The Groom—Ah, m'am, when 'usband and wife splits it's the 'orses as suffers.

The apoplectic judge (reading the New York "Evening Post," of course)—Another shocking attack by the President on vested interests! Too bad, too bad. It was to be expected. The people insisted upon electing a desperado to the presidential office; they must put up with the hold-up that follows. His English is

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Next "Pop" Wednesday afternoon, November 21.

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lacking in idiom, his spelling in conservatism, his mind in balance, his character in repose!

There never was a slip or a slipper since the Garden of Eden that couldn't be explained.

I feel a little unsteady. Ah, it's the smell of the orange blossoms!—the flowers that grow on the tree that hangs over the abyss.

Jack, dear!
Now, don't do that!
Do what?
Touch me with your voice.

You understand, Brooks?
The butler—Yes, my lady.
And I regret to inform you, Brooks, that in America there are no ladies except salesladies.
Yes, my lady.

Why did you and Cynthia part?
Did you ever see a schooner towed by a tug? I parted from Cynthia Karslake for the same reason that the hawser parts from the tug—I couldn't stand the tug.

Can't you put away pride and anger? Let's be human; let's be rational; let's be kind.
I had a client once, and he murdered a man. And he told me he never felt so kindly toward anybody in the world as he did to that man after he had murdered him. You murdered my happiness—and I'm expected to put away pride and anger!



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"JUST AROUND THE CORNER."

Colonial Theatre

The production of the comedy drama, "Out of the Fold," at the Colonial Theatre this week is a notable one and the clever stock company appearing there won a most gratifying triumph. The scenery and effects are pretty and picturesque and the various characters are excellently portrayed. Frank Bacon is irresistibly funny as Toby Tompkins, a stupid and idolent rural schoolboy. He keeps his audience in roars of laughter and scores a great comedy hit. Wilfred Roger as Big Tom, an elderly sheepherder, is to be specially commended for a clever and telling performance. Nolan Crane, the village schoolmaster, is admirably played by Harry Pollard. A. Burt Wesner vindicates again his talent for character work in the role of Abner Buck, the School Director, and R. Peralta Galinda is particularly felicitous as Daddy Pinchbeck, the village editor. George W. Fitch gets out of the role of Willie Cobb a stuttering schoolboy, all there is in it, and the same is true of Milton Nobles Jr. as Buck Smith, the bully of the village school. Izetta Jewel, who has hitherto distinguished herself at this theatre in light comedy roles proves herself as Helene Grey to be an emotional actress of exceptional ability. She is always convincing and when a great opportunity presents itself she seizes and exhausts it. Her current performance has considerably increased her popularity and caused much to be expected from her in the future. Bessie Bacon is very happy as Suzanne Tompkins. She is an actress with temperament to spare. Aunt Jane Larkins receives full justice at the hands of Jane Jeffery, who makes her pleasingly prominent. Marion Pierce is seen to advantage as Marie Lathrop and Orral Humphreys as John Lathrop leaves nothing to be desired. The management is to be congratulated on its success, which has been obtained by artistic and legitimate means. No fears need be entertained for the future of the Colonial Theatre, for it is firmly established in the good opinion of the play-going public. Next week the emotional drama, "The Young Mrs. Winthrop," will be presented with Frank Bacon and the Colonial Stock Company in the cast. It is quite awhile since it was last seen here and it should prove very welcome, for it is an excellent play.

The Latest Vaudeville

Gus Edwards' "School Boys and Girls" will make their first appearance in this city at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. The members of this band of performers, ten in number, five girls and five boys, are clever beyond description and have created a furore all over the East. They call their skit "Primary, No. 23," which is described as a riot of music, comedy and dancing. The three sisters Herzog-Camaras, direct from Europe, will give the sensational acrobatic and equilibristic act that has gained them renown all over the world. Their work is out of the ordinary and must needs be seen to be appreciated. Lillian Apel will offer a decided novelty to San Francisco music lovers in her original "Pianologue." Her playing is delightful and, although a pupil of Leschetizky, she knows how to display her talents to a vaudeville audience. Lee White, a sweet singer of good songs, promises a distinct surprise. Her voice has been splendidly cultivated and she has been greeted with acclaim wherever she has been heard. The Empire City Quartette have been retained by request and promise an entire change of act. Vasco, the "Mad Musician," will continue his musical eccentricities. Mlle. Alexandra and Mons. Bertie, the sensational trapezists, the Wilson brothers, German conversationalists, and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a capital and interesting program.

—The Playgoer.

Homer Boushey of the Hovey-Boushey Company has a hankering after the record. He will send two of the 1907 Popes after it just as soon as they arrive. He is going to send a Pope-Toledo and a Pope-Hartford.



It is evident that "Franklin's" are much in demand. Ten "Franklin's" coming by express—fifty more following will leave the factory at the rate of ten a week.

A Modern Gabrina

Illustrating the Power of a Woman's Will

Merriam came back from his wife's funeral with a cold in his head. That evening he shook with a chill. In the night he awoke with a terrific pain through his chest, and each long breath meant an additional agony. At seven in the morning the doctor was sent for. The doctor pronounced his malady pneumonia. Treatment proved of no avail. His condition grew steadily worse. At six in the evening he had a short respite. Then he raised himself in bed and muttered a few almost unintelligible words and an oath. There were only three people in the room when he muttered those words, and each of the three interpreted them differently. But the nurse, who was nearest to him, declared that what he said was this:

"Even in death she won't release me!" And the nurse was probably right. At nine o'clock that night Merriam died.

When, a week later, his private papers were examined, the significance of his utterance, if correctly reported, became apparent. Foolishly, or wisely, he had set down in black and white a most remarkable story of his experience. It was a voluminous record, burdened with detail, and meant, in all probability, to serve as a means of refreshing his own memory should the matter ever come before the courts. It is certainly not to be imagined that it was ever intended for the posthumous enlightenment of his executors and his heirs.

It partook largely of the nature of a journal. Among the more important entries were the following:

November 8—There are some women who, possessing beauty, grace, wit and culture, still lack the power of fascination. Such a woman is Jack Ferris's wife. I cannot conceive of a face more beautiful than hers, a figure more nearly perfect, an air more regal, a wit quicker or keener, or a culture more comprehensive. Jack has known her from her infancy, and their marriage was the natural outcome of constant association through childhood into maturity. It is not a happy marriage. It has been evident to me since my first meeting with her that she does not care for her husband. Indeed, there are moments when he seems obnoxious to her. And, on the other hand, Jack's affection appears of the most lukewarm description. If I am any judge, I should say that he is utterly indifferent to this magnificent creature who is his wife. It is difficult to understand what is lacking in her, but I realize myself that she could never stir my pulses. She was most gracious when I dined there tonight. If I were so inclined, a flirtation would be the easiest thing in the world. But, aside from the regard that I feel for Jack, which would, under any circumstances, deter me, I have no stomach for it. She does not tempt me in the slightest degree.

November 12—Mrs. Ferris sent a note to me this evening at the club. It came while I was at dinner. She wished me to call at once. I fancied that Jack might be ill, and lost no time in getting there. She was assuredly the most dazzlingly superb thing I ever beheld. She was gowned as for the Opera or a ball. What a neck and shoulders she has! Jack was out of town, she confessed. Her sending for me was merely a whim. She thought me a man of taste, and wished to know how I liked her costume. That was her flimsy excuse for her importunate message. I made my call very brief. I am afraid of the woman. Without vanity, she is evidently in love with me.

December 4—Jack has asked me to dine and go to the Opera after. It is cowardly of me to refuse.

December 5—Would to heaven I had been a coward! Jack had an engagement at the club that could not be broken, and I had to accompany her. Alone with her in the carriage, she used every device in her power to fascinate me. Her words were of unmistakable import, her attitude an invitation. She

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BREAKFAST

feigned faintness. She simulated unconsciousness. And then she pretended to fancy that Jack was beside her as she came back to earth again.

"Hold me close, dear!" she pleaded. "I am so cold, and only your love can warm me."

I wrapped the rugs about her. I put my overcoat over her opera cloak. But I refused to embrace her. And then she suddenly recovered herself. Her anger was most marked. That she had been acting was now more than ever apparent. She did not even bid me good-night. I imagine that she will not make another effort in my direction. Good God! How I pity Jack! Only fancy being tied to a woman like that!

December 12—A message from Mrs. Ferris. Not written, but verbal, sent by her maid. She must see me this afternoon at four.

December 13—I have called upon her as she requested. Such a change in a woman I should have thought hardly possible. She wished to consult me as an old friend. It was a matter on which she did not dare speak to Jack. A man, a friend of her husband's, had been persecuting her by his attentions. She was in terror of him. She wished me to go with her at five o'clock to a hotel on Lexington Avenue, where this man—his name is Torpenlow—had requested her to meet him. For Jack's sake, if not for hers, she wanted me to see for myself, and take whatever steps were possible to rid her of his importunities. I went to the place with her. For an hour we awaited him in the reception-room. Then, in order not to arouse Jack's suspicions, she had to hurry home.

December 15—She made a mistake as to the day. It was today that he was to meet her there; so we went again this afternoon, waited another hour, but Torpenlow did not come. She seems to have been suddenly transformed into the most dutiful and virtuous of wives. Perhaps I misjudged her.

January 3—A summons in a suit for damages. It was served this morning, and I have been all day trying to discover what it means. Now, however, it is quite clear. Ferris is suing me for the alienation of his wife's affections—me, of all persons! Detectives saw us visit the hotel on Lexington Avenue. I had no idea until two hours ago what the character of that place was. I have been to see Jack, hoping to be allowed to explain, but he refused to see me. It is very cruel of him—cruel to his wife and cruel to me. If I had that fellow Torpenlow by the throat I would choke the life from him.

February 15—She has sent me another message by her maid. She has been ill for weeks with worry over this affair. She blames herself so for having got me into this trouble. Jack is away from home. Can't I spare her a few minutes this evening to let her explain to me how it all may yet be settled, and to prove to me that Torpenlow is not a myth, as she is afraid I may have suspected? It is foolish of me, perhaps, but I have answered that I will call on her at nine.

February 16—It is impossible yet to write calmly of last night's happenings. God knows I am innocent of intentional murder! I never meant to kill him. I never meant to lay a hand on him. How my hand trembles! There is guilt in my face, I know there is. Every sound startles me. Before me there is the electric chair. The dead cannot be hidden. Suspicion is sure to get abroad, and when it does, its finger will point to me. The woman is mad! I shall never forget her laugh as we leaned over that prostrate body, and in the light from the lamp saw that it was he. The sound will haunt me, as the sight will haunt me, to my grave. But I must put down the whole story as well as I can: the events in their regular order, the conversations, as I remember them. She admitted me herself. She had been watching for me, she said, at the drawing-room window. It was just as well to be discreet. She was gowned in close-fitting black, and she was very



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pale. She led me upstairs to her boudoir, on the first floor over the library.

"Can you ever forgive me?" she asked, taking my hand. "I feel that I am to blame for everything."

"It is very unfortunate," I said, not caring to commit myself until I had heard her defense.

"Very," she replied, motioning to me to be seated, and sitting down on a couch beside me. "You have been honor itself; and I—my only fault has been in trying to get rid of the obnoxious attentions of Mr. Torpenlow, in which you came to my assistance."

"Have you explained this to Jack?" I asked.

"I have tried to, but he would not see me, would not listen to me. He has not been here for a week, you know."

"How do you suppose he came to suspect anything?" I asked.

"Torpenlow," she answered, confidently. "He was angry because I rebuffed him, and this is how he secures his revenge. He watched us the first day we went there, and the second day Jack saw us enter and come out."

"How do you know?"

"My lawyers have learned as much."

"And what do you propose to do?" I queried.

"I hardly know. But," she added, a little nervously, "I thought perhaps it might be well to have Mr. Torpenlow come here tonight and——"

"Torpenlow come here!" I exclaimed, in amazement. "It would not be well for him to come within arm's length of me."

As I remember it now, there was something sinister in the smile with which she greeted my words.

"I can understand how you feel," she said, "but at the same time I thought that perhaps all might be arranged through him."

I confessed that I did not understand how, and she did not seem able to enlighten me.

"Perhaps," she suggested, at last, "you had better leave me to arrange the affair with Mr. Torpenlow. He will be here very soon, and—" At that moment I thought I heard a door close on the lower floor.

"I should prefer not to meet him," I said. Then I got up and, taking my hat, moved out into the passageway. The light there was very dim; but there was a brighter light in the hall below. As I reached the head of the stairs, with Mrs. Ferris behind me, I started back suddenly. A man was coming up. The light was behind him, and I could not see his features, but she whispered to me—I am sure I heard her whisper: "Torpenlow!" At the same moment the fellow got a glimpse of me standing there with her at my back, and he sprang toward me two steps at a time, with an oath and a threat that left me no room to doubt his intentions. His name had irritated me, and this belligerent rush toward me aroused all the savagery in my nature. I drew back my clenched fist, and just as he came within reach of me I let it shoot forward, catching him between the eyes with a blow that would have felled an ox.

The woman behind me uttered no sound, but as I stepped back a pace—the recoil, really, from the blow—she flung both her arms about my neck and kissed me twice upon the cheek, and her kisses mingled with the horrible dull sound of that body as it went bumping from step to step in its frightful fall down that flight of stairs.

He fell in a heap on the floor of the hall, and in two great leaps I was by his side, bending over him. It was then, for the first time, I saw his face. It was not Torpenlow; it was not a stranger; it was Jack Ferris, and his wife was standing there by me, looking at his ghastly, upturned countenance, and laughing a wild, weird laugh that chilled my blood and stopped the beating of my heart. I tore open his waistcoat, and my hand sought his left side. There was not a pulsation.

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I bent my ear close to his chest, but not a sound rewarded me. He was dead.

"Now," she said, most calmly, "you had better go. I will ring the messenger, call for a policeman at once, and to the policeman I will say that my husband fell down stairs and broke his neck. I will say that on one condition."

I could not speak, but my eyes asked the question.

"That you marry me," she answered.

"No!" I cried, fully convinced that she was a maniac—"no! a thousand times, no!"

"Very well," and she smiled a quiet, self-contained smile; "very well. Then I shall tell the policeman the truth."

"But it was an accident," I cried; "a mistake. I never——" Her laughter drowned my words.

"A mistake," she repeated. "Oh, yes. You meant to kill another man instead of this one. That will not clear you."

"But I struck him in self-defense," I argued, desperately.

"I am the only witness," she answered, "and I will swear that my husband came home and caught you here, with me, alone, and that you killed him for interrupting our tete-a-tete."

I groaned under the agony of her torture. There seemed no escape from her power.

"But the servants!" I exclaimed. "Where are they?"

"There is not a servant in the house. I let them all go out."

A sudden sense of my danger seized me.

"Torpenlow!" I cried. "He may be here at any moment. If he finds me he will suspect. I must make haste!"

"Choose first!" she insisted, doggedly. "Promise me, and you shall go free. Not a whisper shall connect your name with your crime. Refuse, and you will spend the night at the police station."

What will not a man do to save his neck from the gibbet?

. . . . . .

February 17—I married her this morning. A justice of the peace in Hoboken performed the ceremony at ten o'clock. At noon the coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death in poor Ferris's case. I have just learned that no such man as Torpenlow ever existed.

. . . . . .

That was the last entry in Merriam's journal.

—The Chatterer.

Adelaide Ristori

(Continued from Page 8.)

forlorn majesty of her entrance in the first act, when, after a long and toilsome journey, the unhappy Medea lands in Corinth, with one child in her arms and the other clinging to her robes. Immediately on landing she falls in with Creusa, who has snatched the recalcitrant Jason from her. Who that has once beheld that performance can forget the wail of her answer when asked by Orpheus who she may be? "Straniera," replies the wandering demi-goddess, a "stranger." It was indeed the wail of a broken heart; but when at last her suspicions of Creusa are roused, and the girl asks her what she would do were she jealous, the infuriated Medea, now convinced that she stands in the presence of her rival, describes with terrible realism the leap of a panther upon its prey—and for a moment the audience seemed to behold Medea, changed into a wild beast, bounding upon its victim to tear it limb from limb. Suddenly her voice reassumed its natural tones, and with a sneer of infinite contempt she informs Creusa that that is what she would do if she were jealous. That speech was one of Ristori's greatest moments. Its vigour, its passion, and its vehemence, were unsurpassable, and yet a superb reticence

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kept it within the bounds of the highest art. Equally remarkable was the scene between Elizabeth and Mary Stuart, in a translation of Schiller's stilted drama. The concluding lines, in which Mary defies Elizabeth and reminds her that the throne of England is contaminated by a bastard, and that if she were in her right place it would be at her sister's feet, "perche il tuo re sono io," invariably roused the audience to the utmost enthusiasm. Such acting was bound to receive universal recognition, and from 1855 to 1875 the name of Ristori was popular throughout both hemispheres. St. Petersburg, Vienna Copenhagen, and Stockholm raved over the great tragedienne, whilst in New York the theater was packed at least an hour before the curtain rose. In her sixty-third year Mme. Ristori decided to take leave of the public, and bade farewell to the stage at Manchester; at least so she said, but a few years later she reappeared at Drury Lane and played Lady Macbeth and Queen Elizabeth in English with remarkable success.

I saw her first in Florence, when I was quite a little boy, as Maria Stuarda. She was then in her prime, and though I was a mere child, scarcely a gesture or an expression of her mobile face, as she rehearsed the trials of the Queen of Scots, does not still linger in my memory, as fresh as if that noble impersonation had been witnessed but a few days ago. A year or so later she created the part of Elizabeth—or, it may be said, she "re-incarnated" Good Queen Bess with all her majesty and her almost ludicrous foibles. The death-scene in this play, had it not been for the reticence of the actress, would have been absolutely shocking; it was so astoundingly real. Toward the end of her career—that is to say, in 1869—Ristori produced Marie Antoinette. In the earlier scenes she was too much of an Italian for the part; she lacked the grace and suavity of the unfortunate Austrian princess. But in the four acts devoted to the awful episodes in the Temple, she held her audience spellbound—the tension was almost unbearable—and the last act was frequently interrupted by the unrestrained sobs of the spectators. The fact is that Ristori's art differed probably from that of all modern actresses. In every part she became for the time being the person she represented. She had the gift of changing her features, her walk, her voice—everything—so that it was almost impossible to believe the stately Mary Stuart of one night could have been acted by the same woman who played the crafty, vain yet terrible Elizabeth on the following.—Sarah Bernhardt is always Sarah Bernhardt, Duse is always Duse, and so it may be said of almost every other actress, but Ristori was always different. The greatest triumph of her life was probably the one which I witnessed in Florence many years ago at the celebration of the centenary of Dante. The piece chosen for the occasion was Pellico's "Francesca da Rimini." Salvini played Lancelotto, Rossi Paoli, old Maiaroni Guido, and Ristori Francesca. No pen can do justice to this performance, in which the greatest three actors of Italy vied with each other to set off to its highest advantage the genius of the transcendant representive of Francesca. So terrifying was the impression produced by the matchless acting

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of these extraordinary artists that the curtain fell amid a silence which lasted for fully a minute, and it seemed an age before the pent-up feelings of the audience burst into a hurricane of applause. Alas! so ephemeral is the players' profession that of all this glory nothing remains but a memory. Ristori's name however, with those of Rachel, Mars, Bernhardt, and Siddons, will endure indelibly recorded in the history of the art of the nineteenth century.

Concerning Diamond Tires for 1907

In August of the present year we completed the development of an automobile tire very much better than our 1905 or our 1906 production. We were and are abundantly satisfied that it sets a **much higher standard of tire value** than has been achieved in the past, either in **America** or **abroad.**

We announced our prices September 1, after deciding that we would not, by so much as a hair's breadth, deviate from **the higher plane of quality** we had succeeded in reaching.

In preparing for the manufacture of tires for the Vanderbilt Eliminations in September, however, we discovered and made use of material which improved still further the **very high quality** of the tire developed in August.

The work done by the tires manufactured for the Eliminations proved most conclusively their **extreme excellence.** (Particularly did our flat tread type exceed the most sanguine expectations.) But it developed that to make all our four, four and one-half and five-inch tires to this extraordinary new standard would cost for material necessary $100,000 more than was covered by the estimates on which our announcement of prices was based. The matter was laid before the directors of The Diamond Rubber Co., resulting in the unanimous decision that the extreme quality should be manufactured, let the cost be what it might.

Since the above decision was arrived at, another point bearing strongly upon our original determination as to quality and prices has come to the surface.

It is in the nature of suggestions from sources which, in a few instances, are too important to be overlooked, that we **must meet prices presented in competition with our own, or lose business that we have in the past had.**

The circumstances are that when, on September 1, our prices were announced, we were able, on account of enhanced quality in tires of all sizes, to allow but a **slender margin of profit.** The appearance of the fact that the large sizes will cost us much more than we figured on and **the decision to manufacture the extreme quality** consequently hits hard. The suggestion that we would do well to meet competing prices is temptingly presented.

The foregoing briefly sums up a situation which confronts us, and we assume that buyers of Diamond tires, whether manufacturers, dealers or consumers, are to an extent interested in the stand we shall take.

Our position is stated in two words—"STAND PAT."

Usage has given this expression a meaning that cannot be misunderstood. As applied to the situation we have cited it is the shortest possible way of saying that we **can** make cheaper tires than we planned to make, but we **won't.**

We can sell more tires by **meeting the prices proposed** to us but we **shall not.**

We have the support of a large number of the leading manufacturers of **well-known, well tried cars** in our determination not only to **maintain but advance quality.** It is assured by contracts given when the situation was presented to them. We have the support of a large number of prominent dealers, and also **the moral backing** of a very large number of automobile **users.** The best evidence of these facts is, that although now,—fairly between seasons—our factories are **operated to their fullest capacity, we are accumulating practically no stock ahead.**

We very sincerely appreciate the confidence of the automobile trade and public as a whole, **particularly at this time.** But we are aware, nevertheless, that such temptations in the way of **lowered prices, special discounts, unpublished rebates, etc.,** are being and will be offered, that our 1907 sales may—and indeed, are likely to be,—**a round million of dollars less than we might make them.**

Our original policy shall be adhered to notwithstanding. We shall **"STAND PAT."**

As to what our policy after 1907 season shall be the automobile trade and public will, in the coming year, decide.

THE DIAMOND RUBBER CO.

Akron, Ohio, Oct. 27, 1906.

A. H. MARKS,
Vice-Pres. and Mgr.
W. B. MILLER,
Secretary and Sales Manager.



The New 1907 Pope Hartford

AUTOMOBILE GOSSIP

An announcement of more than passing interest is made this week by The Diamond Rubber Co., concerning 1907 policy. Briefly stated the plan of The Diamond tire manufacturers is to put it "up to" the user and the trade as to whether price or quality shall rule in the tire end of the automobile industry, and the public will have the season in which to decide. To resist and put aside all temptations offered by orders to be had only on a competitive price basis is meanwhile the Diamond decision, and "STAND PAT" on quality the slogan. In the matter of quality The Diamond Co. states with emphasis that it has succeeded in developing a tire much better than either its 1905 or 1906 production and particular stress is placed on the merits of the 1907 Diamond flat tread type in the well-known Wrapped Tread Construction.

Mr. M. Fisher makes the statement that the Olds model "S" is the most economical car on tires that it has been his experience to use. Even over San Francisco streets the well-known contractor finds no difficulty in getting 5,000 miles out of a set of tires without recovering. "There is no doubt in my mind," said Mr. Fisher, "that for this reason alone my car could make the Los Angeles-San Francisco record. It is fast enough and I firmly believe that with tire troubles practically eliminated, the run could be made in twenty hours."

Mr. Chas. C. Moore and family have just returned from a trip to Santa Cruz in their Thomas "Flyer," and report a most enjoyable trip.

Fred J. Linz, who for so many years has been associated with the automobile business in this city, always, however, making money for somebody else, has opened up his own establishment. He has secured the "St. Louis" and the "Maxwell" agency, and Fred is the man to "pick a winner" in automobiles.

Here is the definition of a puncture given by John G. Ham, an Eastern motorist, "A puncture is a trifle, and a trifle is a scrap, and a scrap is a fight, and a fight is a battle, and a battle is war, and war is hell. Therefore, a puncture is hell."

Frank W. Rounthwait of Carmel Beach has purchased a twenty horse power Stevens-Duryea Runabout for $2,500.

—**The Autoist.**

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The Citizens' Alliance is now located at Room 514, Union Trust Building, corner of Market and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco. Members will please call and leave their new addresses, or if you have not time to call kindly drop the desired information in the mail box.

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The Cancer Problem

(Continued from Page 7.)

ployed in association with surgery, we may confidently anticipate even more brilliant attainments. Let us suppose the surgeon has removed a malignant growth of the breast, he safeguards against recurrence of the tumor by subjecting the operated area to a course of X-ray treatment. In the latter instance, the tissues are made immune. It is very rare to hear of burns resulting from X-ray treatment, for the simple reason that they are now used with such discretion that the patient is not overdosed. Radium about which one has heard so much is also used for treating cancers. It is still among the experimental agents which yet awaits the final verdict. It will probably be determined that in action it bears a close resemblance to the X-rays with the advantage of convenience in application. The latest claimant for recognition is the trypsin treatment. This latter method was recently exploited in a monthly magazine in such glowing terms, that, reading between the lines, one was involuntarily forced to the conviction that the agent so long sought for had actually been discovered. The best that can conservatively be said of the method is, that it is yet too early to express a definite opinion. This trypsin is a substance poured into the intestinal canal and assists digestion just like the gastric juice. The advocates of this treatment claim that trypsin causes degeneration of cancerous growths, but it is difficult to understand why this latter agent possesses any specific advantages over other digestive substances which have long ago been employed for the same purpose and discontinued. The preceding cursory remarks were inspired by what is now regarded by the medical profession as an important epoch in medicine. The unrelenting warfare against disease and the victory achieved over many diseases that were regarded at one time as invincible has emboldened the scientist to consider nothing insuperable and he is now busily engaged in combat with cancer, the most dreadful of all foes. The discovery of Professor Jensen, that mice can be inoculated with a form of malignant disease is an important step in advancing the study of cancer. It is not difficult to estimate the value of this discovery when you realize that we can now experiment with remedies which was impossible when our experiments were limited to human beings. Should some strenuous president of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals or perchance a rabid anti-vivisectionist enter a protest against the use of the mouse in the interests of humanism, then in the name of equity, may they offer themselves in immolation in defense of a science, the progress of which they have so unreasonably striven to thwart. The "International Cancer Conference" just held at Heidelberg and Frankfort on the Main, was made memorable by the formal opening of Profession Czerny's "Cancer Institute." As a surgeon Professor Vincent Czerny is pre-eminent; a lovable and conservative man and an indefatigable worker. After holding the post of Professor of Surgery in the University of Heidelberg for many years, he has vacated his professorial chair in deference to an old resolution to devote the remainder of his life to the study of cancer. This model institution serving the dual object of hospital and research labatory is perfect in every detail. "We preach," he said, "the gospel of the curability of cancer, and in the spirit of hopefulness thus expressed, the institution will be conducted."

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  As lovers often do,
And both sent back the gifts they made
  When love was bright and new.
He sighed o'er all that she returned—
  The ring with jewels set,
The locket, and bonniere—
  And lo! he keeps them yet.
Not so the maid, a modern girl—
  On thoughts commercial bent;
She straightway packed the trinkets up
  And to a jeweler went.
She sold the case for cigarettes
  With emeralds upon it,
The stud, the pencil and the pin
  And bought herself a bonnet.

—The Brute.

Letters

Child Culture In Fiction

"The Pettison Twins" would furnish amusement only, were it not for the fact that there are conscientious parents laboriously transforming perfectly normal and lovable children into prigs and imbeciles by the process of stretching them on the Procrustean bed of educational fads, and then blaming the poor little victims because they emerge from their martyrdom twisted and warped, mentally and morally. Mrs. Pettison was a very modern mother. She subscribed for half a dozen magazines devoted to various theories of child culture and she tried each and every experiment on her unfortunate babies. The two children were as unlike as the offspring of the same parents could well be, but there was no modification of methods on that account. In consequence, Rex was developing into a little prig, growing more self-conscious and satisfied with himself every day, while Regina, who was literal and unimaginative, was being terrified into imbecility. Mama—she was insistent on the proper pronunciation,—was doubtful of the amount of genius she could count upon from heredity so she bent all her efforts on environment. There was a perfectly appointed home, antiseptically clean. Germs and bacilli could no more find lodgment under the roof than could elephants and tigers. The most casual utterance was inspected for a possible "bad" word until Regina had all but determined not to speak at all, and their garments were so perfectly appointed that they were in straight jackets half their time. They wasted no time on foolish play with toys, but could read and write before their fourth birthday, and each not only took a piano lesson of an hour's length, but suffered a double infliction by being obliged to remain in the room throughout the other's martyrdom. Play with them was a serious occupation to be begun and ended on the minute. It was not a spontaneous outburst on their own part but a prescribed function from which they were duly instructed as to the benefit they should derive. In order that they should be properly appreciative of ART, they sat in state, in starched pique, silk stockings and patent leather pumps and contemplated for an hour their carefully selected volumes of pictures, and they were expected to decide for themselves, after an experimental visit, whether they would derive profit from attendance at kindergarten and Sunday school. Needless to say, the profit was chiefly in the direction of escaping parental supervision and not in the exercises, for children who, at five, were habitually addressed in words of four and five syllabled rhetorical orations, and who had been drilled in the multi-

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plication tables up to twelve times twelve could gain nothing from learning baby rhymes and listening to foolish improvisations. Needless to say, also, that after their severely practical home training it took some mental adjustment to bring them into line with the imaginative requirements of the kindergarten, and when they were suddenly transplanted from that to the primary school in the middle of the term, there was more trouble in store for them. Meanwhile, Papa and Mama Pettison wondered why their infants lacked spontaniety, why they did not "radiate" why, in a short sentence, after harrying all the natural childishness out of them, they were caricatures of mature men and women. Fortunately, Nature provides ways of escape, and these vexed little mortals flew from their paradise occasionally to drop into worse mischief than normal children could ever dream of. "When Silence Was Unlocked" might fittingly have been reserved for the conclusion of the book. It was then that the terrified little girl twin loosened her habitual reserve in a torrent of words that relieved her tortured little soul and gave her mother food for reflection. Despite the humor with which the author, Marion Hill, has related these bits of biography, the book is to be read and pondered seriously. It is odds but what the theorists in child culture will fall foul of it in much the same style as they have the child stories of Josephine Daskam, and berate the author for putting a spoke into their perfectly constructed wheel, but after all is said and done, it must be remembered that the raw material for these experiments is human flesh and blood, and that after little boys and girls have been rendered useless by a succession of educational and diet fads they cannot be chloroformed like maimed kittens and puppies, or thrown into the sewer like germ cultures. It behooves the Pettisons to remember that they are not actually the creators of their children and that there are elements in human souls that are not directly under their control. It will be more satisfactory in the long run if they modify methods to suit their material than if they persist in crushing the material into the mould. Success will not be perfect either way, but as Quida once remarked, "It is murder to take away life, but it is a far greater crime to destroy all the joy of existence." Published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

"With Mask and Mitt" is the fourth of the "Phillips-Exeter" series of boys' books dealing with amateur athletics. Two new boys enter the academy, each with something of a reputation as a ball player at home. One is of the brilliant, showy, superficial order, anxious to be popular, and the other is more independent, slower, but surer. The motive of the story is the contrast between the courses followed by the two lads, and the ultimate downfall of the one who drifts into the fast set goes into debt, neglects his work, and finally is called home by his father, leaving the nine apparently without a pitcher, while the other lad, making his athletics secondary to his scholastic pursuits, but putting head into all his work, is finally recognized, though not at his full value. The culmination of the story is the great match game between Seaton and Hillbury, which is told with a wealth of detail and particularization bewildering to any but a fanatic, which, of course, all the legitimate readers of "With Mask and Mitt" will willingly acknowledge themselves to be. Illustrations are from photographs of scenes at Exeter. Incidental to the athletics there are other scenes and incidents of life at a boys' boarding school, but all outside classrooms. This book is a production of the house of Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

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Is Ruef Doomed?

On election night when it became known that Judge Lawlor was elected and Conlan, Cook and Frank French defeated, the question—Who is to succeed Abe Ruef?—was discussed quite generally up and down Fillmore street and in the new Tenderloin. The men to whom the passing of a boss means more than the appointment of an honest Police Commission seemed to regard Ruef as politically moribund and they speculated anxiously on the identity of his successor. Too much significance should not be attached to any political forecast made on election night, but nevertheless when saloonkeepers (who are usually perfectly cold-blooded in such matters, unlike reformers) opine that Ruef is doomed their surmise deserves attention. Who knows but that they are right? Ruef has reigned for five fat years now and by the ordinary law of political succession cannot hold the throne much longer. But calculations are upset by the fact that Ruef has never obeyed the ordinary laws of politics—or any other laws, for that matter. Still, observers who have studied Ruef's demeanor in the courtroom during the recent proceedings before Judges Graham and Seawell go so far as to aver that the boss himself sees the hollow specter of defeat before him. They point to his nervous manner, to his bloodshot eyes and to the care with which he stays close to his bodyguard. However this may be Ruef has certainly received some very severe blows of late. The election of Judge Lawlor is the heaviest. Ruef openly avowed his purpose of unseating the sentencer of the ballot-box stuffers and on election night he was quoted as saying that he would "get Lawlor next time." Though disclaiming responsibility for the nomination of Frank French it is certain that Ruef would have regarded his election as a vindication. That he would have been delighted to see Cook and Conlan elevated goes without saying. These defeats must fill the boss with chagrin. Then the vigorous prosecution of the Heney-Burns investigation must trouble Ruef terribly if there is the least bit of truth in the claims publicly made by the Oregon hero that he is sure of indicting the boss. The recent indictment of Hyde and Benson was not calculated to make him feel more comfortable; still less was the interview with convict Puter published in the Bulletin. That was a cruel thrust; it must have sent a shiver down the spine of the boss to read the warning Puter so considerately gave him. Only the superhuman could stand all these ingenious assaults without showing the effect of the strain. That Ruef shows it does not argue, however, that his last hour of authority is about to strike.

Root's Utica Speech

That Hearst's name was scratched by voters in New York while the rest of his ticket was elected is probably due to the speech made by Secretary Root at Utica. There are a hundred other ways of explaining his defeat but in the last analysis it is pretty certain that the Utica address destroyed his chances. Before election day papers all over the country prophesied—some that Root's speech would elect Hughes others that it would elect Hearst. Some claimed that New York would resent the intrusion of the White House into a state fight; others that the president's timely interference would turn the uncertain balance towards Hughes. It seems plausible now that the latter view is the correct one. It is paring a little too close to the quick of human nature as displayed by Americans in their political life to suppose that they would be offended at Roosevelt for sending Root to Utica to quote him in condemnation of the editor's candidacy. Roosevelt is known to stand for such high ideals in politics that the citizens of any state in the Union are willing to receive his suggestions. They have done it before now in Ohio; they did it this year in Idaho as well as in New York; they would do it in California if the opportunity came. In New York they did it with particular eagerness because the president is a New Yorker and because they remembered that when he interfered to help Parsons win the primaries he was actuated by the highest motives. When Root iterated and reiterated the famous Utica speech that he spoke by authority of the president he made a tremendous impression on the public mind. That speech probably influenced more votes than all the carefully studied oratorical efforts of Hughes. It will be interesting to observe the treatment Root receives henceforth in the Hearst papers.

Save the Ocean Boulevard

The apathy of San Franciscans with regard to all measures that do not directly concern their money or their lives, amply demonstrated when the chance to adopt the essential parts of the Burnham plans, was neglected, is in disgraceful evidence once more. The Parkside Realty Company has asked permission to close the Ocean Boulevard and the supervisors seem inclined to favor the project. Only fifty property-owners have protested against this outrage. Only one newspaper has made an effort to stop it. If the citizens of this city were not too selfishly indifferent to resent anything except the bodily menace of the gaspipe

there would be at least fifty thousand instead of fifty voicing indignation at this proposal. For forty years the Ocean Boulevard has been the most beautiful driveway in the city. Running from Corbett avenue past Ingleside and Lake Merced to the Great Highway and the ocean, it has long been the delight of all classes, from pedestrians to motorists. The eucalyptus trees that border it on both sides are remembered by tourists as vividly as our sea-lions. Now the Parkside Realty Company, with a boldness that ought to take away the collective breath of the city, asks that it be allowed to close this boulevard, promising in return for this privilege to build another road through the sand dunes to the north of it. It is perfectly obvious that the Parkside Realty Company should not be allowed to do anything of the sort. No road which they could build through the dreary waste to the north of the Ocean Boulevard would compensate the city for the loss of this splendid outlet to the ocean. The Parkside people, if they are at all like other real estate concerns, would build the new road just as cheaply as possible. But even supposing that they endeavored in the best of faith to replace the Ocean Boulevard, they could not do it in less than twenty-five years. Merely as a study in psychology it would be interesting to watch the consummation of this project and then note the howl that would go up when our worthy citizens found that they must postpone their drives, rides and walks to the beach until the Parkside people had finished the new road. But the city has had too many lessons of that kind already. The thing to do is to save the Ocean Boulevard before our superlative supervisors give it away. The Parkside Realty Company is developing a great barren waste in the Sunset District and for that it deserves commendation; but in this attempt to close the Ocean Boulevard it has pushed private enterprise to the point where public spirit cannot follow.

Rader on Ingersoll.

The Rev. Dr. Rader has been felicitating himself on his discovery of Bob Ingersoll. "He is better known," says Dr. Rader, "since his lips are sealed. Death has done what the critics did not do. It has interpreted him." And then Dr. Rader gives Death's interpretation thus: "He believed in life, in man and woman and child. He believed in the destiny of life." If we may rely on Death's interpretation according to Rader the fundamentals of Bob's belief were not hard to take. But after all does it really matter what the great political orator believed? We thought not up to the time Dr. Rader made him the theme of a half-page sermon. We had been of the opinion that since the sealing of Ingersoll's lips public interest in the magnetic orator had waned and petered out. There is nothing in his published orations to command the esteem of posterity. On the platform his personality diffused a spell but his utterances in type are suggestive of claptrap and cant. Dr. Rader pronounces him the first of the higher critics of the bible; which gives us pause. We must conclude that we are less familiar than Dr. Rader with the works of Colonel Ingersoll, for we have found in those works nothing original in the way of criticism of the metaphysics of religion. Indeed Ingersoll's views, so far as we know them, were expressed by other critics long before he came on earth. He pioneered no new cult that we know of, he suggested no new line of thought, he expounded no new philosophy. But he did most cleverly and entertainingly appeal to the mob after the manner of Fra Elbertus and Ella Wheeler Wilcox but with a more pleasing rhetoric. His was a blatant scepticism designed to catch the favor of the clapperclawing groundlings. The profound, large-minded unbeliever does not ridicule religion. He is too learned to be a dogmatic or fanatic in his infidelity, too conscious of human limitations to sneer at piety and devotion. Bob Ingersoll was the idol of the Philistines, a charlatanical philosopher, decrying all systems and suggesting none—one of the simplest ways of attracting attention. He could garnish a platitude and soothe the ear with pleasing nonsense, but his theories were chaff, his speculations led to no definite conclusion. Bob Ingersoll was a great egotist. He prided himself on being a great orator, and in his opinion no man was really great who could not fashion a thrilling period. Therefore he disparaged Gladstone in this challenge: "I defy his greatest admirer to repeat on the spur of the moment one sentence uttered by Gladstone that has been burned into memory and the recital of which stirs the public pulse into a faster beat." In that challenge we find Ingersoll's measure of a man. And in Ingersoll's works we find an abundance of sentiments of this sort: "I want no grander, no higher title of nobility than this, that I belong to the Republican party and did a little toward making the Republican party a fact. * * * I belong to the party that is prosperous when the country is prosperous. That's me. I belong to the party that believes in good crops, that is glad when a fellow finds a gold mine, that rejoices when there are forty bushels of wheat to the acre, that laughs when every railroad declares dividends." But Dr. Rader would have us believe that Bob Ingersoll was a sincere man, and that he did a great deal of good by his honest doubting. But Ingersoll did more than doubt. The fact is that he was a bigot, for he insisted on the imposition of his private reason, that is, of his own views and theories, as if they were the absolute truth and the standard of all argument. He set up principles of thought and action for himself and not content with applying them to his own thoughts and actions, made them the rule for criticizing and condemning the thoughts and actions of others. That is bigotry. He pronounced ministers of the Christian religion hypocrites. Because he was

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without faith, he could not conceive that others enjoyed its possession. He asserted that the "improved man" would have nothing to do with the miraculous or the supernatural. Men that have been remembered for their mental powers more years than it has yet been possible to forget Bob Ingersoll, believed in the miraculous and supernatural and gave better reasons for believing than he did for doubting.

The Eastern Idea of the Japanese.

Collier's Weekly, usually a well informed journal, publishes in its issue of November 10th, some very foolish things about the trouble that San Francisco is having over the Board of Education's enforcement of the law that provides separate schools for Japanese children. Collier's treats the subject at length editorially and in its news department, and in both it shows itself ignorant of the Japanese character and of the cause of the feeling that whites here have against them. In the East, where the Japanese are little known, they are made welcome, and they even marry into white families—a union that generally has a disastrous result. Japanese and Caucasians cannot mix any more than oil and water can. Their moral standards, their ideals, their views of life, their methods of thought are so foreign to ours that there is not and never can be any hope of assimilation. "They are alert, adaptable, ready, and anxious to acquire American ways," says Collier's. I will grant all this; but it is with no thought of America's good that they are anxious to acquire our ways. It is not to become Americans that the Japs want to attend our schools, that he works as a household servant. His ambition is to acquire American ways, and become —not an American, but a Jap with a knowledge of all things American. He will be a Jap to the end of his days, and his descendants for untold generations will be Japs. The lowest of the European races come here, and though they may be a menace during one or two generations, they become in time, through marriage and education, Americans. Not so with the Japanese. They are anxious to become Americanized, but they cannot become Americans, nor do they care to. But they have an inordinate desire to take back to Japan knowledge that makes them dangerous competitors of Americans. Collier's says that the present agitation is likely to lead to trouble which "would be disastrous to San Francisco, whose prosperity depends upon Oriental trade." Even if Collier's were right as to the source of our prosperity, its argument would have but little weight. Our commerce with Japan will decrease in proportion to the education the Japanese receive here. There are few of our manufactured products that they cannot duplicate. The chief error that Collier's makes is in its estimate of the Japanese character. It says: "They have an intensely, even abnormally developed sense of personal dignity and honor." To a Californian, or to any one else who has had dealings with the Japanese, that is a ridiculous statement. It is safe to say that there are no people who pretend to be civilized who are so lacking in commercial honor as the Japanese. A Japanese business man's word is below par in the commercial world. He will calmly repudiate his signature if repudiation be to his advantage. It is well known here that American merchants will not deal with Japanese except upon a cash basis, while they consider a Chinaman's verbal promise to pay as good as his note. Even in their own country the Japanese are not trusted. All the banks have Chinese cashiers. It is because of these reasons, rather than on account of race prejudice, that San Francisco parents do not care to have their children mingle with the Japanese at school or elsewhere. And while Collier's is sympathizing with the abnormally sensitive Japanese, it might reflect on the fact that an American is not allowed to own land in Japan, and may not even lease it in his own name. The lease must be in the name of a Japanese.

The Gaspipe Murders.

The individual who feeds his philosophy on the news of the passing day finds in the gaspipe murders a fruitful topic for rumination. From first to last the two men who terrorized the town for several months have justified the claim often made for this city by newspapermen, namely, that it can be depended on to furnish at brief intervals a "crackerjack murder story." But they have done more than that; they have given thoughtful men of every temper a handy peg to hang their favorite moralizings on. The cynic points with sardonic glee to the fact that it was an intended victim who captured them and that if we depended on the efforts of the police alone, they might still be pursuing their murderous operations. The moralist is analyzing the characters of the two criminals—the Kanaka, Siemsen, polished by an education that taught him the desirability of life's luxuries without imposing that moral discipline which should prescribe the means by which they are sought, easily sinking into crime when an honest avocation failed to supply him with enough money for his pleasures and coming out of prison with his lawless tendencies strengthened—and the Portuguese boy Dabner, weak, brought up beyond the reach of temptation and succumbing at the first assault, bound by a false sense of loyalty to an unscrupulous scoundrel who befriended him and inveigled him into crime by an apparent frankness that appealed to the best side of his character. The tiresome misogynist points out that, as usual, it was for women that the two slew and robbed and he sneers at the young wife who hopes in one breath that her husband will go speedily to the gallows and refuses in the next to surrender the costly gifts he showered on her at the price of human life. Then the familiar character who scoffs at law and pokes fun at justice grows eloquent over the tragedy of an innocent man serving fifty years in San Quentin for a robbery of which he is wholly innocent—

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sentenced on the word of the victim of that robbery who positively identified him as the culprit! He does not fail to mention that another man now in jail was tried, found guilty and all but sentenced to the gallows for the gaspipe murders by the police and the newspapers before the real murderers were caught. Here are all the requisites for a stirring drama, a fact that the man on the street seems to appreciate more keenly than the newspapers. Not one of our dailies has handled the "story" in any but a routine way.

Relinquit

By George Ives.

Pain, which is sweet love's shadow,
Steals through my heart to-night;
And the world appears hard and cruel
Though the stars above are bright.

But now I know we are lovers
From the touch of that hidden hand:
Joy comes like the crimson morning,
But love is a twilight land.

Space and primordial darkness,
The Infinite circles round,
And our souls shrink away in wonder,
But the center of all is found!

Perspective Impressions.

Heney's Grand Jury Bitters—That's All.

Have you noticed the uplifting moral tone that electrifies a city when the right kind of public spirited citizens lay aside their differences and resolutely unite to give the community a cleaner political atmosphere?

Now that elections, gas-pipe thugs, football enthusiasts and the Grand Jury have in a way cleared the political, social, sporting and moral atmospheres San Franciscans can settle down, after a fashion, to enjoy their first post-earthquake holidays.

The Board of Education is now looking up Japan's naval strength. Upon the number of twelve inch guns she can steam this way will depend their answer to the demand of the Japanese Consul that her children be at once admitted to our public schools.



The Latest Fiction.

The Reader—"This book has a most thrilling villain, but it furnishes no hero."

—Bartholomew in Minneapolis Journal.

The explanation is still coming in over the longest leased wire.

Which of these interviews would you rather listen to? Ruef's advice to Schmitz on the latter's return; what Schmitz asks Ruef about the situation, or the story that the Grand Jury wrings from both?

London's financial supremacy is threatened by Wall street, according to eastern and continental authorities. The news is a day or so late for use as political capital but the yellow prints might declare that their recent success in the elections has stimulated the Plunderbund to raid the treasuries of Europe. This notice will give the weaker Plain People a chance to sleep nights.

Captain Amundsen made a trip in record time through the northwest passage but I'd like to see him take a Market street car at the ferries during the afternoon crush and make any designated residence in the Western Addition inside an hour.



And the Tide is Rising.

—Brandley Smith in Columbus State.

Love's Greatest Enemy

By Paul Mantegazza

It is wrong not to be loved; a truth as eternal as the world, as old as man, immutable as the laws which govern the physics of the universe!

Each one receives precisely the quantity of love which he merits.

To say to one who loves, "Be just," is to emit the most ridiculous and the most insane of suppositions, since one of the most distinctive characteristics of love is injustice. Love is the most arrogant, the most irresistible, the most collosal of injustices. Waiving truth, virtue, written law, custom stronger than written law, it gives its favors at first sight to the sublimest as well as to the basest of creatures. The mother has brought into the world, nourished, and for twenty years with kisses and caresses has tended a gentle creature; she has breathed with her and with her she has slept; with her she has kept long vigil through nights of pain; with her she has rejoiced, she alone over the girl's red letter days. Mother and daughter have lived heart with heart, flesh with flesh, thought with thought, through all the millions of minutes which course through the fifth part of a century. Now the rosy angel of 20 one day meets on the street a pair of black mustachios and a pair of trousers, and mustachios and trousers turn the tables with the twenty years of love. The maternal sun is eclipsed through the most cruel and the most criminal of injustices.

In speaking of love, use the dictionary as much as you like, use the most polyglot of dictionaries, but do not ever pronounce the word injustice; it is nonsense.

There are loves sown in season, sunned with prudence, watered every day by custom. These are the straight, sound trees which bear flowers and fruit. But are these flowers and fruits the products of love?

The skies of Italy are no less serene, no less splendid after long days of rain or storm, but when the sky is eternally gray there is neither wind nor sun which can impart the ultra-marine and the blue. It is the same with love. If it be true love it survives the gravest, the bloodiest wounds. It knows how to rekindle the extinguished cinders; how to regain warmth, under an avalanche of snow; to sleep a hundred times and to awake a hundred times; to die a hundred times and a hundred times to be resuscitated. If it is not capable of accomplishing these miracles, it is friendship, luxury, but not love.

O, lover, do not dread tempests, or cyclones, or thunder; do not tremble before the sword, prison, earthquakes, calumny, hate, envy. If you would preserve eternal your flame, forever brilliant the gems of your treasury, beware a tiny little insect, love's most formidable enemy—ennui.

To love an hour is the characteristic of the animal; to love a day is that of man; to love a lifetime that of the angels; to love the same person an entire lifetime belongs to the gods.

The animal man is polygamous, the human man is monogamous. Nature has made man polygamous; it is the sublime mission of woman to render him monogamous.

Contemporaneous loves are hypocrisy, or debauchery, or cynicism, or sinning; none of them is veritable love. Successive loves can all be sincere, all ardent, all divine.

To say that one can love but once in a lifetime is one of the greatest impudences of which love is guilty every day. He who has loved many times is embarrassed to tell you which is the first, the true love. He must do as the naturalists do with their classifications. He must follow an alphabetical or chronological order. Then the most ardent love is the oldest or that which commences by the letter A.

To ennoble love, to make it a nest fertile in joys, a gymnasium of virtue, one thing suffices, a little sincerity.

For love there is no darkness, for love there is no cold, for love there is no acrimony. Its light is such that it renders everything brilliant, its heat is such that it warms every chill; its gentleness is such that it suppresses every bitterness.

"I love you always, I love you always the same," another vaunt of the lover, another lie of the greatest deceiver of humankind. One loves always differently; every day, every hour of the day, and every minute of the hour. Love is transformed and changes as it encounters living forms, and young things who measure their vitality, their force, and their youth by the rapidity of their transformation. Whoever believes that two kisses resemble each other, that two caresses are equal, never has read the alphabet of love.

The handshake is the ultimate, the most expressive salutation of friendship; it often is the first step toward the conquest of love. The hand falsifies far less rarely than the lips or the eye; also the most hypocritical woman does not defy a handshake because she believes it the most innocent act of expression.

Who does not know the language of a hand when it is grasped is not worthy of loving or of being loved. With the hand a woman—the simplest woman in the world—says "stay" or "go;" with the hand she knows how to say, "I have loved you," "I love you," "I will love you."

Love, like the sun, and like all the great things of human thought and of the world, is born and dies in two twilights; the "perhaps" of hope and the "perhaps" of regret.

Marriage is love in preserve.

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The "Cocktail Route"

A REVERIE

By Major Ben C. Truman

The complete obliteration of the "Cocktail Route" constitues one of the most painful and pathetic scenes in the dreadful tragedy of that never-to-be-forgotten 18th of April, 1906. There have been other routes in other cities, so-called after the one in San Francisco; but, as a general thing, the designations have been far-fetched and presenting no likeness whatever to the original, which commenced on the southwestern corner of Kearney and Bush and proceeded along Kearney to Market and continued on the northern side of Market west as far as Powell; and return, or not, as the devotee wished, or could daily afford. As early as 1880 there were nine drinking places between the two ends, not counting Joe Parker's on the northwestern corner of Bush and Kearney, or the bar at the Baldwin Hotel on Powell and Market. The grand promenade took place every week day from about half-past three, and lasted until from five until six, according to the season, the temperature and one's time for dinner and its distance away.

The majority of the promenaders were men who had been engaged in some kind of work during the day up to the hours named, and were for the most part brokers and bankers and clerks of banks, clerks in wholesale houses, railroad officers and clerks, professional men and clubmen of leisure. There were few or seldom any of what are known as the uncivil or loafing class, although between five and six there daily came into the then thinly-growing procession numerous persons who could be readily picked out as belonging to that grade of mechanics who received good wages and carried no dinner-pails.

Between half-past four and five the pageant was heightened to brilliancy and spectacularity by the presence of hundreds of the best-dressed and best-looking women of San Francisco, many of whom were patrons of the fine dry goods, music and other high-class stores along the route, and of homeward bound shop girls and seamstresses, most of whom were handsome Jewesses, and others of the fair sex who were fond of respectable admiration, and who disdained the more quiet sides of the two thoroughfares.

It would be invidious to hold any one or more of these palaces of refreshments up as pre-eminently inviting, because all were conducted along pretentious lines: the wines and liquors offered were generally acceptable, the bartenders were artists in compounding delectable potations and invariably gentlemanly, in the best sense of the word, in the premises; and a manager or proprietor, or "bouncer" was always accessible in case of too much indecorum on the part of any person who might have pressed his cordial "not wisely but too well." Apropos, I will say that never in a quarter of a century of occasional visits at any of these places along the Route have I ever seen a patron the "worse for liquor" or a disturbance.

Disdaining, still, to appear invidious, I cannot resist referring to the "Crystal Palace," as a most inviting shrine, twenty years ago, say, after the nose had been at the professional grindstone for seven or eight hours. Hacquette & Hageman were the proprietors; and no two deacons of a church nor pedagogues in a young ladies' seminary could have been more suave or exemplary. I have never seen two better-mannered men in any kind of business anywhere at any time. Hageman presided behind the bar, as silent as a statue if not pressed into conversation, assisting his barkeeps during the evening cocktail rush, and Hacquette did the "elegante" in front and promoted the agreeableness of the many wayfarers with whom he was on intimate terms were such little gracious acts at times deemed necessary.

There was often a symposium at the Crystal Palace between four and five o'clock. Not in great part engendered by the ecstacies produced by a perfectly-compounded martini or a soft toddy; nor by nectareous draughts from Piper Heidseick or Veuve Clicquot; and neither by the artistic manner in which the delicate crustacean was cleverly prepared in crumbs; but because of the highly-attractive gathering of judges of superior and supreme courts; of army and navy men of rank, authors and journalists of account, merchants and railway men of prominence, and actors and others of endless story and mirth. It was this latter assimilation even more than the dainty viands and agreeable potables that made the Crystal Palace in particular, a Mecca toward which many a high-minded spirit regularly or irregularly inclined his congenial way.

But gone, at least for a time, is this splendid resort; and gone, also, for a much longer time, perhaps, are the other stopping-places along the famous Cocktail Route; and alas! gone, forever, are many of the old promenaders; and more's the pity, I vow, for I knew scores of them convivially and well.

There were other shrines than those along the ideal ambrosial way, I am prompted to refer to, in concluding this reverie;—and at onee my digressive pen points to Hacquette's Palace of Art, on Post near Montgomery—the most bewitching drinking-place I have known in all my travels. There was no other just such a resort in the United States or Europe. It partook of the fashionable club without the sometimes almost mortuary quiet and austere exclusiveness of the latter and it had a real bar, like any other barroom, only it seemed more an elongated buffet in some pretentious mansion rather than where cocktails, toddys, punches and high-balls were moved about like fantoccini. It was a reading room, a refectory and a picture gallery all in one. It had no rival nor imitator; and it contained many costly paintings and superb engravings and hundreds of valuable curios and other objects of vertu. It

(Continued on Page 33.)

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The Spectator

Here's a Pretty How d'e Do!

Those who love to nibble at a pen will sit bolt upright at this story of Jack London's falling out with Bailey Millard, editor of the Cosmopolitan Magazine. A New York friend writes that wherever literati congregate discussion of the affair flies across the fist banged board. Millard is one of the by-products of the Hearst system. He is the man who boosted Markham and his little Hoe into the saffron haze of popularity and for that feat he was made Special Purveyor of Literary Germs to Hearst. Jack London has been most assiduously "featured" by Millard in the various Hearst publications. Wherefore Millard is lachrymal over London's "amazing conduct." The United Brotherhood of Ink Spillers repudiates Millard's attitude and for the most part they insist that London is entirely justified.

The Fat in the Kettle.

The kernel of the trouble lies in the Hearst passion for a "scoop." When Jack London conceived the idea of sailing the seven seas across the wide world around in a trim little yacht, the Cosmopolitan hastily made him an offer for a story of his briny wander-year. London agreed to write the magazine ten articles of thirty-five hundred words each and the Hearst spielers immediately bawled through their megaphone "This way Ladies and Gentlemen for the true and Only Story of the adventures of the Great and Only Literary Tar of this or any Other Earth!"

Enter the Woman in the Case.

Whereupon the literary folk called up the class in mental arithmetic. "If it costs just $15,000 to make the seaworthy yacht in which the Londons are going to ride the billows, how much is The Cosmopolitan going to pay London for these articles?"

"Put down six and carry two.

"Gee, but that is hard to do."

Especially when one considers that the cost of the yacht covers only a part of the expenses of such a trip. While they were still counting on their fingers the colossal sum The Cosmopolitan must have agreed to pay, the Woman's Home Companion shot a bolt from the blue by announcing a series of articles from London's salt pen.

Snappy Letters Interchanged.

Millard had an "exclusive" fit and The Cosmopolitan "scoop" came a cropper. It is said that in the interchange of letters between the editor and the writer old friendship was torn to tatters and their regard for each other is not even tepid.

London's Version of the Case.

At the farewell dinner which the Ruskin Club of Oakland gave London the other night he told a friend that he had never dreamt of giving The Cosmopolitan the exclusive story of his adventures. "The contract with them calls for 35,000 words at ten cents a word," he said. "It wouldn't be a very profitable trip at that rate—just $3500, for a corner on my literary output! But there was not a line in my contract with The Cosmopolitan which prevents my writing articles for the Woman's Home Companion or any other magazine."

Woodworth's Plausible Explanation.

Marshall Woodworth has been explaining his appointment as assistant to Abe Ruef, after the latter usurped—or thought he usurped—the office of District Attorney. It seems that, like Caesar, Woodworth at first refused the crown, but unlike Caesar he finally yielded to the persuasion of Ruef, in whose innocence he says he firmly believes; for Woodworth is a most guileless man. "When I heard about my appointment," says the ex-United States Attorney, "I immediately went to Ruef and demanded an explanation. He was very frank with me. 'I am District Attorney,' he said, 'and want you to take Heney's place. I want you to go right after the grafters and send them to jail. If you find that I am a grafter, send me to jail.' 'Under that condition I will accept the office with pleasure,' I told him." How plausible that sounds. But then it was up to Woodworth to offer something plausible. As Assistant District Attorney by the way, he would be dealing again with William Burns, the secret service man, who, while Woodworth was United States Attorney, gathered the evidence that sent Dimmick to jail for stealing $30,000 from the Mint. It was the common report at that time that Woodworth wanted to dismiss the charges against Dimmick after the jury failed to convict him on the first trial, but that Burns insisted on the prosecution being continued.

He's So Democratic.

Old friends who met Secretary Victor Metcalf during his recent visit to this city discovered that cabinet honors have not spoiled him. Hart North, head of the local immigration bureau, one of the government officers who paid their respects to Metcalf, addressed him as "Secretary" as he shook hands with him. "Never mind the title," said the secretary. "To my friends I was 'Vic' when I was in Oakland, and my name hasn't changed since I went to Washington." "But I'm your subordinate now," said North. "You are, in the official correspondence between us," rejoined the Secretary; "but when we meet face to face you're 'Hart' and I'm 'Vic.'"



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War Between Hearst and Bennett.

Now that the election is over the relentless war going on between Hearst and James Gordon Bennett of the New York Herald will be waged fiercer than ever. Each is a fighter to the last ditch and to the hilt. During the course of the campaign each struck the other through his paper the most vicious blows at his command. Hearst did an odd thing in journalism, under the circumstances. He bought whole pages of the Herald at the top advertising rate and blazoned them with encomiums on himself. Sometimes the pages contained "open letters" from prominent New Yorkers stating why they had decided to vote for Hearst. One such page in The Sunday Herald was signed by Nathan Straus, who has just been appointed by President Roosevelt to a place on the Cabinet. Bennett must have ironically figured out that nothing that Hearst could say for himself and nothing that anybody else could say on his behalf would help to elect him. Anyhow he accepted the money handed in by Hearst's agent in payment for the advertisement, and his friends describe him as still chuckling merrily over the result. On the other side Hearst's friends declare that the result only goes to prove that the Herald's columns carry no influence for advertising purposes.

Beginning of the Trouble.

When Hearst broke into New York some ten years ago with The Journal Bennett did not by any means regard the newcomer in as contemptuous light as the other newspaper proprietors. He played the part of the big dog letting the little dog eat a small bone by himself. Later on there were significant growls. No rabid attack was made till Hearst, with his ever ready bag of gold, lured Outcault and his Buster Brown comic drawings away from The Herald and into the columns of The Journal. Outcault, by the way, has been the cause of several such big newspaper rows in New York; notably the one between Pulitzer of The World and Hearst, when the latter with another bag of gold tempted him and his Yellow Kid away from Pulitzer's paper. Bennett, like Pulitzer, got out an injunction to prevent Hearst using the title and the pictures under the plea that they were copyrighted by The Herald. Hearst won the right to employ Outcault to draw the pictures but he was debarred from using the title under the copyright clause. That is why you may see Buster Brown in all his antics in the Hearst Sunday comic papers but you don't see the name Buster Brown used to advertise them. Bennett continues to use not only the pictures but the name.

Watching to Catch His Enemy.

This suit engendered the bitterest of feelings between the two big New York editors. It wasn't long before their spleen broke out in their respective papers and each tried to outdo the other in lampoons, charges and countercharges. The Herald's Sunday "personal column" was for a long time notorious in the newspaper world. Some months before the election Hearst brought the matter before the New York Grand Jury and had Bennett indicted for publishing obscene matter in his columns and conducting them in a way to demoralize the public good. Bail was set for the appearance of Bennett, who by the way lives in Paris, and ever since then the Hearst papers have been whooping to the world that "Bennett is a fugitive from justice." Under the circumstances it can be readily understood that Bennett did not neglect any chance during the last campaign to lambast Hearst in the columns of The Herald. It was on this account that the Hearst advertisements in The Herald attracted widespread attention. The Herald is still whooping over Hearst's defeat and Hearst's managers swear that he will never rest till he gets Bennett behind prison bars on the charges preferred by the recent indictment.

First Gas-pipe Man—Say, pal, is it far to San Quentin?

Second Gas-pipe Man—Last time I went up it took me an hour to get there and five years to get back.

Carrying Their Own Fire Risks.

More vexation of spirit for the insured. Local companies are lifting their risks from the big stores lining Van Ness avenue and that vicinity. They have figured out that the hazards are too great in that territory just now, despite the present high premiums. Merchants carrying big and valuable stocks are in a quandary. There seems to be no way out of the difficulty just now except by carrying the risks themselves. By careful organization they have lessened the chances of a big fire by watchmen stationed at short intervals, by a special fire patrol and the installation of up-to-date fire equipments at convenient foci. Regular fire drills have been had in some of the big establishments

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We still add another feature—our locks are special—the key-hole above the knob so as to facilitate opening—on the inside when the key is turned and the door locked the key cannot be abstracted without unlocking inside—insuring absolute safety from burglars.

"Just a reminder—building composed of steel, concrete and marble"—with John McDermott as manager.

and most of the managers feel confident they could handle a store blaze with the promptness, vigor and sureness of the old department in its palmiest days.



The Duchess of Marlborough and Her Two Sons

End of a Ducal Romance.

The long standing differences between the Duke and the Duchess of Marlborough have finally ended in the signing of a deed of separation. The Duchess will retain possession of her two children and the big London house, while the Duke retains Blenheim and some smaller holdings, originally the property of the estate but vastly improved through the money Consuelo Vanderbilt brought the Duke through marriage. It is said she has settled one hundred thousand dollars a year on her husband. Her father, W. K. Vanderbilt, was present to look after her interests throughout the trying periods attending the separation. Famous Castle Blenheim will now be closed as the Duke, cut off from the Vanderbilt millions, is far from able to maintain its magnificence.

The Disturbing Face.

Cherchez la femme. In this case it is understood by friends of the family to be a beautiful society woman who flitted across the family horizon about a year ago. Even at that time there was a growing indifference between the couple. The deafness of the Duchess failed to win any sympathy from her husband. She made several trips to Paris to visit a specialist, but the Duke took so little interest in the result that he remained in London the whole time romping among his pleasures. A wild theatrical party given at Blenheim, which set the whole countryside talking and the re-appearance at a very inopportune time of the pretty face of the society woman, created the final eclipse to the peace of their domestic establishment and Consuelo wrote her father in New York that her own self respect and patience could stand no more; that only one thing remained—a separation. Both King Edward and Mr. Vanderbilt tried to prevail on the Duchess to give the Duke another trial "for the sake of the children." But during these proceedings the Duke was detected in another incident at Blenheim and the Duchess insisted on the separation. At present she is staying at Marlborough House with her two children. Later she will visit her relatives in New York on an extended visit. The Duke is at Blenheim where he is rusticating with Winston Spencer Churchill and other cronies. W. K. Vanderbilt is at Paris, within convenient call of his daughter.

The Leading American Duchess.

Consuelo has been very popular in London since her advent there eleven years ago as the wife of the Duke of Marlborough. She at once took a prominent place in the most popular social circle. Her wealth made it possible to revive the splendors of Blenheim Castle and to entertain on a magnificent scale. With all her society duties however the Duchess did not neglect to extend her noble charities broadcast and was dearly beloved by the poor tenants on her own estates, as well as among the slums of London. When the Duke was in South Africa during the Boer war the Duchess was foremost among the great dames who helped to equip field hospitals and Red Cross steamers. She has been the most beloved and the most prominent of the American heiresses who have married into the Dukedoms of England.

First Chappie—You'll ruin yourself, dear boy, if you keep up this reckless pace. You're burning the candle at both ends, you know.

Second Chappie—Well, isn't that the quickest and easiest way to make both ends meet?



The Latest Photograph of Mrs. Harry Thaw.

Harry Thaw's trial will now attract more than ordinary interest in California on account of the recent engagement of D. M. Delmas to conduct the defense—a bit of news that was first published in Town Talk.

Ben Wheeler's Bit of Strategy

One of the most amusing incidents of the late campaign was the passing of a gold brick by President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California to J. Austin Lewis, the Socialist candidate for Governor. President Wheeler, as a result of pressure, invited Mr. Lewis to address a meeting of the undergraduates and received a very prompt acceptance. There is nothing that a socialist speaker likes better than an opportunity to appeal to young men whose inexperience with the world and with human nature frequently makes them easy though temporary converts to the doctrinaire remedies for the ailments of the body politic. President Wheeler, however, had no intention of affording Candidate Lewis an open field for proselytizing and vote-getting. There are those that say President Wheeler never exhibited greater vulpine shrewdness than when he arranged the program for that university gathering and scheduled Professor Thomas Bacon of the history department ahead of J. Austin Lewis. Professor Bacon is a very witty and humorous talker who has studied history and the classics to some purpose. He is familiar with the doctrines of Rousseau and the impracticable theories and ideals of modern as well as ancient social reformers, and he was just the man to anticipate the verbal fireworks of the socialistic gubernatorial candidate. He began his speech by saying that he could make a good political speech because he was not running for office like Mr. Lewis. During the rest of his talk he kept the students in almost continual laughter by poking fun at those that claimed to have cure-alls for civic disease. Occasionally he would throw out a sober sentiment in favor of conservatism and the upholding of the Constitution. But his main purpose seemed to be to work his student hearers into a light and frivolous state of mind, and well he succeeded. Mr. Lewis was greatly agitated as he listened to Professor Bacon's blithe and jocund remarks. When he arose to speak in his turn he betrayed his emotion in his tense tone and nervous gestures as well as in his words. He said among other things: "Take your politics seriously. I don't want your votes. I don't want to make socialists of you. I have no ambition to poll a large vote. But I want to tell you socialism is the doctrine of full-blooded, red-blooded men. We will get all of you that are worth while and the rest we don't care about." With this defiant fling the speaker sat down, but it will be a long time before the socialists of California forget about that gold brick President Wheeler so courteously handed J. Austin Lewis, their candidate for Governor and a former student of the University of London, don't you know.

"Well, well, so the Muttonheads are divorced at last. Who gets the children?"

"He does, of course, being the guilty one."

Lured From Duty By Teddy

"That's the way Uncle Sam gets the worst of it, and that's one of the reasons why the mail service isn't all that it should be." The speaker was Postmaster Fisk. We had just entered a bookstore and the first object to attract Fisk's attention was a letter-carrier in uniform. His rear elevation was presented to our view. He was poring over a book. "I'd like to see how much time he spends here," said Fisk. So we settled down to wait until the carrier reached the end of the chapter. We probably would have been waiting yet had I not grown impatient. At the end of five minutes Fisk

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approached the carrier and addressed him from behind. "Waiting for somebody?" he said. The carrier, absorbed in the book, answered without looking up: "No, I'm just reading awhile." Then, as if suddenly awakening, he glanced over his shoulder and into the face of his superior. Not another word was said. If Fisk had been a ghost the carrier could not have been more startled. He closed the book and bolted through the door. Fisk picked up the book. It was entitled, "Addresses of President Roosevelt." "That settles it," said the Postmaster. "I think I have been rebuked."



Fay Templeton

Fay Templeton belongs to that rare class of stage comediennes who have developed new talents with advancing years. From the early day when she found herself she became one of America's bright particular stars. Like Lillian Russell, Marie Dressler and other actresses possessing broader stage talent, she studied and made good in new fields in order to keep up with public taste and save herself from being crowded from her high place, a fate that befell her less talented companions. Her latest success is in mimicry. Any player making a hit in a new play at once becomes her game and she mimics him or her in such fashion as to make all New York laugh.

....PLAYS....

SHAW WILDE PINERO IBSEN

IN PAPER COVERS

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643 Turk Street, Near Van Ness Avenue.

Back to the Farm.

Homer Davenport is passing more and more out of the fields of cartooning, wherein he won a national reputation, into the domain of raising high-bred fowl, dogs and horses in which he is gaining a great name for himself among the fanciers of the Atlantic seaboard. In fact, the eastern art world generally regards him as on the eve of retiring and joining the class of successful breeders. For several years past Davenport has jokingly called himself a farmer. Certainly the success of his two hundred acre breeding farm near Morris Plains, New Jersey, has surpassed all his most extravagant expectations. On it he has over four hundred species of birds, sixty-seven varieties of pheasants, always the delight of his heart, sixteen thoroughbred Arab horses, and all kinds of high bred dogs, rabbits and the like. Every country in the world is represented in the collection. Even when Davenport was a tyro in San Francisco hammering away to make a reputation on the Examiner he drove his landlady frantic by trying to keep pheasants and other queer foreign birds in his room.



Mrs. W. R. Hearst

She accompanied her husband on his recent whirlwind campaign over New York State, met various committees of ladies organized to promote the welfare of the Independence League and the Democratic party and did everything in her power socially to win votes for her husband.

The new handsomely appointed store of The Sugarie at 1709 California st., to be opened Saturday will be one of the show places of the city.

Birds Rule the House

He is still as keen in the same delight, according to recent letters from the east. Not long ago carpenters were called in to remodel his New Jersey farmhouse. It happened to be the season of the year when the turtle doves were mating. One pair started to build their nest in a half-filled keg of ten penny nails. Davenport happened into the room just as an irate carpenter was preparing to oust the trespassers. "Hold on," he protested. "Let those birds alone; they're doing the best they can. Let them hatch." "But I need the nails," said the carpenter. "Well," was the reply, "the best thing for you to do under the circumstances is to go to the store and buy them." In due time the two eggs hatched out. Davenport at once boarded up the door, leaving only the transom open, and excluded everyone from the room. His act delayed repairs on the room for three weeks but Davenport rested content in the fact that the doves remained undisturbed. Certainly the birds and animals on his farm must believe they are "back to nature." They rule the roost.

The New Typist—Under what head, Doctor, shall I put down the last two operations on Mrs. Fulsome Millions?

The Doctor—Under general repairs.

Division Among Harness Horsemen.

Pleasanton and the other Pacific Coast centers of the harness horse cult are in the throes of a mighty discussion of great moment to the turf. It all hinges on the surprising records against time made last season by the famous pacer Dan Patch. Shall they stand when made by the use of the much discussed wind break? In the campaign just ended Dan Patch started against time on numerous occasions, and although he was faster than ever when aided by a runner in front to break the natural resistence of the atmosphere, he was not once put to the test of showing what he could do under natural conditions. Foes of the wind break declare that this failure to attack the record under normal conditions is significant. The new rules of the National Trotting Association expressly forbid the use of a runner in front and further provide that performances so made shall not be recognized as records.

Congress Called to Settle It.

The owner of Dan Patch claims that as he was allowed to attack the records on tracks governed by the rules of the National Trotting Association the wind shield records of a mile paced in 1:53 must go as a record. Three years ago Lou Dillon's famous wind shield records were thrown out by the Association on the same charge. As a well known doughty record wrangler puts it: "Instead of throwing out these trick performances, as was done when kite shaped tracks, down the hill all the way, were devised to make slow horses trot fast, it was first decided to admit them to the Year Book with a conspicuous distinguishing mark showing the records were not made under normal conditions. But for some reason, not satisfactorily explained by the registrar, this distinguishing mark was omitted and Lou Dillon was entered erroneously as 1:53½. At the next meeting of the Association following the publication of the Year Book the rule was adopted that to end all confusions on records thereafter wind shield performances should be barred. And

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now outside the mighty argument over Dan Patch's recent records horsemen are greatly puzzled over the question of the best means to rectify the mistakes already made and again put all horses and all records as near as may be on an equality. There is talk of a special session of the National Trotting Association Congress to straighten out the matter.

Judge Lawlor—What is your age?

The Prisoner—Nineteen, your honor.

Judge Lawlor—That's what you said when you were up for trial two years ago.

The Prisoner—Yes, and I got off then, so I'm stickin' to the same story.

Enjoys the Scramble For Dollars.

One of the anomalies of the San Francisco stock exchange is a man who has paid a high price for a membership seat just to watch the mad scramble of his fellow members. He never joins in the wild whirl of excitement going on there. He is "Honest" B. J. Reilly, a Goldfield pioneer whose faith in Goldfield was fully justified. When others began to believe there was no gold there Reilly hung on, and at last struck it. He sold his holdings for a big sum, and is now enjoying it. On the exchange he usually stands around with his hands behind his back, smilingly watching the mad scramble. Even the fluctuations of the past few weeks have not taken him off his feet. Urged to get in, he always says: "For what? I've got plenty to last the rest of my life. I get enough fun watching you fellows scramble for chances to make a dollar."

"O, Charlie, and before we were married you said you would trust to my judgment in everything."

"Yes, dearest, but I mentally barred your ever again making me Christmas presents of knitted slippers and cigars."

The Wiltsees Back Again.

The Ernest Wiltsees just passed through San Francisco from Mexico, en route to Europe. They came out here in April on their wedding tour and the earthquake almost jolted the crispness out of Mrs. Wiltsees' gorgeous trousseau. But unlike most hotel guests she did not flee panic-striken from her baggage. Instead she sent her husband flying in one direction for an expressman, while she herself hastened the other way in search of the elusive man with the horse. She found one, too, and instead of returning to the hotel on the wings of a promise, she mounted the high seat and the driver's tour was personally conducted by the beautiful society woman of Paris and New York. She saw that her nineteen trunks were safely piled on the wagon and then patiently mounted the driver's seat again to wait for her husband to return from his profitless quest. Long before the fire reached the St. Francis the Wiltsees bag and baggage were on the other side of the bay.

S. KRAMER

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A most complete assortment of popular and stylish goods.

Agents for all the best makes of watches, clocks, and the celebrated Rogers Bros.' 1847 quadruple plate.

Exterminating the Abalone.

Several letters from Southern California have reached me recently protesting against the wholesale destruction of the beautiful abalones by the untiring Japanese hunters. Upon inquiry I have discovered that owing to the rapacity of the hunters the rainbow colored shell fish has practically disappeared from our waters in that section. I can say now that steps will be taken by a number of influential men around Los Angeles to have a law passed by the next Legislature to protect the very few that are left of this beautiful shell fish. Only a few years ago the many-hued abalones were the most plentiful shell fish in the southern waters. Travelers eagerly bought the curios made of them. Old settlers laughed at the idea of them ever being hunted out as they were to be counted by millions. Then along came the Japs and the war of extermination began. It has taken five years to almost finish their destruction for the abalones, once so plentiful, can now only be found by divers way out in the deep water. So scarce are they that the Japs themselves have just abandoned the grounds on account of the scarcity.

Japs Now After the Sardines

The Japs hunted them to the very end, shipping the dried meat to China and selling the shells to the local and eastern curio factories. The flesh brought $280 a ton, and the rough shells $50 a ton. Every one of the Japs engaged grew rich at this slaughter. It may interest local sportsmen to learn that this same colony of Japs, now that they have cleaned out the abalones from the waters of Southern California, are now on their way to Monterey bay where they propose to locate and go into the sardine industry. That means that they are going to strive their hardest to clear out the small fish that attracts the salmon at certain seasons to Monterey bay. These small fish now visit the bay by the millions but it is safe to say that the Japs, if not prevented, will make as thorough a destruction of them as they did of the abalones in the southern waters. Local sportsmen should take prompt action and not be caught in the same fix as was the southerners. They should at once draft an adequate law to submit to the next legislature for the protection of these fish.

From the Board of Supervisors' Rooms—(Before the call of the Grand Jury—Blare of the Brass Band on the midnight air and songs fortissimo)—"There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town, This Year," "If You Haven't Any Money, Why You Needn't Come Around."

Same Place (After the Call of the Grand Jury, Song Pianissimo)—"We Cannot Sing the Old Songs We Sang on Yesterday."

A Tale of Two Cities.

The story behind the Gurnee divorce case, about to be tried in the local courts, would furnish excellent material to make one of the season's "six best sellers." It is a case to interest a psychologist, or a past master in the ways of the world. George Gurnee, the complainant, is of a very wealthy New York family. He is a Yale graduate, belongs to the Calumet and other swell eastern clubs and has always cut a fashionable swath wherever he went. His income at that time is said to have been $50,000 a year. He came out here about a year ago and bought a handsome holding in acres at Stege across the bay. In the course of time

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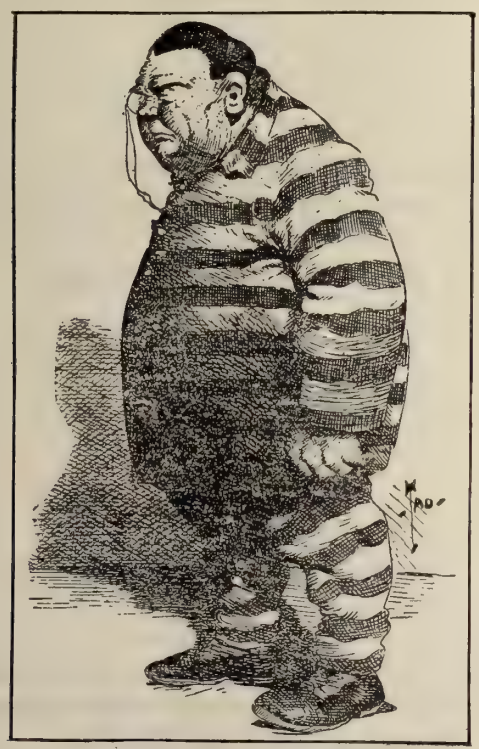
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Telephone Temporary 1918

he put up a modest dwelling, and proceeded to "batch" it in the most approved fashion. At the same time he opened up business offices, installed one of the prettiest typists in the county and proceeded to do business in the most approved Gurnee fashion. Falling into step with the boom across the bay he began to cut up his land and sell it at top notch prices.

Indignation of the Bride.

Meanwhile in Tennessee there was a beautiful girl waiting and corresponding with him. She belonged to the same swagger set and had her own ideas on the magnificent surroundings due a wife of her degree. This was quite natural as she had enjoyed the very best of creature comforts all her life. A highly interesting correspondence, which will probably be read during the forthcoming trial, ended in their marriage. Then the sombre mists began to rise. Across the marriage feast flitted several ghosts, ghosts which will probably be materialized in evidence at the forthcoming trial. Following the marriage the husband brought his bride to his modest Stege home. When she saw it she set her foot down and flatly refused to live in it or even to house her wardrobe in such a place. Why, oh why, had she left the luxury of her beautiful Tennessee home for such meagre surroundings. "Take me to a livable place," she insisted. He took her to the best private hotel in Oakland. It was the beginning of the trouble that has just ended in the divorce court. He says desertion; she says intemperance—in many things. All the while the pretty typist has done her very best to attend strictly to her duties and to remain modestly in the background. There is talk of calling in alienists, experts in neurasthenia and authorities on maladies that beset badgered humans in these days of rapid pace and rapid living, but that does not interest the beautiful and luxury-loving Tennessee bride. She wants to go home.



AN HISTORIC CARTOON

The above cartoon was drawn by T. A. Dorgan, better known as "Tad," the San Francisco artist whose work in The Bulletin a few years ago attracted much attention. He was lured to the East by Mr. Hearst. His now historic caricature of Murphy, which inspired so many other cartoonists during the recent campaign in New York, was drawn for the Evening Journal, at the suggestion of Editor Brisbane and appeared in that paper, Nov. 10, 1905. Beneath the cartoon appeared these words written by Mr. Brisbane: "LOOK OUT, MURPHY! It's a Short Lockstep from Delmonico's to Sing Sing. Every honest voter in New York wants to see you in this costume. You have committed crimes against the people that will send you for many years to State Prison, if the crime can be proved against you. Your dull mind cannot conceive of any real public opinion. But an awakening is ahead of you. You know that you are guilty. The people know it."

Delicious Ices and Confections at the Opening of The Sugarie Saturday at 1709 California street.

A World's Sponsor For True Art.

Visitors to the lowly shack on Nob Hill which represents the abode of all that is left of art in that once opulent section were electrified this week with the news that J. Pierpont Morgan had just started a club in London for the protection of Art in all quarters of the globe. Back of it all is the whisper that Mr. Morgan has been fooled so frequently into paying extravagant prices for bogus works that he thinks it is high time that true art should be given some protection in order that her rich admirers may get what they think they are paying for. Hence it is that one of the chief objects of the new organization will be to expose unscrupulous art dealers who trade in bogus "antiques" and palm off "old masters" on the guileless. The club will have experts in all lines of art ready at a moment's notice to pass judgment on the proposed pur-



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chases of the members. Efforts will also be made by the new club to popularize the modern painters of the first class. Later scholarships will be founded, which may prove of inestimable value to young artists of promise. Mr. Carnegie has already shown a warm interest in the great library which will be at the disposal of the literary and journalistic members of the club. The budding actor, the veteran would-be dramatist, the unknown composer, the author of the latest successful opera and the successful manager are expected to meet under its roof.

Influential People Fathering the Plan.

The whole scheme is planned on the broad scale characteristic of Mr. Morgan. He has declined to be the president, but has consented to serve as one of the vice-presidents, along with the Earl of Carlisle, the Countess of Chesterfield, August Rodin, the sculptor, and John Lavery, vice president of the International Art Club. The organization is already affiliated with some of the most influential clubs in England. As for wealth, its members represent something like $250,000,000. Already the club is throwing open its doors to men and women of any nationality and good social standing. With a membership of this character it will try to cultivate a taste and knowledge for true art, to facilitate the buying and selling of works of art by means of exhibitions, and to protect the interests of artists by obtaining for them fair values for their works. Already a club site has been selected in Mayfair. A building will be erected at a cost of one million dollars which is expected to exceed in magnificence and architectural beauty anything of its kind in Europe. Sargent Shannon, Lafayette de Friese and Sir Philip Burne Jones are said to be greatly interested in the new enterprise. Certainly it will afford its promoters opportunities for doing inestimable good in the realms of art.

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By Tantalus

The Watkins-Dimond Engagement.

The news that Harry Dimond, a brother of Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, and supposed to be a dyed-in-the-wool bachelor, is to wed, came as a genuine surprise to society. Who is Miss Janet Watkins? queried the Smart Set, and the answer that she is a cousin of Mrs. Jack Wilson and Mrs. John Breuner did not call her to mind for Miss Watkins has not moved in the same set as the Cluffs.

Miss Watkins came to California from Ireland about ten years ago with her mother, Mrs. Margaret Watkins. She has the proverbial Irish beauty and a voice with the faintest, most fascinating Irish accent. She has been employed as a stenographer for some time in Mr. Dimond's office so the romance is not a pink tea affair. Miss Watkins is a very clever girl and Mr. Dimond is considered enviably fortunate to have won her. She is the favorite neice of the senior Cluff, who has retired from the firm and is the wealthy member of the family. This Mr. Cluff and his family live in a handsome home in Fruitvale and have never cared to take the active part in society which the William Cluffs have achieved.

Down in Burlingame there is a splutter in the five o'clock tea pot and the merry meddlers are wondering over their biscuit and oolong just how Mrs. Joe Tobin feels about her brother's marriage to his stenographer. From friends in the family I hear that she has taken kindly to her future sister-in-law so the Blingum latch key will hang outside the sacred portals for Mrs. Henry Dimond if she cares to enter. Mrs. Tobin is so popular that any protege of hers is sure of welcome.

Made the Telephone Sizz!

The announcement that William Chapin, the one-time fiancee of Stella McCalla, is to marry Miss Helen Stewart Wilson of Seattle, has parted in the middle the persistent rumor that the Admiral's daughter and the young Sacramento business man were ready to once more appear for trial in Cupid's court. As a matter of fact, Miss McCalla's intimate friends have always known that "Willie"Chapin and she were at outs for all time.

When the engagement was announced Mrs. Grundy shook her head. For Miss McCalla is the conservative type that Back-bay Boston ancestry develops, while Willie Chapin is a hail-fellow-well-met with a host of friends who love his come day-go day, God-send-Sunday philosophy. However, they seemed devoted to each other and the path of true love ran fairly smoothly toward the altar. But just when it was about time to think about wedding gifts their friends were startled by the news that the engagement was broken.

There have been sundry reasons given but there is one which trickled over the wires with all the trappings of truth. It is that Mr. Chapin had an appointment with Miss McCalla at Mare Island and caught in the hilarities of a stag party a rich young mining man was giving at Folsom he neglected to keep it. He rang Miss McCalla up on long distance phone and, according to a garrulous "hello" girl,—but that's another story, as Kipling would say.

Anyway the engagement was broken and now Mr. Chapin has found some cardiac glue to mend his heart in the charming young person of a Seattle belle.

Caught in a "Rummy" Sale.

The Rummage Sale is still the crowbar with which fashionable New York charity workers part their peers from tidy sums for the poor-box. Out here the pleasant and profitable way of getting rid of fashionable fol de rols via a rummage sale seems to have dwindled into the past. Perhaps it is that the fire cleaned us out of so much rummage stuff that charity begins in our own closets. An account by letter of the recent sale at Brookholt, the Oliver Belmont estate at Hempstead, shows that we never were in the real "rummy" class anyway. At the Belmont affair Birdie Fair Vanderbilt had charge of the "practical booth." Among the articles were a lot of things donated by Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs. A set of Tiffany military brushes were hard to dispose of as most bargain hunters are averse to hand-me-down hair tools even when they are engraved in gold with the letters "R. G. F." Mrs. Vanderbilt tried to lur a purchaser with the suggestion that the initials could be taken off. The absent-minded guest who must have left these brushes at an Oelrich's house party still has a chance to recover them, for they were not sold at the rummage sale.

Bracketed to Wed.

San Francisco and New York friends of Mrs. Oelrich's seem agreed that she will not long wear widow's weeds. But there is a feeling of uncertainty about the lucky man. Moncure Robinson's name has been bracketed with hers in public print but Mrs. Grundy is still on the speculating seat. Mrs. Oelrichs is said to have made several fortunate investments in New York real estate through Robinson's advice and his business sagacity has, in conjunction with his other attractions, riveted him high in her favor. At the time she sold her North Beach holdings here, Robinson, who is in New York real estate, invested the sale money in holdings for her which have since turned a handsome penny. Mrs. Oelrichs is not in the first flush of youth—she is several years Robinson's senior—but she is a very handsome woman and exceedingly attractive.

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Fine Confections, Ices and Fancy Drinks, Holiday Novelties
Light luncheons for lady shoppers our specialty

Starr King Fraternity Banquet.

The Starr King Fraternity opened its twenty-first season with a banquet last Thursday evening at the First Unitarian Church of Oakland. Mr. Henry A. Dodge, the president of the Fraternity, had charge of the affair and is to be congratulated upon the success of the evening, the attendance being larger than for some years past. Mayor Frank Mott spoke on the subject of beautifying Oakland and emphasized the importance of immediate action both from the aesthetic and practical standpoint. He drew a lesson from the San Francisco fire and showed how Oakland could avert a like fate. Much amusement was occasioned by the reading of a humorous paper in verse on Earthquakes and their Future Effects by Mr. D. S. Richardson of the Japanese Consulate in this city. A pleasing innovation was made during the banquet when vocal music was rendered by the Golden Gate Quartet.

Naval Notes

Captain W. G. Powell, of the Marines, better known among his cronies as "Pokey" Powell, has been ordered to the Philippines as the paymaster of the First Brigade of Marines at Cavite. "Pokey" Powell is one of the best liked fellows in the Marine Corps. He has won his rank and his flattering staff position by sheer merit and his old associates are all glad of it. Powell is a graduate of Annapolis but he was mustered out of the Navy by the iniquitous Robeson law of 1882. He entered the Navy again as an Ensign during the Spanish war and, at its conclusion, was honorably discharged and at once entered the Marine Corps as Lieutenant. He was Captain and paymaster in charge of the San Francisco pay office until the receipt of his present orders. He and Mrs. Powell lived at the Hotel Baltimore until the earthquake, when Mrs. Powell moved across the bay and Powell remained in this city until the Marines were recalled, whereupon he assumed charge of the pay office again, which is temporarily in Berkeley. He will be relieved here by Major William C. Dawson, who comes direct from the headquarters of the Marine Corps in Washington. Captain Powell sails on the transport leaving on December 15. * * * * Captain L. R. Burgess, of the Artillery Corps, who was for several years the adjutant of the artillery post at the Presidio and has a host of friends in and around San Francisco, is receiving the congratulations of his friends upon the birth of a son, Donald Chapin Burgess, who was born a few days ago at the Captain's new post, Fort Totten, N. Y. The quarters of Captain and Mrs. Burgess at the Presidio were the scene of numerous most enjoyable affairs during his tour of duty in this district. Captain Burgess is at present detailed to important duty in connection with coast defence .* * * * Lieutenant-Colonel John P. Wisser, of the Army, who was long on duty in this city and has recently been made military attache to the United States Embassy in Berlin, has, with Mrs. Wisser, been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, in Washington, D. C. They sailed for Europe on the steamer leaving New York on November 7th. Lieutenant-Colonel Wisser was warmly felicitated on his promotion from the rank of Major, which he held while on duty here. * * * * The cruiser "Boston," now en route to this city from Bremerton, Wash., has an amateur theatrical troupe on board which is far above the average. While most naval theatrical entertainments run to the vaudeville, the "Boston's" company of Thespians has higher aspira-

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tions. It is reported that the "Boston's" actors recently gave a presentation of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" which would have done credit to a professional company. The impersonator of the dual role was W. H. Chase, one of the ship's petty officers, who was a professional actor until some influence led him from the footlights to the forecastle.

The second exhibition of the paintings of Bertha Stringer Lee was held last week at the Hillside Club House, in Berkeley. Mrs. Lee was a pupil of William Keith, and has spent much time abroad. Berkeley's growing taste for art is being stimulated by some of the leading artists of the State who are settling there. Miss Daingerfield's studio, which was the first to open after the earthquake, is now in possession of some of the works of Latimer. Jules Mersfelder, who is planning to gather together many of his paintings for a future exhibit in San Francisco, is said to be at present interpreting the Berkeley landscape.

Willard Henry Merrall of the First National Bank of Berkeley is being felicitated on his engagement to Miss Hope White, a very charming daughter of the Academic groves. Miss White is one of the most popular girls in Berkeley society. She has won distinction as a horsewoman. Few there are of the gentle sex able to present a more graceful figure in the saddle.

Society Girls in Trade.

I hear that Cora Smedberg has entirely shed the ways and wiles of a society girl and is going to enter the business grind. The Smedberg's were heavy losers in the fire and with the pluck of a true daughter of the regiment Miss Smedberg determined to help reline the family wallet. She and her cousin Helen Ashton are expert book binders and excel in the exquisite art. Her first thought was to open a shop like the one Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, the Chicago society woman, runs. But Mrs. Taylor has an immense fortune to make the ledger of her business venture balance and Miss Smedberg wished to engage in a paying venture. The arts and elegances are always the last to revive after a catastrophe so instead of opening a book-bindery Miss Smedberg has gone into the insurance business.

Alice Hoffman, who is no longer seen on the tennis courts or driving six-in-hands along the San Rafael roads, says she is making a great deal of money doing blue prints. With two such examples of energy it would appear that the "lilies of the field" can "toil and spin" to some advantage when put to it.

Miss Mary Crocker is at present visiting her aunt Mrs. Alexander in New York but she is planning to come to San Francisco this winter. Mr. and Mrs. Gus Taylor who have just returned from the east spent much of their time in New York with Miss Crocker.

Enjoyed Just the Same.

Most girls vehemently suppress engagement rumors until they are ready to take the Great Outside into their confidence. Pretty Margaret Hyde-Smith blushingly denies the soft impeachment but she doesn't expect anyone to take her denial of the sweet slander seriously. Her friends will not be surprised when in the near future she announces her engagement to a

---

Ned Greenway may not be at the opening of The Sugarie, 1709 California street, Saturday, the 17th, but many of the 400 will be there.

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popular eligible. Miss Hyde-Smith is a favorite of Mrs Eleanor Martin's and made her debut about the time that Anita Harvey was presented.

First of the "Pops."

Hugo Mansfeldt gave a recital at Ye Liberty Theatre in Oakland last Wednesday afternoon. It was his first appearance in public in many years. The recital marked the first of a series of "Pop" concerts to be given every Wednesday by manager Will Greenbaum. In many ways technically, Mr. Mansfeldt's playing was excellent. He has great velocity and strength. Liszt's "La Campanella" and the Liszt transcription of the Wedding March and Fairy Dance" from "Midsummer Night's Dream" were brilliantly played. The same can be said of "Aufschwing" by Schurman, which was given with fine dramatic expression. Some of the best musical people from both sides of the bay were present. Manager Greenbaum feels assured of the future success of the series.

Notable Los Angeles Weddings.

A Connecticut romance culminated last week in Los Angeles in the marriage at the Angelus Hotel of Miss Dorothy Lord Maltby and Clarence Sidney Verrill. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. George Ellsworth Maltby of New Haven and is a linguist, an accomplished musician and a writer of short stories of merit. She is a member of L'Alliance Francaise of Paris and of the Spanish club of New York. She has been traveling abroad for several years, while her fiance was in the mining country of Idaho. Mr. Verrill is a Yale man, the son of Professor Addison Verrill, head of the zoological department of Yale. After a tour of the state the young people will make their temporary home in Los Angeles.

Another wedding in which considerable interest centers was quietly celebrated a few days ago when Miss Bessie Bryan, daughter of the E. P. Bryans of Westmoreland Place, became the bride of Luther Bradford. Miss Bryan and Mr. Bradford made no public announcement of their approaching nuptials which therefore were attended with some surprise among society devotees of the Angel City. The honeymoon will be spent in the East.

Among the recent betrothals announced is that of Miss May Bretherton, daughter of Mrs. W. L. Bretherton, and Thomas Jefferson Douglas Jr. Mr. Douglas represents an old time family of Los Angeles. His sister, Mrs. Joseph Kingman Ellison, was formerly Lady Douglas, one of the most popular belles of a few seasons ago. The wedding will be solemnized this month.

The season just opening promises to be unusually gay and the debutante list is especially long. Among buds who will "come out" this winter are Miss Mary Hubbell, daughter of Judge Stephen C. Hubbell of Westmoreland Place and Miss Lois Chamberlain, daughter of the Lee Chamberlains. These young women will be the objects of much social attention during the next few months.

Miss Katherine Ball is meeting with marked success on her northern lecture tour. She is now in Seattle and will shortly start on an extended trip through the east for the purpose of telling the Occidentals what she knows about the Orientals.

The opening of The Sugarie Saturday at 1709 Cal. st., will be in the nature of a society musicale.

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(See Colonial Furniture Chamber Set in the corner window.)

VAN NESS AT WASHINGTON

NORTH END

Vocal Concert in the Paris Tea Garden
Tuesday Afternoon

The Pompeiian Room

An event of some importance to the pleasure lovers of San Francisco, and especially to the fashionable element, took place Thursday. On that day the doors of Tait's Pompeiian Room were thrown open to the public. Tait's Pompeiian Room will mark an epoch in the history of San Francisco redivious. It will breathe conclusive evidence of the fact that the old cafe spirit has seized upon the community again, and it will give us the opportunity to show that the metropolitan tone has returned. For the Pompeiian Room will lure fair women and brave men. It will have atmosphere when the lights are turned on and the stringed instruments are softly throbbing and the laughter is merrily floating and the glasses are gayly clinking and the corks are sonorously popping; when, in brief, joy is unconfined and the spirits of mortals are as effervescent as the amber from over the sea. The Pompeiian Room has been cunningly designed to superinduce the cafe mood. It abounds in arabesques, and the interior has been fantastically tinted, and some novel lighting effects are to heighten the exotic beauties of the background. Mine Host Tait has been spreading himself and his cafe will become as famous for its externals as for the quality of the output of his cuisine.

Among those who reserved tables at the opening of Tait's Pompeiian Garden I noticed Will Dargie, Arthur Fisk, Capt. Goodall, Tom McCann, Ned Greenway, Varney Gaskill, Leon Greenbaum, W. F. Humphrey, Ned Hamilton, J. N. Kelley, W. Lowe, W. Martin, R. R. Ritchie, Dent Robert, Charles Reynolds, Dr. Short, Louis Sloss, L. Scooffy, Clarence Ward, P. Verdier, P. J. Weniger, Ed. Bowes and a host of others. They were all brave men accompanied by fair women, and "there was a sound of revelry by night."

One of the prettiest booklets produced since the big temblor has just been turned out by the Norman Pierce Company. From cover to cover it is a true work of art in design, taste and execution. As an illustration of the high class printers' craft it is well worth preserving. Letter press and half tone work are above reproach. The booklet deals with Frank A. Miller's handsome new hotel, "The Mission Inn," located near Riverside, Southern California. Such surroundings of course furnish exceedingly attractive photographs of the characteristic Mission background but these are more than surpassed by the unusually attractive and picturesque nooks, corners and studies furnished by the really beautiful hotel.

The Knickerbocker Quartet will sing at The Sugarie Opening Saturday, the 17th.

Mme. Slack-Domestique—I'm so unlucky with my cooks. None of them have remained longer than six months.

Mme. Trop de Divorcee—Ciel! I wish I could have said the same about some of my husbands.

"Auto Eye"? You Know How Eyes Suffer After Exposure In Sun, Wind and Dust. Neglect Results in Eye Strain, Redness and Granulation. Be Wise in Time.
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Stage

Pinero's Latest Play.

Both the New York and London critics agree that Pinero in his new play, "His House in Order," has given us his masterpiece. After its first presentation all agreed that for technique of the stage no other living English dramatist is his equal.

"His House in Order" is what might be called a family play. It portrays the English middle class in rather an uncomplimentary light. The atmosphere is charged with hypocrisy, sham and bigotry, yet the human appeal is unusually strong. The satire is delicious; the picture of the wife unerring, and the atmosphere in stage setting something ideal.

The play presents the struggle between Nina, Filmer Jesson's second wife, formerly the governess of his boy, and the shadow of Annabel, the matchless, the virtuous, the methodic—his first wife. Nina is a good-hearted but somewhat shiftless woman, hardly more than a girl, who has made her husband thoroughly regret his marriage by her inability to conduct domestic affairs as systematically as her predecessor. To put "His House in Order" he has found it necessary to ask Annabel's sister, Geraldine, a vixen and a prig, to manage the household. Geraldine, her parents, Lady Ridgeley and Sir Daniel and her brother make things very uncomfortable for Nina. Their continual harpings on the virtues of the first wife bar a reconciliation between Jesson and his wife. The latter is finally driven to open rebellion. On the occasion of the opening of a park on the estate to the memory of her sainted predecessor she garbs herself in flowing pink to signify her contempt for the "park and all concerned in it." A tempestuous domestic scene ensues. At this critical moment the first wife's boy, Derek, accidentally supplies her with proofs that his dead mother was not only guilty of infidelity to her husband but was actually on the point of running away with Major Maurewarde, her husband's friend and the father of her child. A carriage accident on the morning of the day set for her elopement ended her life. These letters she now flaunts in the face of Hilary, Jesson's brother, the only person who has taken up cudgels in her behalf. It is the crucial moment in the development of the stage story and is handled in masterly fashion. Hilary at first refuses to listen to her.

Nina: But you must hear. You have to hear. (Distinctly) Some letters.

Hilary: Ah?

Nina: These four letters. (A pause). I've read them.

Hilary (frowning): You've read them?

Nina: The handwriting first attracted me; and then a sentence caught my eye—and I read them through.

Hilary (disdainfully) Tscht!

Nina (hotly): Scandalous, isn't it? At the same time, I advise you not to waste your scorn on me, Mr. Jesson—that is, unless you've an unlimited stock of it at your disposal. (Fingering the letters.) They are from Major Maurewarde.

Hilary (with polite indifference) From Major Maurewarde?

Nina: To her.

Hilary: I dare say.

Nina: Such letters!

Hilary: Major Maurewarde is a very old and close friend of my brother—

Nina: Friend!

Hilary: And of mine. We regard him—almost as a member of our family.

Nina: Almost!

Hilary: I can quite understand, Mrs. Filmer, that your present frame of mind disposes you to detect evil in matters of a perfectly innocent kind—

Nina: Innocent! Oh, why beat about the bush? This immaculate lady; the sainted Annabel—your stained-glass-window sister-in-law—

Hilary (quietly): For shame!

Nina: She was nothing but Maurewarde's—woman. (There is a pause). Yes, and Derek—the boy—is his son.

Hilary (after a further pause, advancing to her and looking at her fixedly): If a man said this, Mrs. Filmer—any man living—

Nina (returning his gaze unflinchingly): You could hit him in the face. But that wouldn't alter facts, would it?

(She moves to the farther end of the oblong table, clears a space in front of her and proceeds to arrange the letters.)

Nina (to Hilary, imperatively): Mr. Jesson.

(Reluctantly he goes to her. Side by side they examine the letters.)

Nina: They are written upon the Towers' notepaper.

Hilary: How can that have been? He must have been staying with them, in that case .



W. C. Graves, Jr.

A Clever Young Actor and a Popular Member of the Stock Company Playing at the Colonial Theatre.

Nina: He was; but she was avoiding him—wouldn't be left alone with him. You'll see presently. "Monday—" (Handing him a letter). I fancy that comes first.

(They read, she looking over his shoulder.)

Hilary: Yes, I see.

Nina (pointing to a passage in the letter): There. He was pressing her to go off with him.

Hilary : Ssh, ssh! (Almost inaudibly.) "We have never wanted for pluck, Bel, you and I. But these past six or sev-

en years . . . these past six or seven years . . . have been hell upon earth. They have pretty well broke both of us . . . pretty well broke both of us. And all for what? For this cursed sham of respectability. Bel, dearest—"

(Finally he throws the letter back to her and she places another before him.)

Nina: Number Two, I think. (He reads.) Or Three. There's no day on either of these. Perhaps this is Two and that is Three.

Hilary (a letter in each hand: Is it of much consequence? (He reads both, hurriedly, and returns them to her.) Thank you.

Nina (giving him the fourth letter): The last. "Thursday—"

Hilary (glancing at her): It was on a Thursday—she—

Nina: While he was on a visit here!

Hilary (with a nod): This might have been written—in the morning—

Nina: It took place in the afternoon, didn't it?

Hilary (reading): Yes.

Nina: This is about Derek. (Looking over his shoulder.) Next page. (He turns the page and again she points to a particular passage.) "As to the child—" It begins there.

Hilary: As to the child, how often have I told you I don't expect you to join me without him?"

Nina (reading with him): "You remember our last talk in town—?"

Hilary: "—talk in town? In God's name, what gives you the notion that I could bear, any more than you could, to leave our boy . . . to leave our boy . . in Jesson's keeping?"

Nina: Go on.

(He reads to the end; then, dropping the letter upon the table, rises and paces the room. She folds the letters and tucks them away carefully into her bodice.)

Hilary (pausing in his walk—with feeling): I —of course I—it goes without saying, I hope—of course I apologize to you most sincerely.

Nina: Apologize?

Hilary: For accusing you of being inclined to twist innocent things into guilty ones.

Nina: Oh—

Hilary: I—I fear your allegations are too well grounded. (Resuming his talk—working the story out in his brain.) Annabel—Maurewarde; Annabel—! Yes, yes—Maurewarde—Derek—! (She rises. He approaches her.) Tell me again. The child was sitting, writing—here—when you opened the bag?

Nina: Yes.

Hilary: Then he didn't see you extract the letters? Is that so?

Nina: No he didn't see me.

Hilary: He is ignorant that they were in the bag?

Nina: Absolutely. It was empty, for all he knew.

Hilary: You are sure?

Nina: Positive.

Hilary: Where is the bag?

Nina: He has taken it to his fa—to Filmer.

Hilary: When Filmer opens it—?

Nina: He'll find nothing.

Hilary (with a sigh of relief): Ah! (Softening.) Oh, my dear Mrs. Filmer, what a mercy—a mercy we can never be sufficiently grateful for—!

Nina: Mercy?

Hilary: If these terrible letters had to come to light—what a mercy it is that they should have fallen into our hands.

Nina (steadily): Into my hands.

Hilary (accepting the correction): Into your—. Why, you wouldn't —you haven't the smallest intention of—? (Checking himself.) I—I beg your pardon.

Nina: I wouldn't—I haven't the smallest intention—? Won't you finish?

Hilary: Please, please! You must forgive me.

Nina: I wouldn't use them, was on the tip of your tongue, wasn't it?

Hilary: Ah, Mrs. Filmer! At a moment like this—the shock, the horror of it all!—a man may be excused if his thoughts run a little wild.

Nina (calmly): Oh, your thoughts are sane enough apparently. You ask me whether I intend to make use of the letters. The question slipped out, but I'll answer it. Yes, I do intend to use them.

Hilary: You—you don't.

Nina: I do, certainly.

Hilary: You couldn't be so cruel!

Nina: Cruel!

Hilary: So—damnably vindictive! (Furiously.) You shan't use them.

Nina: Mr. Jesson!

Hilary: You shall not.

Nina: What's to prevent me—or who? or who? Gripping the letters through her bodice.) Even if you snatched them away from me—tore them away from me—I know; I know. But I don't think you'd forget yourself to that extent.

Hilary (after a silence, regaining his composure): How are you going to set about it?

Nina: While you are all out of the house—opening the park!—I shall shut myself up in my bedroom and copy the letters.

Hilary: You will allow them to open the park with clear consciences, then?

Nina: Oh, yes, they shall enjoy their solemn parade. The mockery of it! But they wouldn't forego that, in any event

Hilary: Afterwards—?

Nina: How curious you are!

Hilary: No—merely interested.

(Continued on page 34)

"Open House" at The Sugarie, 1709 California st., Saturday, the 17th. Entrance also through the Toy Department of The White House.



Idalene Cotton,
Daughter of Ben Cotton, Who Will Appear With Nick Long at the Orpheum Next Week

Ye Liberty in Oakland.

Theatre goers have been greatly pleased with the pro duction at Ye Liberty Theatre the past week of the Admirable Crichton by the Bishop players. So popular has been the production that the management was obliged to extend the play for a second week. Landers Stevens, in the leading role, is at his best. The play will be followed next week by "What Happened to Jones;" it will include the entire cast of the Bishop Stock Co.

Colonial Theatre.

The revival in this city of "The Young Mrs. Winthrop" after an interval of several years is the most interesting theatrical event of the week. Why this charming play of Bronson Howard's has been permitted to lie neglected on the shelf so long is hard to understand. Lack of proper stock companies is possibly the excuse. The company at the Colonial Theatre is certainly above this reproach; and gives a delightful performance. The play is well staged and the cast above the ordinary. Frank Bacon in the lovable character of Buxton Scott, furnishes another of those admirable life portraits he appears to create at will. His career in this city includes many triumphs and Buxton Scott certainly ranks among the greatest of them. Izetta Jewel has come into her own as Constance Winthrop. She has fulfilled more than was expected of her. Miss Jewel is one of the best leading actresses that has appeared here and has firmly established herself in public favor. Another member of the company to whom "Young Mrs. Winthrop" has brought good fortune is Wilfred Roger, whose appearance as Douglas Winthrop has resulted in distinct success. He is manly, earnest, impressive and when occasion demands it pathetic and never "o'ersteps the modesty of nature." Jane Jeffery, as the volatile and good hearted Mrs. Dick Chetwyn, is full of sparkle and dash and one of the most charming features of the performance. Bessie Bacon is sweet and sympathetic as the blind girl, Edith Winthrop, and Marie Baker is of great value to the cast as Mrs. Ruth Winthrop. "Young Mrs. Winthrop" will be given for the last time Sunday night. Next week "The Parish Priest," a domestic drama, by Daniel L. Hart, which created a furore in the east, will be presented for the first time here.

Liebler and Co's. New York cast of Channing Pollock's dramatization of Miriam Michelson's novel "In the Bishop's Carriage" will be the attraction at this theatre during the week of November 26th.

Will Greenbaum is rapidly getting his new Lyric Hall into shape and will soon announce the formal opening. It is a gem concert room and has every convenience for social functions.

Idora Park.

Monday evening the management of Idora Park will present an opera never before produced outside of New York. It is "Don Caesar" by Dellinger and is said to be a genuine operatic gem of the typical Vienese type. Arthur Cunningham will play the role of the gay soldier of fortune, as Dellinger assigns this

The Sugarie has five beautiful stores in San Francisco. Its latest will be opened Saturday at 1709 California st. There is no more handsomely appointed confectionery shop in Greater S. F. than The Sugarie's new place.

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character to the baritone while in Wallace's "Maritana" the tenor is given it.

"Pirates of Penzance" is the next opera.

Ye Liberty Playhouse.

The Bishop Players at "Ye Liberty Playhouse" will appear in that rollicking farce "What Happened to Jones" during the coming week and Franklyn Underwood will be the Mr. Jones.

Great preparations are under way for the production of Hall Caine's "The Eternal City," which will be given on a most elaborate scale. The original incidental music by Mascagni for which he received the biggest sum of money ever paid to a composer for writing incidental music to a play will be given by an increased orchestra directed by Mr. August Hinrichs.

Orpheum Vaudeville.

Nick Long and Idalene Cotton, than whom no greater favorites ever appeared on the San Francisco stage, will return to the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon after a long absence. They will present "My Wife's Diamonds," a protean playlet by Edgar Allen Woolf, in which Miss Cotton portrays four characters and Mr. Long two. They will undoubtedly be accorded a spontaneous and hearty reception. Good ventriloquists are a rarity and always welcome here and there is none better than Trevelle. When last at the Orpheum he was the talk of the town and he comes back with his new and original ventriloquial comedy drama, "The Hotel Office," said to abound in vocal surprises. The Knight brothers and Marion Sawtelle need no introduction to Orpheum audiences. They have been seen here in the past and have always made a big hit. Their dancing is graceful, original and pleasing, while the act as a whole is one of the best costumed on the stage. The Kita Banzai troupe of Japanese acrobats, direct from the land of the Mikado, will make their first appearance in America. Eight highly schooled athletes comprise the organization and their feats are said to be marvelous beyond description. Gus Edwards' "School Boys and Girls," with their decidedly novel act, have completely captured the community and will appear for the last times. Lilliam Apel will vary her pianologue, Lee White will be heard in new songs and the three sisters Herzog-Camaras, equilibrists extraordinary, and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a varied and interesting program. There are attractions to suit every taste on the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, and the collection of animals in the Zoo is the finest in the world. The home of the happy family is a never ceasing source of delight and the open air concerts, given every afternoon and evening, are always thoroughly enjoyable.

Opening of the Racing Season.

Several smart parties are being formed to attend the opening of the racing season at the Oakland track, next Saturday. A number of new drags are already in commission for the event. To tempt the sporting blood of the belles who wager anything from a box of gloves to a feather boa a particularly fine program is announced. Most of the crack horses that will appear during the season will make their initial struggles for supremacy. All the fashion about the bay that loves a good horse race is bound to be in attendance to witness the Opening Handicap, a contest of thoroughbreds sure to stir the blood.

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AUTOMOBILE GOSSIP

Mr. Chas. H. Schwab, his father and party of friends, had three automobiles at their disposal while in this city. Mr. Schwab runs several foreign cars, but was particularly pleased with the model "A" Oldsmobile, in which he drove most of the time during his stay here.

L. Knisley, demonstrator of the Hovey-Boushey Co., expects to be one of the first to try for the long distance auto record between here and Los Angeles with a 1907 Pope-Toledo car. Knisley says that he will go over the roads before making a start for the time.

The expense of only one dollar charged against tires in C. W. Kelsey's recent 2500 mile record run in a 20 h. p. Maxwell car has been reduced to an interesting fraction by representatives of The Diamond Rubber Co., whose Wrapped Tread tires equipped the machine. The cost per mile comes down to four-tenths of one mill. This does not include wear upon the tires, but as they finished the run in excellent condition no expense of this kind was included for any part of the car's equipment.

M. Schimetschek and family made a century run on Sunday last in his model "K" Winton.

Miss Boas has kept all seven seats of her Thomas "Flyer" filled with friends during the past week of pleasant weather. "Motoring," declares Miss Boas, "is the best of the amusements left us."

A new Winton feature makes it impossible to run out of gasoline on the road. Many a motorist has been stranded miles from a base of supply merely because he forgot that his gasoline was running low. But the new Winton idea overcomes even the driver's forgetfulness. One end of the main gasoline tank is made into a separate three-gallon reserve compartment that fills every time the main tank is filled. This reserve supply cannot be used, however, until the main tank has run dry. Then the operator turns a valve, permitting the use of the reserve supply to take the car to a base of supply. This is a new wrinkle that, by preventing stranding, will save the temper of many a motorist.

Although the 1907 models of the Pope-Toledo cars will not arrive here before December, the Hovey-Boushey Company has already taken orders from the following for the new machines: A. B. Hammond, M. Feder, Geo. A. Pope, Herbert Fleishhacker, H. Dernham and General Arthur MacArthur. The demand for the new Pope-Hartford machines is also reported to be good.

Fernando Nelson, in a forty horse power Columbia, 1906 model, has established beyond doubt his right to the touring car record between here and Los Angeles. He drove the 504 miles in eighteen hours and fifteen minutes. For the last two years the record was held by a White steamer; time twenty-one hours and twelve minutes. A few days ago Tony Nichols, driving a thirty horse power Franklin, cut four minutes off these figures. —The Autoist.



Al. Hall at the wheel of Nelson's Columbia record-breaker. Ed. Himmelwright at his side. Fernando Nelson and Ralph McLeod, the Diamond tire man, in the rear. This crew drove the car from San Francisco to San Luis Obispo at night and made the remarkable average of 32½ miles per hour for the entire distance of 275 miles.

"Cash"

Two True Tales of the Shop

By Harold Melbourne.

TESSIE

Tessie's face was white and her clothes were black. Tessie was at the glove counter. She had been at the glove counter for four years. Four years of gloves! Four years of fives and five-and-a-halfs and sixes! Four years of dog-skins and suedes and undressed kids! Four years of "Cash!"

Tessie was sick of it; sick of it all. She did her work mechanically. As in a dream, she heard the customers ask for things. As in a dream, she gave them what they asked for. All day long she stood. At night she went to bed exhausted. And in the morning she woke up unrefreshed. Tessie was not strong. Tessie was not well. She worried too much; felt things too keenly. She was over-sensitive.

Tessie waited on people who wanted this and on people who wanted that, people who didn't want this and people who didn't want that, people who didn't know what they wanted, people who didn't want anything at all.

One woman wanted black gloves changed for white. Someone was going to be married. Another woman wanted white gloves changed for black. Someone had died. A woman wanted gloves to match a scrap of bright green silk. A man wanted to see gloves.

"Only ladies' gloves here," said Tessie.

"Yes, I know," said the man; "I want ladies' gloves. I want them for a lady."

The man stared at Tessie. Tessie blushed. The man stared at Tessie persistently.

"What size?" asked Tessie.

"Oh—er—eight."

"Eight?" echoed Tessie.

"Oh—er—that is, not eight—but four!"

"Four?" echoed Tessie.

"No, six!" said the man. "That is it. That is what I want. That is what I meant to say at first. Six!"

The man laughed. Tessie laughed. She looked at him. He was a young man, and a very nice young man. He was extremely good-looking and exceedingly well dressed. Tessie thought that he looked like "a swell."

"What color?" asked Tessie.

"Oh—er—white!"

"White what?" asked Tessie.

"White gloves."

They both laughed.

"How many buttons?" asked Tessie.

"Oh—er—as many as you like."

They both laughed again.

Tessie showed him gloves. He didn't look at them. He looked at her. He didn't look at anything else. Tessie's face was scarlet. But Tessie wasn't angry. He was not the man to be angry with. He was not impertinent nor insulting. He was only—interested in her—obviously interested in her—that was all. He admired her. Tessie was flattered. She wasn't accustomed to much admiration. She was not beautiful. But she was pretty—despite her pallor. Or perhaps she was pretty because of her pallor. Her pale cheeks set off her dreamy, dark eyes and her full, scarlet lips. Her hair was dark and soft and wavy. Tessie was interesting-looking.

The young man said the gloves would do.

"Do you want them sent?" asked Tessie, "or will you take them with you?"

"Oh—er—I'll take them with me," said the young man.

Tessie made out the check, and called out "Cash!"

"I'm so glad," said the young man, "that you do not say 'Carsh!' or 'Cawsh!'" He smiled. Tessie smiled back.

"Oh, I do, sometimes," she said, "to relieve the monotonoy."

"Ah, the monotony!" said the young man. "The monotony must be awful!"

"It is," said Tessie.

"How do you ever stand it?"

"I don't know. How do any of us ever stand anything?"

"It isn't how do any of us ever stand anything—it is why do any of us ever stand anything?"

"Why?" repeated Tessie.

"Yes, why?" repeated the young man. "Why do any of us ever stand at all?"

"Because," said Tessie, "there is not room for all of us to sit. Some of us have to stand."

"True," said the young man. "But why should you stand? What reason is there for that?"

"Cash!" called out Tessie.

They both laughed.

Tessie handed him his parcel. He took it from her. Their hands touched. She blushed. He blushed too.

"I wish you wouldn't stand," he said.

"I wish I wouldn't too," said Tessie.

"Well I wish you would stand!" said an old lady, who was tired of waiting to be attended to.

The young man got up and gave the old lady his seat. The old lady asked for light blue gloves. Tessie waited on her. The young man hovered around. Tessie ignored him. He finally walked away.

The next day the young man came again. He bowed to Tessie. She smiled.

"How do you do?" he asked.

"I'm all right," said Tessie.

"Well, that is more than your gloves were," said the young man. "Your gloves were all wrong. They should have been black instead of white."

Tessie changed them.

"Still stand?" said the young man.

"Yes, still standing," said Tessie. "Still sitting?"

"Yes, still sitting," said the young man, "but still sitting alone. . . . What time do you get off?"

"Why?" asked Tessie.

"I just wondered what time you closed here, that was all."

"Six o'clock," said Tessie.

The young man sighed. He rose and bowed. He walked away. Tessie looked after him. The other girls tittered.

"Who's your friend?" called out Mayme.

That night, when Tessie got off, she found the young man waiting for her. She was surprised. She was flustered. He

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came up to her. She attempted to ignore him. But she could not help smiling. He took off his hat.

"I hope you will pardon me," he said.

"For what?" asked Tessie.

"For waiting for you."

"Oh, then you were waiting for me?"

"Of course I was."

"Why?"

"Can you ask?"

"I can. And I do. Why were you waiting for me?"

"We cannot talk now—I cannot explain here," said the young man. "Come in here where we can sit down—and talk." He pointed to a restaurant. "Please come."

His eyes were very bright, his manner was very nervous. Tessie was excited. Her voice shook when she spoke.

"Why should I go in there?" she said.

"Because I invite you to," he said; "I ask you to, I want you to."

"What do you want?"

The young man took her arm. His hand was trembling. She was shaking all over. He looked into her face. His eyes were blazing; blazed into hers. He didn't look young any more. His hungry, feverish eyes made him look old—and ugly. Tessie was terrified. "What do you want?" she whispered, hoarsely.

"I want you!" he whispered back.

Tessie snatched her arm away and ran swiftly down the street.

A few days later Tessie saw the young man's picture in the paper. He was going to be married. He was a millionaire's son.

Gloves! gloves! gloves! Fives, five-and-a-halfs, and sixes! Dog-skins, and suedes and undressed kids! Tessie stood behind the counter, and called out "Cash!"

* * * * * * * * *

PERCY

His parents had called him "John." But he called himself "Percy." Everybody else called him "Pretty Percy."

He certainly looked more like "Percy" than "John." And he certainly looked more like "Pretty Percy" than anything else.

He was nothing if not pretty—absolutely nothing. His cheeks were pink, his eyes were blue, and his hair was yellow and parted in the middle. When he spoke he lisped. One knew he would—even before he did it. His favorite expression was "Oh, mercy!" He was three and twenty.

Percy was at the silk-and-satin counter. He sold silk at "a-dollar-ninety-eight-a-yard," and satin at "two-forty-nine-a-yard." He had his own peculiar methods of selling goods—he had chatty, chirpy, confidential methods. Instead of rattling off the customary "Yes-it-is-single-width and will require-fourteen-yards-to-make-a-dress-piece," Percy would say: "Oh, do you think that is nice? I don't! I think that this is perfectly grand. Now you would look simply gorgeous in this! I know you would."

The other men jollied Percy unceasingly. They guyed him unmercifully. But Percy didn't care. He "didn't choose to associate with them anyway," he said—they were "uncouth."

Percy liked waiting on young ladies. Percy liked waiting on old ladies. Percy liked waiting on any ladies. Percy liked the ladies. And the ladies liked Percy. It is strange but true—that the ladies do like the Percys.

One day a lady, a particular lady, a most particular lady, swept up to Percy's counter. She had a very elegant gown and a very elaborate face. Her gown—as Percy saw it—was



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white broadcloth appliqued with lace grapes. Her face—as Percy saw it—was enameled creamy white, and her hair was dyed red gold. She had very big eyes and a very small waist. Percy saw all this at a glance. Some people do. He judged the lady to be thirty-eight or forty. She was really forty-one

The lady looked at Percy. Percy looked at the lady. The lady smiled. Percy smiled. The lady sat down at Percy's counter. She reeked of violets.

"Have you got crepon?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed!" said Percy.

"Silk crepon?"

"Lots of it!"

"Gray silk crepon?"

"Lovely gray silk crepons!"

"I like the clinging kind," said the lady.

"That is our specialty," said Percy.

The lady gurgled. Percy giggled.

Percy got some clinging gray silk crepon down from the shelf.

"It is a lovely day, isn't it!" said Percy.

"Yes, miserable!" said the lady. She was too busy looking at Percy to listen to him.

Percy opened up the goods. He slipped his plump white hand under the material and held it up.

The lady removed her glove. She wore some wonderful rings. She felt the material—she fingered it. Her fingers touched Percy's—under the clinging gray silk crepon. Their hands closed over each other. Percy squeezed the lady's hand. The lady squeezed Percy's. Her rings were pressed into her flesh—so with her thumb she slipped one of the rings off—into Percy's palm.

"Is this what you wanted?" asked Percy as the floor-walker came along.

"Yes," said the lady, "it is just what I wanted."

The lady gurgled again. And again Percy giggled.

"I'll take that," she said. "How much is it?"

"Mercy!" thought Percy, "that's the way to do things! If you like a thing, take it, and then ask how much it costs! And no matter how much it does cost—if you like it—take it!"

The lady opened a gold chain purse. She took out a roll of bills.

"I want this as soon as possible," said the lady. "Can I get it tonight?"

"Oh yes!" said Percy. "What is the address?"

Percy's face was pink.

"Number ——, Central Park West," said the lady.

Percy's face was pinker.

"And the name?" he inquired.

"Mrs. Lake."

Percy's face was most pink. It had never been so pink before.

"M-r-s. L-a-k-e," he repeated after the lady. He wrote the name and address down in his book. "You will get it tonight," he said.

The lady rose. Percy bowed. The lady smiled. She drew her splendid sables about her shoulders and swept out of the shop.

Percy looked at the ring in his hand. It was a single diamond cut in the shape of a heart. He slipped it into his vest pocket and called out "Cash!"

It was a fine night. But Percy was not thinking of the night. It was a fine apartment house. And Percy was thinking of the apartment house. He looked up at it. He peered in at the door. He hesitated. He wavered. He put his hand into his pocket and drew out a ring. He looked at the ring. He put it back into his pocket. He walked into the house. It was a sumptuous place. He asked for Mrs. Lake.

"What name shall I say?" asked the bell-boy.

"What name? What name?" thought Percy. "Mrs. Lake is expecting me," he said.

"Oh, are you the gentleman?" asked the boy. "I beg your pardon, sir. Mrs. Lake said to show you up as soon as you came, sir."

Percy went up in the elevator. He got out. He rang the bell. A maid opened the door.

"Mrs. Lake?" said Percy.

"Yes, sir," said the maid. "Please step in, sir."

Percy stepped in.



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"I'll tell Mrs. Lake, sir," said the maid. She left the room. Percy looked about him.

The room was lighted by pink-shaded lamps. The walls were hung with pink-tinted tapestries and rose-colored draperies. Beautiful bric-a-brac was scattered about, gleaming bronzes and feathery palms. The air was heavy with the odor of violets.

The pink velvet portieres were drawn aside, and Mrs. Lake entered the room. She wore a gown of white chiffon—an evening gown.

Percy stood up. They stood facing each other.

I have brought you your ring," said Percy. "You dropped it to day."

"Thank you so much," said the lady. She took the ring from him.

"That was all," said Percy. He bowed and walked toward the door. He put his hand on the handle. The lady walked over to him. She put her hand on his arm. He took his hand off the handle. . . . She put her arm around his neck. . . . He put his arm around her waist. . . . They kissed each other on the lips. . . .

Percy was not at the shop the next day, nor the next day—nor the next week. But a month later he came in one day with a lady. The lady had very big eyes and a very small waist. She wore magnificent furs and a quantity of jewelry. Percy wore an overcoat, lined with Persian lamb. There was a diamond in his scarf and an orchid in his buttonhole. Percy and the lady stopped at the silk-and-satin counter. The man behind the counter was one of the men Percy had once considered "uncouth." Percy still considered him "uncouth."

The lady with Percy bought some white satin.

"Will you take it with you?" asked the salesman, "or shall I have it sent?"

"You can send it," said the lady.

"My dear," said Percy, "we can just as well take it with us in the carriage; we are going straight home."

"Just as you like, dear," said the lady.

And the man behind the counter called out "Cash!"

A FISH STORY

Who taketh from a numskull's lips
The surest kind of equine tips,
And on the loser plants his chips?
The lobster.

At poker, when the draw's complete,
Who murmurs, with a querying bleat,
"How many do four aces beat?"
The lobster.

Who, when a maid, all guileless, gay,
Avers she's fond of fizz frappe,
Replieth: "Creature, hence, away!"
The lobster.

Who every kind of duty hates,
Yet, harassed by the adverse fates,
Grinds out bad verse at workhouse rates?
The lobster.

—The Saphead.

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The "Cocktail Route"

(Continued from Page 8.)

set out an elaborate repast at noon which it termed a lunch, and which, with any kind of straight or concocted beverage, cost only 25 cents; and it drew men and women from all adjacent quarters. In the evening say, from four to six, it drew vast crowds of only men, on their way from shops to homes; and these were offered, with their 15-cent cocktail, or other drink, a toothsome morsel that would have stayed a robust appetite for an hour or two. Alas! this shrine, this temple of art, this treasure house, was not spared by the wicked and devastating tongue of flame.

And the Reception, too, on Sutter near Kearney, that served an evening lunch, where from 3 to 7 a table groaned under the weight of hot clam juice, clams in shell and clam fritters, crab, shrimp and lobster salads; bread and butter, olives and salted almonds, celery and pickles; all of which were free, even if some impecunious fellow were blown in minus the "bit" that would procure as perfect a cocktail or toddy as could be obtained anywhere in any land.

A more exclusive coterie—generally office-holders and seekers-after-office, men of graft and greed, promoters of wild-cat mines and additions, and of course a sprinkling of better men—wended their way to the Palace bar and paid their 25 cents a drink often loudly and ostentatiously and partook of a cracker or a bit of cheese, or of a clove or piece of cress. Opposite, at Ed. Fay's, under the Grand, a great crowd assembled, where there was always an enormous lunch and good goods for 15 cents and where there could be found a hilarious crowd consisting of boisterous politicians, all kinds of sporting men and others of their kind. But all of these places are gone—not one of them survived. Will they ever appear again, as of old? Quien sabe!

A feature of the city that was, and which must wait, I apprehend, until an environment is reached in keeping with its return, was that magnificent pageant of cut flowers that adorned many parts of Kearney and Market streets every evening in the year that inclement weather did not prevent. Not so pretentious, perhaps, as those floral manifestations in Paris on either side of the Madelaine Friday mornings, but more prodigal and bewitching, more sensuous and fragrant, and more perfect and inviting of bud and bloom. This avenue of floral temptations, seemed, adroitly enough, adjacent to certain shrines on "Cocktail Route;" so that the rosy partaker of one or two too many of Joe Parker's irresistible punches or Hageman's ambrosial cocktails could trip it lightly across the street and artfully secure a nosegay of violets or of carnations, or a spray of La France or American roses, and place said peace offering in the possession of the dear one awaiting impatiently his return, and all would be as amicable and as jocund as if the minute hand on the family dial had not moved so d——d fast.

FATE

Once there were two beautiful white eggs laid side by side in a nice new nest. A great big man gathered them up with his rough hands and sold them to a grocer. And one little egg was a good little egg and went into an angel cake, but the other little egg was a very, very bad little egg, and got mashed on an actress!

—The Philosopher.

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Stage

Pinero's Latest Play

(Continued from page 25)

Nina: Afterwards—(puckering her brows.) I shall put the copy into an envelope, with a note explaining how the originals came into my possession—

Hilary: And—?

Nina: And see that Geraldine receives it directly she returns.

Hilary (Between his teeth): And hit my brother a blow from which he will never recover; and bastardize the boy; and drag—

Nina (rising): Oh, no, no; you're a great deal too quick. I'm not hurting Filmer, much as he has hurt me—or the boy. Except for Maurewarde, the secret will be yours and mine.—and the Ridgeleys'. Trust them to keep it. (Walking to the fireplace.) It's the Ridgeleys I'm aiming my blow at. (Clenching her fists.) The Ridgeleys! The Ridgeleys!

Hilary: Geraldine will tell her people, you think?

Nina: I should say she will be forced to, sooner or later.

Hilary: Forced?

Nina: To account for the alteration in her attitude towards me; to convince them of the necessity for a total change of attitude on their part. (Sitting, triumphantly.) Ah!

Hilary: I understand. Henceforth, down on their marrowbones, eh—the whole Ridgeley family?

Nina: (suddenly kneeling upon the settee, her elbows upon the back of it, her face on a level with his): As I have been to them ever since Geraldine was sent for; ever since Geraldine took up the reins again, here and in London. She shall crawl to me—Geraldine shall—as I've crawled to her; and you're right—she shall make them all crawl. Hilary—Mr. Jesson—often and often I've cried myself to sleep, after being tormented by Geraldine almost beyond endurance; cried half through the night. Now it's her turn, if she has a tear in her. She shall be meek and groveling now, to me—consulting my wishes, my tastes, in everything; taking orders from me and carrying them out like a paid servant. I shan't be terrified any longer at her frown and her thin lips, but at a look from me she shall catch her breath—as I've done—and flush up, and lower those steely gray eyes of hers. And she won't be able to free herself from me. I've got her! I've got her, and she shan't leave me till I choose to dismiss her. (Striking the back of the settee.) Oh, she has tortured me—tortured me— she and her tribe; and from to-day—! You watch! You watch!

(She sinks down upon the settee, weeping with anger. He rises and walks away to the right.)

Hilary: Yes, undoubtedly you are upper dog, my dear Mrs. Filmer. Whether or not the rest of the Ridgeleys are made to participate in the secret; whether or not it has ultimately to be revealed to my brother; from the moment Miss Geraldine receives your agreeable missive, you become upper dog unquestionably.

Nina (drying her eyes): Ah, ah, upper dog!

Hilary: On reflection, there is only one consideration that I can suggest that should cause you to hesitate.

Nina (raising her head): One—?

Hilary: Human nature being what it is, I admit you can scarcely be expected to commiserate our friends, the Ridgeleys, very deeply.

Nina: Scarcely.

Hilary: Nor, alas—if it comes to it—my brother. But there is a solitary figure in the tragical comical picture of Filmer's earlier married life which seems to me to stand out from its surroundings, and to cry aloud to you to throw those letters into the fire and to forget their contents.

Nina: A solitary figure? Who—whose?

Hilary: Annabel's.

Nina (rising and confronting him—in a hard voice): Annabel's!

Hilary: She has been dealt with, you know.

Nina: Dealt with.

Hilary: She paid. Her account is balanced. Two thick black lines are scored under it. The book is closed.

Nina: Paid! (Advancing.) How—paid? In what way has she paid? Aren't you all about to open this miserable park in commemoration of her?

Hilary: We are. And I shall perform my share of the function, in spite of those letters, without a scruple.

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Nina (satirically): You—you are very chivalrous, Mr. Jesson.

Hilary: I am six-and-forty.

Nina: But isn't it rather a mistaken chivalry which leads you to gloss over this woman's wickedness?

Hilary: I don't gloss it over.

Nina: To put it aside.

Hilary: Nor do I put it aside. I couldn't if I would; it will haunt me till my dying day. It is so monstrously grotesque, so odious—and so little flattering to the discernment. And yet I wouldn't add to the punishment she underwent by inflicting a single scratch upon the image—the false image—those who loved her, and exalted her, have set up.

Nina: Punishment! All this talk, talk of punishment, and payment! (Unrelentingly) It's true, her end was sudden—awfully sudden—

Hilary: No, no; that wasn't her punishment. A pair of runaway horses, an overturned carriage, a stone-heap by the roadside, death in a flash! That wasn't her punishment; that was her release. (At Nina's side.) Her punishment! Why, read that scoundrel's letters again. "The past six or seven years"—he says, —"the past six or seven years have been hell upon earth." To him, hell upon earth. Were they pleasanter to her? What must they have been to her? He goes on to remind her—doesn't he?—that both he and she were nearly broken by their sufferings. Piece it together; trace it from the start. A young woman—carefully trained, according to the narrow views of her parents—content, in her ignorance, with finding herself mistress of the ice-house my poor brother calls his home. Then—Maurewarde! Handsome, brave—heaven save the mark!—ardent, alive! Then, the first gleam of romance—and the drifting—and the surrender—and the awakening—and the agony of remorse—and the commencement, in cold blood, of the regular, dreary game of deception. Then, the child—the blessing turned to a curse. What a motherhood! Conceive it. The bitter tears shed silently upon the pillow, the inward writhings, the dumb cries for support; and, after a time, the resuming of her customary duties and of her place, opposite her husband at his table. And once more, and to the finish, the mask chafing the face and the ceaseless guard over every word, and look and gesture. Punishment—!

Nina: You imagine this—invent it. Of course, he—Maurewarde—was full of his sufferings; he was persuading her to elope.

Hilary: While she, poor wretch, was shunning him, trying to shut her ears to him.

Nina: Shut her ears to him! She didn't even destroy his love-letters. Why? Because she was studying them, pondering them; because she was weighing her desire to bolt against the advantages of continued "respectability." (Starting up.) Phuh! you are wasting your sympathies, Mr. Jesson.

Hilary: Yes, but granting that she was on the point of flying with Maurewarde; granting it—what then?

Nina (facing him): What then!

Hilary: Granting that the strain had become unbearable, and that exposure and dishonor would have been a welcome relief—she wasn't allowed to take that last desperate step, remember.

Nina: Not allowed—?

Hilary: No; she was stopped.

Nina: Stopped? By whom?

Hilary: By whom?

Nina: Who stopped her?

Hilary (after a pause): Your father was a parson, wasn't he, Mrs. Filmer?

Nina: Well?

Hilary: He couldn't have been one of the grim, eternal, fire-and-brimstone sort. From what I gather, he was too soft-hearted, too indulgent to his daughter, for that.

Nina (coldly): I don't—

Hilary: Did you never learn from him, in his church or in your daily intercourse—you and he were inseparable, weren't you?—did he never encourage you in any of those simple beliefs that bring peace and comfort to many people?

Nina: Beliefs?

Hilary: The belief, for instance, in the doctrine of Divine interposition in the ordinary affairs of life.

Nina: Oh, he may have done.

Hilary: Well, here was this woman, we will suppose, entertaining the idea of eloping with her companion in sin and branding her innocent child with illegitimacy. On the morning of the very day on which she meets her death—on that fatal Thursday—she receives a letter from Maurewarde—we've read it—a letter which may have turned the scale and broken down her resolution never to betray the secret

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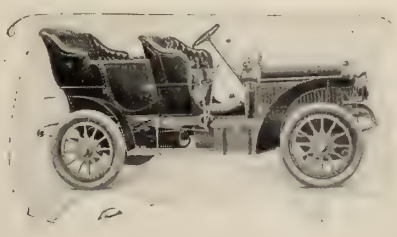
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of the boy's birth. It's, at least, possible that it was so. And she goes out for her afternoon drive—alone; to familiarize her thoughts, perhaps, with her future. What happens? She's saved; and the boy's saved. And the trees in this bare park will shoot up; and Derek, when he's a grown man, will walk under 'em, and picture fondly and reverently the mother who was taken from him when he was a little chap. Come, Mrs. Filmer! Let us believe, if we can—if it makes us better, and gentler, and more merciful!—let us believe that in all this there was the hand of God!

Nina (harshly): Very well; let us believe it. Only we must believe equally that it's the hand of God that has brought these letters from their hiding place and has delivered them to me.

Hilary: Yes, believe that also. And ask yourself—ask yourself on your knees—whether they have been given you to use in the way you propose to use them. Nina—Nina—

(She moves away from him again and sits before the escritoire, resting her elbows upon it and supporting her chin with her fist. He takes a chair and seats himself close to her, so that she can hardly avoid his gaze.)

Hilary: Nina, my dear friend, don't think that, because I preach to you, I pose as being a man who has nothing in his life to look back upon of which he is ashamed. Far from it, my dear, I confess to you humbly. But I have, in my knocking about the globe, seen a good deal of men and women; and I declare to you that the happy people I've come across have never been the people who, possessing power, have employed it malevolently or uncharitably. I know your position is a difficult one; a hard one, in many respects; and that the temptation which assails you this morning is a temptation few could resist. Still—do resist it. Things are not so bad with you as to be beyond mending; on the contrary, I think it likely that, if you'll be patient, matters will eventually adjust themselves between you and Filmer. But I tell you, Nina, that at this moment you are in danger of putting the chances of happiness away from you irretrievably. More! I promise you that you can attain real happiness; attain the only solid happiness in this world; to-day, by the act of renunciation I urge upon you. (She stirs slightly. He draws nearer.) Nina, there are some people walking the earth who are wearing a halo. It's invisible to you and me; we can't seen it; but it's there, round their brows, none the less; and the glow of it lights the dark walls of their lives, and sustains them through pain, and oppression, and tribulation. They are the people who have made sacrifices; who've been tempted and have conquered; who have been offered a sword, or a scepter, or a bludgeon, and who have shaken their heads and passed on. They are the people who have renounced. Nina, be among those who wear the halo. Burn Maurewarde's letters, my dear—(glancing at the cold grate) or give them to me—and forget you've ever read them.

(She rises and leaves the escritoire. He rises with her Her fingers stray to her breast and, at last, she produces the letters and hands them to him.)

Nina (simply): I'll forget them.

Nina at once doffs her pink gown, attends the opening ceremonies of the memorial park and sacrifices her hobbies to the prejudices of Annabel's disagreeable family. Meanwhile Hilary faces the major, who is forever haunting the house of his dead love and seeking consolation in the presence of the son he dares not claim. He wrings from Maurewarde the promise to leave the house and never to return. Then he advises his brother to "put his house in order," effectually, by giving to Nina the reins of the domestic establishment and by turning Annabel's relatives out. Filmer refuses. Hilary at once produces the fatal letters. The evidence completely breaks down the husband. He finally recovers his self possession and the relatives trail in only to be told that "to-day we have honored the dead; we have discharged a debt, so far as a debt can be discharged to the dead. And now there is the living, Nina; from this day she shall be mistress of my house. Let us—my wife and I—let us often welcome you—here and in London—as our guests." As they go out Nina burns the letters and the curtain descends on husband and wife sitting down together at their own fireside.



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Letters

Pierre Loti's Latest

To those who have taken even a remote and desultory interest in the march of progress in Oriental lands, there need be no startling surprise in the conditions described in Pierre Loti's "Disenchanted." The twelve-year-old odalisques, reclining on couches, where they selected jewels and silks in the intervals of nibbling sweetmeats and smoking perfumed cigarettes, and enlivened the monotony of existence by quareling with the favorite slaves and rival wives belong to the period of the Arabian Nights. For the last generation, at least, the young Turkish women have enjoyed all the advantages of the higher education, revelling in French governesses, occidental music, foreign languages, Parisian millinery, and the most modern of furnishings. The men have almost ceased to avail themselves of the privileges accorded to faithful Mohammedans, and instead of the four wives, allowed by the Prophet to his followers, monogamy is the rule. And yet, it appears that there is a new Revolt of Islam, and that the woman question is as much of a disturbing element in the far East as it is in the remote West, and that, in one case, as in the other, the dear creatures do not know what they want, but are most certain that it is not what they already have. The plot of "Disenchanted" is a very simple one. Andre Lhery, a French novelist whose works have become most popular amongst the secluded ladies of Stamboul, receives a letter which awakens in him recollections of an early sojourn in that city. Twenty-five years have elapsed since his romance; he thinks always of Stamboul and its ladies as they were in that distant epoch, and though the epistle from his unknown correspondent awakens memory and curiosity, he is convinced that the writer cannot be what she purports, a native of the land, but most probably some one connected with one of the legations, and not averse to a bit of flirtation. But the outcome of the unconventional episode is that Lhery seeks and obtains an appointment as attache to the French Legation, and makes, surreptitiously, the acquaintance of three very charming ladies, all admirers of his written works, and they beg of him to write a new romance in which, from data supplied by them, the world will be made aware of the sad plight of the over-educated inmates of the harems who, in spite of their vast learning, have no outlet for their energies, but are still obliged to remain in seclusion, never meeting men in friendly intercourse, strictly confined within doors after sunset, always veiled when abroad, and given no voice in the selection of their husbands, with whom the old idea prevails, that a wife should be pretty, loving and accomplished for their amusement. If one may judge by the ease with which Djenan, Zeyneb and Melek succeeded in carrying on a correspondence with their friend and in meeting him frequently, even in introducing him into the recesses of their houses it would seem as though the vigilance of slaves and eunuchs, not to mention that of the elderly chaperons presumed to keep guard, is not so difficult to evade, and assuredly the young Moslem women must be the diametrical opposites of all other known women, if so many could be trusted with the knowledge and none betray it. Where, in the western world with all its freedoms, could such a condition be found? Let a society maiden step ever so little out of the beaten track, and the editors of a certain class of journals would have, within a week, half a dozen different accounts of the affair presented for their consideration at the usual price of publication. The case of the Moslem women is simply the old problem of how to eat cake and yet keep it, how to nibble at the fruit of the tree of knowledge without tasting its bitter flavor. One must always

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give something to gain another. If the Moslem woman may not walk abroad unveiled, neither is she subjected to the insolent stares of strange men, and if punishment for her transgressions is severe, likewise, the protection given her is great. These modern dwellers in the harems have fed full on romantic novels until they conceive of love in the western sense as an enduring romance, and they have crammed their intellectual stomachs with German philosophy and Russian and Scandinavian pessimism until they are suffering from a tremendous attack of indigestion which they persuade themselves is a physical oppression. One of the wildest of their outcries is against the tyranny of having their husbands selected for them by paternal wisdom, they being but handed over to "a strange man." The three heroines whom Loti has pictured for us have all been unhappily married, and two are now divorced, the third a widow. They fondly imagine that, had they had the opportunities afforded their western sisters, no such catastrophe would have entered their lives, and yet, what a different story the records of the divorce courts tell! Djenan, married to an attache of the court, handsome, rich and affectionate, and adored by her mother-in-law, in spite of the modernness of the young wife's notions, left her husband at the end of a year of marriage because she felt that she was not developing her higher nature. Melek discovered that her mate was brutal, and endured him for but a few months, while Zeyneb's husband was an invalid who died at the end of a year and a half. Yet, in what we are pleased to call civilized communities, where the women, if they are but discreet and diplomatic, may do all the courting, and who most frequently close their eyes to obvious faults and their ears to parental advice and caution, apply to the courts for release on precisely the same grounds, and, in spite of the wisdom they should gain by experience, will walk into the same obvious trap a second time. Education, that is to say, intellectual cramming, has been regarded as a universal specific and imparted indiscriminately, yet the Occident has discovered what the Orient is evidently beginning to surmise, that even much learning will not abolish foolishness, but only give to it new outlets, and the effect is much like that which has beset the government engineering experts, after tampering with the Colorado river—how to get back to a safe footing. The plot of any of Loti's romances could be condensed into six lines. The thread of story is the smallest part. The manner, the atmosphere is the charm. One really needs to have read all he has written in order to appreciate any to the full. There is in "Disenchanted" the same melancholy disillusionment, the ineffable sadness of the consciousness of change, the realization of "the last time." "Sad, sad enough to sing over a tomb, the song of vanished years, of dead summers." One could wish the translator had at times made a happier choice of words. "The consentaneous spirit of revolt" surely is not Loti, and there could have been found something more in the spirit of both the French author and the Turkish bride on her wedding morn, indifferent, though she might be, than such an outburst as "Drat the hat! and drat the veil, and drat the young Bey—drat the future, drat life—death—everything!" for all the world like a bad tempered scullery maid. A new book from the pen of Loti is such an event in literary annals that it is doubly provoking to find it unnecessarily marred in this way. Published by the Macmillan Company.

—The Bookworm

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Five True Bills.

Ruef's followers are panic-stricken. They never believed it possible that any grand jury could find sufficient evidence to warrant either his indictment or the indictment of Mayor Schmitz. Such an eventuality has been wholly foreign to the habit of thought confirmed in them by the experience of five years during which immunity followed the consummation of the most rascally deeds at the public expense. When the Andrews grand jury (the only inquisitorial body which at all ruffled their contentment until Heney appeared on the scene) failed to uncover enough rottenness to justify criminal proceedings, they considered their safety, if not their innocence, vindicated. Then came Heney's sensational campaign speech followed by his refusal to lay the evidence before a Ruef grand jury and again a roar of triumph went up. These escapes engendered in the minds of Ruef's followers a superstitious reverence for his power of eluding pursuit. They concluded that he was too clever to be detected and waxed brazenly unafraid in their contempt for the decencies of municipal life. The grand jury has given them a terrible shock. The finding of five true bills, not against Ruef only, but against the mayor as well, has struck terror to their souls and they are crowding to cover before the awful apparition of retributory justice. Every guilty man is secretly asking himself when his turn will come; the more daring nerving themselves to resistance, the others screwing their cowardice to the sticking place of confession. All this does not appear on the surface. The same unreasoning, wilful indifference which scoffed at the likelihood of indictments based on the French restaurant charges, is now pooh-poohing the possibility of proving extortion in a court of law. But this is only lip-confidence; it cannot endure long. Neither can the seeming loyalty that still holds the guilty together. Not at all relishing the prospect of either hanging together or hanging separately some have already taken the desperate chance of turning state's evidence. This seals the doom of the rest, for perjury is a dangerous risk when you are uncertain just how many have confessed. Some of the witnesses in the French restaurant case feel the bitter force of this truth already. Their example will deter others from venturing lies in the grand jury room.

Experimental Marriages.

Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons, who besides being the daughter of a millionaire banker and the wife of a New York congressman, possesses collegiate degrees that ought to indicate scholarly attainments, has just given to the world a book called "The Family," in which she advocates a temporary matrimonial arrangement not unlike that tentatively suggested some time ago by George Meredith. Mrs. Parsons thinks that the young should be allowed to experiment with the marital relation before binding themselves for life. She proposes that they shall have the privilege of living together as man and wife until such time as they either conclude that they are well mated or resolve that their happiness demands that they shall separate. If they find each other congenial, they may then bind themselves by a contract that only divorce can dissolve. In the other event Mrs. Parsons would have them go their different ways "without suffering any great degree of public condemnation." Coming at a time when the most serious minds of the country are considering how the ties that join husband and wife may be strengthened, this proposal certainly proves that Mrs. Parsons has been thinking along original lines, undisturbed by the general trend of thought on the subject. While plans are being outlined for restricting divorce and making the laws on the subject uniform throughout the country, Mrs. Parsons appears on the scene, and not only advocates trial marriages but also pleads for the abolition of all limitations on divorce. It is unfortunate, but at the same time it is true, that the social prominence of Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons will gain for her matrimonial theories a consideration to which they are not entitled on their merits. The newspapers are treating her book quite seriously and this fact, which ought to have no special weight in matters so much beyond the influence of mere journalism as the marriage and divorce problems, becomes significant when it is remembered that many of our so-called scholars (including some university pundits) are not above taking their views from the daily press. The author of "The Family" is evidently one of those misguided workers who start out singlehanded to solve the problems with which the collective wisdom of the world is wrestling. Ignorant or unmindful of the progress that has been made by others they toil over old ground and are caught in pitfalls that have been exploited long ago. If the white light of her own self-sufficiency had not dazzled her eyes Mrs. Parsons would have realized that the remedies she brings forward for undeniable evils have been tested and rejected by experts long ago. Then she would have been saved the trouble of writing "The Family" and might have devoted her talents to something really worth while. This country has the trial marriage already, a fact that might have occurred to Mrs. Parsons if she were not so singlemindedly bent on reforming a whole nation with her individual pen. Our disgraceful divorce laws allow husband and wife to separate "without suffering any great degree of public condemnation." There is nothing in the laws of divorce as at present framed in most states to hold a couple together once they determine to separate. Religious and moral considerations alone prevent many divorces and the correction of the evils surrounding marriage in this country depends on the fostering of the belief that matrimony is something more than a civil contract, not on the inculcation of impractical and amateur theories that halt faint-heartedly half a mile this side of free love.

Ruef Overestimated.

The popular estimate of Ruef needs as much re-adjusting as does that of His Honor. For a long time he has enjoyed the reputation of possessing almost diabolical cleverness. With his admirers and followers, of course, it was a case of blind, unreasoning hero-worship. Whatever the boss did was right and the means he employed were always the best possible means of accomplishing the end in view. Even his enemies felt constrained by a spirit of fair play to admit that Ruef had a remarkable knowledge of the law and showed wonderful resourcefulness in using it to further his corrupt purposes and to cover up his guilty tracks. This view of Ruef has survived, in some strange manner, all of his most stupid moves in the graft game. Some of those who yearned most to see the city rid of his iniquitous influence based on this estimate of his cleverness their belief that the grand jury would find it impossible to indict him. They thought that his operations had been too carefully conducted to leave any incriminating trail. The ease with which Special Prosecutor Heney secured five indictments against the boss on the very first case presented to the grand jury shattered this belief. When it became known who the witnesses were and what they testified to, those who had such extravagant respect for Ruef's attainments realized that he had worked in the crudest manner possible and had left any number of loopholes for damning evidence against himself. Burns found them without difficulty; Heney showed them to the grand jury and that body promptly decided that indictments were warranted. Now the question is being asked—If Heney could find material for five indictments in the French restaurant cases, what will the number be when he investigates Chinatown gambling and the matter of public service franchises? If Ruef has exerted his reputed cleverness and strategy to as little purpose in these matters as in the French restaurant affair, the district attorney will grow wrist-weary with the work of signing true bills before the grand jury finishes its labors.

The Future of Tammany

Croker, from across the seas, acknowledges that if Murphy had not pooled with Hearst Tammany would have lost its local ticket in the recent New York elections, "because the Independence League, Hearst's organization, has become stronger than the Tammany organization." If this extraordinary admission be true what is the future of the ancient bulwark of New York City's democracy? Are forces now insidiously at work that will in the near future lead to its extinction, or will these forces gradually change the character of the old organization so that it shall wield its old-time power led by chiefs of higher mental and moral powers. Is the moment ripe for such a change? Its present character has been maintained with most remarkable continuity for more than one hundred years; in fact, ever since astute Aaron Burr first showed how it was possible to secure control of the city government by organizing the venal vote, the vote of the grafter and the tyro saloon politician looking for a soft paying job under the city administration. Great and many have been the changes in Tammany as the years rolled by, popular uprising, scandals that threatened destruction, internal wrangles and dissentions, repudiations, disputes and desertions, yet Tammany weathered all these political bangings and survived practically unchallenged as the greatest of Democratic organizations. But never since the Tweed scandal shook her stronghold to the foundations has she received a blow like that struck her in the recent Hearst movement. Has this movement irreparably damaged her foundations or will some of her wise men be able to repair the threatening danger spot? Hearst in his campaign for the Mayoralty hammered hard to educate the blind followers of Tammany that the organization is a nefarious institution making use of the voter to win its own selfish ends; that the great fortunes of the Tammany leaders were filched from the pockets of the plain people. Hearst in the past five years has done more with his cartoons and editorials to waken the organizations dumb following to such ideas than have the upper classes through a hundred years of bitter silk-stocking warfare against the Wigwam. Signs are many that the awakening has come. Visit a labor union meeting and you will hear talk against graft that does not differ much from the talk heard in the headquarters of the Citizen's Union. This awakening means a day of reckoning for Tammany. That organization can get along without the unselfish and the patriotic in the upper classes but if the good among the working classes have permanently seceded the organization must go either to the grave or to the hospital. Tammany has lost the allegiance of the Democratic masses. Murphy and Croker agree to that fact and the election returns prove it. Is this defection temporary or permanent? Will the Tammany chiefs be able to win back the deserters? What will be the action of the Independent League in the matter? Tammany's fate depends on the solution of these problems for despite the superficial victory she won in the recent election by getting her judges into office, she was never in weaker condition.

The Army as a Career.

Brigadier-General William H. Carter, U. S. A., discusses the army as a career in the current number of the North American Review and comes to the conclusion that it is strange the leisure class in this country does not follow the example of the corresponding class in English society and send its sons into the army and navy. The reason is not far to seek when one considers the difference in the advantages offered young men

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of corresponding social standing in the two countries. The young men of America have ample patriotism as was demonstrated in the rush to arms of all classes during the war with Spain. When the war was over back they went to their civil duties. One would imagine that the adventurous, the romantic, the daring, among them having tasted military show and life would have elected to remain with the army and the prospect of a career. Scarcely any continued in arms though among the few who did remain were developed such successful officers as Funston, Bell and Pershon. Why? Promotion under normal conditions in this country is notoriously slow and pay, which is fixed by a law some thirty years old, is sadly inadequate to the present high cost of living. An officer assigned to duty in the Orient is hard put to meet the ordinary family expenses out of his official pay. Aside from this our officers in the army and navy do not stand as high socially as the officers of the same rank in the British service. In England, besides, there are many families distinguished for the achievements of their ancestors in the various wars that England has waged in every part of the world, and it is their pride to be represented in both arms of the service of their country. Pride and caste have in the course of time become factors. In America these sentiments hardly extend outside the officers' quarters. Our officers sometimes send their sons to West Point or Annapolis, not so much because they want them to shed lustre on the family name as because it is a gentleman's living and there is nothing better for the boy to do. Even after graduation from these institutions, if the youths develop any special aptitude they resign from the service to enter engineering or some other profession because it offers better returns financially and otherwise. Resignations from the service by the most hustling of the younger officers is one of the delicate problems the Secretary of War is trying to solve. Had America as attractive a service as England she might succeed in holding many of these young officers. England's standing army is at least four times as large as America's; her little wars are comparatively frequent and the responsibilities of command with her are greater. Promotion, too, seems to come quicker. Since the war with Spain, however, the service in this respect in America has been picking up, promotions are quicker and the dry bones of old rulers are undergoing a shaking up. Our new position as a world power has brought the army and navy into the limelight and attracted the attention of the nation. With better pay quicker promotion and increased responsibilities, there is not the slightest doubt that both branches of the service will offer careers to attract the best classes in the land.

Some Results of Spelling Reform

Professor Hugo Munsterberg of Harvard lays his finger on a sore spot when in his protest against spelling reform on the ground that it retards the American child and puts him from two to three years behind his German brother of the same age. He says: "The blunders in spelling are more easily visible, but the 'illiteracy' in history, geography and arithmetic is in no way less frequent." He speaks only the truth when he declares that the comparative backwardness of the American pupils is not to be blamed upon the idiosyncrasies of orthography, but on the general superficiality which is accepted in every direction, the mere smattering which passes for knowledge, the lack of discipline and the tendency to run after fads. Spelling reform is only one more patent cure-all which, if administered in sufficient doses, will do away with the need for application and concentration. Professor Munsterberg reiterates what he has said before, that the weak indulgence of the American parent, the tendency to range himself on the side of the child as against the teacher is subversive, and that one-half the time and attention that is given to baseball and sports, with the same degree of concentration and interest, would make the mastery of the intellectual tasks as simple as proficiency in games. The trouble with the American school children is that they are too much coddled; they are never made to feel that they must do anything. Even admitting for the sake of argument that teachers are beyond criticism in point of both knowledge and ability, they have been shorn of every semblance of a right to use coercion. They may neither coax, lead nor drive, except in the direction and at the gait which the pupil is predetermined to accept. As Professor Munsterberg says, from the beginning they are permitted to dawdle. Intellectual disorderliness and slipshodness, loose, inefficient and time-wasting methods, endless repetitions, and in the end only a possible stray grain of wheat hidden under all the chaff. Spelling reform is but a cosmetic to be applied to the educational skin in the hope that it will hide the spots and blemishes. All that it will do will be to remove one more obstacle which the child should have learned to surmount, and in so doing gained mental strength through discipline. The plain truth of the educational system is that for the last generation it has been so weakened by the removal of the essential beams and girders and so overlaid with gingerbread ornamentation that the whole edifice is about to collapse, and those who cannot fail to know the weakness of the structure are trying to apply successive coats of luminous paint in the hope that the phosphorescent glow will be mistaken for living fire. Here and there are parents who realize the deficiencies of their children, in spite of the improved apparatus, the libraries, and all the extraneous helps. It is impractical for them to open a home school in addition to their necessary labors as bread winners, and they cannot afford private teachers in addition to the taxes they pay for public support of a school department. They are well aware that at the same age they were themselves much better

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grounded in the essentials, even though they could not kick a goal. The real trouble with most children is idleness. It is idleness, more than anything else, which gives us our youthful criminals, idleness in school and idleness at home. Spelling reform is as much of a fad as anti-cigarette societies. The child of today is suffering from too much coddling. Most of the youths of the nation are virtually in the same position as the sons of millionaires, going to the bad from lack of wholesome discipline.

A Letter

Dear Heart, the time has come when we must part—
Not for a fault on either side.
We have drifted through Friendship into the tide
Of a restless, dissatisfied, throbbing stream
That will bear us onward—unable, I deem,
To land on that safe shore again.

I shall miss you, Dear Heart, though I bid you to go—
Yet I would not exchange for all God could give
The look, swift and strong, which taught me to know
That our Friendship was gone—that we wanted to live!

Dearest Heart, you'll forgive me for hurting you so
When I tell you I love you! and yet well I know
That alone, disunited, our hearts out of tune,
Our lives will go on, until Death makes immune
All such horrors! Dear Friend,
And this is the end. —**The Forsaken.**

Perspective Impressions.

There are too many explanations offered on the mysterious "temporary disappearance" of the Searchlight, Nev., contribution to the Relief Fund to satisfy anybody but Mayor Schmitz.

Hearst now declares that he will never again be a candidate for any political office. Many another beaten newspaper editor has had the same post-election awakening that it is far better to hammer than be hammered.

It was a wild race between the voting machines and certain election day officers to see which could mix the returns most. Inquiry as to who profited most by the errors would probably fix the blame.

The gas-pipe thugs have been wholly eclipsed in public interest by the graft-thugs and Ruef still arrogates to himself his favorite positon—the centre of the stage.

Since the Grand Jury has been in session no one has seen any of the grafters investing in real estate; the records show that several of them have been transferring property holdings. Are they discounting the near future?

Unless the present situation in the buildings trades is handled with extreme delicacy and tact by both sides it doesn't require a sphinx to see that within a year San Francisco is going to have another big strike on its hands.

Mrs. Parsons, daughter of banker Henry Clews, and wife of a New York Congressman, is out with a book in which she advocates "trial marriages." Has she been studying divorce as practiced in the Newport swagger set?



Old Mother Spain: Ain't I glad he stole my baby!
—Morris, in the Spokane "Spokesman-Review."



Both Together: "Awfully sorry. Beg your honorable pardon."
—Rehse, in the St. Paul "Pioneer Press."

Our Lady of Pootoo

By R. S. Gundry

It might be interesting to conjecture why so many of those who go down to the sea in ships appeal for protection to a patron lady. When Henry III. was waiting for a favorable wind to carry him to England he made vows to Notre Dame de Boulogne. When Godfrey de Bouillon reached Palestine he sent back relics from Jerusalem for her shrine. When Chung How was sent to express regret to France for the murderous riots at Tientsin he wrote back from Fohkien to ask that some special mark of honor might be conferred on the Queen of Heaven: his official career had given him many opportunities of noticing to what an extent the coasting craft depended on her grace, but it had been borne in upon him afresh, during this voyage. When the coral-fishers of Capri set out to join the fleet that gathers every spring at Genoa or Leghorn, they hold high festival and pray to Madonna di Carmela for aid; and when the cuttle-fishers of Ningpo set out to ply their industry in the Yellow Sea, they pay homage at starting to their Lady of Pootoo—the Goddess Kwon-yin. There is at Lampeduza, we are told, a shrine to the Virgin where Christians and Turks alike leave gifts, and whence the money is taken to Madonna di Trapano in Sicily—another doubtless of the Oceanides—or was she Amphitrite and entitled to tribute as superior of all?

Situated on the eastern verge of the Chusan archipelago and looking out over the broad Pacific, Pootoo has for centuries been consecrated to the use of Buddhist monks and has achieved a great reputation for sanctity and as a place of pilgrimage. Do not its mendicant friars go so far afield as Saigon and Singapore, to appeal to the Chinese communities there for support? Here are monasteries and temples, large and small, with the usual complement of religious—from abbot to acolyte and hermit. Like Solovetski, in the White Sea, Pootoo has been sworn of the celibate order. In opposition to the rule established by Tennyson's Princess, the very dogs and fowls there are males; though women come at certain periods on pilgrimage to the temples. Yet it is a female divinity who is the favorite object of worship; for Pootoo is the especial seat of the goddess Kwon-yin. Venus was worshiped everywhere, but preferred Cyprus: Kwon-yin is worshiped everywhere, but prefers Pootoo. To the question who or what Kwon-yin is, it might be answered that she is the nature goddess of the Chinese—Diana of the Ephesians, for instance, Isis, Cybele, the Bona Dea, or Pracriti of the Hindoos. It may be noted, too, that her cult is absolutely pure. Mr. Archibald Little, describing a gorge on the Upper Yangtze that has been named after her, says she holds in Buddhist worship a position analogous to that of the Virgin in Europe; and she does undoubtedly hold much the same position as "our Lady"—not as mother of God: she has nothing in common with Maia, the mother of Buddha—but in the sense of the numerous special designations in which the Virgin is appealed to by sailors or by women in a special capacity as Queen of Heaven, Protectress of Mariners, our Lady of Mercy, Guardian of Virtue. And now, perhaps, it may be evident why the appeal of the coral-fishers to their Donna di Carmela should suggest the appeal of the Chekeang fishers to their Lady of Pootoo.

The great passenger steamers that ply daily between Shanghai and Ningpo now make an occasional week-end excursion to Pootoo; but a more independent way, if one has time, is to hire a junk in which to transport one's self and kit with a view to set up housekeeping for a time in some monastery where the monks, like their prototypes in the middle ages in Europe, are always willing to allot one a room. One has the advantage, in that way, of being able to stay and go ashore at any intermediate point or island—the citadel and temple, for instance, at the mouth of the Yung, which may afford a first glimpse of the fishing boats that we shall find calling, subsequently, at Pootoo. One of the prettiest sights to be seen along the coast is the gathering under these heights of the fleet which starts every spring for the season's work amid the archipelago and neighboring waters. Hundreds, many hundreds, one might venture to guess a round thousand boats are here ranged along the shore, looking as bright as paint can make them and flying each a neat little flag from the stern. These are of different colors—red, white and blue, like admirals' flags in the British navy—presumably to indicate the division or guild to which the boats belong, as those bearing each distinctive color are grouped in detachments by themselves. Some four thousand boats, each with an average crew of five men, used to be employed in the cuttle fishery alone off this coast; and it may be worth noting, in order to convey an impression of the extent of the industry, that 1,330 tons were exported, in 1901, from Ningpo to other Chinese ports, irrespectively of those dealt with at home. The last season (1903) for which a report has been published was a bad one; but even then the export reached 365 tons, and the augmented price—forced up by the dearth from the usual average of $11.75 to $30 per pecul (133 lbs.)—may have afforded some consolation to boat-owners if not to boatmen.

But neither is cuttle-fishing the only form of the industry. The fishing season is at its height in May, and some impression of its importance may be gathered from a visit to Chusan, the principal island of the archipelago, at that period. The streets of the chief city, Tinghai, are black with the ink of cuttle-fish, and the foreshore is white with their corpses and those of mullet and other fish laid out to dry. Methods may have changed of late. Steamers ply regularly now between Ningpo and Tinghai and, occasionally at least, to other islands of the archipelago, where junks only

(Continued on Page 33.)

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The Spectator

Mrs. Taylor Owns the Lace

Not since the days when Anglo-American society was stirred by the light-fingered escapades of a well-known San Francisco woman has local society tried so hard to parse the word "kleptomania." The charge which Mrs. McCutcheon, the Oakland dressmaker, preferred the other day against Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent has set polite tongues a wagging and, to the credit of Mrs. Bent's friends, let it be said that they one and all denounce the publicity given the affair as unwarrantably malicious. Everyone has been wondering about the ownership of the lace Mrs. Bent is accused of taking. According to private information it belongs to Mrs. Taylor, who before her marriage was one of the Kittles—a name high in church and social history. When Mrs. Taylor discovered that the lace had mysteriously disappeared from the dressmaker's and the modiste whispered her suspicions, Mrs. Taylor outlined a campaign for the recovery of the lace. Mrs. McCutcheon called upon Mrs. Bent and the latter finally produced the lace, which she insisted her little daughter carried away from the dressmaking establishment.

Why couldn't the affair have rested under the rose when the lace was returned? queries Mrs. Grundy. It looks as though Mrs. Taylor had forgotten the Christian precepts of the church-going forbears and as though the dressmaker's charity were cut on the bias. Even straight-front morality did not demand rushing into public print with the disgraceful story. The lace was returned—wrapped in a very plausible explanation but the modiste had to further humiliate Mrs. Bent by making the story public.

Society Women As a Grand Jury

A number of society women were discussing the affair the other day at an informal tea. "Let's suppose Ethel Bent is a kleptomaniac," said a wise young woman—"the motive of necessity entirely lacking in her case so the action could not possibly be attributed to anything but the diseased instincts of kleptomania. Ethel is accused of taking the lace and she finally produces it and the dressmaker returns it to Mrs. Taylor. Even if one can believe that she really did knowingly take the lace isn't there more pity and excuse for her involuntary pecadillos than the voluntary and pitiless exposure which Mrs. Taylor has caused?"

All Kinds of Explanations

Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent is a daughter of the late A. A. Cohen, the well-known attorney. She has been visiting her mother at Fernside, the beautiful family home in Alameda. Mrs. Bent and her eight-year-old daughter left for Fort Crook, Nebraska, to join Captain Bent the very day that she was accused of taking the lace. Her story of the affair is that at one of her fittings at the modiste's she was accompanied by her little girl who asked the dressmaker if she could have some of the samples lying around the room for doll clothes and the child, unknown to the mother, took the lace which belonged to Mrs. Taylor. But Mrs. McCutcheon, the dressmaker, says she saw Mrs. Bent deliberately hide the lace in her stocking and was so astonished at the time that she said nothing. And Mrs. Taylor believes that Mrs. Bent helped herself to her lace. So society can believe whom it chooses.

Sartorial Raffles

A fashionable dressmaker on this side of the bay tells me that things are frequently "lifted" from her shop by smart customers. "Usually we get the articles back," she said, "by threatening exposure but of course we would rather lose most things than suffer the notoriety of scandal. Several months ago one of my oldest customers missed a diamond pin which she had removed for her fitting. We hunted high and low but not a sparkle could we find. The other day a society woman came into my place to order a gown and fancy my surprise at seeing that very pin fastening her collar. I remembered that this woman had been in the house the day the pin was lost and in spite of her wealth and social position I knew that she was guilty. So as I unfastened her collar I just quietly said: 'I will return this pin to So and So, to whom it belongs, and save you trouble. You need not fear that I will divulge your name.' The woman did not even pretend to cover her guilt but with fear and trembling hastily fled from the place. She had the temerity to wear the pin into my shop, thinking I would not recognize it. The person from whom she stole it is a woman not recognized by society, whereas the kleptomaniac is in the smart set. Of course she has never been near me since I discovered the pin and she appreciates my protection of her name by saying 'No, I don't get my clothes there any more. She's not the dressmaker she used to be. Haven't you noticed what rags she turns out? I wouldn't send them to a rummage sale! And then such queer people patronize her now!' I wonder which is the 'queer' one the rich society woman who steals and then traduces her protector or the woman who quietly received her pin without even asking the name of the thief so that she could brand her?"

Romance of a California Girl in Paris

The efforts of the old Prince de Broglie to have the recent marriage of his son with a California girl, Miss Estelle Alexander, annulled by the French courts is creating almost as much discussion in Parisian aristocratic circles as did the Castellane disentanglement. The de Broglies are a very rich and very influential family,



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proud of its name and arrogant of its position, hence the joy with which the irresponsible boulevardiers welcome each new development in the racy "go-as-you-please de Broglie imbroglio." So far the story deals with an infatuation at first sight, a mad elopement, a flight around the world to escape an enraged husband, a hasty marriage, the disinheritance of a princeling, his suit to recover his ancestral rights and the threat of his wife to go upon the stage to earn the necessary money to attack the powerful de Broglie family in the courts. With all these striking stage situations there is a wealth of details that keeps gay Paris on the tip toe of hilarity. The scenes of this domestic melodrama are laid in every big city from Paris to San Francisco and all kinds of people traverse the stage from Senator Jones to the aristocrats of the famous Chateau de Chaumont on the Loire.

Her First Marriage

Miss Estelle Alexander, the California girl who is the cause of all the trouble, was born near Sonoma. Her mother, Sophia Freud, came to this city from Budapesth. While still a young girl she married Lyman A. Alexander, now of New Mexico, then the owner of a big Sonoma ranch. Estelle was one of the five children born to them. Later there was a divorce and all the children went with the mother. Some time afterwards she married Edward H. Clay, a son of Mrs. Clay, the second wife of Senator Jones. Being a strikingly pretty girl even while still very young and possessing a good voice Estelle determined to follow the advice of her friends and go upon the operatic stage. Through the influence of friends she finally managed to reach Paris and gain the favor of Victor Capoul, director of the opera. She was making good progress in her singing when along came Dan Cupid and started the series of pranks that have since played merry havoc with her stage career and the hearts of her admirers. Whimsical Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" committed no more fantastic antics. Among her adorers in those Conservatory days was Sidney Veit, a Prussian. He was a wealthy importer, with Paris and New York houses, but she soon discovered him tyrannical, jealous and fault finding, so she returned for solace to her studies.

Then came the event which changed her life. One day several visitors entered her studio. Among them was a young man who was introduced simply as M. de Broglie. With him were his mother, his sister and his brother Jacque, who recently married the daughter of the Prince of Wagram. According to the story of friends it was a case of love at first sight and the two mutually confessed they could not live without each other. But how about husband Veit? An easy problem according to the lights of some people these days. The lovers eloped and forced him to get a divorce. This action created a great stir in Paris. Mrs. Veit now being free the two wanted to marry but under the French law this could not be done without the consent of the father, and this consent the irate Prince de Broglie flatly refused to give. So the two fled to Italy and were secretly married by a priest near Milan. The de Broglies declared the marriage illegal, refused to recognize it, threatened the young Prince with arrest and the fond couple fled to America. In Chicago they were married again last August to satisfy the family of the bride.

More Divorce Complications

With all these givings and takings according to marriage ceremonials the ordinary layman might think that some sort of a legal tie existed between the young couple, but the exasperated Prince de Broglie still stoutly declares there is none. Other like marriage entanglements of the amorous son complicate the situation. When 26 years old he married the Baronne de Deslandes, who at the age of 17 had married Compte Fleury, the son of General Fleury. As the marriage was a family affair, brought about against her will, it was annulled in 1894 by the Pope. Five years ago she married this same young Prince de Broglie in London. As the old Prince also objected to this marriage and as it did not comply with the French law, it was annulled at his demand. Later suits were filed against Mme. Deslandes forbidding her to use the de Broglie titles. How many husbands and wives will emerge from this marriage pot-pourri and which is married to the other are questions for a Solomon to determine. Miss Alexander, or Mrs. Veit or the Princess de Broglie, according as she may be, declares she is going upon the stage to raise a fund to press her husband's claims of inheritance against the whole powerful de Broglie family. The two are now living in Chicago, where they are preparing a plan of campaign. Meanwhile all Paris is laughing at the determined efforts of the de Broglies to suppress the whole affair and wondering what the flighty Prince and his latest bride will do next.

End of the Champagne Trust.

The good fellows of San Francisco will all be glad to learn that the contemplated champagne trust movement has just gone to smithereens in Paris. Of course it was a bunch of hustling Americans who tried to corner this choice output against the world. Their proposition was to organize the owners of the leading brands under one corporation but to continue to make the same brands of wine under the same names. They showed the leading manufacturers that by doing away with the agencies scattered all over the world and establishing one central agency barrels of money could be saved. Their glowing arguments would have hypnotized an ordinary man into the belief that under trust management the stream of champagne would be transformed into a stream of gold. The owners flatly refused to entertain the scheme. Not only did they decline but they stood shoulder to shoulder in a concerted effort to oppose any such scheme being surreptitiously attempted on them. So the champagne trust as a menace to the pocket and convivial times, is gone, vanished and vanquished completely. Drink hearty.

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How the Santa Fe Missed a Trick

The decision of the Santa Fe people to put on a ferry of their own between Emeryville and San Francisco illustrates how some of the shrewdest railroad men will occasionally misread the trend of the times and make costly financial mistakes. Just before the Oakland Realty Syndicate built the Key Route ferry times were a great deal more stringent than now and prospects, though fair, were far from being encouraging. It was a period when conservative capital was looking to safe-guard its property without any inclination to over speculate on the future. The Oakland Realty Syndicate was loaded up with holdings across the bay, mostly unimproved. Owing to the enmity of a local paper, an enmity started over politics, the company was finding some difficulty in marketing its bonds at satisfactory figures. In this extremely blue period the men at the head conceived the idea of building the Key Route ferry to carry them out of their financial troubles. According to their plans it was a fairly safe double-headed proposition: The new ferry could be used advantageously as a feeder to their carlines which were opening up their holdings in Oakland, and there was also an excellent chance to sell it at a handsome profit to one of the new transcontinental railroads that were at that time talking of breaking into San Francisco and the Oriental trade.

Offered the Ferry For a Song

The Santa Fe was pressing the Southern Pacific closest in a business way and was reported to be heading this way. That is why the rumor gained credence at the time that the Santa Fe was behind the building of the Key Route. The Realty Syndicate never took pains to disabuse the public of this idea. They wanted the Santa Fe to be educated into the value of the chance and they were fairly aching to complete the ferry and have everything in readiness to sell to the Santa Fe or the first railroad anxious to get a ferry grip on the bay shore. They never doubted but what one of the advancing railroads would jump at such a convenient chance to gain an entrance to the city. At the proper juncture the ferry was offered for sale. The Santa Fe people replied that they were very well satisfied with their Richmond terminal. Even though the ferry was afterwards offered at a figure slightly above cost they declined to buy. The Realty Syndicate were confounded for the moment. It looked as though they had a big elephant on their hands. They took fright and offered the ferry to the railroad company for one hundred thousand dollars. The railroad company again blandly declined the gift and the crest-fallen Realty Syndicate plodded home firmly convinced that the jig was up.

Now the Darling of Good Fortune

So it was: that is the old funereal financial jig in the doleful dumps was up. It was the luckiest blow that could have struck the company. That interview marked the lowest ebb of their financial hope. Forced to work the ferry themselves, they put their shoulders to the wheel and were thunderstruck when the returns showed they had struck a gold mine. Not only did the new ferry furnish ready money but it gave a tremendous lift to their Alameda-Oakland holdings through the influx of San Francisco homeseekers who rushed across the bay in search of cheaper rents. Then



Rudolph J. Taussig, recently appointed regent of the State University. He resigned the presidency of the Mechanics' Institute and was succeeded by L. R. Mead.



L. R. Mead, who succeeded Rudolph J. Taussig as President of the Mechanics' Institute.

came the big fire and kited sky high the values of their ferry service and their Alameda holdings. Doubtless, last week, while President Ripley and his Santa Fe associates were examining their new ferry sites at Emeryville and witnessed the immense devlopments of the Key Route system they condemned the day the chance to buy it so cheap was not snapped up.

Mrs. Mott-Smith Cunningham, exhibitor in Paris Salon of 1906, announces that her Studio Shop, at 1622 Pine Street, a few doors from Van Ness Avenue, is now open for the sale of her Jewelry at prices proportionate to their value. Beautiful presents for the holidays of which there are no duplicates.

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Advent of the Great American Turkey

Though Thanksgiving is so well established as a national holiday, it was for long years a purely New England celebration. The first Thanksgiving was declared in 1623, three years after the settlement of Plymouth. The initial years of the infant colony were a period of hardship and privation, the settlers often subsisting on less than half rations. In the beginning the colony was communistic in many respects, such provisions as they had being held in common and distributed to the families in proportion to the quantity in store. The difficulties naturally attendant on such an enterprise were enhanced by the cold climate, the uncompromising soil and the lack of suitable seeds for planting. Sickness, too, put the colonists out of heart. Moreover, the grim and harsh temperament of the Puritans was itself opposed to anything which savored of pleasure, but, after three years of hardship, a bountiful harvest put them in a somewhat better humor, and when Governor Bradford suggested that a celebration of Thanksgiving be made, there was no opposition. He sent out men to hunt game, and all the settlers gathered at the feast. The meeting was made a precedent, indeed, it was emphasized and made a great holiday, whereas the people were especially enjoined not to celebrate Christmas at all but to perform their customary labors on that day most rigorously, lest, by any laxity on their part, "Popery" should gain a footing amongst them. In course of time the unregenerate gradually introduced the forbidden custom amongst the godly, and Christmas and Santa Claus invaded New England, so the New Englanders carried their Thanksgiving everywhere they went so that, instead of a substitute for Christmas, it became an additional occasion for good cheer; instead of a local celebration it became national, and has even been carried across the seas. Americans in Europe never let the last Thursday of November pass without recognition and in Paris the restaurants make a specialty of turkey and cranberry sauce for that day. Although President Lincoln during the Civil War was the first to proclaim a national thanksgiving, it was but the official recognition of what was already an American custom.

Trouble Over Branch Post-Offices.

Congress in its great wisdom saw fit at its last session to cut down the appropriation allowed for post-office contract stations—that is, stations that are let at so much a year, the contractor to furnish his own clerk or clerks. These branches are usually located in some drug store or stationery store. Before Congress became economical, the salaries allowed for conducting such stations ranged in San Francisco from $100 to $1000 a year. Several of the salaries were over $500. Now the highest is $400 a year, and at that price it is difficult to find any one who is willing to conduct them, excepting in the outlying districts. The station at Fillmore and Sutter streets was discontinued last week, mainly because it was not worth the contractor's while to do the work for $200 a year, especially as the post-office business in that neighborhood has increased enormously since the fire. The keepers of two stations in the same neighborhood have sent in their resignations for the same reason. In one of the stations the business has increased from $1000 to $10,000 a month. Naturally enough, the man who had the contract could not hire a clerk to help handle the business on the salary the government allows him. The closing of these stations will work a great inconvenience on the people in the neighborhood. Naturally that will furnish the other stations with more business than they can handle, which will lead to more resignations and still further inconvenience. Of course, the government cannot be blamed for being economical in such matters. If it paid out too much money in salaries, it could afford to pay the railroads only three times what they earn for hauling the mail, instead of four times as they are receiving now.

Stone Walls Do Not a Prison Make.

Louis Robertson, the poet and wit, who for three years has been confined to a sick room, suffered a relapse last week and was removed to St. Josephs' Hospital, where his friends hope he will receive such excellent care and treatment as will soon alter his condition for the better. And when one speaks of Robertson's friends, one refers to all those who know him personally, and to the thousands who knew him only through his books. For the world loves a man, and Robertson is every inch of that. Through the years of pain that have elapsed since he was driven from his club and from the gatherings he graced, there has never been a note of discouragement or even of discontent in his songs. They might have come from the well-nourished, care-free man who loved the good things of the world. Deprived of much of the comradeship that was dear to him, driven into seclusion and forced to accept more suffering than was his fair share, his clear incisive mind has escaped the taint of invalidism and

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no mist of despair has gathered to distort his fine sense of perspective. His friends feel confident that he will soon be through with the hospital, and will return to the rooms which since the earthquake have been the meeting place of a little group that knows and appreciates literature and Louis Robertson.



Recent Photo of Mrs. William Lund
By Arnold Genthe

Sure of His Happiness.

The usual crowd was telling stories up at the Bohemian club the other night and this one was cast into the gathering just as the lights went out. At a spiritualistic seance a widow, whose matrimonial life hadn't been harmonious, called for the shade of her dear departed husband.

"Are you happy?" she asked, when her husband appeared.

"Very," answered the shade.

"Very happy?" she questioned again.

"Ideally happy," replied the husband.

"Sure?"

"Sure."

"Tell me then, what kind of a place is heaven?"

"Oh, I'm not in heaven."

Paris Matrimonial Agents

Since the Castellane divorce began, according to my Paris correspondent, certain local society papers there have made a concerted attack on the American colony. Several of its members have been selected for drastic punishment, notably Miss Fanny Reed, who for some time has held a unique position in the French capital. Miss Reed is pilloried to illustrate the American greed for dollars. The French critics declare that it has been considered not enough in America to be rich, but that a high social position and a noble name being essential to happiness, old Europe is called upon to provide husbands with titles and good social positions for American girls. This has meant of course a mint of money to those who have taken in hand the management of such affairs. It is charged, that in order to handle this very lucrative business, quite a number of bright, merry American society women, with a streak of business talent, have for a long time made Paris their home to secretly act as brokers in providing ambitious American heiresses with titled French husbands. Miss Reed is cited as one of these matrimonial agents and the Castellane-Gould match is acknowledged to be a piece of her talented work.

Lambasting "Lady Fanny"

Here is an illustration of the way Miss Reed is being glove handled by these feuilletonists: "Lady Fanny—as she is called—lives in a sumptuous apartment between the Porte Dauphine and the Etoile, and it is here that she lays the traps for the social sparrows who come to be taken in by her. Well launched in this false high society, she leads her newly arrived compatriots to believe that she has under her thumbs all the nobility of France, and that she can unite the highest aristocracy to the most parvenu of pork packers. And, of course, in America there are always people who are ready for and delighted at the idea of



Mrs. Perkins, One of the Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Huntington

a union with a noble family. Lady Fanny has many strings to her bow. She also introduces stars to the Parisian heavens. She was the means of launching Miss Mary Gordon of the Opera Comique, and also of introducing the singer Mrs. Sarah Robinson Duff. Lady Fanny is a very important personage in the American colony in Paris, and she deserves a monument erected to her enterprise."

Harriman Attains His Ambition

The local papers have made very little out of E. H. Harriman's recent great coup in acquiring a complete transcontinental line. It was the ambition of his life to become master of such a chain of railways just as it has been the dream of every practical railroad man of the present day. His capture of the great Illinois Central has created no end of bitter feeling in certain Eastern railroad quarters, but Harriman belongs to that band of modern financiers who believe the means justify the end. As long as Stuyvesant Fish remained president of the Illinois system Harriman recognized the fact that his system would be incomplete. Fish therefore had to be removed. He was known to be a hard and desperate fighter, firmly intrenched in his position and backed by influential millionaires. To oust him was a job few railroad men would have undertaken, even the most reckless of the new school of up-to-date financiers. In the face of bitter opposition from all quarters of the railroad work Harriman sailed serenely into the fight, ignoring all criticism and oblivious to all complaints. Fish was the idol of the conservative element in the Illinois Central management, he was the choice of seventy-five per cent of the stockholders, and was known to be a safe and wise man in handling the destiny of the great corporation. But Harriman and powerful financial interests behind him were relentless and Fish went down and out before their modern Wall street tactics.

Spending Millions For Holdings

In these great railway deals Harriman is the executive figurehead. To attain any particular object on which the "inside" has set its mind he is allowed to pay out money by the ten millions. The Standard Oil Company is supposed to be the backbone of this combination of financial giants. Money never seems to stand in the way of exercising the boundless ambition of the powerful coterie. For instance, last week, Harriman bought up all the electric, power and railways of Salt Lake City, owned by the Mormon Church, for a cash price of $10,000,000. That was a mere bagatelle in the annual purchases of this great money power and Harriman is only one of its purchasing agents.

Making the Dollars Roll

The other evening during a lively discussion in the lobby of a big hotel I was surprised to hear an ex-secret service man make the statement that there were a million or more of—not bogus—illegal silver coins in circulation. Counterfeit money, he explained, contained some spurious metal used to mix with the silver and thereby designed to lessen the cost of the face value of the counterfeit coin. The more base metal used in proportion to the silver the greater the profit of the counterfeiter. In floating what he termed "illegal" coins the worker uses as near as possible the combination used by the Government in minting its silver coins. In fact, the "illegal" coiner tries his best to turn out an exact duplicate of the standard United States coins both in appearance and composition. Wherein then lies his profit? Why, in the exceeding cheapness of silver at the present time. A silver dollar does not cost the Government anywhere near its face value and the maker of "illegal" money tempts the penitentiary by competing with the Government for this profit. Altogether the story of our trade dollar is a strange one. It was not intended to circulate in this country, but was struck off for export to China and

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Japan to compete with the big silver dollars of Spain and Mexico. That was one of the first feeble efforts to get a finger on the Oriental trade. Since the first one was designed some twenty varieties of them have been turned out, most of them now eagerly sought by collectors. One issue has been sold as high as fifty dollars. Though their general coinage has been stopped, "illegal" coiners are adding to the supply, according to the post-prandial statement of the ex-secret service man.

Planning New Federal Courts

If plans now being formulated by the Department of Justice at Washington are carried out an important change in regard to the Federal judiciary will be made. The consummation of the plans will mean the appointment of twenty-seven judges who are to serve only on the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. Under the present arrangement the United States is divided into nine districts, each of which has a Circuit Court of Appeals made up of three district or circuit judges, who, perforce, have to leave their own benches to sit on the Court of Appeals, to the great detriment of their calendar. It is because Circuit Judge W. W. Morrow has been sitting so uninterruptibly on the Court of Appeals that the work of his court has fallen far behind. The result is he is confined to his home in San Rafael with serious eye trouble. During the last session of Congress an attempt was made to have a new district judge appointed here who would sit as Circuit Judge while Judge Morrow was busy with the Court of Appeals. As I told not long ago, the bill failed of passage because of a clerical error by which it was made to appear that Judge Morrow had very little to do. No one entertains that idea now, and it is likely that we will have a court of appeals made up of three judges who will have no other work to attend to.

Candidates For New Judgeships

If such a court is created Judge Morrow will naturally be a member of it. In that event the appointment of a Circuit Judge to take his place would have to be made. When it was planned to have a new district judge, Collector of the Port Frederick Stratton seemed to be in the lead for the place. Since Secretary Victor Metcalf's recent visit here, however, it is strongly hinted that he would like to give up his cabinet position for a place among the Federal judiciary. The latter position is for life and paves the way to the United States Supreme Bench, which has lately become the goal of Judge Morrow.

Hearst and His Aids Taking a Rest

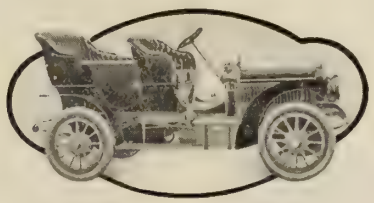
Since the election vacations are the order of the day on Hearst's eastern papers, according to my New York correspondent. Foster Coates, one of the best newspapermen in the profession, has been placed in charge of the Manhattan field. Arthur Brisbane, the man of "the psychological" moment, is off on a month's hunting trip after big game. Ihmsen has also taken to the woods. Hearst himself has taken his family and gone down to Mexico ostensibly to look at mines. Sam Chamberlain is away for several weeks' rest and the rest of the staff is setting the office at rights after the recent political riot.

Artist Tebbs, who left here to take charge of the Art Department on "The Journal," has taken service in the same department on "The New York World." Raleigh, who has shot up in the ranks of illustrators since he quit the local papers and cast his fortunes in the east, has made a pile of money and has just started on a four months' trip through Mexico in search of rest and sketches. Gordon Ross reports himself on the high road to success.

Ridgway's Magazine has been cut down from representation in fourteen cities to four. San Francisco, on account of its news connection with the west and the Orient is retained among the four. Charles Aiken, selected by Ridgway as the local managing editor, has resigned that position and gone back to his old love, the "Sunset Magazine." Mrs. Emerson, who succeeded him on "Sunset" has transferred her services to "East and West," the new weekly paper here, financed by a Portland banker.

Hearst Jumps Into St. Louis

Hearst has copyrighted the titles of Hearst's St. Louis "American" and Hearst's St. Louis "Journal" and the St. Louis papers are snorting with indignation and dismay. That city, by the way, is the place where Joseph Pulitzer made his start in life and where he still owns the "Post-Dispatch," a great money-maker. Those who follow the Hearst movements believe this is a flank sortie on Pulitzer for the relentless way in



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which the latter has attacked Hearst in his papers during the last campaigns. There is a rumor in St. Louis that the "Republic" and the "Post-Dispatch" may consolidate, the one as a morning, the other as an evening paper, to give the invader battle. Several wags believe that Hearst has simply copyrighted the titles just to scare his newspaper enemies in St. Louis and that he will now sit back awhile and watch them worry.

A Melodrama in High Life

I have just received advance sheets of John Armstrong Chanler's book, "Four Years Behind the Bars of Bloomingdale." It's the extraordinary story of a most extraordinary man. The author is a brother of the Wm. Astor Chanler who ran for Lieutenant Governor with Hearst on the Democratic ticket in the recent New York election. He is a cousin of the Astors, chum of the late Stanford White, lawyer, college graduate, student of the psychic and ex-husband of that brilliant, erratic woman, Amalie Rives, now the Princess Troubetskoi. Chanler claims that Stanford White and others railroaded him into the New York insane asylum. He managed to escape and now he is living in another state planning a campaign to recover his million dollar estate turned over to a trustee when he was immured and to be declared of sound mind and entitled to his full powers of citizenship. It is a story very much like Charles Reade's "Hard Cash" all over again.

Escapes to His Virginia Home

Chanler was confined in the insane asylum for nearly four years. At last, after gaining the confidence of his keepers, he was allowed certain liberties. He took advantage of this to open up communication with the outside world. Soon he established the proper grape vine connection, obtained money, and one day disappeared. He went into retirement in another state and placed himself under the charge of specialists who were to try to discover if he had any mental ailments. After a year's trial they declared that he was perfectly sound mentally as far as they could discover. Then he went to his ancestral estates in Virginia, retained eminent lawyers and began the fight to recover his fortune and civil rights. In a recent test case in Virginia he was pronounced perfectly sane. In fact, in forty-four states of the Union he passes as sane but in the forty-fifth, New York, where his large property interests lie, he is recorded as insane and those who sent him to the asylum declare they will keep him there. It is going to be a long and bitter fight.

Lives on Psychology

Those who committed him declare he is a hypochondriac, a person who thinks he is always ill. As a matter of fact at one time he did have spinal trouble and gout. He took to vegetarianism to get rid of his gouty condition. He got well. Today he eats nothing but dried bread well sprinkled with salt, with an occasional piece of cheese, and sometimes ice cream and candy. This diet shows he is insane, declares the other side. Chanler claims also to possess what he calls the X faculty and the power of "graphic automatism." These claims are likewise declared to be indications of his insanity. Prominent psychological writers discuss the X faculty in all seriousness and admit there is such a thing as "graphic automatism." The X faculty is a type of subconsciousness and wonderful results are

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said to come to those who are able to use it. Chanler defines "graphic automatism" as automatic writing. So far though as conscious mental action is concerned the hand does the writing without the help of the head. In other words, it is as though one held a magic pen or pencil that started to write of its own accord. The operator has no more inkling of what the next word will be than the onlooker. It is on ideas such as these that the fight for the fortune and the liberty of Chanler will be made.



Social Life As It Was Immediately After the Big Fire. Miss Hilda Steinhart, Acting As An Official of the Red Cross, Receiving Reports for the Relief Committee.

Lese Majeste at the University

When President Wheeler of the University criticised the management of the Agricultural College he spilled the first blood in a battle that is already decided. Statistics prove the great value of the Agricultural Department to the farmers of California. The injustice of such criticism can arise only from the prejudice of President Wheeler. Professor Wickson, Dean of the Agricultural College, is not a man to be bullied, and in the face of growing feud has stoutly stood ground and blamed the meagre attention given his department, considering its importance to the State.

Put On the Lid in Berkeley

Of late rowdyism in the University of California has been severely criticised by the Berkeley and Oakland press. In these articles it is strongly implied that "loyal" undergraduates have lied to defend their "pals" in the pranks following the football game. The students have a precedent in such matters, in the judgments pronounced of no less a personage than the President himself. The whole matter calls to mind the reinstatement of the men who were expelled last spring for stealing examination papers; also the more recent occurrence last Saturday night, when certain men of the Freshmen class hired Lincoln Hall, at Lorin, just outside of the liquor limit, and caroused until early hours.

The many friends of Ashton Stevens will be pained to learn that he is suffering a relapse and has been obliged to return to the hospital.

Ruef's Boyhood Days

The expose of Ruef's wolfishness has recalled to many of his schoolfellows the characteristics he exhibited while still a boy. The discredited boss was a San Francisco youth, reared in what is now known as the Latin Quarter. His father was a notary public with a small clientele, while his mother conducted a small bakery shop in the neighborhood of the County Jail. Ruef was an industrious chap, but the trait that most strongly impressed his associates was his inordinate appetite. He would exchange almost anything for a share of his schoolmate's lunch. This habit of bartering for food earned for him the nickname of "Piggy," a nickname which clung to him until he became a senior at the State University. One of his distinguishing feats was swallowing whole cookies without masticating them. It was not unusual at the noon hour to see the future political boss standing out in front of a crowd of amused boys throwing these cookies into his mouth as fast as his hand could carry them. Except for his feats in eating cookies Ruef was



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not popular among his fellows. He took little interest in the games of boyhood and was generally left to himself. He displayed no bent for leadership until later years, and then it ran along the lines of shrewdness in bartering the political offices in the Assembly Districts. In this kind of trading he pressed to the front, where in time he became the boss in the up-to-date development of that class of work—grafting.

Follows Family Tradition

The recent romantic marriage of Rosemary Sartoris, granddaughter of General Grant, reminds me that she is living up to family tradition. Rarely do the Grants marry without an unannounced wedding, an elopement or a prank that shocks the prosaic followers of formality and convention. Had Rosemary Sartoris followed the conventions of the set in which she moves she would have had the swellest of church weddings. Instead, one day she called her mother out to a cab, drove around the corner to a quiet church, met her fiance, and was married. None of the Grants were there; none of them knew she was going to be married that day, and none of them took offense. It was just the whim of Miss Rosemary. The marriage of her elder sister, Miss Vivian, was equally unconventional. She married Frederick Scovel, a cousin of President Roosevelt. The two first met at the Sartoris summer home in Canada. They fell in love and Miss Vivian declared at once that she would not have a conventional wedding with palms, flowers, ushers, bridesmaids, wedding cake, rice, old shoes and champagne. So one day the lovers strolled over to the little village church and when they returned to the house Mr. Scovel introduced his wife to the surprised family and the guests. Everybody congratulated them, the relatives all smiled and said "Vivian's a true Grant."

Talk of Another Romance

Captain Algernon Sartoris, who served in the Spanish war, lived up to the Grant tradition in the same manner when he married Miss Cecil Noufflard. Ulysses Grant, third of the name, is still unmarried, but no Grant would be a bit surprised if he did likewise. His sister's marriage, though quite romantic, is the only conventional one of recent years. Julia Dent Grant, the eldest granddaughter of General Grant, met the Prince Cantacuzene while abroad and the impulsive Russian fell deeply in love with her. They were married in the little Episcopal church at Newport, toward the end of the season of 1900. A great reception of notables followed at Beaulieu, the beautiful villa of William Waldorf Astor. They have two children and are ranked among the happiest of international couples. Nellie Grant, the daughter of the General, likewise enjoyed a famous wedding. It took place while her father was President and was the seventh and most brilliant of the White House weddings. She is a widow now and rumor has it that there may shortly be another wedding in the family and that she herself may lead in another romance. The other participant, E. H. Jones, was one of the trio of friends at the recent quiet wedding of Miss Rosemary.

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Social Prattle

By Tantalus

Caught Over Cupid's Phone

Notice has been served Town Talk that the telephone connections between this office and Cupid's Old Stand are in perfect working order. But the other day we tried to get Dan on the wire and the heavenly hello girls must have been discussing the latest peek-a-boo effects in sashes, for all we could hear were such phrases as "Don't you think they'll be rather cold with nothing else on" and "Mine was a remnant, left from Mrs. Joves'." Finally the chatter ceased and Dannie's own sweet voice trickled through the 'phone.

"Hello, Town Talk."

"Hello, Cupid."

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Town Talk, but you know I've been spending most of my time in your city lately and the car service is so bad that I'm always late making connections with my cloud auto that takes me home.

"What have I been doing? Shooting arrows same as usual and hitting the heart every time. Who are the victims? Well, now, there's method in my madness. I've lately observed that several girls have been wasting a great deal of time and affection on canines. When a girl gets real 'doggy,' carries bow-wow biscuit in her pockets and always appears on the streets with a tail wagging at the other end of a leash I know it's time for me to polish up my bow. I'm writing a book now on cardiac symptoms and there's a whole chapter on bow-wows.

"You know Charlotte Wilson, of course,—nice dogs those, and they set off her black dress so prettily. But as I say on page two of my book—well, never mind. I aimed at Charlotte and if you want to hit the bullseye yourself just say to her

'Georgie, Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry.'

"Only she didn't cry. I knew she wouldn't.

"What's his other name? Cadwalader, of course, and hers will be, too, some fine day.

"Then there's Maud Bourne. I met her just a month or two ago on Pacific Avenue bouncing rubber balls for her doggy, so I put her on my list right away and when that swagger young Englishman passed through."

Brr! brr; st; whrr! There was a fiendish racket on the line and that was all we could make out. The wire whrred! and brred but we think he said something about Constance de Young. Finally Dan sang out that Psyche was calling him to dinner and he could smell the ambrosia burning so we hung up.

Wilson-Cadwalader

Although it has not been formally announced everyone in their set has suspected for some time that George Cadwalader would rivet his attentions to Miss Charlotte Wilson with a gold band. Charlotte is the younger of the Wilson girls, her sister Emily having made her debut a season or two before Charlotte's presentation. The Wilsons are in mourning for their father, who died about a year ago, and it is expected that the engagement announcement will be made when they take off crepe. George Cadwalader is a Yale graduate and a brother of "Babe" Cadwalader, the giant of football fame. Although not quite so buxom as "Babe" George could scarcely be called puny himself. He is six feet and then some.

Charlotte Wilson is not as popular with the girls as her sister Emily, who is plump and good natured whereas Charlotte is the slender cream colored type whose palor does not extend to temperament. She says sharp, bright things that some of the girls resent but they admire her none the less for her courage in saying them. Just before the family moved up to their California street house from Burlingame the fair Charlotte gave an open air exhibition of her "spunk" which shows her mettle. The Chinese cook at their Burlingame place was a hot-tempered fellow who brooked interference from no one. The daughter of the household stopped him in the garden one day and attempted to suggest some changes to the pigtailed Boniface, whereupon the irate "Chink" shook his fist in the young lady's face. Before he could strike her she grabbed a nearby hose and played it on the Oriental until she thought he had cooled off a bit. The cook left dripping threats of vengeance and for a while Miss Charlotte's friends were really afraid that he might call down the wrath of the Six Companies and the six thousand gods.

Cupid After a Local Millionaire

A friend in London writes me that a well-known San Francisco society woman is contemplating a divorce from her English husband and if he agrees to sever the marital bonds there is no doubt that she will marry a San Francisco millionaire who was very attentive to her when she was out here last year visting her



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parents. The millionaire in question has long been ranked as one of the most incorrigible bachelors in town. His friendship with a fascinating French widow has always been considered a stumbling block in the path of matrimony but last year when the expatriated Californian was out here the widow realized that her charms had waned and to the surprise of her own friends, and still more to the astonishment of his she gave the wealthy politician his conge. She has amassed a great deal of valuable property in the Pacific Heights district and can afford to waive all claims.

Her Marriage Reported Unhappy

Friends of the Californian have long known that her marriage to the Englishman has been a dismal failure. This is her second venture with the English marital brand, her first husband having died shortly after their marriage. She is a very beautiful woman and exceedingly fascinating and it was evident to all their mutual friends that the wealthy bachelor completely capitulated to her charms when she was out here. On her last visit here he managed to arrange all sorts of delightful affairs in her honor, chief among which were several automobile jaunts about the State.

Bribing Away Good Servants

It is no longer quite so fashionable to be poor and people who sent all their servants away on the heels of the earthquake are bitterly regretting their folly. Capable servants are becoming rare as the egg of the great auk and the woman who has a competent cook or maid keeps it a deep, dark secret for fear her dearest friend will try to bribe the treasures away. The servant question gets more serious every year and now that domestics have learned the value of the blacklist the mistress has to keep on her best behavior in order to stay on the "good books" at the employment offices.

The Cook's Explanation

The other day I asked an Irish cook why Mrs. So and So finds it impossible to get help—no one even answers her advertisements, much less tries out the place. "Oh, shure, and she's blacklisted by the help," said Bridget. "Her last girl gave her the black eye with thim nationalities—and the Frinch won't work for her now, I'm thinking!" From which I would infer that the girls of various nationalities band together and pass along the word—good or bad, and it is now the mistress who must be recommended! Several social lights were discussing the state of affairs the other day and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt related an incident that shows that such things really do happen outside the inkwells of the weekly jokesmith. Mrs. Moffitt advertised for a maid and the woman who answered condescendingly said "Your help speaks real nice of you, Madam, and as long as your references are so good I think I'll try the place."

And Now Japanese Adopt the Boycott

The little brown men are beginning to employ the boycott. An acquaintance of mine recently called in a Japanese boy to wax her polished floor. "You good boy and work quick?" she asked him. "No, me bad boy and work very slow," he pertly replied, and flinging down his polisher he departed, saying, "You get good boy and quick one. I don't like to work for you." In a few hours she went around to the same employment office for another boy but when she gave her house number the agent said: "Very insulting lady live there. My boys no go to that number any more."

Now will you be good?

On dit, that the stork is hovering again over the Jack Spreckels menage. This will be his second visit, and an heir to the Spreckels fortunes is earnestly desired. The first child is a cunning little girl, not at all like her dark, vivacious mother, but a wee plump Dutch maiden.

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Regular $3.00 Special $2.50 each

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Constance Crawley in Fruitvale

This Saturday afternoon Constance Crawley will present "As You Like It" in the spacious grounds of Mrs. Henry Wetherbee in Fruitvale. The proceeds of the entertainment will be given to the Episcopal Church. Miss Mae Sadler will take part in the performance, assuming the role of "Phoebe." Dick Hotaling will take the part of Orlando. No more



Belle-Oudry Photo

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee

delightful place than Mrs. Wetherbee's handsome grounds could be found for the entertainment. There is certain to be a large audience, not only to see the very excellent performance but to help along the church.

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PHONE EMERGENCY 158

Coronado's Great Winter Meet.

The Coronado Country Club has just arranged for this winter's season the very finest assemblage of high class outdoor sports ever given in the west. Among the good things offered will be golf, tennis, polo, archery, automobile gymkhana, and other gymkhana games, clay pigeon shooting, horse racing, rabbit racing, paper chases and numerous other diversions. Special efforts have been made to attract to the meet the bright particular cracks in their respective lines from all over the country. Many of the participants will be of national reputation, and hosts of fashionable people from all over the union have expressed their intention of spending this winter in Southern California in order to witness this fete. The polo contest will illustrate what has been done by the local country club to make the series a success. Paul Schmidt, secretary of the club, went east on a special mission to induce Foxhall Keene and other polo cracks to come out here and enter the games. Mr. Keene consented to organize a team of eastern players to contest for the John D. Spreckels' cup. Frank J. Mackay of Chicago, another famous eastern polo crack, was also induced to form a team to enter the contest. Hawaii is also talking of sending a team. With the California teams entered this series will certainly present the greatest polo ever seen in the state. The entries in the other events promise to be equally as strong.

Mrs. Harry James and daughter Gladys left on the Hong Kong Maru Thursday last for an extended trip to the Orient.

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VAN NESS AT WASHINGTON

Burlingame's Little Spectre.

Burlingame Society is decidedly exercised over a scandal which is slowly assuming threatening proportions. It concerns a man and a maid. The girl is young, pretty, exceedingly popular and single. The man is married and has a trusting young wife who so far is oblivious to her husband's marked predilection for the girl. Everybody also is keenly aware of the man's infatuation but the wife still entertains the girl, who is one of her best friends.

The Spencer Eddys in Paris.

Until Spencer Eddy married Lurline Spreckels he lived in the most modest of bachelor quarters notwithstanding his well known luxurious tastes. Since his marriage and appointment to the American Legation in Paris it is said his aunt, Mrs. Marshall Field, has settled a handsome allowance on him. The Eddys have just moved into a handsome nineteen room flat formerly occupied by Prince Hohenloe, in Paris. The apartments are ideal for entertaining, which the Eddys will do on an extensive scale. It is said that a number of well known San Franciscans are expected to drop in on them when visiting Paris.

Del Monte at Its Best.

Bridal couples dot the landscape of Del Monte just now. The place is at its loveliest since the late rain. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Metzger, of Philadelphia, are spending their honeymoon here, and also Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Catlin, and Mr. and Mrs. H. G. McCall of St. Paul. Two San Francisco newly wedded couples are Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Selby and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bowman. So is Dr. and Mrs. Arthur T. McGinty. Lieut. C. G. Potter and his bride have just arrived. Sir John and Lady Leng with Miss Leng, from Dundee, Scotland, will spend some time there. Sir John Leng was for many years Lord Mayor of Dundee, and is probably the oldest living ex-member of Parliament. Kenneth Lee, from Manchester, England, and Frank L. Hughes of New York, are making a tour of the West, and resting there.

Among the local people staying here as guests are: R. M. Tobin, Miss Blanding, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Silverberg, Dr. Voorhies, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Pillsbury, C. A. Nixon, U. S. A., and wife, Charles Warren Stoddard, Mr. and Mrs. Jack London, Miss Mabel Porter Pitts and Miss Katherine Chandler. Among those enjoying El Carmelo are: Captain and Mrs. Henry A. Styer, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Orrett, Miss Barbara Chapman, Miss I. M. Chapman, Austin F. Shannon, Colonel and Mrs. Hardesty, Louis H. Dyke and wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Rush and Mrs. E. Daniels and daughter. Troops of people come down to enjoy the week-end outings. On these occasions, this winter, Monterey and the adjoining resorts have been unusually lively.

There will be a good many down for the shooting at Thanksgiving time.

Lillie V. O'Ryan, the portrait painter, has returned from the North and opened a studio at 1625 California Street. Miss O'Ryan will shortly give an exhibition of her studies and also the sketches she has made for the cover of the book which the Spinners' Club are about to publish for the benefit of Ina Coolbrith. The Spinners' Club will meet at Charles S. Aiken's next Tuesday afternoon.



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The Citizens' Alliance is now located at Room 514, Union Trust Building, corner of Market and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco. Members will please call and leave their new addresses, or if you have not time to call kindly drop the desired information in the mail box.

Charlie Kenyon Surprised

I recently heard an interesting story of Charlie Kenyon, the clever young San Francisco society man, who after dabbling in playwriting in this city went east to try his talents in Gotham. Mr. Kenyon was a bit of an amateur actor and accepted engagements to play "thinking" parts in order to familiarize himself with stage craft. He polished up a little playlet until it seemed to him fit for a star to shine in. But the theatrical agent to whom the play was entrusted pretended not to see it in such an effulgent light. He gave Mr. Kenyon the usual patter about "convincing situations" and "concentrated climaxes." Fancy Kenyon's surprise when some weeks later he dropped into a theatre to see Arnold Daly and found that the curtain raiser was the pet of his own pen! The name of the play had been changed and the program showed a blank for the author's name. After the play young Kenyon stormed his way to Arnold Daly's dressing-room and charged him with stealing his thunder. Daly informed the young playwright that he had bought the play from a certain agent who was receiving generous royalties. Needless to say, Daly interested himself in Kenyon's claims to authorship and when the agent finally confessed his duplicity Daly not only paid Kenyon royalties but gave him a part in the play which the erstwhile society chap fills like a "really truly actor man."

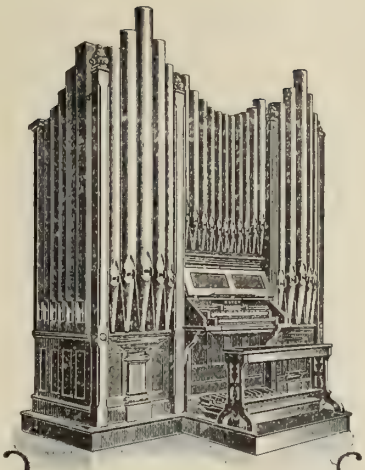
At the Greenway Dinner Dance

The Greenway dinner dance on Tuesday night at the new Palace looked like anything but a "calamity party." There were a few gowns that smacked of other days but for the most part the women were bedecked in fresh finery that did not hint of beggarly economics. Mrs. Alexander Garcean and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller were two of the handsomest gowned women in the ballroom. Miss Virginia Joliffe was the most stunning looking girl in the array of fresh young beauties and was singled out for a great deal of attention. She is very sensitive on the subject of engagements and evidently the outer layer of her patience has worn thin by much good-natured joshing, for she gave the frappe shoulder to everyone who attempted to quizz her on the subject.

The buds were out in full force and, as the laws of the Needs and Greenways prescribe, the evergreen host took each little debutante in turn and bobbed around the ballroom with her. No girl can consider herself decently presented to society until she has waltzed with Edward M. The debutantes wore the usual bread-and-butter gowns designed for unsophisticated Misses. It is not until her second or third season that a girl may startlingly spangle herself into the foreground.

A Chance to Make Children Happy

The Doctors' Daughters, among a lot of other worthy charity duties, are just now trying to lighten the lives and holiday prospects of the thousands of children now living in among tents and shacks of the refugee camps. Mr. Kurtzig, manager of the Colonial Theatre, has generously offered the theatre and the services of his company to give these children a special Christmas performance. After the show there will be a giant Christmas tree to delight the little folks, and every one of them will receive a present. Can't you contribute a present or a small sum of money to help furnish this tree with gifts? Even twenty-five cents will be a great help. Send your contributions to "The


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Dramatic Mirror," care the Refugee's Children's Christmas Fund, or direct to Izetta Jewel or Luzanne M'Ewey, care of the Doctors' Daughters. Do this and you will help to make the refugee children happy during the blessed Christmas tide.

Southern California culture seekers have found their latest lion in Norman Hill Nesbitt, a highly interesting young man who is giving French lectures in Los Angeles, Pasadena and other towns, wherefore French is now the vogue at pink teas and luncheons in exclusive "intellectual" circles. Nesbitt is of Scotch-French parentage and spent his first years in Geneva, where the purest French is spoken. He is a graduate of Edinburgh and has been successively Universalist minister, college professor, journalist in India and lecturer. He has been in very obscure and interesting places in various corners of the earth and still has the wanderlust. He is a splendid performer on the piano and withal is rather diffident in the presence of the fair sex which does him such generous homage.

Thanksgiving Musical Service

Webers' "Jubilee" Cantata will be sung at the First Congregational Church, Oakland, this coming Sunday evening, November 25, by the chorus choir of sixty voices and quartet of soloists under the direction of Alexander Stewart. This will be one of the regular services in the series of oratorio services given by the choir of this church, and also the annual Thanksgiving musical service. The regular soloists of the choir, Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup, Mrs. Carroll Nicholson and Henry L. Perry will be assisted by Frank Onslow, the well-known tenor of San Francisco, who has also been especially engaged to sing the tenor solo parts in the presentation of Handels' "Messiah" in the Greek Theatre, November 27, under the direction of Dr. Wolle. In addition to the "Jubilee" cantata, Miss de Fremery, the organist of the church, will play two appropriate organ selections at this service.

A delightful wedding supper was given by Mr. and Mrs. John Speck at the Paris Tea Garden last Wednesday evening. Sixty guests were present to wish the happy couple God-speed.

The Gaiety Club dance which was to have taken place Wednesday evening at the Paris Tea Garden has been postponed until next Tuesday, November 27. Miss Louise Boyd will be the hostess on the occasion instead of later, as was first announced, and Miss Notolle Coffin, who was to have entertained at this first dance, will give the third of the series for the winter.

The monthly musical services at Trinity Church, corner Gough and Bush Streets, will be resumed next Sunday evening, November 25, at 8 o'clock. Compositions by Stevenson, Cowen, Roberts, Himmel and Mendelssohn will be sung, concluding with Gounod's Gallia. The soloists will be Mrs. John Darwin Gish, soprano; Miss Elsie Arden, contralto; Charles Trowbridge, tenor; Wilfred Glenn, bass, and Louis H. Eaton, organist and director.

Dr. and Mrs. L. D. Mead of Byron Hot Springs sailed for Tahiti Thursday at 11 o'clock on the S. S. Mariposa. They will be away several months.





Stage

New Play a Great Success.

"The Great Divide," one of the season's new plays has made an immense hit in New York. It is the first acting play from the pen of William Vaughn Moody, whose verse has already won him a distinctive and distinguished place in the hearts of all alert lovers of poetry. The very daring and unusual plot of the play is as follows:

"Ruth Jordan, an Eastern girl from Massachusetts, is by accident left alone on her brother's ranch in Arizona. Three men, all drunk and more or less desperate, break into the cabin. Their intention is obvious. Two of them are Mexican greasers, the other is an American. The girl, desperate, turns to the drunken American, and declares that if he will protect her from the others she will marry him. He agrees. He shoots one Mexican and appeases the other with a chain of gold nuggets. After his bargain has been made the woman weakens. She picks up his pistol and is about to kill herself. But her courage fails her. She loves her life too much; she cries and goes out with the drunken man into the night, to be married by the nearest magistrate.

"The second act, nearly a year later, finds her on her husband's place in another part of Arizona. Gold has been found on the mountain-side. He is a rich man. But Ruth, with her New England conscience working overtime, loathes his riches more than his poverty. Unknown to him she makes a living for herself by plaiting baskets which she sells during his absence over at a big hotel. The man is honestly in love with her and she, though she fights against it, really loves him. She made life miserable for him, though. She feels that she is only a chattel, a thing that he has bought for a few gold nuggets, and finally, when her brother and sister track her to the mountain-top, the husband puts the case plainly before her. He gives her her choice and she chooses to go east with them.

"The final act takes place in her old Massachusetts home. A child is born to her, but she can not bear the sight of it. Her mother—a character which dear old Mrs. Whiffen makes uncommonly sweet and motherly—has sent for the husband. He is waiting in the other room when, for the first time, Ruth tells her mother and brother the true circumstances of her marriage. The mother, horror-stricken, cries: "And you married him after that!" The brother starts for the door to kill him, but the wife interposes. She pleads his cause for the first time, and in doing so sees her own faults for the first time. There is a splendid final scene in which husband and wife meet and become reconciled.

As one critic observes this is one of the plays which a synopsis can not describe properly. It has to be seen.

All the critics agree that it is a great play handled in masterly fashion and that it places its author in the ranks of successful contemporary playwrights. Regarding details in character study, handling of the story, coloring and the like, the critics differ in opinion. Pinero's "His House in Order" is said to be the only one that equals it in calibre and execution. From some viewpoints it is pronounced to savor too much of melodrama. William Winter complains that "the ethical element exceeds the dramatic and the central proposition is far from clear." He admits, however, that



THE MUSICAL AVOLOS

Xylophonic Wonders, at the Orpheum Next Week

"there is much human nature in the piece; it creates suspense; it sustains interest and it has solid merits of thought and feeling.

Others regard with distaste the implied argument, expressed as follows: "It must be confessed that the final surrender of Ruth is not altogether consistent, probable or agreeable. The doubt will suggest itself whether a refined and cultivated woman, in such circumstances, ever could forget or palliate, or ought to forget or palliate, an outrage so unspeakable. Theoretically, of course, her excuse is her gradual perception of the innate nobility of the offender. But is the possibility of innate nobility to be admitted in such a case? Supposing, for the sake of argument, that Stephen was only temporarily brutalized by drink and that his true and finer nature asserted itself when he was sober, how happens it that that nobler nature of his did not prevent him from insisting upon the fulfillment of his bargain when he had become fully aware of its enormity and cruelty? Herein lies the weak point of the whole scheme."

One critic, the most radical, concludes that Mr. Moody has rushed in where the hardened playwright would fear to tread, and created scenes which not only bring a thrill, but possibly a blush, to some who grasp the full meaning of the story. He describes the piece as an out-and-out melodrama of the good old fashioned clap-trap brand, lifted above its class by the excellence of the acting and the staging. Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller, the co-stars in the play, are receiving unstinted praise from all quarters, for the very excellent handling of their parts.

Plot of "The Hypocrites"

From the cultured critic's viewpoint, Pinero's "His House in Order," "The Great Divide" and "The Hypocrites" are considered by eastern cities as the three successful dramas of the season just opened.

Whatever reasons may have influenced Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, author of "The Hypocrites," to present his play first on this side of the Atlantic, it has proved to be no error of judgment on his part, for the play has been very favorably received.

Melodrama, but melodrama in the best sense, is the designation applied by most critics to "The Hypocrites." Mr. Jones has painted on the broad canvas he has chosen, with large, bold, and, in the main convincing brush strokes. An unexpected parallel has been drawn between the Jones play and "Man and Superman." In each play a young girl has made a false step and the question arises whether her child is to be legitimatized by marriage. But whereas Mr. Shaw keeps the theme in light comedy by having the young folks already married, Mr. Jones places it in the field of drama by having the prospective father engaged to be married to another woman. The "hypocrites" in question are the young man's family. In the case of a youth of the local parish who has got into a similar difficulty with a woman of light character, they are all for forcing him to marry her in spite of the fact that such a marriage means the ruin of his life. But when they discover the predicament of their own son, the tune changes, and they unite in a conspiracy to prevent a marriage recommended by all motives of humanity and justice. They make the unfortunate young woman, Rachel Neeve, the tool of the hypocritical deception, and the young man's mother, Mrs. Wilmore, eventually persuades the girl to sign a paper exonerating young Wilmore. She even appears before the local worthies and the curate of the village, an uncompromising man of God, to attest the young man's innocence. In the ordeal that follows, Wilmore's better nature finally conquers, and taking the girl into his arms, he openly re-

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Evenings, $2, $1.50, $1. Wednesday Bargain Matinee, $1, 75c, 50c; Thanksgiving Day, Saturday and Sunday Matinees, $1.50, $1, 75c. Seats now on sale.

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pudiates his hypocritical family. The honors of the playing have been equally divided among Richard Bennett in the unsympathetic part of young Wilmore; Leslie Faber, as the curate; Miss Jessie Milward as the mother; and Doris Keane, appearing for the first time in a serious part, as the wronged girl, Rachel Neeve.

As the Germans View Our Drama.

Said Dr. Ludwig Tulda, the eminent German playwright and critic, after his recent visit to America:—"New York, Chicago and Philadelphia are probably the only American cities that know what a good opera is like. the other cities are nowhere.

"And in New York the only genuine theatrical home is the opera, where only European works are produced by European singers and musicians.

"In rich America the dramatic art is the poorest of all the arts. Public bodies and private citizens vie with one another in patronizing and promoting the other arts, but they ignore the theatre; they think it is not good enough to deserve subsidies. The drama is on the very lowest rung of the ladder.

"America has not yet bred a dramatist, and still her theatres produce almost entirely home plays—light burlesques and comedy, melodrama, spectacular pieces in which revolvers play the chief part. Problem plays are tabooed. There is too much of the prude in American playgoers to permit of this.

"Now and again one hears Shakespeare, never systematically, and of the best of what Europe produces Americans know next to nothing. Managers go on playing the same piece night after night as long as it fills their coffers. This is love of art! It stifles art.

"Then the star system! In the playbill the name of the piece is printed small, that of the 'star' is in flaming letters. It is only the star the American theatregoers wish to see.

"Nowhere in the world have I seen such beautiful actresses. Nowhere have I seen such artless dramatic staging and such an artless public.

"The men who write for the American stage are to be envied. They need not bother about dramatic technique; it would be lost on their patrons. Their dramatis personae can come and go how and when they like. Motive is not necessary.

"In the land of wonderful mechanical inventions the stage machinery is the most primitive, even the most ordinary apparatus is missing.

"But the Americans have begun to talk of reform, and—who knows?—the American stage may not wish to play much longer the role of Cinderella."

Domestic Drama at the Colonial

Daniel L. Hart's domestic drama, "The Parish Priest," is proving one of the greatest successes of the season at the Colonial Theatre. It contains a simple but interesting story and abounds in bright and witty lines. It is beautifully staged and a better cast could not be reasonably demanded. Frank Bacon as Michael Sullivan, the factotum of Dr. Cassidy, gives another instance of his extraordinary ability in the delineation of character. His present role is entirely different to any that he has previously attempted here. It is admirable in its quaint drollery and fidelity to nature and suggests the type of Irish peasant Charles Lever gloried in. A. Bert Wesner is particularly happy as Father Whalen, the Parish Priest. Mr Wesner is an actor in the truest sense of the word, who always gives the public his best work, which never fails to be remarkable for great intelligence and

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uncommon ability. Wilfred Roger makes the most of the opportunity afforded to him as Dr. Edward Welsh and gives it a prominence and interest the author hardly would have hoped for. Harry Pollard deserves to be highly commended for his truthful and effective impersonation of James Welsh. Orral Humphries is a great assistance to the cast as Frank Dougher. Izetta Jewell gains upon the public at every performance. As Nellie Durkin she is delightfully sweet and natural. Agnes Cassidy has a thoroughly competent exponent in Edna McClure and Bessie Bacon scores a great and distinct comedy hit as Katherine Corrigan. "The Parish Priest" will close the present season of the Colonial Stock Company on Sunday night. During the next two weeks the company will tour the principal interior towns. Next Monday night the Colonial Theatre will be occupied by Liebler & Co.'s New York Stock Company in Channing Pollock's dramatization of Miriam Michelson's famous novel, "In the Bishop's Carriage."

"In the Bishop's Carriage," Next Week

"In the Bishop's Carriage," the new Channing Pollock play, promises great strength and most fascinating interest. Nance Olden, the young London girl thief about whose redemption the chief interest of the entire play centers is a stronger and more interesting character than Leah Kleschna because, young as she is, Nance Olden understands the nature of her crime. She remains indifferent until her heart is touched by the power of genuine love—an influence to which it has hitherto been a stranger. The while she has been under the influence of Tom Dorgan, a companion in crime, and the admiration felt for one who could thus influence her has been mistaken by the girl for a touch of real affection. When the love for a good, true and noble man has been once awakened, however, she understands how base is the other attachment and learns to despise and detest not only her former associate but the theories and ideas he entertains. She becomes thoroughly reformed, not alone because of her love for Latimer, but because that love has taught her the difference between his nature and hers, and that true happiness cannot possibly exist in the mind and being of the moral pervert.

Strong Programme at the Orpheum

Charles F. Semon, better known as the thin half of the musical comedy team of Falke and Semon, will make his first appearance in San Francisco as a single entertainer at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. He cheerfully announces himself as "The Narrow Feller" and presents a musical monologue that has kept the Eastern vaudeville houses in a state of unbounded hilarity. Two other old favorites are the Dillon brothers, who write and sing their own songs. As dispensers of cheerful and melodious nonsense they have no superiors. The Musical Avolos, who have no equals in Europe and America as xylophonists. The lady and two gentlemen comprising the organization made a great hit on their last appearance here. Lina Pantzer, a dainty bit of femininity and a member of the famous acrobatic family, will offer the bounding wire act that has won her fame on two continents. She carries an assistant known simply as "Tommy," who lends many sensational surprises to her performance. Nick Long and Idalene Cotton, the protean players, will present their new and original comedietta, "Managerial Troubles," and Trovelle, the exceptionally clever ventriloquist, will continue his comedy drama, "The Hotel Office." The Knight brothers and Marion Sawtelle, versatile and accomplished dancers, the Kita Banzai troupe of acrobatic marvels and Orpheum Motion Pictures will complete a striking bill for the Thanksgiving holidays. The grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, have been undergoing some extended improvements and it is safe to say that at no other amusement resort in America are so many and varied attractions to be found. The Zoo is in splendid condition and is filled with rare and curious animals.

Napa's new Hayes Theatre was opened Tuesday evening, November 6, with vaudeville. Mayor Fuller of Napa and the Hon. Theodore Bell delivered short speeches. The house cost over $34,000 and was designed by W. J. Cuthbertson, who planned the MacDonough Theatre of Oakland. Richard Faraday of San Francisco and A. R. Dennis of Vancouver, B. C., are behind the venture.



Jessie Busley

Who will appear Monday night and all next week at the Colonial Theatre in Liebler & Co.'s New York production of Channing Pollock's dramatization of Miriam Michelson's novel, "In the Bishop's Carriage."

"Auto Eye"? You Know How Eyes Suffer After Exposure In Sun, Wind and Dust. Neglect Results in Eye Strain, Redness and Granulation. Be Wise in Time.
Murine Eye Remedy Soothes and Quickly Cures.

And Who Shall Say?

What Happened in the Valley of the Loire

The Orleans Rapide shrieked and bore away toward Jargeau. Ledyard watched it disappear into the cloud of its own vapor, and then turned to the blue-bloused peasant who was loading wooden boxes upon the railed top of the omnibus.

"I shall walk on, and if you overtake me—stop."

The peasant nodded respectfully from the top of his little ladder. If Ledyard's appearance was that of a stranger, his French was pure enough and peremptory enough to command respect even from the most contemptuous native.

He crossed the grass-plot behind the little station and entered on the winding road beyond. The valley stretched wide and far before him, the Loire spreading its September grandeur to the very foot of the slopes on the opposite side. The hills were clad in summer green, as yet untouched by the chill, and on their summits rested a crown of dark green pines, forming a jagged outline sharp against the hazy sky. In the middle distance lay the small village of St. Benoit, its houses clinging in parasitic lanes around the mighty basilica, the Basilique before whose altar "The Maid" stopped her triumphant march to pray.

Ledyard stood still and shaded his eyes with his hand.

"Sublime!" he ejaculated; "I fancy I can see her banners and hear her trumpets this instant! By George! I must find her here!"

Then he walked on a few rods and turned to descend the steeper portion of the way.

Hard by the turning stood an old-time well, guarded and arched by huge, crumbling blocks of stone. Some ancient lindens bent above, their branches interwoven thick with ivy. Beneath their shade She stood, knitting, while her sheep nibbled the herbage, or bleated about her knees.

Her bare white ankles were thrust into heavy black sabots, her dress was of coarsest cotton, the fingers that plied the needles were soft and snowy as the wool they drew; above the line of her knotted kerchief rose other snow and softness, and, upborne by the firm, round pillar of her neck, Ledyard beheld a face—a face—and what a face!

He forced his eyes from the liquid, brown glance that rested beneath the holy arches of her brows—the matchless vaulting of her forehead—and his throat felt parched and dry with the mere sight of the curves of her lips. He walked on, in a blind, unseeing fashion, and wild, tumultuous thoughts surged upward in his brain.

"La Pucelle, of a verity! Great heavens, what luck! I must find out who she is!—I must find out where she lives!—I must have her for my model! Tending sheep—poor—perhaps alone. I'll carry her to Paris—I'll find a place for her to live—I'll work from her night and day—" He paused.

Then something like a wave of maddest scarlet swept all his nerves and a voice at his heart whispered:

"And who shall say? And who shall say?"

. . . . . .

It was the road-mender that he asked—a road-mender with an evil grin, and a back bent almost double by the corvee of bygone generations.

"Bonjour, bonhomme."

"Bonjour, monsieur."

"La jeune fille la——"

The road-mender looked out from under his ragged tangle of hair and cap, and his glance was sly—and cruel.

"Oh, oui, monsieur; oh, oui. It is of the little Jeanne that you speak? Oh, oui. We call her little, but it will soon be a woman—mon Dieu!—soon a woman. Pretty, monsieur, n'est ce pas?—pretty, but so poor. No parents—no friends—lives

(Continued on Page 32.)

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GERMEA

FOR

BREAKFAST

THE IDIOMATIC IDIOTS

Ulrica De Valerian drew her penchant closer about her as she settled into her vis-a-vis. She was a bit risque, that day—a nuance of sauve qui peut crossed her guache features. The boat was pitching heavily, however, and Elbert Suydenham-Briggs was too ad nauseam to notice.

"You were saying——?" she murmured, fingering her prie-dieu.

"Nothing," he replied, with terrific diablerie.

She gave him a tender coup de grace.

"How interesting!" was her murmured answer. Then, "this ship is svelte, isn't it?"

He lurched into the pis aller, as he replied, thickly, "too wonderfully so! Peste! I think I'll go and get a mal de mer."

"Do fetch me one, too!" She looked up at him through her bas bleue. "You know," she added, regarding his soupcon coyly, "I do awfully well like ne plus ultra!"

Devote as he was, he could scarce keep his feet. Already his vice versa had appeared, and he sank into a casserole beside her.

"Ulrica?" he ventured, gazing at her je ne sais quoi, "I love you!"

"Really?" She seemed to admire his divertissement. How well it fitted!

But he was consomme. Rising he threw his arms about her chef d'oeuvre, and pressed a kiss upon her crepe de chine. She shivered.

A dark object dropped overboard. It was a foreign phrase-book.

"Carpe Diem!" he cried, "we are lost! All is over!"

Throwing her chiffonier about her shoulders, she plunged into her bouillon. Bred in a society novel, there was nothing left to say.

A PESSIMIST'S PHILOSOPHY

LUXURY becomes a necessity after you get used to it.

* * *

THE average woman would rather be married than happy.

* * *

EASY Street's sunny side isn't paved with good intentions.

* * *

SOME men get rich because of their ability to separate fools and their coin.

* * *

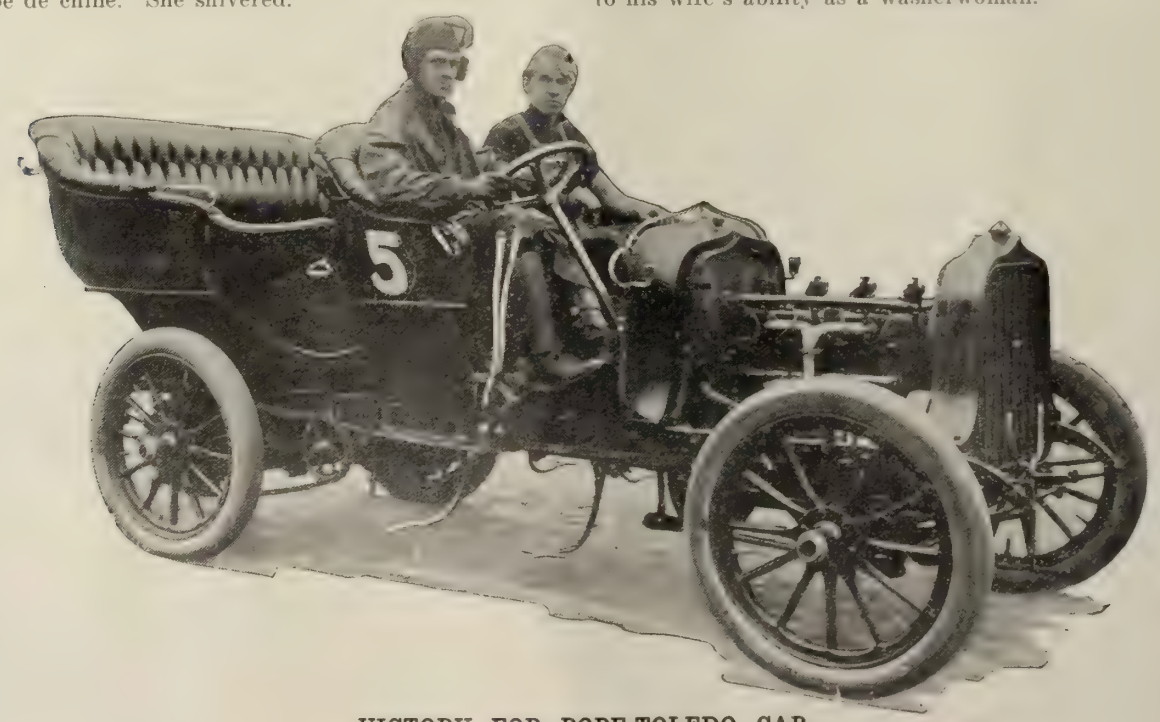
DON'T get the idea into your cranium that women have a monopoly of curiosity.

* * *

IT IS unfortunate that all men are liars—but it is fortunate that all women know it.

* * *

MANY a man's ability to put on a good front is due to his wife's ability as a washerwoman.



VICTORY FOR POPE-TOLEDO CAR

The Pope-Toledo car continues its enviable career in capturing records and in the near future, when out sporting its trophies, it will look like a fluttering mass of blue ribbons. Last month it made a run to be everlastingly proud of by capturing the fifty-mile world's record for fully equipped touring cars. The time was one hour, two minutes and forty-three and one-half seconds, notwithstanding the last mile was made without a tire on one of the front wheels. The race was made on a circular track with a TYPE XII POPE-TOLEDO stock car. The first mile was made from a standing start in one minute and thirty seconds. For five successive miles the car covered each mile in one minute and sixteen seconds but bettered this in the fortieth to forty-fifth miles, which were done in one minute, fifteen and three-fifths seconds to each mile, a wonderfully consistent run from start to finish. Second place was also won by a Pope-Toledo car. Two cars of other manufacturers started but did not finish.

AUTOMOBILE GOSSIP

France to Have a Special Speed Track

Paris, November 23.

It is now certain that the Automobile Club of France will organize a road race in 1907, as in previous years. Owing to differences of opinion and some difficulty in coming to a decision, the Club Committee asked the Chambre Syndicate de l'Automobile—a body representing the manufacturers of France—to give its opinion. Last year the same question was raised, the same difficulties presented themselves, and the Chambre Syndicate was asked for advice. On that occasion the manufacturers voted unanimously for a race, minus two members who abstained from voting, and the Grand Prix on the Sarthe Circuit was the result. This week the question of a year ago was again put to the Chambre Syndicate, with exactly the same result, all voting for a race except two members who remained neutral. It now remains for the Automobile Club of France to officially declare its intention of organizing a race, and to ask the Sporting Committee to frame the regulations. This will be done without loss of time.

A keen discussion is likely to ensue on the conditions of next year's contest, and it is probable that the present regulation imposing only a weight limit may have to give way for a limited power clause, a minimum bore or minimum cylinder capacity with a minimum chassis weight finding favor with many.

That French constructors are becoming more and more afraid of a foreign victory in one of their big road races is evident by the declaration of M. Brasier: "We constructors ought to be obliged every year to prepare racers in order to make experiments and seek out improvements. But, once the cars are ready, it would be better not to race them. The automobile industry would thus have all the benefit of a preparation for a race without us being obliged to play into the hands of foreigners, by offering them a chance to take the revenge so ardently desired."

The Chambre Syndicate also unanimously voted, on the proposition of the Marquis de Dion, who is not a racing man, "That the speed contest shall be held on a short circuit destined to become a permanent course, and on which all similar races shall in future be held."

In France no such difficulties as those encountered by the A. A. A. are met with. With a big detachment of troops and effective barricading the crowd is easily kept back.

The Baron de Turkheim, head of the De Dietrich firm, is afraid of such a course, fearing that it would lead to several races each year, while but one is wanted. M. Brasier shares the same opinion, and is also afraid that such a track would favor the development of freak machines driven by acrobat-chauffeurs. The Marquis de Dion's plan is to form a circuit in some mountainous region, the roads being especially constructed, so as altogether to avoid the public highways. Such a plan receives a certain amount of support, for a special track would be useful to manufacturers to test their machines, racers and others. The difficulty is to find a suitable country near Paris. Auvergne, with all its natural advantages, is too far from Paris to be of practical use.

Alexander Winton may properly be regarded as the governor of the automobile industry. His air control system was the first commercially valuable American automobile governor, while the latest Winton Precision governor gives a new perfection to the carburetor throttle. By means of a differential arrangement, hand and foot control are combined absolutely without lost motion, so that the throttle responds instantly to the slightest movement of either the hand lever on the steering column, or of the spring foot-button.

Offset cylinders, according to a recent French test, decrease the piston wall-thrust one-half on the power stroke and increase it but one-third on the return

(Continued on page 34)



E. P. Brinegar, President of the Pioneer Automobile Company, Giving an Exhibition of the New and Capital Points in the 1907 Model Oldsmobile.

And Who Shall Say?

(Continued from Page 29.)

on the charity of la veuve Bottot. And la veuve herself is poor—so very poor."

Ledyard dropped a big sou in the black-seamed hand, and walked on again; the voice at his heart becoming siren-like in its song:

"And who shall say?"

. . . . . .

He entered the village and threaded those gutter-like streets, until he stood before the transept of the Basilique.

A brown-frocked monk was standing alone beneath the mighty tower, from the heights of which cannon were one time fired into the army of a king of France. It was he who showed the basilica to strangers; he showed it to Ledyard, and the young man listened with apparent attention to the long category of symbol and legend, of bishop and saint. But when there came a break in the explanations, he said:

"Does a woman called la mere Bottot live near here?"

"Monsieur desires a laundress during his stay? Oh, she is excellent, and so good—so worthy! But hold—" the monk stopped and laid a finger on his lip—"she is absent all day today. She works at the Chateau each Tuesday. A message must be left for her." He frowned, and then his face cleared suddenly. "Monsieur visits the environs this afternoon, perhaps? If so he can easily speak his need to the little Jeanne; she tends her sheep by the side of the hill—a charming walk."

Ledyard could only bow his head. He felt speechless. The voice at his heart was rising like the first seethings of a tempest.

"So pretty! So poor! And who shall say?"

At the entrance of the crypt the monk found he had left the keys of the treasury in the door above.

"Monsieur can descend alone," he said, turning, "and I will rejoin him presently."

Ledyard went down the wide stair and threaded the double wheel of those Cyclopean columns, coming out before the altar. There he stood motionless. He could not see the altar—he could not see the tombs beside him. He saw only the picture of his own studio the coming winter, of the model who should break her pose to rest from time to time—who should descend from her throne—who—who——

"And who shall say? And who shall say?"

. . . . . .

He pressed his hand hard against his eyes; the shadows before him were wreathing themselves into different shades of density, and taking form and shape. Then down from His Cross came the Christ, and with His mournful gaze looked upon Ledyard, and Ledyard, resting there dumb and uncomprehending, saw a form stealing out from the dark background, a form which fell on its knees and buried its face in the folds of the Saviour's robe. The Christ laid his hand gently on the bowed head, and slowly upraised the other. In His sad eyes shone the look that only He, who was without sin, may level on other men. That look fell full on Ledyard now, and through the pillared interstices echoed a voice—The Voice:

"And who shall say?"

. . . . . .

Ledyard—atheist though he was—sank on his knees and knew not how long he remained there.

When the monk returned he went with him through the rest of the church but he saw and heard nothing.

"Am I mad?" he asked himself over and over, "or what was it——?"

Then they came out into the fresh air at last and he shook himself hard.

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"There is the house of la veuve Bottot," said the monk, pointing, "but monsieur will do better to leave a message with Jeanne as he passes."

Ledyard felt his conscience reeling.

"Ce n'est rien," he said, struggling, "another day will do as well."

"An excellent laundress," said the monk, "and poor—so poor! And so good-hearted, so worthy of help! Look you, monsieur, poor as she is, she adds to her burdens an extra mouth—a——"

Ledyard drew in his breath with a fearful gasp, making a gesture the desperation of which none but himself might measure the meaning.

"I will leave a message," he said, hoarsely.

He passed unseeing through the dirty streets and climbed the hillside, not knowing whether he hoped to find her still there.

But she was knitting by the well, almost as if some enchanter held her spellbound and motionless under the green shadows. And when she saw him a sweet, pink flush stole over her face and bosom.

My God! so pretty—and so poor!—"an extra mouth to feed——"

Ledyard went toward her, gnawing his moustache; in all his life he had never felt under such stress of emotion as at that moment.

She lifted her dark eyes to his, and he drank in the look in one great sobbing breath——

. . . . . .

And who shall say?

—The Monk.

Our Lady of Pootoo

(Continued from Page 8.)

used to prevail. But the fisheries are not likely to have declined, even if methods have varied.

The boats must start, at any rate, before counting their fish. We left them mustering at Chinhai; and may assume that we have reached Pootoo, therefore, at least a day or two ahead. Let us stroll up to the Weitze temple, which is picturesquely situated in a nest of trees some 1,200 feet above the sea. If the day is hot and the burning of much incense makes the atmosphere close, one can easily exchange it for the fresh cool breeze blowing over the lighthouse peak, a few hundred yards beyond, where one can lie on the grass and enjoy the view at ease. The island itself, as one looks down upon it, is picturesque: hills studded with rocks, nests of trees here and there in the hollows with the curved eaves and colored walls of little temples peeping out between the leaves, patches of cultivation, and an occasional buffalo ploughing heavily through a rice swamp. But you turn seawards for the finest view. There is the green sea line a few miles out, looking so like the horizon that one is hardly sure of the reality—for there is still a tinge of the sediment brought down by the Yangtze so far out as Pootoo: only at high spring tides do green waves roll in on the eastern shore. All around are islands, large and small, from the bold hills of Chusan to the little outlying rocks which offer an opportunity for shipwreck if you are driven to sea on a dark night by an unexpected gale. And here at last are the fishing boats—the prettiest sight of all. Hundreds of them came in last night, blowing conch shells to each other in salute, and anchored round about the south of the island. The crews landed early to pray to our Lady of Pootoo for good luck, and ever since they have been streaming

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out to sea. These boats all run in couples, one having a large deck-house, the other a smaller shelter with a large working deck, and they file out two and two with military regularity. Here are 150 in view at one time, stretching from the beach far out to sea—and still they come. You will see them again probably if you prolong your stay, though possibly under less picturesque conditions. Pootoo lies ten miles only from the nearest point of Chusan, and at that point is a large and prosperous fishing village called Sin-kea-meng. It is situated, as the name meng (gate) implies, in a narrow channel formed by the close contiguity of the island of Loo-kea, and to this it owes its origin and its importance. High hills all round make it a safe refuge even in typhoons, and one may see from a point of vantage on Pootoo hundreds of the brightly-painted boats crowding in from the open sea before bad weather, or standing out again with the returning sunshine, or on their way back possibly from Tinghai, where they have been discharging their catch preparatory to a renewal cruise in what the Chinese have poetically named the Water Lily Sea.

Quite the cleverest craftsman in San Francisco in repairing and restoring damaged silverware is John O. Bellis of 1624 California street. Since the great fire he has had some very difficult pieces of silverware to restore but in every case, no matter how intricate the design or how badly battered and burned was the old family heirloom, he has succeeded in satisfying his patrons. These damaged old family treasures might easily be ruined forever if placed for repair in the hands of a bungling silversmith but in the hands of a master-smith like John O. Bellis they are sure to be cleverly restored to their original form.

AUTOMOBILE GOSSIP

(Continued from Page 31.)

stroke. Since the pressure on the power stroke is 315 pounds as against but seventy-five pounds on the return stroke, the saving secured by the offset is obvious.

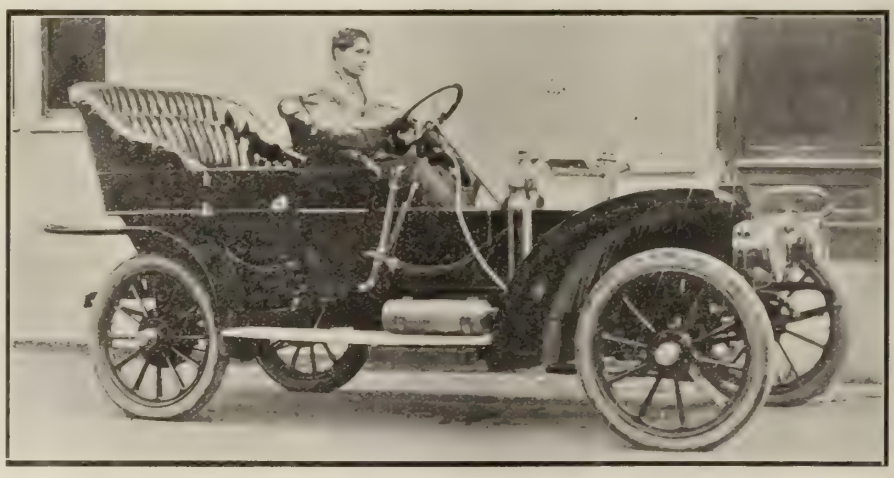
Automobile experts class the six-cylinder fad in the same category with the elliptical sprocket and Simpson chain fads of the bicycle days.

Mr. Chas. C. Moore and family made a trip to Santa Cruz and return on Sunday last in his Thomas "Flyer." This was the twenty-third trip made by Mr. Moore to Santa Cruz in his machine during the season.

Care of Acetylene Apparatus

Many automobilists have trouble with their acetylene lamps merely because they will not give them the comparatively small amount of attention necessary to keep them clean, clear, and in proper working order, and the lamps and generator are often blamed when they are not at fault. Passages must be kept clear, old carbide dust should not be allowed to accumulate too much, and the glass and reflector should be well polished. Modern acetylene outfits are reliable and efficient if kept clean and in good order, but not otherwise, as a rule.

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Letters

The Plow Woman.

In "The Plow Woman" Eleanor Gates has given us a worthy successor to "The Biography of a Prairie Girl," not that the new book is by any means a repetition, for there never can be quite such a delightfully original heroine as the anonymous "Little Girl" who herded the cattle, strapped to her pony's back, before her sixth birthday, planted corn, earned bounty pennies by depriving the gophers of their tails, and did so many other important farm tasks in her infantile way at an age when most little girls are a constant care to their elders. But "The Plow Woman" takes up the tale of a woman's lot on a new farm in Dakota, in the days when the Indians were still on the war path and the Civil War unforgotten. Even Lancaster, the father of Dallas, the heroine of the story was an unreconstructed Southerner. He had been a section boss on a Texan railroad until permanently crippled by an accident. Then, taking his two daughters, who were just on the verge of womanhood, he harnessed his two mules to a prairie schooner and traveled northward to take up a quarter section of government farm land, and it was upon the shoulders of the elder girl, barely eighteen, that the outdoor work fell. Lancaster had a mortal antipathy to anything in the uniform of the United States government, and, moreover, he was of a jealous and suspicious temperament which had kept his family isolated and without the opportunity to make friends. The two girls had never seen a town, for, even in their journey across the plains the father had skirted the settlements. They were as unsophisticated as wild fawns though Dallas had a sturdy common sense and practicability which would have stood her in good stead under any circumstances. Marylyn, the younger, was of softer fibre, shielded and protected by her sister. She had, however, fed full on romantic novels left by her mother, until, between innocent unsophistication and sentimental nonsense, she was ripe for any folly if circumstances were propitious. It was on the shoulders of Dallas, "the plow woman," that the labor of the farm, and the planning and execution all fell, her designation having been bestowed by some of the snobbish ladies of the fort, in derision of her occupation. Without going too much into detail, and thereby subtracting from the interest which every reader must feel in the unfolding of a plot, it will be sufficient to say that this small, ill-assorted and poorly equipped household, probably typical of many pioneer families, found themselves beset by many difficulties besides that of making crops and securing a market. The father's temperament alone was a drawback, in a situation where people must stand together, for he not only considered himself sufficient of a protector and law giver to his household, but he antagonized all who showed a friendly interest in him or his daughters. The quarter on which he had settled was a desirable one, and it had not occurred to him to make any inquiries concerning it, or how it came to be unoccupied. The reason, was simple, as he discovered when, after having made considerable improvement, he, at last, journeyed to the land office to file his claim, and found that he had been forestalled and if the previous claimant made appearance within the statutory six months, he could be ejected as a squatter. It happened that, unknown to Lancaster, a railroad was projected to cross the strip, where a town site had been already platted, and the earlier filing had been made as a speculative venture, the joint enterprise of a real estate speculator and a worthless frontier character. Matthews made his appearance and presented his demand, just too late to be within the limits of the law, but he was in no mind to lose his good thing, and

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through his instrumentality there was let loose the next horror, Indians. The time of the tale is approximately that of the Custer massacre. A number of the captured Sioux were held then at Fort Brannon, and an interpreter was wanted. Matthews was the only man available, and he used his opportunity. Instead of translating the terms and conditions as given to him, he made a compact with the Indian chiefs in which he agreed to compass their escape in return for their assistance in driving the settlers from his land. There is no need to go into particulars, for it is worthy of observance that in all stories of Indian troubles, whether in the north or the south, in large bands or small, there is invariably the white traitor who, for his own ends, makes use of the savagery of the reds. It will be sufficient to say that the scourge fell most heavily where it rightly belonged. Another peril which the pioneers encountered was the danger of freezing to death in a blizzard when they were unprepared, with neither fuel nor provisions, and had consumed the last of their seed grain, when they were extricated by a detachment from the fort, sent to dig them from beneath the drift. Cattlemen, soldiers, and other frontier characters form the background of the story, and the indefatigable missionary and the Indian, Charlie, stand boldly out. Charlie is an original character in fiction, a brave who, having cried out in the torture of one of the Indian dances, was condemned to wear the dress of a squaw and serve the women until he could redeem himself by some conspicuous act of bravery. He had put himself under a vow of silence, which he kept rigidly until his time should come. His soul struggle between longing to be reinstated in his tribe, and his desire to please his friend, the missionary, and serve Dallas, is no small part of the story. Altogether, Miss Gates has succeeded admirably, and one lays down "The Plow Woman" with an additional admiration for the pioneer woman who faced the dangers and duties of their lot and a satisfaction that we, ourselves, will never be called upon to duplicate their heroisms. There are two love stories which end as they should, but one has secret doubts whether Marylyn, who threw away the cartridge belt on the night of headlong flight from the Indians because she found it too heavy to carry, will make much of a success as a soldier's wife, especially on the plains. Published by McClure, Phillips and Co.

Everett T. Tomlinson, author of a number of popular boys' books, the latest of which is "Four Boys in the Yellowstone," one day dropped into the children's room at the Boston Public Library, and felt himself elated at discovering a lad seated at one of the tables deep in the perusal of one of his own volumes. "Assured that I would have an opportunity very much desired, that of drawing from him his own unbiased impressions, I soon entered into conversation with him, despite the rule of silence. For a time he talked glibly and I was congratulating myself that I was securing candid opinions from the very fountain-head—a Boston boy!—when suddenly he looked up and said quizzically: "I know who you are! You're the man that wrote this book. I've seen your picture."

Another literary secret has been divulged. In fact so many of the pussies are being liberated from their bags, that the discovery of the personality behind the pseudonym attracts no attention whatever, and it is only in such extreme cases as that of Fiona Macleod revealed as William Sharp, or A. C. Wheeler, whose death made public the secret of J. P. Mowbray, that even those who deal in literary wares are concerned enough to remember. The latest revelation is with regard to "The Breath of the Gods," and "Truth Dexter," given forth as the works of Sidney McCall. Sidney McCall,

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we are now told, is Mrs. Mary McNeil Fenollosa, a southern woman who has spent most of her adult life in Japan.

The H. M. Caldwell Company has made a number of additions to their standard series. First, there is a new tobacco book, "Cigarettes in Fact and Fancy," which contains, besides much information on the subject of the growth and manufacture of tobacco, stories verse and poetry dealing with the cigarette. James Clarence Harvey, whose "In Bohemia" was one of the successes of the last holiday season, has written a catchy little volume of original toasts, "Over the Nuts and Wine." "Louis' Salads and Chafing Dishes" is a composite, containing the original recipes of three chefs, two connected with a prominent Boston club, and the third, the head of a celebrated Bohemian resort. "The Value of Love," a companion volume to "The Value of Friendship" and "The Value of Courage," compiled by the late Frederick Lawrence Knowles, who died a year ago, shortly after he had completed this last work, will be a most appropriate holiday gift. The Red Letter, Remarque, Laureate, Alcazar, and other editions and libraries which are brought out by the Caldwells have also had numerous new titles added.

—The Bookworm

Is This the 20th Century?

(From the Overland Monthly Magazine)

Is this the enlightened 20th Century or is it A. D. 1700? We have been watching a contest that is suggestive of the Middle Ages.

A telegram to the San Francisco "Bulletin" from the "Kansas City Journal" says that prominent people in that city are recovering from Bright's Disease and Diabetes under a specific discovered in this city, and asks if the same thing is occurring here and if the results are permanent.

The "Bulletin's" reply was "Yes" to both questons.

Consider what this means! Nothing less than that Bright's Disease and Diabetes, two of the greatest scourges known, are curable. This is of profound moment to the whole world. And yet, because the formula belongs to individuals, it has been considered non-ethical and but little noticed by the medical profession, and this notwithstanding the fact that prominent people in this city, including professional and business men, have been cured to so great a number as to exclude doubt.

The editor of the "Overland Monthly" personally knows a number who have recovered. Among them is an editor. He was very low and his death was looked upon as certain. Another is an old-school physician. The latter was rejected for insurance. He would not permit his ethics to stand between him and his own recovery. He can now pass. One would have thought that this case would have attracted attention. But the only comment he reported was an arraignment by a brother physician for using a non-ethical preparation.

We recall that Paracelsus' discovery of the use of mercury was decried for forty years, and vaccination was fought nearly as long. And yet, what physician does not now use both?

And history seems to be repeating itself, for it has for several years been known to some hundreds, probably thousands, in this city that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are no longer in the list of incurable diseases. And yet the world does not know it. Editors, lawyers, manufacturers and business men have discussed it openly, but physicians have breathed but softly of it, although scores have seen patients that demanded the new specific recover.

And what is it that is holding all this back? Ethics!

At the rate the deaths from Bright's Disease are increasing under the most skillful orthodox treatment, according to government and municipal reports, if Paracelsus' forty years' experience is to be repeated, somebody is shouldering an awful responsibility, for what is happening to the patients in these long interims while the antagonisms of the medical schools are adjusting themselves to new conditions?

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Change in Public Sentiment.

An indictment seems to be the greatest instrument for separating a man from his friends ever invented. The five found against Mayor Schmitz by the grand jury seem to have awakened thousands who followed His Honor with unswerving devotion during the five years of his prosperity to the surprising and disconcerting fact that he is not exactly the sort of a man whom one may either consort with or defend. This discovery has not come gradually; the exposure of the corrupt methods of the administration made during the last five years by the newspapers has had nothing to do with it. It was coincident with the returning of the indictments that charged Mayor Schmitz with felony. The legal process by which the mayor was placed on a plane with the commonest suspect whose antecedents have ever been the subject of a grand jury investigation suddenly alienated those loyal followers who were ready to support him while his power lasted, but could not afford to be known as his friends when that involved sacrifice rather than aggrandizement. Not least conspicuous among these are the reverend gentlemen who received him last year at their church fairs and in exchange for his gracious contributions hustled about the ungodly business of vote-getting. The mayor is not likely to number these among the friends who stick loyally to him through adversity. Still less will he retain the affection of those whom he has attached to himself with the golden bands of patronage. This sort of retinue is always ready to shout for its leader as long as his control of places makes his friendship valuable, but just as soon as his power weakens it scampers away like the proverbial rodents. Schmitz has not changed since the grand jury indicted him. Nothing is known against him now that was not known or very strongly suspected before. He has not suddenly become a moral monster. But the stain of being officially found out and legally branded is upon him; so the popular estimate of him is being altered. Of course this is simply justice working itself out along the lines that make men ashamed of their human nature. The popular estimate of Schmitz certainly needs re-adjustment; it is high time that the general attitude towards him was changed. But this does not make the part played by all his "loyal" friends any less despicable.

Back Page Journalism.

For the last week or so Dorothy Dix has been allowed to deface the back page of the Examiner with a series of articles entitled "Ten Commandments for the Married Man." Dorothy of the untiring wrist starts out each morning by enunciating some such banality as this —"Remember thy wife's sweet tooth, for matrimony changes not the nature of a woman;" and then expatiates on it for a column's length. Her exegesis is a hodge-podge of slang, vulgarity and forced witticisms that would disgust all intelligent readers if intelligent readers had the stomach for more than a morsel of it. There is no originality in what she says and neither novelty nor cleverness in the way she says it. She deliberately writes down to the vitiated taste that sees humor in the ridiculing of marital unhappiness. As Dorothy is very hard on the husband in the present series her female readers must be simply tickled to death as they read her onslaughts. No doubt they giggle gleefully when told that the average husband cannot remember whether his wife's favorite flower is "cabbages or onions." Of course they are impressed with a sense of their downtrodden condition when solemnly assured that "the majority of married women would drop dead with surprise at any loverlike attentions from husbands." Dorothy Dix is capable of writing rather good sense in passable English, so it is inexcusable for her to descend to this kind of journalistic buffoonery. Perhaps by reading those other eminent back page journalists who are the particular delight of back stairs readers—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Clara Morris, Belle Blitz and Beatrice Fairfax, she has come to realize that the effort of writing up to an ideal is wasted on the Hearst papers where everything goes. Nothing is so easy to write about as marriage; no tone so readily adopted when treating this theme as that of the cynic and scoffer. Max O'Rell realized that, but he was a wit and a Frenchman. He knew that a thing well said is its own excuse and never asked to be taken too seriously. But Dorothy, even when slangiest, affects the moral tone of a teacher; her homiletics go to ragtime. If we must submit to her vulgarity, by all means let her confine her pen to innocuous subjects. Popular ideas about marriage are loose enough without being submitted to the strain of her clumsy jocularities.

End of Two Political Bogies.

Two old bogies have been laid in the recent election: the folly of putting any faith in "straw votes," and that popular delusion that a big turnout at any political meeting means a proportionate vote for the speakers' side. So frequently have expert politicians been shocked by the difference between the size of the meeting and the vote cast subsequently at the polls that they have cut loose from the old, old notion that the two have any relation to ballot box results. This same conclusion has been reached this year in both the eastern and western fields. Bryan, during his run in 1896 was greeted by the biggest political gatherings ever held in New York, up to that time, yet he lost the state by 268,469. Langdon was met by notably big gatherings in many portions of California during the recent campaign yet he finished last. Oft times lack of other attractions draws a big audience on certain nights. On other occasions it may be that curiosity to see the speaker on account of his reputation may draw an unusually large crowd, as was the case undoubtedly at many of the Langdon meetings. "Straw votes" would have died a natural death long ago had it not been for hysteric daily papers ruthlessly bent on mak-

ing showings for their favorite candidates. Yellow sheets backing Hughes and Hearst had their solicitors out gathering votes purporting to show the public sentiment. Of course their returns showed nothing but the ability of the gatherers to swell the figures of their respective candidates. The Hearst papers presented columns of figures to show that Hearst would surely be elected. The Hughes papers were just as strong with figures proving that Hughes would be the next Governor. The returns demonstrated that the figures of both sides lied. All that such canvasses serve to show is that many citizens appreciate the advantages of the secret ballot and object to making announcement of their political preferences to strangers. This is part of that growing independence of party characteristic of American politics in these days. This growing independence stamped the life out of the "straw vote" at the last election.

The Grand Jury

For many years prior to the application of Francis Heney's galvanic touch the grand jury was looked upon as an obsolete institution. It had fallen into innocuous desuetude. Excepting in its occasional perversion to dishonest purposes it held no terrors and excited no interest. Until Francis Heney demonstrated that it could be successfully employed for the furtherance of justice it was looked upon as a vain and empty institution, utterly incapable of achieving the purposes for which it was created. And now that it has been redeemed from its disrepute we are told that it is so obviously a menace to personal liberty that public sentiment will demand its abolition. This is, however, merely the opinion of some lawyers and certain laymen. The lawyers are habitual defenders of evil-doers and are ever alive to the importance of narrowing the road to jail. It has become temperamental with them to view the divers processes for getting men into stripes, from the standpoint of the defendant and his counsel. Nearly all experienced criminal lawyers are unconscious enemies of the State. Having spent much time inventing stratagems for the frustration of honest efforts to convict their guilty clients, they seek to soothe their conscience by persuading themselves that they have been consecrated to the task of devising safeguards for the protection of honest citizens. Their logic is similar to that indulged in by Don Quixote when he conceived it to be the duty of a Knight-errant to set free a band of galley-slaves. The laymen who are convinced that through the success of Heney the grand jury has received its death blow are, it is needless to say, politicians of easy conscience, who feel that the pleasures of the political game are in proportion to its freedom from hazard. We doubt that the expectations of these lawyers and laymen are likely to be realized. Instead of Heney's triumph over official greed proving prejudicial to the grand jury system, it should serve to revive the prestige of that process for bringing crooks to their deserts. Now that it has been demonstrated for us that in the hands of an expert the grand jury is a highly effective instrument for the confounding of grafters why should we contemplate its abandonment? We are told that it affords facilities for indulging schemes of revenge. If so, the potentialities in that direction are exceedingly exiguous; and we need not expect to invent a perfect system of government, one under which no wrong can be done. It is right that the guiltless should not suffer, but for the maintenance of government sacrifices are made. To that end men volunteer for war and are slain in battle. The power of the grand jury may be invoked to perpetrate injustice, but it is the only instrument which the law affords by which this city could be redeemed from the sway of the grafters. Lawyers who fail to appreciate the manoeuvring by which their vulpine confrere, Abe Ruef, was brought within the shadow of the penitentiary tell us that there are other measures that might have been taken for the compassing of his downfall. There are, but the ease with which they may be frustrated renders them uninviting. The facilities which the grand jury affords for fixing criminal responsibility are nowhere else to be found, and hence the superior attractiveness of the route taken by Heney.

A Prospect of Technical Delivery

Those laymen and lawyers that view with alarm the potentialities for evil residing in the grand jury system should remember that an indictment is not tantamount to a verdict of guilty. An indictment is not final. It is nothing more than a complaint by virtue of which the accused is given his day in court, there to be tried by a jury of his peers; and so numerous are the safeguards which the law made by lawyers throws round a defendant in a court of justice, that if he is innocent, if he has not been keeping bad company, if his activities have been well within the sphere of legitimate endeavor, he has little to fear. It is no easy matter to railroad a man to the penitentiary. The Oliver grand jury has been doing a great deal of what the lawyers call "fishing." And the lawyers think it most reprehensible for a judicial body to go on an expedition for the luring of evidence from the depths under circumstances by which they are deprived of the joyful privilege of perplexing and confusing with technical objections. To the lay mind there is nothing essentially wrong in ignoring the punctilios in the investigation of what appears to be criminal conduct. The lay mind knows no ethics for the protection of thieves. But the lawyer is as fearful of irregularities in judicial procedure as though the law were an exact science. He is alarmed at the prospect of a dangerous precedent being established, though well should he be aware of the fact that the law knows no precedent; that what courts declare to be a fixed principle one day they set aside the next. The successful lawyer is he that knows how

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to circumvent what somebody believes to be the law and what may be the law today and something else tomorrow. The probability is that the Oliver grand jury, in its fishing excursion, has established many precedents, and no doubt the grafters will rely more on the ability of their attorneys to have those precedents pronounced fatally prejudicial to individual liberty than on their own ability to establish their innocence, but even though the questions involved be determined adversely to the public interests that circumstance should not prejudice public sentiment against the grand jury system. So far as we know the only weakness of the system lies in its dependence on a degenerate judiciary which in the past has too frequently filled the grand jury box with the names of men notoriously unfit for any kind of jury duty. Instead of thinking of abolishing the grand jury we should resolve to scrutinize more closely the lists of jurors prepared by our judges. And at the same time we should let our judges know that we expect them to differentiate men qualified for jury duty from those that are disqualified by reason of reputation and the character of business in which they are engaged.

The New Eastern Bugaboo

The Eastern press is falling into the error of drawing a parallel between Japan's protest to the United States regarding the way her children are being treated by the San Francisco school department and the protest of Italy when the four Italians were lynched by the New Orleans mob in 1891. These four subjects of the King of Italy were among nineteen Italians that had been rounded up by the police on the charge of assassinating Chief of Police Hennessey, who was engaged at the time trying to run down certain members of the Mafia. Nine of the prisoners were brought to trial. A month was consumed in taking evidence; then the jury acquitted six of the accused and disagreed as to the guilt of the three others. Public feeling in New Orleans was running very high. A mob quickly surrounded the jail and shot eleven of the prisoners. Among the killed were the four unnaturalized Italians. Their relatives at once put in claims for damages and the King of Italy demanded to know why his four subjects had not received that protection to which every person is entitled under existing treaties and statutes. All sides agreed that up to the action of the mob the victims had received the full protection of the law. After that point was reached persons acting in defiance of the law of Louisiana and of the laws of the United States stepped in. In San Francisco no mob has risen to prevent the Japanese children from attending the public schools. On the contrary, the law has been strictly followed according to the views of the Board of Education. The difference of opinion lies in the interpretation of the law. On account of the great lack of accomodations in the few school buildings left by the big fire the Board of Education is endeavoring to segregate certain pupils so as to provide more room. The Japanese children are not being disbarred from attending school but are being given quarters by themselves. The laws of California provide that all pupils of Mongolian parentage shall be educated in special schools. These separate schools have always been in vogue here and the protest against them has never been raised before. Since the late war however the Japs have stretched mentally and physically and seem to think some peoples should make room for them. At present they are keenly alive to learn American ways, probably with a view to ultimately capturing some of America's trade and dollars. They believe the best preparatory work for doing this is to mix as much as possible with American families. Hence their present eager efforts to have their children mix with the American school children and their persistent efforts to break into American families in the guise of "student servants." Nobody but an Eastern Yankee alert to skin anyone, even a countryman, in hopes of making a dollar out of "Oriental trade" would ever dream of comparing the present action of the Board of Education with the violence of the New Orleans mob. The law under which our Board of Education acted may be unwise or may be in conflict with Article VI of the United States Constitution, pertaining to treaty rights. That is a question for the Federal courts to determine, and that is now being done in a fair and amicable spirit. The anxious Eastern trader may rest assured that the Japanese will be given everything allowed them by the treaty law—no more, no less.

New Phase of the Negro Problem

There is a new phase of the negro problem occupying attention in some portions of the southern states where lynching has been most common. The negroes have organized and refused to work for such of the white men as they know or believe have advocated summary dealings with their race. This is particularly hard upon the cotton planters at this season of the year, when the crops are in need of harvesting. In some instances the loss has been heavy. One planter in South Carolina, whose ungathered bolls represent thousands of dollars, has brought suit against some of the leading colored men for conspiracy. The outcome of the litigation will be interesting. If the negroes commit no overt act but simply refuse to accept employment at any wages, it is not easy to see how they can be punished. They cannot be forced to perform labor which they have not agreed to perform. To refuse to work is simply negative opposition. If a man is held in such repute in any community that his losses and misfortunes have no effect on the feelings of those about him, it is difficult to see how the law can assist him. Apparently the negroes have committed no overt acts. They do not seem to have organized in any formal manner, and are not a corporation. They have decided amongst themselves that such men as have shown a great dislike to the colored race must do as best they can without colored assistance. If the cotton planters cannot secure white labor or introduce coolies or islanders, they will either have to abandon the industry or make peace with the negroes. Apparently the negro problem is growing and in a fashion to develop new troubles.

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Double Star

By George Ives

No chain, no golden link of it, no ring,
No instrument of state could bind my heart,
Or make it heavy in the evening
Of lonely days when we two dwelt apart.

Ah but through time, the strata of long years
Have piled above and welded us in one,
All our shortcomings, all our hopes and tears,
Gather about us now the day is done.

For those whose hair is brown now ours is white,
Become the marriage bond, our eight-fold ring,
And when we leave them, passing into night
They shall commemorate our journeying.

And we go on, with neither flesh nor bone,
Nor word-obscured thought to stand a bar,
Between us as we speed towards the throne,
Amidst the worlds a tiny double star.

Perspective Impressions.

And yet to be pinched by Caruso there are many women that would go a long way!

The principal objection to the Oliver grand jury is that it frightens witnesses with the alternative of telling the truth or going to jail. From the standpoint of the Looters' League this is a very grave objection.

The homecoming of Mayor Schmitz is not without its incentive to an ovation, for there are many men in San Francisco who feel that it behooves them to affect an adamantine faith in his integrity.

It is really hard to believe that the Schmitz-Ruef combine gave rich corporations everything they asked for, but charged dive-keepers, brothel-keepers and saloon-keepers all that the traffic would bear.

Every alumnus of Berkeley must feel grateful to Rabbi Voorsanger for calling the attention of the world to the fact that Abe Ruef is one of them.

Some of the big Eastern corporations have seen fit to raise wages on a large scale. Nobody objects to this method of smashing the labor trust.

Charles M. Schwab has been advising the young men of Chicago to invest in town lots. Now if they wish to know how to get the necessary capital let them consult the philosophical utterances of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, and then it will not be for lack of knowledge if they fail to get rich. John has said that capital is the inevitable result of hoarding every nickel that comes to hand. Our rich men are spendthrifts with their advice.



Mr. Bryan—"Alas, Poor Hearst, I Knew Him Well."
—McCutcheon in the Chicago "Tribune."



England's Disarmament.
"Peace on earth"—but war on the water.
—Ulk (Berlin.)

Need of Reform in Marriages

By Rev. Dr. Frank Crane

At the end of every avenue of thought is a closed door. Think any problem through, or try to, and you come by and by to an impassable enigma, a barred and bolted mystery, beyond which the mind cannot penetrate. In physics we come at last to the Origin of Force; in biology, or zoology, or physiology to the Origin of Life; in theology and ethics to the Origin of Evil. These sphinxes guard the nether gates of human speculation.

And in sociology you come to marriage.

The institution of marriage, as it exists today, unregulated save by the caprice of passion, as much the experiment of fools and the folly of the unfit as it is the sacrament of the sober, is the despair of the optimist.

It is the stumbling stone of racial progress. It is the death ditch of every reform. It is the anachronism of civilization. It is the buffoon that rules the world while it mocks at science.

The great truth of this day, which has revolutionized every science but sociology, is evolution, the elimination of the unfit. By this law Burbank produces his magic surprises in the plant world, and every gardener and farmer picks his best seed for the next crop. Every breeder of cattle or dogs or horses follows the same law. Pedigree is not a fancy but a scientific fact not to be trifled with.

"Eliminate the unfit" is nature's law in capital letters. We accept it in all things except in the most vital thing of all—the human race. Are horses of more worth than men?

Present day recklessness in the production of human beings cannot go on without sure and direful results. The tendency of modern culture is to childlessness. The hovels and the slums swarm with children. There's your problem. Any high school boy can give you the answer.

But have we not always done this, and has not the race progressed? Two facts must reply to this objection. First, the careful preservation of the unfit is a modern practice. Formerly the insane and diseased and feeble minded and weak were allowed to die. Only in recent years has the state gone into the wholesale business of housing and helping the unfortunate. Modern altruism has interfered with the stern self-purification of nature. Second, plagues, pests, and wars which yesterday were busy at their terrible work of decimation are being estopped by present day triumph of humane feeling.

We glory in this Christian feeling, and rightly. But it is only the half of destiny. It is one-half, which is to tenderly protect the unfortunate. As far as it goes it is beautiful, divine. But the other half, though it may not appeal so much to sentiment, is more important as concerns the future of mankind. This half is: To see that the unfit do not corrupt the common stock.

Laissez-faire will not do. We can only let marriage alone when we are consistent and let the unfortunate perish. If we nourish the diseased specimens we must see to it that they do not infect the race.

How is this to be done? I do not know. It is the next riddle for civilization to solve. Just now we are scared by the bugaboo of "personal liberty." But personal liberty may become a fetich. We have learned to dare to interfere with it to the extent of compelling the parent to send his child to school, and enforcing vaccination, and locking up the habitual criminal. Some day, somehow, we shall have to go a step farther and prohibit the marriage of the unfit.

A few things we might do now. We might refuse to allow marriage to those tainted with insanity. According to the sixtieth report of the British lunacy commission, "a quarter of the cases of insanity can be clearly traced to heredity." Do you know how insanity is increasing in California? A glimpse at the statistics would startle you. Every one who knows admits that heredity is the principal cause of the increase of insanity in recent years; and not a few go so far as to call it the main cause.

And we might forbid marriage to the "habitual criminal," and to the "habitual drunkard." No person twice convicted for drunkenness should be allowed to reproduce his kind.

And we might unflinchingly set up and adhere to a law prohibiting marriage to any individual pronounced by responsible physicians to have or to have had certain diseases.

These are only a few items. The matter becomes more intricate and difficult as we think further upon it. Of course, poverty is no bar to marriage. The poorest are often the happiest and healthiest.

In my own mind I am persuaded that we are never going to get marriage upon its proper basis until we have abolished or radically changed our laws of inheritance, the injustice of which is apparent from any sociological or altruistic or Christian standpoint. In other words, every child that the State permits to enter the world should be given an equal chance with every other child.

But this, of course, I do not expect you to assent to for at least fifty years from now.

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Pose

By S. R.

If you dislike a person there is nothing gives greater satisfaction, in the absence of any particular charge you can bring against him, than to declare that he poses. Probably you will use the French poseur, a word which adds a delightful additional vapourishness to the general cloud of disapprobation with which you wish to surround your victim. There is an insinuation of insincerity, a hint of pretentiousness without substance which may get very near to an accusation of hypocrisy. It is an assertion that a man consciously wishes to be taken for being something better than he really is. On the whole there is a suggestion of untrustworthiness in the person's character. But there is another view of the matter which places the poseur in a different light. We see the pose, not as a conscious assumption of an attitude, as to which we may make all kinds of invidious inferences, but as part of the natural action of daily life. It is the result of the influence of our fellow-men upon us. There is no intention on our part to deceive them. They rather deceive us by making fancied discoveries of our character which we had not made for ourselves. Our own self-analysis is often very uncertain. It leaves us in a very hazy state as to what our principal or most admirable characteristics may be; those which we should like to feel we possess and by which we should like to be known to our little world. Then something happens which seems to dissipate our uncertainty. We are informed through A that B whom we met the other day considers us a fine genial fellow. It flashes upon us like a searchlight that indeed we are; and thenceforth we have laid the foundation of a pose. We shall fill the role; and a quality which might have been unobtrusive enough on its natural level with our other qualities will be pushed prominently forward and we shall be put somewhat out of balance. There is probably always some natural germ of real characteristic from which the subsequent structure springs. The man who poses must have been genial, or surly, or cynical, or sceptical, or religious before he puts on the extra emphasis which marks the pose; but generally some outside influence will give him the determining push which leads up to it.

One can hardly conceive a man who has not formed some ideal, some type which appeals to his imagination or his instincts. It may be of the scholar, the poet, the artist, the politician, the lawyer, the soldier; it may be that of the patriot or philanthropist, or the more ordinary paterfamilias, the good father of the family. He will be sensitive to every point that is recognized as befitting the characters to which he may aspire; and he will assume, mayhap unknown to himself, but very palpably and amusingly to others, the mannerisms, the airs, the features, the phraseology—whatever distinguishes the type of his fancy. Quite honestly he will go beyond his natural self in the effort to produce an impression; and he will be stimulated by what he knows people expect from a man whose character they assume to be of his selected type. When a man has displayed some characteristic which catches on with the public you may always expect the pose to follow. He is like the public speaker who is stimulated to go further than he would from his own impulse by the feeling of what his audience is waiting for from him. The "mysteriousness" of Beaconsfield, the "high-mindedness" of Gladstone, the diatribes of Carlyle or Ruskin, the "styles" of authors in general, the "love" of the saint or philanthropist may in the beginning be of their essence, but they tend more and more to assume the character of the pose under the incubation of public opinion. We are all playing to a larger or a smaller gallery and showing ourselves off as Mr. Sandow shows his muscles. Even the rough, the hooligan, is not so much a rough or hooligan as he is supposed to be. We may not admire his type, but there are others who do and he plays up to their appreciation. There is a pose of poverty and industry amongst the poor and hard-working as there is a pose of wealth and idleness amongst many of the more prosperous. There is a pose in short for every state or condition that can be imagined; and it is mainly by sympathy that it is produced for our amusement. In some cases a pose is forced on us by circumstances. It may be the pose of friendship or of love, of knowledge, or of gratitude or even of hate. Time working inexorably may disclose the real facts; meantime, without sinister motives we may have to assume the burden of that distressing pose. We are like animals who appear more submissive or more pleased in their relations with us than they really are.

There is of course a great difference in the effect the pose produces on us according as it is cleverly or unskilfully assumed. Though all good manners are a pose they do not offend us, much as we affect to dislike a pose of any kind, but on the contrary are pleasing. Yet the same actions, or modes of speech, are distasteful and offensive, and induce ridicule, or scorn, or contempt when they are gone through by the ill-bred man. The distinction is between good acting and bad acting; between an action which has become a habit and is second nature and one which is hastily assumed without previous and special preparation. A man must not assume the equestrian arts of Don Quixote on Sancho Panza's ass; though his actions are not a whit more artificial and of the nature of pose than Don Quixote's own. The uncultivated man

(Continued on Page 35.)

BRACELETS

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The Spectator

The Triumph of Delmas

Henry C. McPike, formerly of San Francisco and now of New York, came out on a flying trip last week to wind up his affairs in this city and arrange for the transportation of his family and all his lares and penates to his new home. It was McPike who consummated the deal by which D. M. Delmas was engaged to take charge of the defense of Harry Thaw. The stories that have been told of the manner in which the eloquent Californian lawyer obtained the confidence of the Thaw family and the contract for a big fee are wide of the truth. It was not Tom McCaleb that persuaded the Thaws to hire Delmas; nor was it altogether through the influence of Justice McKenna of the United States Supreme Court that the defense of White's murderer was intrusted to the sagacity and learning of the brilliant advocate, but the true story is not ripe for the telling. Suffice it that McPike went East for no other purpose than that of making the deal before the name of Delmas had been mentioned by anybody connected with the case, and that a little later he wired his associate to start at once for New York. It is not generally known that there was a great scramble for the fee which Delmas is to obtain. It is not customary for attorneys to solicit business, but when a case of national interest bobs up, one upon which may be thrown a white light that will make vivid to the country every conspicuous figure that stalks through it, then it is hard to find a practitioner so dignified and so deferential to the proprieties as to scorn to lift a hand by which he might invite inspection of his talents and surpassing endowments. From McPike I learned that among the distinguished lawyers that sought to break into the Thaw case were four United States Senators, and that there was scarcely a large city in the Union out of which there did not come at least one Napoleon of the bar to offer his peerless services.

His Great Hit

Before the decision was reached by which Delmas was engaged there were many conferences among the members of the Thaw family and their advisers. Several lawyers, among them, Hartridge of New York, the man who was engaged by Thaw himself and by whom was defeated the proposition to have the murderer adjudged insane and sent to an asylum, conferred with Mrs. Thaw and Andrew Carnegie, and after they had made a thorough investigation of Delmas's record and read some of his most notable addresses to courts and juries they agreed that he was the greatest gun available for the battle. But though they were strongly impressed before meeting him, with the quality of his genius, he completely won them in his first conference, and the readiness with which he solved some of the intricate problems which they had been resolving for weeks was a phenomenon that commanded their highest admiration. Without more ado they agreed to give him full charge of the case and to let him assume entire responsibility. It has been said in the dispatches that there was some friction between Delmas and Hartridge, but McPike says this is absolutely untrue. Hartridge and Delmas are of the Yale law college alumni and the former was very much gratified over the engagement of the Californian. Hartridge is not a criminal lawyer and was not eager to assume the responsibility of handling the case. I also learned from McPike that the whole Californian colony in New York was filled with enthusiasm over Delmas's good fortune and that every Californian in the metropolis is now "pulling" for the defense. Delmas has become a lion in the clubs, he is a frequent guest at the homes of the millionaires of the metropolis and so much business has already come to the firm of Delmas & McPike in New York that the partner would have no reason to be apprehensive of their prospects even though the Thaw fee were not on their books. As to the result of the big trial Delmas has no misgivings. The insanity plea will be interposed and it will open the door to all the evidence that the defense cares to introduce respecting the aggravating conduct of the amorous architect.

Hearst and Buckley

Even so young a man as William R. Hearst has lived long enough to witness the mangling of the history of his career. In the recent gubernatorial campaign in New York a magazine journalist undertook to enlighten the world respecting the personality of the Independence League candidate and his principal achievements. Then, in that spirit of emulation which has become so characteristic of American magazines as to make them all of one tone, other philosophical biographers rushed in to contribute to the literature of Hearsteria, and the result has been something in the nature of dismal confusion. So far as the performances of Hearst are concerned the modern Bonnells are all equally inaccurate especially in their narrative of his career in California. Among the many erroneous assertions is one which has been given wider publicity than all the rest. I refer to the assertion that Mr. Hearst drove Chris Buckley out of San Francisco politics. Mr. Hearst not only did not drive Chris Buckley out of San Francisco politics, but as a matter of fact he gave aid and encouragement to the Buckley machine in the campaign immediately following



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Buckley's downfall. The machine was then under the management of Buckley's old partner, Sam Rainey, who had returned from foreign parts whither he had flown to avoid being haled before the Wallace grand jury. It was Judge Wallace that drove Chris Buckley out of San Francisco politics and he accomplished the



MRS. ELEANOR MARTIN

From the favorite photograph of the popular hostess, who, by her recent social activities, has proved that she is no longer worrying over the impairment of her fortune which resulted from the April catastrophe.

feat without even consulting Mr. Hearst. When Judge Wallace appointed an elisor to summons a jury Mr. Hearst was as far from divining his purpose as the humblest citizen of the community.

The Genesis of Williams

Mr. Lincoln Steffens, in his disquisition on Hearst and Hearstism, tells us that Mr. Hearst's success in journalism has been attributed to the ability of the brilliant men on his staff, but it is significant, he says, that Tom Williams made the "Examiner" an expense to George Hearst before making it pay for William Randolph Hearst. Mr. Steffens had better seek a more reliable source of information. Tom Williams had not become a successful newspaper manager in the days of George Hearst. When George Hearst was permitting the "Examiner" to run itself Tom Williams was an humble reporter on the staff of the defunct "Alta." And though it is not to be denied that Mr. Williams is today one of the most valuable men on the Hearst payroll, he was not managing the "Examiner" when that journal first became profitable. Long after William Randolph Hearst emerged from college and began experimenting in professional journalism, Tom Williams was managing editor of the "Post" and when he first attached himself to the Hearst staff it was in the capacity of city editor.

The Author of "Casey"

Down at Del Monte there is a man who could, if he wished, write more entertainingly of William R. Hearst and reveal more that is interesting of the character of that odd genius than any person now actively engaged in journalism. His name is Thayer. They used to call him "Phinny" Thayer. He was the editor of the Harvard "Lampoon" when Hearst was the business manager of that breezy college journal. Even in those days Hearst was not slow to discern the symptoms of genius. He found them in the performances of Thayer which were all budding with capabilities, of the kind which Hearst desired to employ and he persuaded his associate to come to San Francisco and become an "Examiner" reporter. Thayer soon blossomed out as a special writer and so excellent was his work that it attracted a deal of attention. Most flattering were the predictions made respecting his future, but Thayer had no taste for journalism and he soon returned to his home in Massachusetts where he associated himself with his father in a manufacturing business. During that brief period spent by Thayer in the "Examiner" office he wrote some verses that have lived ever since; which, in these days of ephemeral, ridiculously boomed effusions, may be considered no small achievement. The verses were entitled "Casey at the Bat." They have been recited by DeWolfe Hopper in every city and one-night stand in the country, and



MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD

The actress whose success in London aroused the jealousy of Edna May. She is the fiancee of Henry L. Bruce, eldest son of Lord Aberdare.

though Thayer is amused at their popularity there is reason for it, for "Casey at the Bat" is redolent of the atmosphere of the ball grounds and fills the mind's eye with a picture typical of the excitement that arises in such a crisis as the musical lines depict. The verses have been attributed to at least a score of jinglers and

only a few months ago a long controversy over the authorship, in a Minneapolis paper, ended with the acknowledgment that they were written by Thayer and first published in the "Examiner." Thayer is now a man of leisure. He has been circling the globe and is now resting at Del Monte, which he pronounces the most delightful resort in the world.

His Opinion of Hearst

The author of Casey is now a dilettante student of economic questions and an enthusiastic golf player. After discussing the questions and the game with him, at Del Monte, the other day I mentioned Hearst, and he said of him that he believed in his sincerity. "Hearst," he said, "must have excitement. His nature always craved it and in indulging his passion he is led into sensational performances. But I believe that it is his sympathy for the oppressed that causes him to make war on the trusts. There is one thing certain: Hearst has deep and genuine sympathy for the afflicted. He never could see anybody suffer without wanting to render assistance."

The Caruso Case

We often laugh at the queer pranks played by Justice in foreign courts, and often is our sense of justice outraged by the rulings of those benighted tribunals, but when one of our own judiciary exalts himself among the asinine bringing obloquy on our system of determining the guilt or innocence of an accused person, we seem utterly incapable of appreciating the humiliating character of the spectacle. I have in mind the recent trial of Enrico Caruso in New York. By way of proving that he was guilty of indecent conduct in Central Park the prosecuting attorney demanded to know whether he was ever married to the woman who is known as his wife and who is the mother of his children. That the true character of that relationship could in no way throw any light on the Central Park incident should be obvious even to the average ignorant American police magistrate. It is not possible to explain in polite language the precise nature of the conduct attributed to Caruso, but suffice it to know that, if guilty, he should have been banished from society. Yet the New York magistrate found him guilty and fined him only ten dollars. O learned and upright judge! I will wager the profit of a year's sinning that you were convinced of Caruso's innocence; that you found him guilty because you were afraid to incur the disfavor of the all-powerful New York police department and that you compromised with your conscience by making the punishment entirely disproportionate to the offense. If Caruso is the unspeakable character described by the foul-mouthed prosecution, it is remarkable that in all the time spent by him in this country, up to the day of his arrest, he enjoyed the reputation of being a pleasant, affable gentleman and that he was never before involved in a scandal.

Buckley's Old Pal

In finding it expedient to get out of town before he could be served with a summons by the Oliver grand jury Jerry Driscoll was reminded of other days when he was confronted by a similar emergency. For this is not the first grand jury whose acquaintance Jerry Driscoll was eager to forego. In the heyday of Chris Buckley's career Jerry was one of his eyes. There was nobody more intimate with that thrifty boss than Driscoll, and when the Wallace grand jury undertook to gather evidence of Buckley's criminality and Buckley took to flight Driscoll went into hiding. It was not so easy for him to get out of town in those days, for he was without funds and he was reluctant to wander abroad among strangers who might not be able to appreciate his talents. But friends came to his aid and with a meagre supply of funds he went to Chicago where he fell in with the Pinkertons who had known him in this city and who found employment for him at the race track. In the course of time Driscoll became a book-maker and made a fortune. He returned to this city a few years ago and acquired an interest in a book at Emeryville.

The Charitable Viewpoint

Judge not that ye be not judged is evidently the motto of those very estimable gentlemen, Rabbi Voorsanger and Congressman Kahn. It is a fine motto. They that live up to it never reprove an offense into which they have no insight. They are ever inclined to balance the scales of justice with the weight of charity. It is by the practice of that admirable forbearance of which Rabbi Voorsanger and Julius Kahn have given us an example, that the virtuous aspire to immortality. When I learned that those estimable gentlemen were disinclined to give credence to the reports reflecting on the character of Abe Ruef and Mayor Schmitz I was almost impelled to applaud but was restrained by those unbecoming prejudices which dominate the undisciplined heart. I regret that I have not reached that beatific state of mind in which there is always a disposition to drown reason in compassionate tears. Though I may permit private affection to blind me in favor of an evil cause there are some degrees of scoundrelism against which I am inexorably prejudiced. I

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may mention among others those to which Abe Ruef and Mayor Schmitz appear to have descended. We are told by the charitably sceptical that we should be incredulous of the charges against them because one of them is good to his mother and the other to his wife and both have led unsoiled private lives. But these are not considerations that should, in my opinion, excite bias in their behalf. The sentiment of affection that prompts men to be kind to wives and mothers is a natural one that imparts grace to those by whom it is exhibited and renders most hideous those by whom it is not indulged, but after all it is but a species of selfishness common to the beasts of the field as well as to the more favored creatures of God. The circumstance that arouses my aversion for Ruef and Schmitz is that while they behaved decently at home and were solicitous for the women of their own families they appear to have greedily engaged in enterprises that depended for profit on the degradation of womanhood.

Stupendous Credulity

The probability is that when the charitably minded, the good men of the pulpit and other eminent citizens who have stoutly resisted all efforts to shake their confidence in their generous friend, Mayor Schmitz, hear all the evidence that has been put before the grand jury, they will lift their eyes and hands to heaven in righteous horror and marvel at the extent of his iniquity and hypocrisy. Then it will be high time for those who have been hammering away for years at the infamously corrupt Administration and seeing their efforts to redeem the city scoffed at by the elect of religion and society, to prove themselves capable of charitable and amiable forbearance. For why should they sneer at the suspicious credulity of Mayor Schmitz's high-toned friends and sympathizers. It was not impossible for good men, gullible by reason of their own innocence of evil design, to believe that Mayor Schmitz was as clean in his public life as in his private. Though it was of course manifest to them that Abe Ruef employed in the law the tactics of a Fagin, that all was fish that came to his net, that through his services every form of vice was enabled to flourish and that Mayor Schmitz made all his nefarious practices feasible, still they may have argued that the cunning lawyer was all the time hoodwinking the unsophisticated fiddler. To thus soberly argue it was necessary for them to hoodwink themselves preposterously, but they may have done that unconsciously in the fullness of their affection for his Honor. Stranger things have happened. The days of enchantments and miracles have not passed. It was proved before a grand jury two years ago that between Abe Ruef and the Mayor's janitor a half interest in a ten-cent theatre was divided before a certain permit could be obtained, and though publicity to the testimony was given, the Mayor's high-toned friends lost not one jot or title of their confidence in him. The whole city was amazed at the boldness of the French restaurant deal, but not the highly respectable friends of Mayor Schmitz, neither in the church nor out of it. It is not, however, for the men that failed to make of Ruef and Schmitz an unbearable stench in the nostrils of a vice-ridden community now to say, "Some take the crooked path of deceitful hypocrisy and a few, very few that of true religion." It is sufficient to rejoice that Heney has been able with a crow-bar to remove the scales from lenient eyes.

Congestion in the Custom House

The quick action that had to be taken in order to afford relief and safety during the big fire has left its impress. Officials learned that red tape could be cut instead of laboriously unwound, and they have not forgotten the lesson. An instance of official celerity was afforded at the custom house last week, and the result threw importers and draymen into a panic. For several months past imported goods have accumulated in the basement of the custom house. Several causes led to this. Some of the importers had no room in their stores for them. Some could not get drays to haul the goods away, for the draymen will not touch Government work when they can get more profitable outside hauling to do. At last the basement became so congested that the new goods that came in could not be examined and appraised for lack of room. Importers who had stores ready for goods and were anxious to start in business found themselves helpless. To demands made on the custom house people that the goods be appraised the reply was given that nothing could be done until the removal of goods already appraised had been effected. Then came a protest from some of the custom house importers to Collector Stratton, who was made to see the necessity of immediate action. Then was the red tape cut. The protest was received at ten o'clock on Saturday morning. Stratton called in several heads of departments, with whom he held a conference. Before noon notices had been prepared, and one was on the way to every importer whose appraised goods were encumbering the basement. The notices were to the effect that all appraised goods that were not out within forty-eight hours would be moved at the owner's expense and stored at his expense in the nearest convenient warehouse. The circulars caused a great scurry among the recipients, and unusual activity in draying circles. There is naturally some criticism of the collector's drastic action, especially among firms that had been using the Government building as a free storehouse. But the occasion demanded summary measures, although it would have been better to have guarded against the congestion by refusing such extended accommodations to the importers. There are over seven hundred and fifty importers in San Francisco at the present time, and the business now being done by them is the heaviest in the history of the city.

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Mullally's Rumored Engagement

It does not require much of a pretext these days to start the rumor of an engagement in society. It seems to be the general impression that the delicate fever which inspired the songs of Sappho is epidemic and that unless Cupid be watched he will cast his spells without the slightest warning. So whenever two that are qualified to mate happen to meet there is speculation on the possibility of the kindling of the sentimental passion, and from conjecture springs rumor upon the heels of which follows gossip that assumes the tone of assurance. Such may have been the genesis of the report that has come to my ears of the engagement of Thornwell Mullally and a very charming and popular society girl of the most exclusive sets. This engagement aroused the interest not only of society but of political circles, for among the politicians it was regarded as fraught with significance. Here is Mullally, said they, in so many words, the man behind the trolley franchise deal, about to wed a relative by marriage of one of the very top-notch principals of the graft prosecution. Is it likely that Heney will be permitted to go ahead, in the event of this marriage despite the fact that he may cause embarrassment in a certain family? Then the politicians laughed. It was a great joke—this interference of Dan Cupid with the plans of the city's redeemers. And it certainly would be a great joke if things were going as they seemed. Thinking so I called Mullally up on the phone and asked him about it. The lady's name was not mentioned. It wasn't necessary. "Not a word of truth in it," said the railroad magnate. "Do you know to whom I refer?" I asked. "Oh, yes," said Mullally. "I know. I've heard all about it, but there's nothing in it—not a word of truth in it, and there's no chance of anybody getting ahead of you for there's not the remotest likelihood of my marriage to any woman on earth." So there! Ye gossips and matchmakers may look elsewhere for food for gossip.

Working Their Way Around the World

Two young University students, Samuel Hellman and Edwin Loeb, are about to carry out one of those novel compacts so popular several years ago: They are to meet in London next spring; one is to travel east, the other west from Berkeley and each is to start with only enough money to carry him one hundred miles. The rest of the traveling and living expenses must be earned on the trip. Hellman is related to the banker of that name in this city: Loeb is the son of wealthy parents living in Los Angeles. He is also a cousin of the Sigmund Stearns here. Social position, college standing and youth therefore lend added interest to their adventure. Young Hellman plans to do newspaper work in the cities he enters in order to pay his way across the continent and reach London. Loeb is already working his way to the Orient as cabin boy on the Spreckels Pacific liner "Sierra." He was given rousing, big send-offs by his family and friends. At first his family entertained strong objections to the venture until he pointed out that he would be as readily at the end of a telegraph line as if he were taking a world tour with a ten thousand dollar letter of credit in his pocket. They consented at last with the stipulations that he should keep the wires busy announcing his whereabouts and never at any time to conceal his identity so that he could always be traced in case of lost or belated wires.

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Where One Talented Man Fell

Half a dozen years ago there were three or four of these agreements started each month. It was a popular fad that had been inspired by Jules Verne's famous story "Around the World in Eighty Days." At one time any old excuse seemed to serve as cause for one of these novel wagers. Some men trundled wheelbarrows; others cooked their way; others started with one hundred dollars, paid all their own expenses and returned with a thousand. One man wagered that with one hundred dollars as a starter he could pay his way around the world and return inside of two years with a wife, two children and a fortune of five thousand dollars. He figured on marrying a widow with the proper number of children and dollars. His experience illustrates how the most gifted will sometimes make mistakes. Within the stipulated time he appeared with a wife, two children and the five thousand dollars cash and claimed the stakes. An investigation however disclosed that the woman had run away from her husband after taking some nine thousand dollars in the bank, and that the children were orphans that she had picked up somewhere in her flight in order to conceal her identity. The notoriety of the disclosure brought the husband on the scene. He claimed and recovered all the money in sight, had the woman convicted for bigamy and left the adventurer short of his original wager, with only the two orphans on his hands.

Most Original Wager of the Lot

Perhaps the most original wager in this line was made one evening in Boston among a hilarious lot of good fellows who were actively dining. It was during the red hot period of this fad and the subject came up for discussion. One of them offered to disrobe, throw his clothes outside the door, start from the room with absolutely nothing on a trip around the world and be back in the same seat within a year with at least one thousand dollars in his pocket. His wager was at once snapped up and all the others at once left the room to receive the clothes outside the door. In a few minutes the clothes were tossed out. The adventurer was a ready wit, a good player on the banjo and a capital entertainer. For some minutes he cudgeled his brains to get out of his compromising initial handicap and into a position where he could make trial to use his talents. Finally he hit on the first of a series of happy schemes that landed him at last a triumphant winner. He seized all the papers in the room and out of them made the most outlandish and fantastic costume he could conceive. Then he called out to his opponents that he was ready and that it would cost them one dollar each to see how he proposed to start on his tour. The crowd outside was a very wary one. In order not to load him up with money wherewith to purchase clothes they appointed a committee of one to pay a dollar and report whether the exhibition was worth the price. The committee promptly reported that it was. The inspired paper genius at once bundled the crowd into cabs, made the round of the clubs that night, gave a little spiel about the wager, did some of his best stunts and before morning he had collected enough money to purchase several suits of clothes. He touched only the high places in skipping around the world. Inside of eight months he returned with enough money to give the most glorious banquet the club ever enjoyed and place a handsome sum to his bank account.

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Where Friendship Ceases

At this writing Mayor Schmitz is approaching his home and each day of his progress westward he becomes cognizant of new qualities in Ruef by which that individual is raised in his esteem. This circumstance irritates his sympathetic friends who, while they have not the courage to express their faith in the integrity of Ruef, wish people to believe that they are convinced that the Mayor has not been contaminated in his association with the man who has been sharing in the profits of brothels and deadfalls. These men must earnestly hope that the Mayor, upon learning how Ruef has covered his Administration with infamy, will immediately utter a pronunciamento of repudiation and endeavor to mollify his enemies by admitting that there was some foundation for their aspersions on his honesty. For, to be sure, while it may be possible to have faith in Schmitz, such a thing as faith in Schmitz and Ruef is inconceivable. And even though some men may be honestly prejudiced against the drastic course pursued by the Oliver grand jury they cannot conscientiously make their prejudices serve as a pretext to justify Schmitz in issuing a new certificate of character to Ruef after he learns how that insatiable money-grubber traded on his influence with the Administration. Schmitz may be under many legitimate obligations to Ruef but he can cancel all of them without prejudice to his honor. Failing to do so how can his friends remain insensible of how irrational is their faith in him? They cannot indulge him forever in his whimsical devotion to a man who, to say the least, has outrageously hazarded the reputation of the Schmitz Administration for common decency. His protestations cannot always be accepted by his defenders as proofs of his vowed integrity. Not even by self-hypnotism can they persuade themselves that he is so dull of apprehension as to see that his loyalty to Ruef redounds to his discredit and makes preposterous the attitude of those who would assert their faith in his innocence.

Censure From Japan

A correspondent writes me from Tokio that the feeling in Japan against America is bitter on account of the separate schools we propose to maintain for the Japanese, and that a hostile feeling prevails because we will not allow the Mikado's subjects to become citizens. The Japanese seem to see nothing out of the way in coming over here (grown men, many of them), and demanding that they share all our school privileges. One would think that they would feel grateful for what we offer—free school buildings and teachers provided for them at our expense. As to their becoming citizens; it is not in the nature of things that they can be anything but Japanese. The races cannot mix. But, according to my correspondent, the Japanese papers discuss the matter daily, and are harsh in their criticisms of us. They also protest against classing their national drink, saki, as wine and collecting a 50 per cent tariff on it instead of the 20 per cent tariff it would have to pay were it classed as beer. They do not understand that this tariff is a matter for the courts to determine. The importers, contending that saki is beer, have sued this country for a refunding of excessive tariff paid. The case has been tried four or five times, the decision each time being in favor of the importers. From each decision this Government has appealed, and ultimately, no doubt, the

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case will be carried to the Supreme Court. Then it will be settled definitely, and, if past decisions indicate anything, the judgment will be in favor of the importers. But every time an appeal is taken the Japanese papers record the fact with much adverse comment, saying that this country refuses to accept the judgment of its own courts and seems determined to enforce an objectionable tariff and a retaliatory tariff is suggested. I discussed the saki trouble at considerable length some time ago, and since that time, I hear, several wine men, anxious to see if it was as vile in taste as I described it, sampled the drink. They agree that I flattered the drink and say that there is no need of a tariff on it, as it will never compete with any American drink.

His Offense to Organized Labor

According to my Eureka correspondent, Gillette lost quite a number of votes in his home county through an act to which he attached no significance. During the sailors' strike he took a voyage to Eureka and, as any other traveler in a hurry would do, went on the first boat that came handy. It happened to be the "Pomona," which was having trouble just then with the unions. Out of this fact his enemies made a point against him and quite a number of union men knifed him in consequence. To show how intemperate some of these union men are, my correspondent tells of a strike incident that has a comic opera flavor. When the "Corona" landed on one occasion the longshoremen, taking serious council among themselves, concluded that they couldn't have anything to do with unloading the boat if the sailors had a hand in it. So they went to work without the crew's assistance. After they had been toiling for an hour or so it occurred to them that they were using the ship's winch. Now the winch is to be used by sailors. It was perfectly obvious that for a longshoreman to use a sailor's winch would be as great a crime as for a painter to wield a whitewash brush or a plumber to drive a nail. So the winch was abandoned and the rest of the unloading was done by hand. This delayed the work a great deal, but union ethics were held sacred. Eurekans are still greatly inconvenienced as a result of the sailors' strike. At the beginning of the strike, the "Pomona" and the "Corona" were carrying the mail to Eureka, insuring a delivery every two or three days. When the strike came and these boats were put on the unfair list the mail carrying contract was taken away from them through political machinations that had union labor inception and backing. The contract was given to the "Eureka," and as a consequence mail arrives only once every five days.

Though Salvation Is Free

Father Wallace, rector of the Anglican Church, St. Mary's the Virgin, has a forceful way of reminding his parishioners that they must pay if they want religion. The destruction of other churches has sent many Episcopalians to the Union Street house of worship. Their coming was heralded as the advent of greater prosperity for the parish. Sunday after Sunday slipped by, however, with no material increase in the collections. Last Sunday the good priest decided to speak his mind. There was not a vacant seat in the auditorium when he stepped, while still in his robes, from the pulpit to the aisle. "Salvation is free because it has been paid for but religion is not," was his preface to a scathing lecture. He frankly told the strangers that they were not welcome to worship in his church unless they were willing to pay the price. It was not sufficient that they should contribute the cost of a cheap cigar. For ten minutes he arraigned in unorthodox fashion the parsimonious churchgoers and then the plate was passed, but with what result the vestry has not disclosed.



The Countess Boni De Castellane

Of whom it is now said that she is likely to become the bride of Harry Woodruff, the actor. There may be some foundation for this report, as the readers of Town Talk should know, for in these columns, a few years ago, was told the story of Anna Gould's and Harry Woodruff's love affair. Long before the whimsical New York heiress thought of buying an obsolete French title she fell in love with the graceful actor, who is best remembered by local theatregoers as the Imp of "When We Were Twenty-one" when that comedy was first presented in this city by Nat Goodwin. Though Anna Gould's brothers went to the Thespian temple in quest of brides they sought to dissuade their sister from marrying into the profession. But she insisted on giving rein to her passion and she would not listen to argument, so the brothers had recourse to strategy. Pretending to approve the match they suggested that it would be well to give Woodruff, who was then very young and whose histrionic talents were scarcely in bud, a liberal education. They offered to pay his way through college and suggested that while he was receiving intellectual nourishment it would be well for her to get a little foreign polish. Woodruff accepted the offer and went to Harvard while Miss Gould went to Europe where she met and married Count Boni. Then the Goulds shut off the actor's income and Woodruff returned to the footlights. Perhaps it would have been better had the course of true love not been interrupted.

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Back to the Moulin Rouge

Harry Sievers, just back from Paris, brings the glad tidings to the gay boulevardiers who occasionally travel Seineward that the famous Moulin Rouge has dropped giving theatrical productions and gone back to its great success, the Parisian promenoir. This proenade, or prowl, is a thoroughly French institution and nowhere on earth is it had as in the Moulin Rouge. The halls are brilliant with electric lights, frescoes, mirrors and gilding. The heated atmosphere is heavy with perfumes and sensuous music, the buzz of conversation and the swish of silk petticoats proclaim in a seductive chorus that there are gay ones present. At the first sight one is prone to fancy that every kind and condition of people on earth is among the merry throng. Out of the streets and the darkness they come and enter the gilded place for a small admission fee, these children of loneliness. All grades are represented from the slum depths to the bored owner of a mansion on the boulevards.

Sirens of the Gas Light

Strangers enjoying their first tastes of "Paris life" are there aplenty. And it isn't long before the shrewd, quick witted Parisiennes have them in tow and safely hooked as to their pocketbooks. Their siren wiles are numberless and surpass the keenness of man. The ordinary method is to wheedle the stranger into paying for their drinks, bon bons, flowers, ice cream, coffee, or some other order; for everything imaginable to satisfy the passing appetite is on sale there, and on everything sold to "treat" a girl she gets a small commission. In this way the airy fairy creatures pick up from two to twenty dollars a night. Gay Parisians love the place and drop in there like the idle tourists to have a wild frolic, pay the piper, and wake up next morning to enjoy a revulsion of emotional penitence.

Mr. Shaw's Latest Suggestion.

The irrepressible George Bernard Shaw has seized his lance, mounted his charger and is out again exhiliratingly tilting at the wind mills. This time it is the ten commandments and he aims to upset the whole ten. Especially is he anxious to demolish the sixth. His war cry is that we don't kill enough people and don't kill the right kind. Valiantly he has jumped over the Osler fence and thinks he has discovered large classes of people in the community who ought to be killed. He doesn't propose witch doctors or lottery schemes to pick them out, nor is he himself to be the sole arbiter. "Every citizen," he says, "ought every few years to be brought before a public board and asked if he could justify his existence. If he could not make it clear that he had done as much for the community as the community did for him he ought to be sent to the lethal chamber." In the ripe fullness of this conviction Mr. Shaw fails to offer himself as the first candidate to test the requirements of the chamber. Probably he thinks he has given the community far more than it will be able to repay him during his lifetime, and that he is forever exempt from the proposed lethal draught. Certainly his wit is active enough to save him from the ordinary roving pound master, but alas for the rest of us under such a test we would be very much in the class of the octogenarians with the terrifying Osler and his age test bogey in pursuit. The best thing for Mr. Shaw, when suffering from some of these lime-light suggestions offered for the betterment of the world, is to seek the retirement of a good sanitarium and wait till the thoughtlet runs its course. The ten commandments are not so much in need of improvement as the men who thoughtlessly break them. And the dyspeptics who, like Mr. Shaw, analyse the world and its actions through darkened glasses are apt to see nothing but the sharp angles of life. Gifted with talents they organize cults, as would Mr. Shaw, only to have them waste away through utter impracticability. Sit in solitary grandeur and grumble, Mr. Shaw. As long as you do it in your own witty and original fashion you are sure to be entertaining. That is enough glory for the playwright. But don't drop in lethal chambers and other horrors, most of us reach them too soon, as it is.

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VAN NESS AT WASHINGTON

North End

An Ideal Place for Lunch Party is the Paris Tea Garden.

Peters' Paintings

Charles Rollo Peters' exhibition of paintings in the art rooms of the White House is one that I would like to spend more time at than I gave to it in the hurry of a busy day. There is something reposeful in the works of Peters, but it is not because there is not intellectual stimulation in them, for they do challenge the imagination and impel one to reflection. It is the solemn stillness of them that is so restful; and the feeling of loveliness and solitude that they inspire, for it is at night and away from the madding crowd that our premier nocturnal dreamer of the brush is in his most congenial mood. From this collection of fourteen paintings it is evident that he has been busy since the fire. Amid the ruins several of the studies were conceived but there are other things, among them a most impressive architectural relic, well worth the twenty-eight hundred for which the artist asks. It is somber in tone with a haunting fascination in it that exhilarates. While there is an idealistic exquisiteness in his "Portal of the Past," a Nob Hill portico, all that survived of one of the palaces on California Street, there is a suggestion of unnecessary exaggeration in the tints. And as for the Street of Despair, while it is interesting one is inclined to feel that it presents too great a mass of architectural commonplaces. However it would be hypercritical to question the artist's judgment in the selection of material. There is much pleasurable interest in his exhibition and it is evident that he has been applying himself conscientiously to his art. He has acquired a daintiness of touch and a dexterity which would justify him in raising his prices even though he had not inherited sufficient money to feel independent.

The new dancing club which was started recently in San Rafael by Mrs. George Boyd and Mrs. Pinckard promises to be a great success with the ultra exclusives of Ross and San Rafael, albeit the price is considered exorbitant by many. Twenty dollars for three dances would make even Greenway blush, but it is not such frenzied finance as one would suppose at first thought. The members have the privilege of bringing their relatives and friends to each or all of the dances. "Of course that is a snap for the Fosters with ten children in their family," said one of the kickers, "but how about me, an only child, who am I paying for?" The club is fearfully select and only the Vere de Vere of Marin County have been asked to join.

"In Tamal Land"

Marin, the most interesting of all the counties of this State because of the infinite variety of its physical charms, a county that should be more famous than all others and that is yet to be discovered by many residents of this city, is the subject of exhaustive exploitation in a most profusely illustrated volume that has issued from the press of the Calkins Publishing house. The book is entitled "In Tamal Land," and the author is Helen Bingham. It is deserving of commendation for the interesting historical data with which it abounds, and in all probability it will awaken interest in the long-neglected territory across the bay. Miss Bingham deserves a great deal of credit for the industry which she must have expended in the gathering of that great mass of information which is to be found between the covers of her book, but it is to be regretted that she did not prove herself a greater mistress of language, for while the effort at "fine writing" is quite obvious, the crudities of style are most glaring and the evidences

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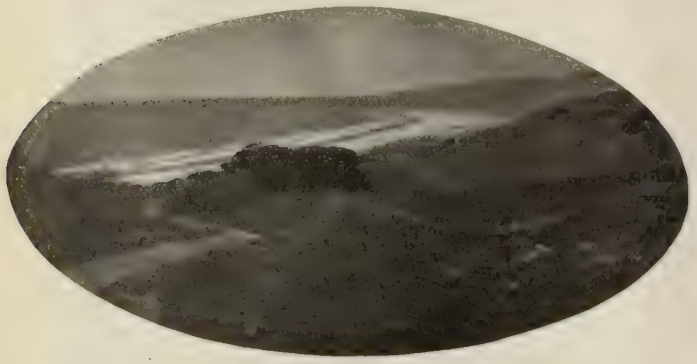
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of unfamiliarity with the tools which she has employed are at times painful. I will give an example: "The name Bolinas—then spelled Baulinas—is believed by some to signify stormy and untamed while others accredit it to be the name of an Indian girl. Which is correct may never be ascertained. Either is probable; owing to its situation 'stormy' may well apply, and as the Tamal Indians formerly inhabited this region and



An Illustration from "In Tamal Land"

in fact spread over the entire county, the last theory is equally feasible. To my mind they are both correct, for might it not have been named for an Indian maiden called Bolinas whose nature was as stormy and untamed as the tempests which often surge about these headlands." As many similarly loose sentences are interspersed throughout the book one cannot read it



An Illustration from "In Tamal Land"

without wishing that it had been carefully edited. Nevertheless it is worth while, for the author has enjoyed the manifold charms of Marin and has written of them in a sympathetic vein. Moreover she has woven into her narrative some of the romance of the history of the county and has shown that in its history there is an abundance of that atmosphere which is typical of the period before the Gringo came.

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Social Prattle

By Tantalus

When They All Rubber

Mrs. Lansing Kellogg is seen frequently in the new shopping district these days and her appearance creates no end of a sensation. Her costumes are invariably most striking. The erstwhile Ethyl Hager has a figure to set off her modish gowns to advantage. Princess gowns are a mode greatly affected by the buxom young matron and everybody "rubbers" when she goes by in a tight-fitting blue suit leaving no detail of her form to the imagination, with a wee hat and a huge chiffon ruche which reaches to the brim of her head-piece. It is the ruche after all which causes the greatest sensation for it is truly immense.

The Sunshine of Her Tresses

Mrs. Frederick Kohl comes to town quite often these days. She is looking more charming than ever, for her pretty, fluffy golden hair seems to be more resplendent than ever. The sunbeams that are reflected from the glorious, shimmering surface of Lake Tahoe have, I fancy, a tendency to soften the shade of rich auburn tresses, for I am not inclined, as some might be, to credit Art with having so deftly accented the golden hue of Mrs. Kohl's priceless ornament. But dear me! If Mrs. Kohl had recourse to Art for the purpose of putting more sunshine in her hair, the circumstance would not be sufficiently novel to excite comment.

It Made Him Angry

The new writer of social gossip on one of the dailies almost precipitated a libel suit the other day by announcing without authority the engagement of a popular naval officer and a young girl living across the bay. The announcement excited the choler of the son of Neptune and I am told that he threatened to institute a suit for damages, but that his indignation was assuaged by a prompt retraction. Of course the objectionable announcement was not libelous, but the gallant officer considered the coupling of the names of a gentleman and lady in so serious a manner a breach of the proprieties. He is so great a beau that more than one society girl heaved a sigh of relief when she read the denial of the reported engagement.

The Patriots of Blingum

I hear that Burlingame is in a high state of virtuous indignation in consequence of the disgraceful revelations before the Grand Jury. The slogan down there is "Down with the Grafters!" and the prevailing sentiment is that the bribe-givers should be heartily ashamed of themselves, but Burlingame is not unanimous and later on, when all the evidence is in the guiltless members of the exclusive colony will feel that they have reason to complain of something more than the coddling of Schmitz with presents to his wife. However most of the women of Burlingame are civic patriots, and I hear that many of them have taken their trade away from a local dealer in children's wear whose friendship for the Administration was recently exposed.

She Electioneered

In the recent campaign, I hear, that chic and pretty young matron, Mrs. Frank Kerrigan, emulated those wives of British statesmen that have distinguished themselves by their zeal as vote-getters. Her husband's election was in no small measure due to her electioneering. During the campaign she was never without her little bag filled with her husband's cards and she spent a lot of time distributing them in the leading dry goods stores in which she enjoys the favor of the clerks for she is one of the most amiable of shoppers. A word here and a smile there from the jurist's pretty young wife won him many a vote.

Mad Pranks of Society Girls

Several seasons ago the fashionables endeavored to prove the Darwinian theory by enlivening their dinner parties with food throwing contests. The men did not take as much delight in the messy business as the women. The champion local bread-ball thrower was the tall, dashing young matron who is the eldest of three stunning young society matrons. Finally this uplifting diversion fell into disrepute and now a new pastime has been evolved in the decadent brain of a well-known clubman. The other night at a dinner given at Burlingame he tried to elicit a bit of information from the young woman sitting next to him and when she laughingly refused to satisfy his curiosity he suddenly lifted his champagne glass and emptied its contents down her back. The table was in an uproar of merriment. The young woman was furious until assured that the champagne would not stain the back of her decollette gown. Then she ignored the indignity



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of the offense and joined in the general glee. When the finger bowls were passed she scored revenge by dousing him with the perfumed water which reduced his dress shirt to a soggy, wilted rag. This damp sort of wit is of a piece with the free-for-all siphon squirting contests that used to enliven the hilarious Sunday picnickers at Steve Sanguinetti's.

What Happened?

A friend in New York writes me that the Bourke Cockrans are on their way to Egypt, where they will spend three months. People out here are still wondering what frost nipped the friendship of Mrs. Francis Carolan and the former Miss Annie Ide. Mrs. Carolan left New York just a day or two before the wedding and in view of the fact that both the Ide girls have been her house guests for weeks at a time it might have been expected that Mrs. Carolan would be a member of the wedding party which was small and distinctly literary. Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson did not go on for the marriage although the bride is the legal possessor of her gifted husband's birthday. But the literary flavor was supplied by Mr. and Mrs. Finley, Peter Dunne and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Harding Davis, a combination that causes a chuckle in Stevensonia.

She Kissed the Boys

One of our best-known society girls has been the means, I learn, of stirring the co-eds of one of our neighboring great colleges to the point of boycotting the male students. It was all because of the singing of a jolly little French song. The belle in question who has been a frequent guest at college social affairs was visiting a certain swell frat house. She was at the piano, surrounded by the college boys, while the co-eds were in groups near the wall. Presently came the jolly little French song, during which the singer bestowed kisses upon the delighted youngsters. There was nothing in the least naughty in the song. On the contrary, it was one of those naive, frank little things that only the French can give the proper twist to. The young lady's rendition of it was inimitable, with just the right touch—that's all. But not so to the co-eds, who not daring anything of the sort themselves, could see it only through the spectacles of Mrs. Grundy. They straightway declared the city girl "unfair" and privately served notice that the men could take their choice of the two. But the victory of the city girl was complete, for thereafter the frat social affairs were run on the open shop basis with the city visitor as queen of the functions.

That Broken Engagement

Everyone is trying to pry open the secret of the broken Newhall-Houghtelling engagement. The Newhalls have locked the reason in the strong box of their memory and are wonderfully uncommunicative. A pert young person attempted to pry open Mrs. George Newhall's confidence the other night but Mrs. George icily suggested that the curious might write to Italy to Margaret Newhall herself for information. When the engagement was announced the whole Newhall clan were jubilant. The young man is the son of a Chicago banker who was a schoolmate of Margaret's father, William Mayo Newhall. So the match was considered a particularly happy one, binding still closer the ties of life-long friendship. Mr. and Mrs. Houghtelling Sr. and the Newhalls took a trip to Europe and young Frank Houghtelling joined them there. But he did not remain long and has been spending most of the summer in Burlingame while his fiancee and her family remained abroad. In spite of the deep secrecy which enfolds the broken engagement Mrs. Grundy, who has been sniffing along the highways and byways of Burlingame, hints that there's another surprise coming and Cupid's in the mix-up.

They Wore Their Second-Best

Mrs. Gus Taylor, Mrs. Will Taylor and Mrs. Fred McNear have not joined the house hunting brigade but will carry latch keys to the Hopkins family home on California Street. Their country places at Menlo Park were not even rumpled by the quake and they will live down there all winter. Mrs. Gus did not offer the astonishing dry goods display at the Greenway dinner which was expected of her. She had just returned from New York and mindful of goodness gracious! gowns that have lime lighted her in the past society expected to see the very latest Fifth Avenue fad. But the lily-like Helen swept in swathed in the gold glitter gown that she wore last year, so it commanded only hold-over prestige. For some droll reason society saves its best gown for the first subscription dance and wears indifferent chiffon to the birthday dinner. It takes a tangled sense of the proprieties to pin a reason to this fact but such is the custom. The Burlingame set all came up in second best to the invitational affair, saving their swagger finery for the "money down" dances.

Such a Shock To Ned

"Mum's the word" but a good story on Ned Greenway is going the rounds nevertheless. When the Palace management sternly nailed down the lid on the decorator's kit of tools Edward M. hied to a new cafe which is achieving pink tea fame. The manager effusively assured the whilom leader that as far as he was

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concerned the whole building could be turned into a garlanded bower—that the chef would sing "Mother, mother pin a rose on me" and the waiters wear forget-you-nots if necessary. Greenway hated to change the scene from the Palace but he had a scheme of decoration which he felt he must get out of his system so he said he would write out the menu for them to consider. It was returned with a line drawn through Mumm and a marginal note saying that another brand of champagne was preferred at that cafe.

Shades of "dead soldiers!" Fancy a Greenway without Mumm! "Back to the Palace for me" whistled Greenway and the roses and lilies and garlanded bowers still bloom in the Never-Never land.

The Whims of Dame Fashion

Charlotte Wilson and George Cadwalader have 'fessed up' that they are engaged as readers of Town Talk knew last week. Both Charlotte and Emily Wilson attended the Greenway dinner, their first function since their father's death. They were dressed in duplicate gowns of pale lavender and with Cupid tagging at both their heels they were conspicuous. It is now supposed to be very chic and "Frenchy" for sisters even if their ages do not tally to dress exactly alike. Time was, in America, when such similitude suggested a bargain bolt of cloth which Ma had picked up at the knock-down counter. But today sticks out its tongue at yesterday and the French custom is the fad of the hour. The de Guigne girls always dressed alike but since her marriage the Viscountess de Tristan has taken to the spangly things denied young French girls. She wore a black glitter gown at the Greenway. Emily and Charlotte Wilson are not the same type of femininity. Their coloring is blonde but Emily casts a plump shadow while Charlotte is modishly thin. Nevertheless their gowns are alike as the proverbial peas.

Miss Keeney's Debut

Last Saturday afternoon the Paris Tea Garden was the scene of a brilliant reception, the occasion being the presentation of Miss Mary Keeney to society. The young debutante besides being exceedingly pretty has a charming and vivacious manner and will doubtless be one of the most popular buds of the season. The artistic decoration of Oriental rugs, palms and dazzling lights gave a very exquisite background for the elaborate gowns of the guests. The number present exceeded four hundred. Among them were: Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Baroness von Schroeder, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Henin, Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Downey-Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott, the Misses Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. M. de Young, Misses de Young, Miss Deane, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Wm. Taylor, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Carry Friedlander, Mrs. Francis Carolyn, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Langhorne, Miss Janet Coleman, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Marguerite Hyde-Smith, Miss Herrin, Misses Harvey, Misses Jolliffe, Miss Josselyn, Major Rathbourne, Sir Henry Heyman, Mr. Lyons Walker and Dr. Charles Vernon Cross.

The first dance of the Gaiety Club will be given Tuesday, November 27, at the Paris Tea Garden. Mrs. John F. Boyd will be hostess at this occasion.

Weddings in Los Angeles Society

One of the interesting Los Angeles weddings of the early fall will be that of Miss Olive Bethel Peacock to E. E. MacDowell, one of the best-known newspaper cartoonists of the South. The latest betrothal announcement of importance is that of Miss Louise McFarland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dan McFarland, to Leo Chandler. The date of the wedding has not been announced. The wedding of Miss Grace Mellus and H. A. Corbusier of San Francisco will be one of the events of the near future. Miss Mellus is a daughter of the J. J. Melluses and is well known in San Francisco.

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Miss Mellus is a cousin of Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy (Susan Howard), who also married a San Francisco man.

Miss Marie Riordan of Los Angeles was quietly married in the North recently to Captain Frederick Wheeler Palmer, surgeon in the United States Army, and the young couple have gone on to Fort Bayard, N. M., where Captain Palmer is stationed. Mrs. Palmer is a daughter of Mrs. D. M. Riordan, who entertained Myra Kelly-McNaughton during her incognito visit to Los Angeles last winter.

One of the large crop of fall buds just bursting upon formal society is Miss Katherine Bashford, younger daughter of the Coles Allen Bashfords and sister of Mrs. Louise Bashford-York who recently married Judge York's son.

Ed Purser, the handsome and altogether fascinating bookmaker, who is credited with having won the heart of more than one fair society belle, left a week or two ago for the East, after having spent the summer in Belvedere as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. "Willie" Whittier. I hear that he was altogether the correct thing in Belvedere society and was seen everywhere with society girls and others of the ultra exclusive set.

Army and Navy Notes.

Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. Navy, who married Miss Kate Dillon in this city, will never go to sea again. He has been placed on the retired list, with the rank of the next higher grade—Lieutenant-Commander—and although he may be assigned, if necessary, to certain shore duties, it is not likely that he will see much more active service. Winship's health is bad, mainly on account of the wounds he received at Malabon, Luzon, where, while in command of the little tender Balanga, he gallantly repulsed an attack by a large force of insurrectos, continuing at his post even after he had been struck by several bullets. A shot in the ankle was the most serious and the principal cause of his retirement.

Rear-Admiral J. B. Coghlan, U. S. Navy, he of "Hoch der Kaiser" fame and the commanding officer of the Raleigh at the battle of Manila bay, will be placed upon the retired list of the Navy on December 7, the date of his reaching the age of 62 years—the retiring age. Admiral Coghlan has a crowd of friends in San Francisco, and they are all wishing that they could attend the dinner that is to be given him by his admirers in New York City on the night of his retirement. Admiral Coghlan's son, Graham Coghlan, is now in San Francisco on business. He was formerly in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and was the second officer of the ill-fated Rio de Janeiro when that vessel was lost on February 22, 1901.

The new armored cruiser California will have as her executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander Charles S. Stanworth, one of the best known and ablest officers in the service, a member of the famous class of '85 at Annapolis. Charley Stanworth is well known on the Pacific Coast, where he served for a long time as an ensign, but he has not been here in recent years. He will first go to the Union Iron Works, where he will supervise the fitting out of the California, joining her as soon as she goes into commission about January 1st.

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Stage

Tree On the Drama

Referring to Henry Arthur Jones's pessimistic utterances in New York regarding the British drama, Mr. Tree says that with all respect to Mr. Jones he is talking arrant nonsense. "The theatre," he adds, "is suffering from its physicians, who pull long faces. The public is deceived by this and imagine that the drama is unhealthy. I question whether there has been so much reason for optimism at any time since the Elizabethan period. Mr. Jones takes a less desponding view of the American drama, but when you are on the other side of the Atlantic there is always a temptation to unfurl the Star Spangled Banner. Perhaps in a way we compare unfavorably with the American public. They are eighty millions, mostly playgoers. We are forty millions, mostly football players. But there is a splendid minority here, which is constantly growing, who care for the art of the theatre and who are fostering the growth of a genuine revival of the English drama. To bewail the decadence of the drama seems to me mischievous indiscretion. Let us leave the mediaeval curmudgeons and literary dryasdusts to their own devices."

Plays By Klein and Chambers

"The Daughters of Men" is the title of the latest play from the pen of Charles Klein, author of "The Lion and the Mouse," and a correspondent writes me that it is likely to prove another great popular success. "The struggle between capital and labor," says my correspondent, "furnishes Mr. Klein his theme." Another new play that scored on its first presentation at the Savoy last week is a comedy, "Sir Anthony," by C. Haddon Chambers. The piece has no very complex plot; it solves no social problems, nor does it call for any degree of unusual acting, but it never ceases to be interesting, and it is well acted. William Norris has the part around which all the action hinges, and although he is not even featured he is provided with more material than falls to the lot of many a star. He is Clarence Chope, an English clerk of the middle class, who returns home after a business trip to America. On the steamer he has met a peer and this slight acquaintanceship changes him into a snob. He pretends, even to his own family, that he and Sir Anthony are on the most intimate terms and both his employer and his rector beg him to use his influence in their behalf. He wears a monocle, uses high sounding words to his old friends and lords it over them generally until it becomes known as the climax to the second act that Sir Anthony has absolutely no use for him in any capacity. Then comes the awakening. His fiancee deserts him and he realizes what a cad he has been. He throws away the monocle, wins the girl back by licking his rival and getting a black eye himself, gives up his high and lofty manners and is forgiven by everybody.

Orpheum Vaudeville

The four Lukens, inventors and originators of the world's most famous mid-air acts, will head the bill at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. When last in this city they created a sensation in athletic circles and since their former appearance here they are said to have perfected a few new stunts. Albert Bellman and Lottie Moore, who present "A Bit of Vaudeville," will receive a warm welcome. They are excellent vocalists and have an act that must needs be seen to be appreciated. The brothers Kochly, Europe's best acrobats, will perform astounding feats of strength. All Germany, says the enthusiastic press agent, declares them to be more than marvels in their line and they will astound even members of the Olympic Club. Charles F. Semon, "The Narrow Feller," who has sent the community into an uproar of laughter, will be heard in new anecdotes and musical eccentricities. The Dillon brothers, who write and sing their own songs, will change their vocal oddities, and Trovollo, the famous ventriloquist who has made such a hit that he has been retained for an additional week, promises a lot of surprises. The four Musical Avolos, expert xylophonists, Miss Lina Pantzer, the graceful, daring and pretty bounding wire performer, and her assistant, Tommy, and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a program full of variety



ALBERT BELLMAN AND LOTTIE MOORE

Who Will Present "A Bit of Vaudeville" at the Orpheum Next Week

and well calculated to please the vaudeville loving public. On the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, are to be found all kinds of varied attractions and the Zoo is well stocked with rare and interesting animals. Two magnificent polar bears, just from the Arctic regions, are the latest arrivals and come in for a goodly share of attention.

Pollock's Clever Drama

It was indeed refreshing to view the richly attired audience at the beautiful little Colonial Theatre last Monday night, on the occasion of the production of "In the Bishop's Carriage." It made us all feel that the old spirit had been revived, that San Francisco was herself again, and when the curtain rolled up and the quality of the art which had drawn us thither was revealed to us we were constrained to felicitate ourselves on the fact that the little old town was once more back on the great theatrical map. Channing Pollock has made a most acceptable drama out of Miss Michelson's story. He did not hesitate to take such liberties with it as were necessary to make for unity and dramatic effect and the result is a play that runs smoothly and in which the interest is accumulative without being too theatrical. The play is dominated by the character of Nance Olden, most effectively played by Jessie Busley, a very clever and intelligent actress, skilled in the art of repression and eloquent in her silences. The supporting company is in every sense adequate. Conspicuous in the cast for their artistic performance are Sam Reed in the bibulous role of Ramsey and James Keene, who does an excellent bit of character work as the thief Tom Dorgan.

Monday evening, December 10, the Colonial Stock Company will reappear in "The County Fair" with Frank Bacon as Aunt Abby.

The Pirates

Next week Gilbert & Sullivan's clever satire, "The Pirates of Penzance," will be presented by that popular organization, the Idora Park Comic Opera Company. In this opera the clever vocalists of the company will have most congenial roles and as the piece abounds in the characteristic witticisms of Gilbert and some of the delightful melodies of Sullivan it should have a long run.

That great comedy drama, "The Charity Ball," through which Belasco and De Mille added to their laurels some years ago, is to be the attraction at Ye Liberty Theatre next week.

—The Playgoer.

RUDE HASTE

They were on their honeymoon. He had bought a catboat and had taken her out to show her how well he could handle a boat, putting her to tend the sheet. A puff of wind came, and he shouted in no uncertain tone, "Let go the sheet!". No response. Then again, "Let go that sheet, quick!" Still no movement. A few minutes after, when both were clinging to the bottom of the overturned boat, he said:

"Why didn't you let go that sheet when I told you to dear?"

"I would have," said the bride, "if you had not been so rough about it. You ought to speak more kindly to your wife."—New York "Evening Post."

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Hasson and Mrs. George L. Hasson, on their way up from Los Angeles in an automobile, stopped for a few days at Del Monte.

Mrs. A. H. Payson, who recently made an extended tour of the South accompanied only by her maid and chauffeur, has been visiting Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Williamson automobiled from Burlingame and remained at Del Monte for a few days.

The picturesque Chinatown of Pacific Grove will before long be a thing of the past. The site has been given to the University of California by the Pacific Improvement Company and a biological laboratory will soon be located there. Professor Loeb is to be at its head, and there will be erected a group of buildings costing about a quarter of a million and accommodating four hundred students.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins will give a tea to her daughter, Florence, next Saturday afternoon which promises to be an exceptionally brilliant affair.

The New Yorkers celebrated their anniversary at an elaborate banquet at the Paris Tea Garden, Monday evening, November 26.

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Monday, December 10—Frank Bacon and the Colonial Stock Company in "The County Fair."

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Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.
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Motor Touring

There is more than one reason why the owners of motor cars should be qualified to drive them. For one thing, it promotes efficiency all round, and therefore (paradoxical as it may seem) is of benefit to the public safety. No one can make a habit of driving a motor car happily or comfortably who has not learned to do it well; therefore it is probable that people who do it for pleasure will do it at least moderately well. For another thing, if it were the custom for owners to drive their own cars we should see less of over-powered and over-sized vehicles on the roads. It is not really pleasant to drive a high-powered car on California roads: the physical strength required, if speed is to be maintained with anything like safety, is considerable, and the strain on the nerves is of a kind that no one would habitually undergo for choice or pleasure. People who always drive their own cars soon find that, if their pleasure is not to be turned into toil, the lowest horse-power consistent with the work the car has to do, and the smallest dimensions consistent with the accommodation it has to provide, are desirable in the interests of their comfort. Moreover, the sense of responsibility is always greater in the man who is driving his own car than in the man who is paid to drive his master's; he is more considerate, more careful, if only of the car; and therefore, provided he knows how to drive at all, his driving is less offensive and more safe for the general public than that of the ordinary chauffeur.

Provided—but it is a large provision. The trouble is that people will insist on driving long before they are qualified to do so. The truth is that the mechanics of motor-car-driving are so easy that they tempt everyone to master them, while the psychology of it is so difficult and obscure that many people do not realize its existence. Yet it all expresses itself in three physical qualities—nerve, ear, and touch. It is the acquisition of these, in a greater or less degree, that makes the finished driver; it is the absence of them that renders useless any amount of theoretical knowledge and produces the dangerous blunderer liable at any moment to lose his head, and almost certain to do the wrong thing in the fatal second of an emergency. The possession of these three qualities in their highest development seems to be an accident of nature, or at any rate a result of very earliest training. Thus the child who has been taught not to pick his toys up by the wrong end, and to know the difference between a thing upon which he may and a thing upon which he may not throw his weight, becomes a boy who instinctively handles tools in the right way, and may afterwards be trusted with guns, boats, and motor cars. But show me a little boy of eight or more years who continues to lift his wooden horse by its tail, in spite of the memory of many tails divorced from their horses, or who takes hold of his model yacht by the mizzen shrouds or the peak halyards, and I will show you a little boy who will never be able to drive a motor car well. So much the better, you may say; but it is the same little boy who will in after life be very liable to tie double-grannies, move with his feet in dangerous places before he has hold with his hands, and leave a cartridge in his gun; and so much the worse for the little boy's friends.

Nerve, ear, and touch can of course be cultivated for the purpose of driving motor cars, and, as we have said, be attained in a greater or less degree. Nerve, in this slang sense, may be described as the faculty of balanc-



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ing the mind and nervous organization against surprise and shock; and as applied to motor-car-driving it means the realization, in a fraction of a second, that no situation is desperate, and that here is a way out of every difficulty. Ear and touch, but touch especially, will supply the way out of that difficulty; touch is the faculty of seeing with the fingers, of deciding, by pressure on a wheel or a lever, what amount of force must be opposed to their resistance to produce certain results. All these qualities must be exercised naturally, easily, and unconsciously; the pulse must never beat faster, even in awkward moments; confidence, certainty, assurance must all join in the conspiracy against accident and the unexpected. And in all matters connected with the guidance of a rapidly moving vehicle, the eye of course plays an obvious part. That correspondence between brain, eye, and hand, so that conditions are seen, understood, and acted upon instantaneously, which is the basis of all dexterity whether of pianoforte-playing, shooting, boat-sailing, golfing, or motor-car-driving, seems to exist naturally in some people, and in others only to be induced by careful training. Some children of three or four years can climb or run on uneven ground, with natural ease; others sprawl and stumble, putting their feet where they did not expect to put them and missing the hold they aimed at with their hands by a wide distance. It is of course easy to train children; but it is not so easy to train the eyes and hands of grown-up persons who have never acquired a really fine co-ordination of their uses. But some degree of certainty and dexterity can be acquired by proper practice; and in driving a motor car the way to learn is to drive very slowly until a complete confidence is established. The nerves must never be tried or shocked by the sensation that the car is getting out of control; the thing attempted must always be well within the powers that have been acquired; and a very gradual extension of it will lead imperceptibly to fuller control, and as easy a mastery over the whole range of the car's behavior as was formerly achieved over a part of it.

—**The Chauffeur.**

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The Exiles

By V. H. Friedlander

The last of the English visitors had left, and her thoughts were of the long winter that lay ahead, of the many days that would be repetitions of this day, with its weary fight against the depression that threatened to overwhelm her.

A fine rain began to fall, and she turned up the collar of her coat.

"Oh, how I hate it!" she thought passionately, including the entire prospect in a comprehensive glance.

On her left was the wide, grey sea, behind her the tiny Irish village, on the right a few scattered cabins, and in front her home.

It was a good-sized house, just passable when the sun shone on its whitewashed walls, but now, seen in the dusk and through the rain, dreary enough. To coax a creeper to soften its hard outline was impossible. Even in the garden, surrounded as it was by high walls, only the hardiest shrubs would grow.

At the gate she noticed a bright light in the dining-room. Was she late, or had Ken got back earlier than he expected?

She let herself in and opened the dining-room door. A man came towards her, smiling.

"You!" she cried in astonishment. "How jolly! But how in the world did you get here?"

He looked at her with subdued admiration. The wind had lashed the color to her cheeks, and blown her hair in little tendrils round the edge of her tam-o'-shanter, and excitement had made her eyes shine.

"The same way, I suspect," he said, "as you did a year ago."

She laughed and rang for tea. "I am sorry for you. That awful train journey, with ruins of every kind of building on every side! And the two hours' wait at the Junction. And the nineteen-mile drive to finish up with. Oh, indeed it was brave of you to come."

"Was it? With the prospect at the journey's end of—a friend?"

She gave him a quick glance and her spirits rose. Because she had been married a year she had not necessarily forgotten the rules of the game, and it was delicious to think of playing it again. It was two years since the man had asked her to marry him, and been refused. That had been the end of a delightful game. How nice of him to be ready for another—under slightly different conditions, of course—but still pleasant enough.

"You've brought the atmosphere of London with you," she said appreciatively. "No, I don't mean fog. And, of course, it may be only that there's an evening paper sticking out of your coat pocket."

"Yesterday's," he reminded her.

"Of course; but you must remember that for here that is startling up to date. We live in the day before yesterday." She was pouring out tea. "Very little sugar and no milk," she said reminiscently, and handed him the cup, "unless you've changed."

He let his eyes meet hers. "No, I've not changed," he said, and she laughed light-heartedly. The game was in merry progress.

But suddenly a thought struck her. She leaned forward in her chair.

"You've not come, have you," she asked, "about Ken? Because he's quite well, he says. Have you seen him?"

He made a reproachful gesture. "Am I always to be a doctor to you now? Can't you forgive me because I once had to pass sentence of death on you?"

She started. "Sentence of death? On me?"

He looked towards the window. The rain was driven by sharp gusts of wind against the panes, and the sea thundered angrily against the rocks below.

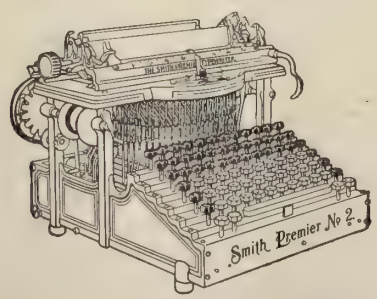
"Wasn't it?" he asked softly.

She turned away, but not before her eyes had thanked him for his sympathy.

"Ken will be in," she said with an effort, "in a few minutes. I do hope——" She hesitated.

"Yes?"

"That you will think it safe for him to go back to London."



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AGNES BELL RHOADS, Soda Bay, via Kelseyville P. O.

"I hope so. He dislikes the work?"

"The Fisheries? Oh, no. It interests him now he's got into it. And Lord Traverton gives him a free hand, you see. As long as he has to lead an outdoor life, nothing could suit him better than this; but——" She smiled rather forlornly.

"Yes," he said, "it's very rough on you. I'm sorry." His eyes invited confidence, and she did not withhold it.

"You know," she began in a low voice, "it's the awful loneliness. Last winter was bad enough, but at least I didn't know beforehand how bad it was going to be. But this winter, if we have to stay, I shall—I do. If only I were different! But I love laughter and music and dancing and pretty clothes. And here we're just buried alive, and it gets worse and worse to bear. Do you know, sometimes I go and open the drawers where my frocks are—my dance frocks that I can never wear—and I—I just howl!"

"Poor little Peggy," he said softly, and she did not notice what he called her.

"It wouldn't be so bad," she went on, "if we hadn't planned everything differently. But it was so hard, when we'd only been married two months, that Ken should get weak lungs and be banished here. You'll despise me, I suppose, for minding so much, but if you'd spent a whole year her——" She made a despairing gesture.

A rather curious expression crossed his face.

"Why not go away for a holiday?" he suggested.

"A holiday? But Ken can't get away at this time of year."

"No?" he said with a faint smile.

She flushed. He was amused at her for implying that husbands and wives were as inseparable as semi-detached houses.

"And I couldn't face that awful journey all alone," she added hurriedly.

"No; but I wonder——"

"What?"

"Well, I was going to ask if you'd put me up till Thursday, and——"

"Why, of course!" she interrupted. "How can you ask? But I'm afraid you'll be thankful when Thursday comes." She smiled at him, remembering the game.

"That depends," he said, "on what you decide to do."

She looked up quickly, but he had leaned back in his chair and his face was in shadow.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Well, I have a message for you. My sister Nora is in Dublin, and I saw her on my way here. She asked me to say that she hopes you will spend a month or two in town with her this winter."

"Lady Warrender?" She looked astonished. "But—I was sure she had forgotten me. She never writes."

"When did you begin to expect letters from Nora? I doubt if I have had three from her in my life. But I assure you she meant what she said. I am meeting her in Dublin on Thursday. Why not come up to town with us?"

Her eyes danced. "To town on Thursday? Oh, how I'd love to! But——"

There was a sound in the hall. "That's Ken," she said. "Oh, no, I couldn't. He'd be so fearfully lonely." She sighed. "But oh, if I could!"

She slipped out of the room when the first greetings were over.

"You'd better let me see how you're getting on," suggested the doctor.

The other man assented. "You know, Mallory," he said, "I feel tremendously fit. It seems such a farce my posing as a consumptive here that I quite meant to come and see you as soon as we could get away for a few days. You see, it's Peggy. Peggy's just—oh, wilting here, though she doesn't say anything. It's confoundedly hard on her, and—well, am I all right?"

Mallory hesitated. "You're all right," he said, "here, Vin-

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cent."

"Oh, hang it, man, you don't mean that?"

"I'm afraid I do. It's not safe for you to go back yet."

"How long?"

"Another year."

Vincent's expression showed disappointment not unmixed with perplexity.

"It's so rummy," he protested, "that I should feel all right. You're quite sure?"

Mallory's voice grew cold. "You distrust my judgment? By all means consult someone else."

"Oh, I say"—Vincent was taken aback—"you know I don't mean that. Everyone knows these confounded lungs are your specialty. It was only that I felt a bit sick about it because of Peggy."

Mallory was appeased.

"I gathered from Mrs. Vincent that it's dull here in winter. In fact——"

"Well?"

"Oh, I was only going to say—but I don't know if Mrs. Vincent would like it."

"Oh, go on, man; Peggy and I don't have secrets."

Mallory smiled. "No? Well, it was only that if you think Mrs. Vincent needs a change I've brought an invitation from my sister for her. But she refused to mention it to you."

Vincent whistled dismally.

"Oh, I say, it would be the very devil, you know."

"For you? So Mrs. Vincent thought." There was just the faintest sting of contempt in his voice.

Vincent had no time to answer; Peggy had come back.

"Please tell me," she said.

"I'm all right," Vincent explained quickly, "but I've got to stop here another year."

"A year?" she cried desolately. "A whole year?"

Vincent nodded. "Poor Peggy," he said. "But I'm not going to be such a brute as to keep you here all the time. Luckily, Mallory has told me of Lady Warrender's invitation. It's just the thing to cheer you up."

"Oh, but you can't stay here alone," she protested weakly. "He oughtn't to have told you. I—I don't want to go."

They both laughed at her tone of desperation.

"Nonsense!" said Vincent decidedly. "Of course you're going."

Mallory had strolled over to the bookshelf. Vincent bent over the back of her chair. "You're just a brick, Peggy," he whispered.

They were nearly halfway to the station before excitement conquered remorse in her. A little ripple of merriment escaped her.

"A penny?" he suggested, smiling.

"You'll laugh," she said; "but I don't care a bit. I was just thinking how delicious a real pavement will feel to one's feet. Do you know, in one of my trunks there are boots and shoes that I've never been able to wear. Have you never been thrilled by an absolutely perfect shoe?"

"Of course; yours."

"Oh, you know I wasn't fishing. I meant of your own."

A puff of wind blew a corner of a long scarf she wore across his face, and his eyes softened as he touched it. But she was not looking.

"Surely it's too good to be true," she said. "Surely I shall wake up and find that the groceries from Dublin haven't come, and that we've got to eat butter tasting of peat."

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They turned a corner, and narrowly escaped driving over a girl who was walking in the middle of the road. She seemed not to see or hear them.

"Why, it's Lizzie Waters," cried Peggy, turning. "Please stop. I must speak to her. There's something the matter."

He glanced at her in surprise.

"There's lots of time; don't look so astonished. She's only a servant girl, but, you see, she's English."

She jumped down, and he took the car on till he was out of hearing.

"What is it?" said Peggy gently. "Can I help?"

The girl looked up dully. "Thank you, 'M, but there ain't nothing to be done. Pat's dead."

Peggy started. "Pat? But—but I saw him yesterday."

"Yes, 'M; it was early this morning. A crane broke."

"Then he—he was at work?" Peggy asked. But she knew the question was superfluous. Where was there a crane except at the Fisheries?

"Yes, 'M."

Peggy felt suddenly faint. If it had been Ken! And it might just as easily have been Ken.

"Poor Lizzie," she said softly.

The girl made a hopeless gesture. "He didn't die for two hours. And he called out for me most of the time, and I wasn't there."

"But you couldn't help that." Peggy tried to comfort her. "You're in service in Galway, aren't you?"

The girl gave a hard little laugh. "Yes 'M; and I'm rightly punished. Couldn't help it? Do you see these things?" She pointed to her dress, which was a vivid blue, and to her hat, heavy with feathers. "When I come out here from England, as maid to Mrs. Drummond, I was fit to kill myself with fretting at the outlandishness of the place. There wasn't nothing right for me, and I was fair wild to get back home."

Peggy gave her a startled glance.

"Yes?" she said.

"But then—after I knew Pat—it was all different. And when Mrs. Drummond went back to England, I give notice so as to stay here near him. We was to get married at Christmas. But my wages was soon gone, and I was always one for liking to look dressy. So I told Pat I should go to service in Galway till Christmas. He didn't want me to go, but I would. I'd always bin used to a town and a bit of life, which was another reason. And now he's dead, and I don't know what I ever seed in them things. If I'd been in time to speak to him——" Her voice trembled for the first time, but she went on. "And I've spent all my money on these clothes, so I can't even buy a bit of black."

Peggy's face was white. She made an uncertain movement. The man in the car in front turned round, and he held something in his hand. Was it his watch? She turned to the girl, and her uncertainty had vanished.

"Lizzie, I can't stay," she said rapidly; "and you must hurry too if you're to catch the Galway boat. You must let me do the only thing I can for you. Get some black things with this."

The girl looked in a dazed way at the gold in her hand. Then her eyes softened. "Thank you, 'M," she said; "I will. Maybe, when I don't have to wear these things no more, it won't seem so crool hard." It was more a question than a statement.

Tears were in Peggy's eyes. "I hope not," she said, and hurried to where Mallory was waiting.

"I'm sorry to have been so long," she said. "The man the girl's engaged to has been killed in an accident at the Fisheries."

"Poor chap!" he said with easy compassion, and drove on. He glanced back carelessly. "That gorgeous attire looks a bit incongruous, doesn't it?" he said.



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She did not answer.

When the station came in sight she turned and faced him.

"Dr. Mallory," she said bravely, "I'm going home."

His fingers tightened on the reins, but he professed to misunderstand her.

"Why, of course," he said lightly; "this is the way, isn't it?"

She shook her head. "Home to Ken," she explained.

His mouth hardened. "Oh, home to Ken," he repeated slowly. Then he bent closer to her, and his voice was fierce. "You don't mean it—you can't! You must come!"

She shrank from him, and suddenly he laughed bitterly.

"What a fool I am! But you took me by surprise, you know. I'm—disappointed."

She was glad when the train had started. Till it had actually gone she had a curious feeling that Mallory might somehow compel her to join him.

Ken was in the dining-room when she got back. The remains of the tea-things were on the table, the curtains had not been drawn, or the fire made up.

"I've come home, Ken," she said simply.

He rushed at her with a great shout. "You little brick!" he said unsteadily; and she laughed, well content.

It was an hour later that the maid came in with a letter. It was from Mallory; he had written it at the Junction, and sent it by one of Ken's men.

Peggy opened it, and motioned to Ken to read over her shoulder.

"I've lost," they read, "and Vincent's won, for the second time. He—and you—shall taste the sweets of victory. I've nothing to gain now by silence. You refused to marry me two years ago, and I couldn't forget. When your husband came to me after he had pneumonia I saw my chance and took it. He needed just ordinary care; he need never have left London at all. But I wanted you, Peggy, and didn't care what I did to get you. I thought I knew you so well, too—just what you could stand and what you couldn't; and it was I who got Lord Traverton to offer him the Fisheries. I meant to do the thing thoroughly, you see, and wear you out. And I waited a year. The length of that year! But last week it was up, and I came to you. You were at the end of your tether, and I was pretty sure of you. But I added on another year just to make certain. And you gave way. What happened today, I wonder? You couldn't have found out that Nora wasn't waiting for us, but that my yacht was? No, I don't think it was that. I shall never know, I suppose, and it doesn't much matter. Whatever it was, it was a near thing. You nearly came, Peggy, didn't you? But when you said 'Home to Ken,' I knew I'd lost.—R. M."

They sat very still for an instant. Then Ken took the letter from her gently, and put it on the fire. For a second a spurt of flame lit up one sentence—"You nearly came, Peggy, didn't you?"

Ken's hand tightened round hers. "By Jove!" he breathed.

"We met Lizzie Waters," she explained, "and she told me about Pat. And—and I knew that it might just as well have been you. And then—oh, I just wanted to come home."

Ken was unaccustomed to clothing his thoughts in words. He had resort to the comprehensive remark that satisfied all needs—ever Peggy's.

"You—little—brick!" he said with conviction.

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Pose

(Continued from Page 9.)

whose ideal is of what he calls "gentility" has simply not the ability to conceive the real elements of the successful pose nor the skill to enact it; hence he commits an aesthetic offense in the presentation of his pose which offends us more than would his unaffected self. Sincerity or insincerity has nothing to do with this; nor naturalness. It is not natural for any of us to have the refinements of good breeding, which are a sophisticated product. They come of favorable circumstances, denied to the common man, joined with the natural talent for imitation which sometimes even carries the otherwise less-favored into the heart of the mystery. For it is true that while some who ought to have the art have it not, through defect of artistic perception and skill to reproduce, others overcome natural disadvantages by natural gifts, and aptly produce the desired effect. The want of the necessary tact and skill is probably the reason why the pose of good manners is in so many cases offensive. It is so because, though good manners are themselves an affectation of man in an artificial civilized state, their unskilful presentation is an affectation on an affectation; and we cannot tolerate a caricature which has been designed in a serious spirit and without a satiric or ironic intention. This explains why we see the ridiculous or contemptible in imitations by the minor poets or minor artists or politicians, or the minors of any sort, even of the minor who puts on mannish airs. Their pose is not like the pose of those they are imitating—an unconscious effect of the influence which, as we have seen, push us all on to exaggerate our natural character; but deliberate copying or aping of mere externals. The pose is ridiculous if it is exhibited in a mistaken belief that the minor is one of the majors; or contemptible if it is a mere quack attempt to gull the foolish into crediting him with being something which he knows himself not to be. These are the more flagrant examples of the pose; but numerous though they may be they are as nothing compared with those subtle poses into which we all throw ourselves so naturally, and which afford infinite amusement to the interested observer of himself and his fellow-men.

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Dear, as you stood within the sunlight there,
I saw a picture such as one might paint
Who lived in Lippi's time—the mellow, faint
Gold background vying lustre with your fair,
Clear tints of cheek and brow; the crimson rare
Of your curved lips, a little rose, whose plaint
Was sweeter far than smile of shrined saint,
Whose stolen halo rested on your hair.

These, nor the luring magic of your eyes,
I could not put on canvas for men's gaze
To marvel at; and yet their counterpart,
Discreetly hidden, in my keeping lies—
For, taking pity on my lonely days,
Love came and drew your image on my heart!

—The Sigher.

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Letters

Mrs. Smith's "Montlivet"

Though the historical novel, in all its manifestations, is said to be too dead for resurrection, it will be a mistake not to read Alice Prescott Smith's "Montlivet." Her theme is that attempt, on the part of the French Canadians to form a federation of the tribes of the Western Indians to oppose against the Iroquois, in order that they, too, might have powerful allies, as had the English in the 18th century. Montlivet, the hero of the romance, was the special emissary who, after a diligent study of the Indian dialects had started on his mission, ostensibly as a trader, so that, in case he failed in his object, there would still be legitimate excuse for his journeyings. It was a perilous time at the trading post of Michillimackinac, for the Indians were in a state of discontent. They had begun to believe that the French were less powerful than the English, and it behooved them to attach themselves to the stronger side. There was open defection on the part of the Hurons, the Ottawas had made no concealment of their intention to await only the show-down, and the others were silently determined on following the same course. The commandant, de le Mothe-Cadillac, was hardly able to cope with the situation, and it needed scarcely more than a puff of wind to blow the sparks into a fire. It was at this juncture that Montlivet made his appearance, stopping over for a day to rest his men, sturdy French peasants, bound by a hereditary fealty to his house. A party of the Hurons, ostensibly absent on a hunting expedition, arrived at the same time, bringing with them an English prisoner bound. There had been a raid on a New England settlement, and the captive was one of the fruits of the victory, though the "hunters" disclaimed any part in the matter save that of spectators. The Indians demanded the prisoner for torture, and the commandant was inclined to acquiesce, because it seemed to him that to refuse would be to court massacre. Montlivet objected. He could not agree to give even a white enemy to the savages and covenanted with Cadillac that if he would delay his decision for a brief while, the prisoner would escape, and be taken west. Whatever fate befell the lad then, at least their consciences would be clean of his blood. The plan succeeded, and Benjamin Starling, aided by an Indian maiden became a member of the Montlivet expedition. In course of time it was revealed to the leader that his English boy, so willing, and yet so often clumsy and incapable, was no lad, but a lass, who had had a singular and unfortunate history. She was the daughter of an English noble who had chosen exile with James the Second, and knew more of courts than of camps. She was betrothed to a cousin not out of love, but because her fortune, added to his, could be used to advantage in the Jacobite cause, and they had both come to the American colonies. Though Benjamin had the giant form, it was Mary who had the giant spirit, and in the raid on the settlement, he left her to be captured while he sought safety. When a man and a woman travel together for days and came together at night, there can be but one outcome, sooner or later, love and marriage, and here was no exception. Montlivet was the scion of a noble but impoverished French house. Chivalry demanded that he should not force himself upon an unwilling bride, and she, too, apparently, accepted the necessity only. They were married by a missionary at a camp of the Pottawotamies. The subsequent story of their married life has been told often, each secretly believing that the love was all on one side, until circumstances revealed the truth. There is much of Indian politics and diplomacy, much, too, of woodcraft, and much

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of treachery and secret dealing on both parts. It is a matter of history that the Indian league was never consummated, and even the names of many of the tribes are now forgotten, yet Miss Smith has made them live again, with their tribal peculiarities. The story is vivid from the first page, where the hero stalks the beach at Michillimackinac full of his plans, to the last sentence where, with his wife, restored after many perils, he sets out for his seignory at Montreal, leaving his faithful retainers victims to the savage warfare. "Montlivet" vividly recalls Mrs. Catherwood's "Romance of Dollard," which is not to say that it is imitative, but that it is some of the best of its kind, both in plot and narrative. Miss Smith is a comparatively new writer. Thus far, all she has done has been done exceptionally well. A frontispiece map of the region of the Great Lakes, reproduced from "Lahotan's Voyages," edition of 1703, not only enables the reader to follow the course of the two expeditions of Montlivet but gives an idea of the geographical knowledge of the time. Published by Houghton and Mifflin, price $1.50.

A Novel of Feminine Club Life

"The President of Quex" is a bright, animated account of woman's clubdom from the club woman's point of view. Quex was a typical organization, which had enjoyed several years of placid existence, spending hours in listening to papers by the members, and discussing Browning and Dante. Now the turning point had come. The honored president was retiring from office, and it was felt that the future of the organization depended mainly on the new officer. The only candidate actively before the members was Cordelia Graham, handsome, well-informed, evidently with habits of familiarity with good society and with means to live well, but with a certain aggressiveness, a vagueness about her past, and an intangible something that made the conservative members doubtful. Though no definite story had ever been circulated, there were "things said" in a manner which made encouragement for thinking more. At this juncture of affairs some of the more quietly energetic members discussed the matter amongst themselves and determined to bring in a new candidate—provided they could gain her consent to come forward. This was a young widow, Nancy Phaire, who had suffered a succession of bereavements and was getting, as one of the ladies phased it, a habit of lonesomeness. She needed the club quite as much as it needed a new president, and a large part of the narrative deals with the arousing of her dormant energies. Under her leadership the ladies no longer dabbled in the shallows of literature, but struck out boldly, taking an active interest in the social betterment of their municipality, delving into such economic problems as child labor, the housing of the poor, summer schools, public playgrounds, and school elections, while by no means neglecting the universal vocation of womankind, that of falling in love and marrying, in spite of which there is nothing didactic in the presentation of the social and economic reforms brought about under the leadership of the club. There are some amusing expositions of club politics, especially in the opening pages, where the grandmotherly old ladies display their ignorance of parliamentary rules and have not an idea as to whether they are voting to elect the list of candidates presented for their consideration, or merely debating the acceptance of a committee report, and where, finding themselves with two motions before them and no second, they know not how to extricate themselves. From first to last there is a pretty feminine duel fought out between the disappointed Mrs. Graham, and her successful opponent, Nancy Phaire. The thrusts are neatly given and as neatly parried, and only those close to the duelists are

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able to see the flash of the foils. Quex is an ideal organization, in that the activities are in the hands of the childless widows, the self-supporting spinsters and the matrons whose families have grown up and gone out into the world. The new wives and mothers of young families do not push themselves forward for places on committees nor clamor for office. Unfortunately, in most clubs it is just the other way, and instead of an occasional recreation which does not interfere with the domestic programme, the woman who joins a club finds that home and family interfere with her civic duties and activities. That the women's clubs have signified their approval of "The President of Quex" is evidence that Miss Helen M. Winslow has not overdrawn her characters, and whether one is or is not interested in the question of clubdom, there is a pleasant story to be enjoyed. A very attractive volume containing sixteen full page illustrations, from the press of Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

Press Opinions

On the Curability of Bright's Disease and Diabetes.

"From recent developments in San Francisco, and from confirming facts in this city it is evident that not alone relief but a permanent cure of both these dreaded diseases can now be effected."—Kansas City "Daily Journal."

"A representative of the "News" has just returned from San Francisco. * * * Concerning the reports that the long sought cure for Bright's Disease has been found, he saw personally a number who had recovered and comes back fully convinced." * * * *.—Chattanooga "Daily News."

"Future history will record this decade as marking the first definite control of Bright's Disease and Diabetes and the name of the obscure but lamented Fulton will be indissolubly connected with it."—"Overland Monthly Magazine."

"That chronic Bright's Disease and Diabetes, deemed fatal the world over, are now cured by the compounds discovered in San Francisco by Fulton is being established here as well as in California."—Buffalo "Daily Times."

"Many broad physicians are using the new diuretic, but the fact that medical ethics prevent them from proclaiming the discovery to the world because the formula is the personal property of individuals in this instance practically amounts to a public calamity."—"Town and Country Magazine," San Jose.

"My own deliberate opinion is that a perfect cure for Bright's Disease and Diabetes has been at last discovered. * * * I believe it to be the duty of every lover of his kind to spread this good news and thus help save from death some of the thousands who yearly perish from these diseases." —Rev. W. S. Urmy in the "California Christian Advocate." (The Rev. Urmy was named by the "Christian Advocate" to investigate these Compounds. After a week of careful investigation he wrote the above to the "Advocate.")

"There is in this city a remedy for Diabetes and Bright's Disease which has put several of our dying fellow citizens on their feet. Its virtues are attested in a way that should convince any fair-minded man." * * *.—Honolulu "Daily Advertiser." (The above is from an editorial on medical legislation. A reader wrote for the name; they replied Fulton's Compound. He sent us the fact with a copy of the editorial.)

"The above brings to mind the case of J. H. Gyscelaar of this city and irresistibly leads to the belief that the cure has been found. He was in the last stages and was told his days were numbered—today he is hale and hearty."—Eureka (Cal.) "Daily Times."

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TOWN TALK

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Frank Bacon as Aunt Abby in "The County Fair" at the Colonial Theatre Next Week

TOWN TALK

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The Plea For Fair Play

Fair play is all that Mayor Schmitz's friends demand in his behalf. It is not much but it implies that he is in danger of being subjected to unfair treatment. That implication we believe to be unwarranted. If the prosecution is being conducted in a manner somewhat more rigorous than that which is usual it is because conditions are such that the People of the State in whose name it is being conducted are laboring under many disadvantages. It is extremely difficult for them to get fair play. This difficulty arises from the circumstance that Mayor Schmitz is in control of the machinery of government. He is intrenched behind the bulwarks of the law and the battlements of corruption. In the history of this country no grafter ever had greater incentive to defiance of justice than this same amazing hypocrite, for none ever conducted his nefarious enterprises under influences half so auspicious as those that have marked the trail of our gluttonous executive. With officers of the law at his beck and call, his puppets in every department of the municipal government, he is so circumstanced that he has been able to have juries drawn upon whose friendship he could rely, to have judges intimidated who depended on his favor for the extension of their career on the bench and we have seen that even with the brand of infamy on his forehead he could summon to his aid a powerful constituency whose selfish loyalty has ever been ready to tamper with public opinion in his behalf. The demand for fair play in the interest of Mayor Schmitz seems very much like mockery. And the golden rule pleaded in his behalf has something of the sulphuric flavor of a citation from the Scriptures made by His Majesty of the lower regions.

A Result Devoutly To Be Welcomed

Even if moral regeneration does not follow the efforts of the grand jury to purify the civic body, a strong reaction in favor of decency and morality ought to follow some of the disgusting disclosures brought about by the activity of Heney and Burns. The spectacle of the riff-raff of the city emerging into the full glare of publicity is enough to incline any man of not too coarse a stomach to look favorably on virtue and right living. For the past three weeks the grand jury rooms have been haunted by the worst element that thrives off crime and degradation in this city. Proprietors of the malodorous French restaurants, keepers of bagnios, gamblers and poolsellers, owners of vicious saloons and low dives have jostled one another in the antechamber, waiting with nightmare faces and nervous movements to give their testimony. To anyone susceptible to the influence of physical appearances there is material for hideous dreams in this motley throng. These men bear the evidences of their shame on their brows. They feel fully the awkwardness of their position, for they are used to skulking under cover of darkness, and the profits of weakness and depravity on which they batten depend largely on the secrecy of their movements and the concealment from the eye of day of their vicious personalities. The sight of these debased creatures rising like a filthy scum to the surface of the dirty municipal pool is calculated to nauseate all who love wholesomeness. Ruef may not go to prison and Schmitz may escape final dishonor, although neither eventually is likely, but a distinct moral uplift may be counted on as a result of the exposure of the festering corruption of this city by the grand jury's muckrake.

The Crapsey Case

Outside of Episcopalians the members of the Catholic clergy in this country have shown the greatest interest in the trial of the Reverend Algernon S. Crapsey for heresy. Unrest in the established English church is regarded by them as indicative of the approaching submission of Episcopalians both in this country and in England to the authority of the Pope. Just how much justification there is for this view is a controversial question and as religious controversy can develop the bitterest hatreds in the world, it had better be left alone. But the feeling among the Catholic clergy exists unquestionably and has been avowed time and time again. Dr. Crapsey, it is true, got into trouble for believing too little while most of those to whom Catholics point in support of their conention go to the opposite extreme from the Episcopalian viewpoint. They embrace dogmas and introduce ceremonies into their ritual that savor too strongly of Catholicism. While Dr. Crapsey by affirming belief in the natural birth of the Savior and denying a literal ascension into heaven has placed himself far from the Roman pale, the lack of an infallible authority in his judges draws attention to the logical position of Catholicism where the acknowledgment of infallibility makes submission easier. The Rochester pastor, relying on private judgment, reached certain theological conclusions which the body of Anglicans repudiate on the authority of their collective private judgments. As a result he is out of the ministry and other Episcopalian pastors who hold the same heretical views are pondering the ethical warranty of their positions.

As Seen By Wells

H. G. Wells, one of the most cultured of England's essayists and novelists, a writer whose literary products appeal to the same class that enjoys the performances of Bernard Shaw and H. G. Chesterton, paid this country a visit a few months ago, and already his opinions of us are to be found between book covers. Mr. Wells has not followed the example of those innumerable Britishers that came over to discover us through a car window. He does not describe us and provoke insular gayety by pointing out as ridiculous manners and customs that are strange to people who are blissfully unconscious of amusing manners and customs of their own. He came over to learn something of our industrial and political systems and to find out whither, as a nation, we are drifting. As Mr. Wells is

really an intellectual person, he does not find it hard to be a temperate critic and consequently there is nothing in his book to excite the choler of intelligent Americans. He has assurance but is free from insolence. Most of what he says about us is true, but there was no necessity of his coming to America to find it out. The press of this country has been engaged for years in disseminating the information which he retails, and upon which he bases his somewhat dolorous conclusions. Commercialism is the one word that describes all the ills from which, to him, we appear to be suffering. He finds an historical parallel for the power and irresponsibility of aggregated wealth in the Roman Republic shortly before the empire, and he predicts, as a consequence, material decay. He finds also that there is growing an immense discontent which is taking the place of the offensive optimism and swagger that have long been a marked characteristic of us in regard to our material prosperity. We are beginning to doubt our liberty and equality and to abandon the hope of every man becoming his own millionaire. Some of which is quite true but not all. Mr. Wells made the mistake of studying America in one or two of the big Eastern cities at a time when the revolt against commercial corruption was in its most acute stage and when Mr. Hearst was vindicating his title of Apostle of Discontent. The people of this country are not pessimists. We are sensible of the inequality that has existed and of the oppression that resulted from the aggressions of the plutocratic class, but we are not filled with despair. On the contrary, we are confident of our ability to put Croesus under restraint. We have not lost faith in the Constitution. Mr. Wells tells the truth when he says that "the great majority of Americans are of the Puritan commercial middle classes, who are pious but acquisitive, and who while professedly aiming at all Christian graces, cherish the disposition of mere money-making," but those middle classes are being reformed. There is now a yearning among them for the delights that come from intellectual development. It is becoming fashionable to be cultured, and though our culture is in the main superficial, the awakening has taken place and there are encouraging signs of progress along esthetic lines. We are not worrying as Mr. Wells thinks we should be over the problem whether America will "culminate and pass" without having achieved anything like an approach to a high ethical standard of civilization.

Incompetent Parents

Two girls of what should be regarded as tender years, after a hilarious time in the beach resorts, tried their hands at a hold-up, and as a result, found themselves in custody and behind bars. One of them had been advertised as a missing beauty for several days, and her parents expressed the usual fears that owing to her charms of face and form she had been kidnaped. It turned out, however, as it usually does, that mama knew nothing about her daughter's doings and associates. As usual, too, after the facts of the case became public, there was the cry of What are the police doing? The police are negligent enough of their legitimate duties, but it is no part of their office to hear children say their prayers and tuck them into bed in every house along their beat. The parents must do something toward maintaining discipline, and it devolves upon them to take the first steps toward training their children. It is incredible that girls and boys of sixteen that are decently brought up will take to evil courses on the first opportunity. The first question which arises every time that girls are found in low resorts is, What sort of home training have they had? What the boys and girls of the present generation need is home duties and tasks. A philanthropic public has raised a mighty clamor against home study; and the improvements which have been introduced in household economics within the last generation have reduced the amount of work to be performed. The prolongation of the school attendance, independent of any capacity for absorbing knowledge, added to the interest in athletics and clubs, have all united in reducing the home to an establishment in which children have no other interest than to get their meals when pocket money does not suffice for restaurant treats, and to sleep when there are no attractions abroad. No child should be expected to take an interest in a boarding and lodging house especially when the parents have the gallivanting fever. It makes not a particle of difference whether mama is at prayer meeting or a masquerade ball so far as the desertion of the home is concerned, and "cat after kind," the children will follow example. Scarcely a week passes without attention being called to two or three missing children, and the outcry is never raised promptly, for mere absence from home calls for no comment unless it is unusually prolonged. Instead of calling the police to account when young girls and boys are found to have taken to evil courses the process should be reversed and the parents made to give an account of their stewardship. It is obvious that if there were no saloons or dens of vice children could not resort to them, but it is equally obvious that if children were reasonably well trained they would not steer a straight course in the wrong direction.

Stopping To Think

A dramatic critic commenting on the attitude of audiences towards farce-comedies, quoted the words of an acquaintance that they were very amusing "until you stop to think," and recommended the cultivation of a habit of not pausing to cogitate. More to the purpose would it have been had he urged the authors of these supposedly side-splitting productions to learn to compose their trivialities so as to hold the attention and prevent the audiences from turning aside

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from the presentation in order to canvass the probabilities. That a theatrical audience can take stock of likelihood or the readers of a humorous story can question the logical sequences or the consistency of the characters, while the alleged facts are before them, is the strongest indication of failure. It is right there that the dime novelist is the superior of the tractarian preacher who lays down his gospel in the form of a story. Your office boy or telegraph messenger has his preconceived ideas of detective ingenuity. He believes implicity in the efficacy of disguises, and the unexpected appearance of the nemesis. He does not "stop to think," for he feels confident that his author is thinking for him. Given certain initial facts, and he is prepared for the rest as soon as his Old Sleuth or Nick Carter is introduced. Of course the dime novel is anathema and the boy all wrong. Yet it would be well were there not so much prejudice against the kind of mental recreation that the dime novel affords. Children of today are early taught the absurdities of fairy tales. They know, long before they can read, that there is no world of little people, that Aladdin's lamp is less substantial than a dream, that rocs and genii and mermaids are all creatures of the imagination, and that they never can capture one of the little men to make him a servant to their whims and wills. They "stop to think," but occasionally there is a wayward one who also stops to forget all the learned expositions, and when two such meet and the gods are kind, one may hear them discussing together what they themselves would do "just supposing" that the wonderful lamp fell into their hands, or there really was a wishing stone, or that pussy should turn out to be a beautiful enchanted princess or the hole in the back pasture, one of the entrances to fairyland that had accidentally been left open. There are times when stopping to think is anything but a virtue. Our thinking machinery is often the better for a period of rest, just as other things are. Machinists are convinced that their delicate mechanisms grow tired and that if a machine is compelled to do seven days' labor it manifests the same disclination to proceed on the eighth morning that its master does if deprived of his night's sleep.

The Literary Centres

In the November Putnam's there is an interesting map accompanying an equally interesting contribution concerning "The Reading Habit in the United States." The author, Gustave Michaud, endeavors to indicate the number of books taken from libraries in proportion to the population. The point which interests us is that California, the "Wild and Woolly," ranks fourth, being one of the four states in which the proportion rises above two hundred books to 100 inhabitants. The other three are New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut. Necessarily these statistics are unsatisfactory, since the figures are arbitrary. The whole number of books of which available records have been made constitutes the dividend and the census population the divisor, with the result that the southern states, where there are large numbers of negroes who virtually do not read at all, and the southwest, where Indians and Spanish speaking people form a goodly proportion of the inhabitants, rank low. If there were any feasible plan of making the calculation solely upon a basis of the fairly educated, perhaps the percentage would be different. Neither is there any account made of the large proportion of people that buy and read their own books, nor of those that borrow from private sources. Massachusetts, which has claimed literary supremacy since the colonial days, leads the list with three hundred and four books per hundred. Connecticut coming next with two hundred and twenty-seven, then comes New Hampshire with two hundred and twenty-three, and California with two hundred and seven. The New England states are more thickly populated and there is a larger proportion of elderly people and independent spinsters who, naturally turn to books in lieu of more pressing occupations. It is interesting to compare our figures with those so-called "literary centers" to which our local authors flee. New York, for example, shows but one hundred and fifty-five books borrowed for each hundred of population. Illinois, despite the fact that Chicago was for a while quite a hive of literary industry, has but eighty-one, and Indiana, home of George Ade, Booth Tarkington, Whitcomb Riley and numberless others, drops down to fifty. Pennsylvania has but forty-five borrowers, an average of less than half a book apiece, while Colorado and Montana show respectively a hundred and twenty-five and a hundred and twenty-one. California has had the reputation, amongst publishers of being a "good book state," but even we ourselves should hardly have dared to make the claim of standing fourth in a comparative table. It is evident that if authors depended on the so-called literary centers for patronage, the half-million mark would not be reached many times.

Caruso's Vindication

New York's verdict in the Caruso case was given when the great tenor received an ovation at the conclusion of his duet with Mimi in the first act of La Boheme. Thunders of applause reversed the judgment of the court which sentenced the singer to pay a fine for unseemly behavior in the Monkey House of the New York zoo. He now feels that his honor has been vindicated, the popular approval being infinitely more to him than the censure of a magistrate. One means thousands, the other just ten dollars or ten days. Whether the operatic star is guilty or innocent of the offense charged matters nothing to the cultured music-lovers of this country. They do not permit their knowledge of the private life of an artist to ablate their appreciation of his genius. For art has become once more an object of worship as it was in Athens, though not universally; and as it was in the Renaissance when Beauty emerged from her medieval tomb. If Benvenuto Cellini could be absolved of a murder on the ground that men of his genius were above the law, surely we can forgive a Caruso for carrying his flirtations into a zoo.

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The Roses of Eden

When God first made the rose to bloom
He made it white;
Its perfume scented all the air
From sheer delight.

A full-blown rose awoke one night,
And raised its head
To hear what Adam said to Eve—
And it blushed red.

Ere the sun shone the blood-red rose,
With naughty wink,
Had told the tale to a timid bud,
And it blushed pink.

—The Allegorist.

Perspective Impressions.

Mayor Schmitz wishes us to believe that he never knew the gun was loaded.

Mayor Schmitz thinks that by his conduct in April he atoned for his misdeeds. It is evident that his religious education has been neglected, for he should know that repentance is essential to atonement.

When in New York Mayor Schmitz announced that he would answer his accusers when he arrived in San Francisco. But on his arrival and on the advice of counsel he changed his mind. He is holding on to his tongue with both hands to keep the unruly brat from complicating the work of his attorneys.

The London Spectator says that it is at length realized in England that girls as well as boys ought to be taught to know and value their civic rights and duties—which means that equal suffrage is coming into favor in England.

The statute under which proceedings have been instituted to dissolve the Standard Oil Trust has been in the books for sixteen years. John D. is probably kicking himself now for his neglect in not having it repealed long ago.

The recommendations of the recent Divorce Congress meet with the general approval of the press. But unfortunately they are not likely to meet with the approval of mismated couples.

Count Tolstoy's principal objection to Shakespeare is that the world's greatest dramatist was all wrong in his ethics. Tolstoy being above all things a philosopher values sound philosophy above all things, but Shakespeare was above all things a playwright and he depended for effect on the cunning of his technique rather than on the subtlety of his moralizing. Tolstoy has written plays that are absolutely devoid of the essentials of dramatic literature. But the Count would hardly care to have nothing but his dramatic achievements considered when it comes to measuring his genius.



And the Dirt Began to Fly.
—Van Leshout in the Philadelphia "Press."



"De-lighted!"
—Donahey in the Cleveland "Plain Dealer."

AT PANAMA

The Decadence of the Paris Restaurant

By Major Ben C. Truman

When one remembers that Paris has had the distinction of snubbing the rest of the world in restaurant cookery and service for more than a hundred years, it is difficult—and as painful as difficult—to admit that for the past quarter of a century it has been taking a back seat culinarily and that today it is not even a good second to New York, Boston, Chicago, Washington, New Orleans, Los Angeles and San Francisco. No such decadence elsewhere is so apparent in Paris as in its restaurants. It would seem, really, as if the good cooks had all fled or are dead; and the waiters at high-class restaurants like the Cafe Riche, Cafe de Paris, Cafe de la Paix, Cafe Anglais, and a score or two others, are the most insolent, turbulent, incompetent and generally disagreeable and unsatisfactory creatures of their kind that exist today in the world. To be sure, their employers are no better, for they pay these nuisances nothing, which means that said nuisances are compelled to make big wages out of those upon whom they wait. These employers charge tremendous rates for small portions; and bread, butter, all condiments, relishes, table cloth, etc., are also charged for, and the victim is actually compelled to put up a pourboire of ten per cent besides.

Briefly, the excellent breakfast that would cost from $1.00 to $1.50 at Young's in Boston, the Holland in New York, Tait's in San Francisco, or Levy's in Los Angeles, and at other places of the kind, would cost half or twice as much more at any of the Paris restaurants above named, and there would be that modern Parisian skimpiness and all-round adroitness in serving that would make you uncomfortable throughout your meal. I have eaten fish and game at all these places that possessed no more of the relish or flavor of such things served at Rector's in Chicago, the Bristol in Los Angeles or at the Palace in San Francisco than a cultivated champignon does to those delicious ones that come up in the fields after the first rains. What is said concerning the breakfast may be enlarged upon relating to the dinner to even greater disadvantage to the badly-cooked and impudently served Paris restaurant evening repast of the present day.

There are restaurants a la carte and fixed prices, all over Paris, where a satisfactory dejeuner may be obtained for from forty to sixty cents, and dinner from fifty-five to seventy-five cents and a dollar, including vin ordinaire, white or red. But none of these are inviting to a gourmet, and visiting Americans seldom patronize them.

Then there are the "Etablissements Duval," that are supposed to be genteel and cheap. These are well patronized, but never by Americans, at least the second time. Here are women waiters, the only restaurants in Paris where women are employed as such, except two others (called bouillons) whose systems are about the same though they are of a little higher order and of slightly higher price. These all charge for everything —"service," napkins and condiments; but the rates are small, as well as the portions. Steaks, chops and omelets are cheap, but so small as to be of little account to a person with an appetite. So, after all, including fees, you may spend from fifty to seventy-five cents to one dollars and wish you had gone elsewhere and got something substantial to eat. There is a Cheap John flavor about these "Etablissements Duval," such as one feels in a second-hand furniture or clothing store. They are neat enough, but dingy. They are clean and yet uninviting. There are drawn curtains at all the windows and sunshine is therefore as meagre as are the portions served. You are received with as much obsequiousness as at a grand hotel, but the circumstance and good cheer ends abruptly at the threshold. Before leaving you have had dealings with four people, from whom you receive only a modicum of relief, and two of whom, at least, you are expected to trivially fee. There is a decorum that makes one shudder. Men and women go in and come out with the same underfed faces, looking for all the world as if they had been paying homage at a sarcophagus. The men who patronize these places betray a personality that in our country is termed "shabby-genteel." I watched quite a number go in and come out of one of these "Etablissements Duval" one morning and they all looked as if they had "seen better days." Most of the women patrons are of the same kind and seem to be everlastingly "clad in the habilliments of woe," although there are others who drop in from neighboring stores or entresols and chat over their "wages" and a cup of chocolate or tea. These are of the ungloved and unbonneted class whose gustatory desires are easily appeased.

Then there are the "plats du jour" eating places, or brasseries, where one may get dejeuner or dinner for about 10 or 15 cents. But no Americans above the grade of tramp would be seen in one of these establishments, although a good hot meal of soup, stew, sometimes fowl, a vegetable, fruit and wine, are provided. We have nothing similar in the United States, nor is there anything in Paris that corresponds with the coffee and cake saloons of Boston and New York, the Kohlsatt buffets of Chicago or the "kitchen" and other eating-house systems of San Francisco and Los Angeles, where a person may get a good meal of two or three dishes, a cup of coffee, tea or chocolate and all the bread and butter and condiments he can eat for twenty-five cents. There are some Spanish restaurants in Paris. I visited one once and only once—"Restaurant Espanol y Americano, de Jose Robles Ruiz," 14 Rue du Helder, just a few steps from the Place de l'Opera. I shall recommend no American to visit the place.

Maxim's, the resort of so many young American spendthrifts, right in the heart of Paris, on Rue Royale, midway between the Madeleine and Place de la Concorde, is a sort of gastronomic Moulin Rouge where no strictly respectable person should ever be seen. It is a Babylonian medley that must not be described. It is a more sinful place than most sinful resorts because it is open to all who have plenty of money to spend,

(Continued on Page 35.)

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The Status of Ghosts

By S. R.

Formerly ghosts were accepted at what may be called their face-value. They appeared at the "occult" hour of midnight, and disappeared at what is to many living persons still the dreadful crowing of the cock in the morning. Another occult phenomenon, for nobody can explain it. In those simple days ghosts were not inexplicable because no one imagined there was anything to explain. After a time, when everybody who was anybody had ceased to believe in them, it began to be a felt want to explain and account for them. Hence the founding of that very interesting, peculiar, and admirable organization the Society for Psychical Research. It is a ghost-lore society, if we use the term ghost as taken to include all the group of congruous mysteries which cluster round the idea of the ghost and have the distinction of being classed together by the orthodox scientific man as not science. Many of us who are not members of the society represent, as does the society itself, a middle term between the hostility of the man of physical science and the unintellectual indifference of the practical materialist, the uncultured man, who prides himself on his common sense because he sees no difficulties and therefore needs no explanations. We do not want everything ignored which has not something to do with radium, or electric lighting, or appendicitis, or the consumption bacillus. We have heard of such phenomena as rappings on tables without physical contact, of levitations, of inexplicable premonitions and lucidities of the mind which plainly appear out of the normal, of apparitions, the more knowing term for ghosts, of spirit photographs, of apports—of which it may be desirable to state that matter appears to pass through matter a possibility that radium suggests—of planchette, of hypnotism, of Mrs. Piper, and of many other abnormal persons and things quite as curious. If these things are facts they are interesting, they may be important, and if they are not, they are at any rate very puzzling; and we should be glad to know "how it is done." Why should not a number of people who can listen to an address in French for an hour and a half without apparent weariness, employ some of their remarkable patience in elucidating these mysteries? They have done so, as is well known; and what was to be expected has happened. They have arrived at the conclusion which we others of the middle term have arrived at without corporate action. First of all they are not very certain about the alleged facts. From the days of Simon Magus downwards, and before, the magician has hardly ever known himself how far he was the possessor of an unexplained extraordinary power, and how far he deceived himself and others. Much less have other people been able to demarcate the two provinces. Nor has the Psychical Society. You may explode some ghost stories, but you cannot, with every exercise of ingenuity, explode them all. You may explode impostors and yet be conscious that you have not got to the heart of the mystery they have been exploiting. You end rather by disbelieving in the magician than in the magic. When our ancestors ceased burning witches it was not because they ceased to believe in witchcraft, the witch of Endor was too much for them, but because they got rather ashamed of burning the wrong persons.

In such matters as the seeing of ghosts, the fulfilment of dreams, or premonitions of death, or in cases of clairvoyance, more delicacy of treatment is required than in such a process for example as unmasking fraud or deception in a court of law. There is that unconscious knowledge and memory of facts which is never effaced from the organism, though we may think we have never known or have completely forgotten them. This unrevealed personality lying beneath the strata of race and individual experience, the hidden basis of our daily and superficial activities, may with our complete unconsciousness occasion self-deception and lead us to deceive others without intention. This is a notion which has been arrived at in the ordinary course of physiological and psychological inquiries of recent years; and it is a weapon with which the psychical inquirer arms himself. And what is the conclusion of these long-continued and patient inquiries in England, France, and elsewhere made by those who have investigated the whole body of so-called psychical manifestations? Assuming that they must be the effects of causes which are not those of any known physical forces, how far have they been proved to be actual occurrences in the opinion of those who have applied whatever tests of possible experiment or inquiry a philosophical or scientific scepticism might suggest? In Dr. Richet's opinion there are indeed but few of what he prefers to call metapsychical phenomena on which all doubt has been triumphantly dissipated, and there are perhaps but two or three elementary ones which can claim to be definitely established; as, for example, raps without contact, or veridical hallucinations. Thus the status of the ghost and his entourage is very ill defined and can scarcely be considered as free from doubt.

But turning from the question of fact, of the amount of evidence there is of psychical happenings, and admitting there is some, what is the theory or explanation of them? What are the unknown forces presumed to act upon matter and human intelligence? There is spiritism, or spiritualism, as it is mostly but unsuitably called, which has become a religious cult in the hands of those who believe that the causes are to be found in the actions of spirits extra-human or of the dead. So many emotions and human cravings for communion with the departed, for corroboration of the belief in human survival after death, cluster round this explanation that it is bound to be regarded at least with suspicion. The only experimental proof must be something that comes through the senses. The spirit must be made visible or handled or undoubtedly heard, not merely inferred, before spiritism can be admitted to be a valid theory. In the opinion of those of whom Dr. Richet is representative these conditions have not been fulfilled; and spiritism is a faith, not a science; a faith whose substance is things hoped for, and whose evidence is things not seen. An interesting test case has lately been put and an account of it given in a recent number of the Journal of the Psychical Society. The late Frederick Myers arranged with Sir Oliver Lodge that if possible he should communicate after death in some manner with a living person, and convey certain information as to the contents of an envelope which had been entrusted to Sir Oliver Lodge and deposited by him in secure custody. A lady professed that she was in communication with the spirit of Myers through automatic writing, and that she had received information as to the contents of the envelope. With all due precautions and formalities the envelope was opened; but the lady was found to have added only

one more instance to the list of persons who have been self-deceived in these matters. The experiment neither proved nor disproved anything but this; and otherwise the result is negative. Again there is the supposition or guess, for it cannot be tested by experiment, that the explanation is to be found in the human organism itself. It has the power, it is said, of acting at a distance without contact, of discharging an effluvium or double, and of impressing others through sight or sound; when we have apparitions, premonitions of deaths and the like, of which there are many accounts. As facts such occurrences are admitted by those who do not accept the theory or guess; and yet it seems very unconvincing that they should say, as they do, that pure chance or coincidence may explain these things; and that the fact is a mere subjective phenomenon in the recipient of the experiences. There is no need moreover to drag in the "long arm of coincidence" by way of objection to an explanation for which there is nothing in the shape of proof. What remains for the prudent investigator in the shape of theory? Nothing but a theory of absolute nescience for the present, mitigated by the hope that when new facts have been discovered some theory will emerge which will knit together the inexplicable phenomena, as has happened in the history of all knowledge that can now claim to be regarded as science. Yet it is remarkable and laudable that in these materialist days there should be people who have faith in the possibilities of a science at present so surrounded with uncertainties, while its discoveries in any case would have no pecuniary value.

The Spectator

Heney and the Grafters

Francis Heney is not handling his muck rake in a manner that meets with the approval of the critical and the sceptical. Because he has pursued a somewhat devious course it is thought by some that he is not sure of his ground and by others that he has been doing a lot of bluffing. Consequently while those who were morally certain from the beginning of the corruption of the Administration, are now clutching the nose tight from the ill smells of it, those that have found it to their advantage to affect unsophistication swear that all is lavender and sweet clover and go about without the high moon mirrored in their sympathetic orbs affirming that Schmitz is a fair and fragrant blossom, a summing up of all terrestrial rectitude. These latter rejoiced when they heard that the Mayor had divorced himself from the partner of his iniquities, but I think they are destined to find not only that Heney has been more discreet than precipitous but also that the report of the dissolution of copartnership is all moonshine.

A Grafter's Soliloquy

Heney has not yet begun to bring all the ends of his net together but when it is time for him to do so it will be seen that he exercised good judgment. At the outset he was in possession of a mass of evidence that was convincing of criminal turpitude growing out of diverse transactions, but, except in a few instances, insufficient to constitute the absolute, essential proof which the law in its solicitude for the safeguarding of the innocent demands. So he had to proceed cautiously, and yet with sufficient speed to stampede the enemy depending on panic to aid him in the seizure of missing links here and there. The wisdom of this course has been vindicated. One of the witnesses summoned from the graft citadel was so amazed by the queries put to him, so conclusive were they of the mass of inside information in the possession of the prosecution that he rushed out of the jury room to advise every subordinate grafter to tell all he knew.

"Why," he said to one official, "they're on to everything; they've got the dope on every crooked transacting you've been in."

The official was so startled that he audibly soliloquized: "I don't see how they can get me; whenever I took stuff I was closeted with the one man who handled the goods." From this soliloquy we learn how cautiously the grafters carried on their business and how difficult it has been to uncover evidence of crime. And yet there is enough evidence on hand to constitute a drama so quick, so vital, so moving in its palpitating fiber and so logical in its sequences that only those resolved to persevere in their blessed hypocrisy to the last will decline to accept.

The Rumored "Breakaway"

As to whether Schmitz has decided to become an apostate from perversity we have yet to learn. It is of course his intention to persevere in the pose of a monstrously abused man, but I seriously doubt that he has the courage to break away from Ruef or that even though he did he would have the deftness to steer safely away from the Scylla and Charybdis of the route that Heney has mapped out for him. Nor yet do I underrate the genius of his attorney J. J. Barrett, who, in the opinion of more than one distinguished jurist I have met, is the most brilliant criminal lawyer at the bar as well as one of the most astute and learned of the civil practitioners. If Schmitz were to repudiate Ruef he would cause public opinion to pause, but I am of the opinion that nothing more serious than a theatrical break-away will ever take place.



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Schmitz's Historic Letter

In this connection I am reminded of the letter written by Schmitz to Ruef and given to the newspapers for publication immediately after the fiddler's first election in November, 1901. That letter was pronounced by me a hint to the wise to step right up and pay the piper. In these columns the whole official career of Mayor Schmitz was foreshadowed. Years before anybody thought of dubbing him a grafter I drew a picture that prefigured the debauching of this city. And I did it on the strength of that significant letter which may yet be introduced in evidence by way of proof of the criminal connection between Ruef and his responsive puppet. In the issue of Town Talk of November 16, 1901, there appeared these comments on the significant Schmitz letter: "It startled even the most callous grafters in the political slums. It was so raw that many people could not believe that Schmitz was the author of it. Only the day before he had announced his policy and it restored confidence. To follow up that announcement with that significant letter to Ruef was little short of amazing. * * * * The letter was received with significant nods and winks all along the line. It excited the merriment of those who are expecting a wide open town under the administration of Mr. Schmitz. Some of the astute politicians who have had experience as manipulators began to estimate the probable income of Attorney Ruef during the next two years. It was estimated that his legal practice would increase to such an extent that he would pocket about ten thousand a month. This estimate was based of course on the supposition that Mr. Ruef is to have full swing. But even though there is to be no looting and Mr. Schmitz gives us the same honest administration that we have been having, Mr. Ruef will prosper. Everybody that wants a special privilege, everybody that wants the ear of Eugene for a few minutes, and everybody that wants a favor will, if wise in his generation, employ Mr. Ruef as his attorney."

The Hint to the Wise

In the light of recent municipal history it is clear that the foregoing comments have been fairly well vindicated. Accompanying those comments were the following excerpts from the Schmitz letter to the friend of his bosom, Abraham: "I have now for some fifteen years enjoyed your acquaintance and friendship and your services as my attorney in many capacities, and I say without hesitation or flattery, that I have yet to find a more honorable, a more loyal, a more able attorney or a truer friend. * * * I shall with the utmost confidence and with a sentiment of absolute sincerity feel myself privileged at all times to consider you as my friendly counsellor." And following those excerpts were these comments: "After that who would hesitate to employ Mr. Ruef in a matter connected with the municipal government? And is it not fair to surmise that the letter was written for a purpose? If not why was it given to the press for publication? Surely nobody cares whether Mr. Schmitz has confidence in Mr. Ruef. It is of interest only to those who are in need of a handy lawyer to do business for them at the City Hall." Nobody will deny that Mr. Ruef has proved a very handy lawyer.

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Father Yorke's Bomb

When the "Leader" espoused the cause of Schmitz and Ruef there was much uneasiness among the leaders of the movement for the redemption of the city and the punishment of the Associated Grafters. In newspaper circles this uneasiness was most pronounced, for among newspaper men it is understood that Father Peter C. Yorke is the editor of the "Leader." And Father Peter C. Yorke is believed to have great influence with the plain people, especially those of the Catholic Church and Organized Labor. Those plain people constitute such a large element of this community that it has been deemed important to persuade them that it is their duty as honest citizens to give to the prosecution the benefit of their sympathy and moral support. Public sentiment has been an important factor in this anti-graft movement. Even the looters have not been insensible of the fact and hence their desperate efforts to create the impression that the animus of the prosecution was enmity to the labor unions. They felt that judges might be intimidated and grand and petty jurors deterred from their duty if alarm could be spread among the unions by instilling into them the notion that the scheme to compass the downfall of Schmitz was a conspiracy devised by capital to destroy the labor trust. So when the "Leader" denounced the graft prosecution as a conspiracy against labor and charged that justice was being perverted for the furtherance of evil designs there was rejoicing among the looters and indignation and uneasiness among the self-constituted redeemers of the city.

When Yorke Went To Oakland

By all of which I am reminded that the distance between this city and darkest Oakland is not too great to prevent Father Yorke from being heard when he raises his voice in the wilderness. This observation I make because I recall that when Father Yorke was given a parish in Oakland there were some leading citizens of San Francisco who snickered audibly. They thought it a good joke that Archbishop Riordan should have contrived to put an end to the political activities of Father Yorke by ostensibly rewarding his talents. Among those leading citizens were several pillars of the Catholic Church who pretended to know something of ecclesiastical policies. They hinted vaguely that there had been friction between Archbishop Riordan and Father Yorke. They said that Father Yorke was so influential among the plain people of the church that it was not advisable to discipline him in a way that might excite sympathy, and therefore the Archbishop shrewdly raised him to the dignity of a pastorate in Oakland where he would be practically dead to the world. I have no authentic information on the subject of the evolution of Father Yorke in the priesthood, but I am quite sure that he greatly disappointed certain leading citizens who snickered when he was assigned to Oakland for clerical duty. They thought that across the bay he would cease from troubling, sink into

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obscurity and become a silent member of the Down and Out Club. But he appears to have lost none of his interest in the affairs of this city. While looking after the spiritual welfare of the immortal parts of the benighted of Oakland he endeavors to minister to the material wants of the misguided of San Francisco.

His Mild Repudiation

Those same leading citizens whom Father Yorke disappointed after his removal to Oakland have learned more than once that it is unwise to accept as authentic information which has come to them respecting the Archbishop's sentiments on the subject of the priest's activities. Even the gossip of the priesthood is not always to be relied upon. The drippings of the inner council of the Catholic Church are exceedingly meagre. The Archbishop's views in matters pertaining to church discipline are not bulletined in the cathedral. The Archbishop has so schooled himself in repression that when a priest gets on his nerves he betrays not the slightest emotion. But then the power of the Archbishop is not so great as is currently believed. The secular priest does not take the vows that are exacted from the candidate for admission to a monastic order. He is not subject to the whims of his archbishop. He has certain clerical duties which he must perform, but he does not surrender his personal liberty. His political principles have no connection with his religious creed. Frequently has the press sought to counteract the influence of Father Yorke with a pronunciamento from the Executive of the diocese, but the result has seldom been satisfactory. The latest effort to be made in that direction was the interview with Bishop Montgomery on the subject of the "Leader's" status in the church. It has long been rumored that the "Leader" was started by Father Yorke in opposition to the "Monitor," the official organ of the church, and Bishop Montgomery was expected to repudiate the paper in very strong language. But he didn't. He merely asserted that it was not the official organ of the church, a fact that is known to every communicant of the church in California. The "Leader" has never pretended to be a church organ. But Bishop Montgomery also asserted that he did not know the editor of the paper. This assertion must have astonished many thousands of Catholics and many priests among them, for it was as popularly believed that Father Yorke was the editor of the paper as that Bishop Montgomery is the assistant to Archbishop Riordan.

What He Valued Most

Of the endless earthquake stories told in the clubs the latest concerns that popular clubman and successful physician, J. Wilson Shiels, who has himself told so many of others that he won't object to the repetition of this one. Dr. Shiels had one of the most completely equipped offices in San Francisco in the days preceding the big blaze. It represented as much money as many a physician earns in his lifetime. So when the fire neared the building the doctor and clubman hastened to save his property. He stood in the center of the room, surrounded by his valuable medical library and shining glass cases filled with expensive instruments, wondering what was his dearest possession. There was a case of knives from Germany, worth many dollars. There were books of intrinsic and sentimental value. There were trinkets that spoke of money. Shiels debated long what should be saved. Then he remembered. Rushing to the wall, he removed a picture, and

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with it under his arm he hurried from the doomed building. Now they are saying that the picture "Jack" Shiels rescued was his own portrait.

Patigian Writes From Paris

Haig Patigian is now of the art colony of Paris. He writes me that he has a studio in the Rue Falguere where he intends to "go to it" as soon as he gets his material in readiness. That he will soon be heard from



Tanagra

Reproduced from a photograph of Gerome's statue in the Luxemburg sent to Town Talk by Haig Patigian, who says that it is "a peach in marble."

in something more gratifying than a letter his friends are convinced, for while in the brief time that he has applied himself to sculpture his achievements have been something remarkable, he is sensible of his shortcomings and is full of zeal for the broadening and perfecting of his art. He informs me in his letter that American artists have achieved so much in Paris that the French are jealous of them. "It seems to be a fact," he says, "that in many instances in recent years the rejection of American works of art has been absolutely without cause. I heard a Frenchman, who speaks good English, make the statement in the course of a conversation, that Frenchmen are becoming very envious of the achievements of Americans in the field of painting and sculpture. It is significant that lately you seldom hear of a foreigner receiving a first medal in Paris." He also wrote: "I looked in at the Fall Salon and was amazed at the dozens and dozens of paintings and statues I saw that were the works of mediocrities of the lowest type. And it is surprising the number of artists of fame that are represented at this exhibition by works of which they should be ashamed. They evidently feel that anything bearing their signature goes. And evidently they do go, for they are worse than sloppy and in plain view. But there is good stuff too; the really good ones are so fine that they make one realize how small he is and how little meritorious work he has done."

Tobin on Cockran

Twice during the St. Ignatius Alumni banquet which was held at Tait's last Tuesday evening the spice of excitement was added to the menu and it is still an open question just how many of the banqueters found the heightened flavor acceptable. Joe Tobin was down for an address on "The College Man in Public Life." In his happiest vein he developed the theme along lines exceedingly complimentary to the Jesuit fathers as became one who loves Alma Mater, but when he skillfully shifted his ground and started a vigorous denunciation of Bourke Cockran, his hearers sat up and took the alertest kind of notice. For Bourke Cockran, be it remembered, was the guest of honor at the St. Ignatius Alumni banquet of last year. The Tammany spell-binder was the recipient of the most flattering attentions from the Jesuit fathers when he reached this city on his way home from the Philippines and when he spoke at the Alumni dinner at the St. Francis he



Isadora Duncan

From a recent portrait of the San Francisco girl whose fame as an exponent of the Grecian dances is world-wide.

made the greatest possible impression. Since then, however, the "riot wedded to rottenness" incident has occurred, so Joe Tobin evidently thought that the seal of disapproval ought to be applied. He did the work thoroughly and to the complete satisfaction of his lay hearers, however little the clergy present may have relished the scoring of one who is always numbered among their most distinguished alumni.

Phelan's Rapier Thrust

The other unexpected incident came in Phelan's talk on San Francisco. Of course he referred to the graft investigation now going on, laying special stress on the duty of Catholic college men to help in the regeneration of the city. There were several oblique references which may or may not have had to do with Father Yorke and then followed a straight rapier thrust at one higher up. "We college men," said Phelan, "are trying to do our part and we look to the Church for support. And sometimes," he continued, turning to Archbishop Montgomery, who sat at his right, "we do not receive it." The smiling good humor with which the thing was said made it inoffensive but did not take away the sting and Archbishop Montgomery, whose utterances on the graft crusade have not been as strong as many desired, did not join in the laughter which followed.

He Was a Guest at Blingum

It was not altogether because Bourke Cockran was the guest of the Jesuit Father that Joe Tobin created astonishment by his denunciation of the Congressman. The latter was also the guest of Joe Tobin. He was the lion of a luncheon given in his honor by Mr. Tobin at Burlingame. But Joe Tobin believes that when a man proves that he is devoid of self-respect he no longer has any legitimate claim to the respect of others. His own record in public office is without a blemish. He is an idealist who lives up to his ideals and who has the courage to express his contempt not only of crooks in public office but also of those crooks in society who are sometimes responsible for official corruption.

Croker's Opinion of Hearst

"God Almighty was responsible for Hearst's defeat at the recent election," is the way that Croker explains the great New York battle. The utterance was given out in what Croker styles his last official statement. In it he takes occasion to pay off several old scores against Hearst, Bourke Cockran and several other Democratic leaders. Hereafter the sage of Wantage proposes to retire to his stock farm and "enjoy the forthcoming best years of his life." "In the recent campaign," he says, "Hearst called me a corrupt politician. If he thinks so why did he visit me at Wantage, in 1903, and beg me to resume the leadership of Tammany Hall? He implored me at that time to re-enter politics, saying that Lewis Nixon was incompetent and that everybody wanted me to return. Hearst also confessed that he was ambitious to enter politics and said that I could help him. Hearst, to suit his new ideas, is now putting me in the plunderbund. He has greatly changed in the last few years. When I was in New York at that time we were great friends. I confess I liked him then. Somehow he has run away with the idea that he is greater than the Democratic party. He is ambitious to make the party his servant. He is a slave to passion and egotism. His creed is that everybody for him is an angel while everybody who is against him is a demon. It is because I think him still a danger to Democracy that I speak. If he had been elected Governor and had continued his present methods I am convinced he would have caused a class war, bringing sadder days than any American has ever seen."

Chance For the Democracy

Of Bourke Cockran, Croker said: "When Cockran was a poor youth I helped him to get into politics. I got Tammany to put up the money in the campaign that carried him into Congress and through influence got him appointed on important committees. He is one of the ablest speakers in America but he never believes a word he says. I consider him one of the most dangerous men in American politics. The present leader of Tammany, Charles F. Murphy, I have always found honest, upright and well meaning. Still I cannot understand his recent combination with Hearst unless Hearst held the Independence League as a club over Tammany. I would go to the stake before submitting to such tactics. Regarding the future, I want to dispel the rumor that I want to re-enter politics. Nothing could induce me to reassert myself in Tammany. I am out for good and all. The future of the Democratic party is in the hands of the workingman and Democrats should improve the conditions of labor and should insist that trusts which have raised prices should be killed. Combinations to corner food in the stock exchanges should be made a criminal offense. Democrats should seize their opportunities in these lines."



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Helen Wilder's Romance

Writes my Hawaiian correspondent: "Like the scent of pressed roses recalling an old romance was the suit in court last week for the cancellation of a trust deed conveying to E. D. Tenney property valued at something over $100,000. The deed was executed in 1897 by Miss Helen Wilder and was made in contemplation of marriage to Frank Unger of San Francisco, to whom she was then engaged. The engagement was soon afterwards broken off, and Miss Wilder a couple of years later married Horace J. Craft, from whom she was afterwards divorced, though I understand they are still very good friends. Unger was quite a prominent figure in society on the coast in those days. He had traveled extensively, he had a pleasing musical skill, could tell good stories, and was altogether companionable. Incidentally he had furnished two or three of the musical selections in the "Geisha Girl," which was then in the height of its success. Helen Wilder was the daughter of the late S. G. Wilder and grand-daughter of Dr. Norman Judd, one of the early missionaries. Her father died, leaving a very comfortable fortune as fortunes were counted those days, the days before some of the sugar barons began paying taxes on incomes of a million a year. Helen was an athletic girl who rode and drove the best horses in Honolulu. It was her fondness for horses that led her to start a movement, the first in Honolulu, for the prevention of cruelty to animals. When she found that the native police showed neither enthusiasm or judgment in the matter of making arrests she secured a commission as a special policeman herself, and spent her time, or a good part of it for several years, in looking after animals that were being cruelly treated. The work she did in this line was of the most wholesome and effective sort, and its influence lasts to this day."

They Suspected Unger

"When she was on the witness stand the other day giving testimony in behalf of her petition for the revocation and cancellation of her deed of trust, she very frankly explained the reasons why it was made. She said that her family believed that Frank Unger's affection for her was inspired largely by her wealth and yielding to their advice she had made the deed whereby only the income of the property was reserved for herself, the principal to go to any children she might have, or, if she died childless to be disposed of by will. The engagement was broken off soon after the deed was made, she never married Unger, the consideration for the deed had failed and she therefore wanted it cancelled, so that she would again have the direct control of her property. After her divorce from Horace J. Craft she resumed her maiden name, went to California and bought a ranch near Watsonville. There she has lived ever since.

End of a Tragedy Next the Stage

Old patrons of the Baldwin theatre of a decade ago will doubtless recall Georgie Cayvan, who cut such a prominent figure in the Frohman society plays of that period. She has just passed away in an Eastern sanitarium after suffering for seven years in one of the most distressful tragedies connected with the stage. Right at the height of her stage career when her reputation as an actress was national, when her name was deemed above reproach, came the unexpected blow that destroyed her career and sent her half demented to a sanitarium. The Sumner Teall divorce was one of the famous New York scandals of its day. Among astounding developments in the course of the hearing Mrs. Teall put in evidence to show that Georgie Cayvan had been mixed up in a wild midnight orgie with her husband. She produced a servant to testify to the facts. The story was published broadcast before Miss Cayvan had a chance to refute it and judgment for divorce was entered in favor of Mrs. Teall.

Justice Finds Itself Powerless

Miss Cayvan, broken hearted, hurried to defend her good name. Influential friends rallied to her assistance and against all precedent the case was ordered reopened by the court to hear her version of the affair. It was shown that the Tealls had agreed on a divorce some two years before; that Teall had had no inkling of the character of evidence that his wife was going to put in but had slumbered in the belief that "it would be only offensive enough to get a judgment." But Mrs. Teall had taken no chance and had carefully gathered the facts of every hearsay scandal regarding her husband that had come to light with the muck rake. It further transpired on the rehearing that the servant had had no grounds for his story against Miss Cayvan and did all he could on the stand to apologize for the wrong he had done. Mrs. Teall, when she

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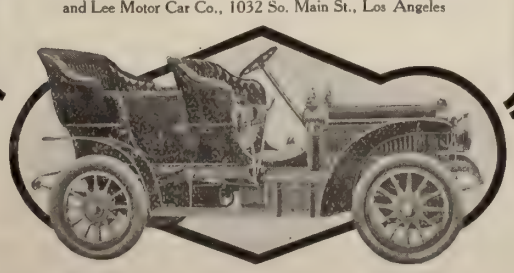
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realized what a mess she had made of the whole affair, tried her best in court to remove the error committed against Miss Cayvan's good name. The judge and attorneys did everything possible under the circumstances and the result was again published broadcast, but the blow of the original charge had already completely crushed Miss Cayvan. She was given leading roles in the best society plays of the day but her heart in her work was gone. She failed very rapidly both mentally and physically and at last was taken by her staunch friends to a sanitarium where she lingered for the past seven years when a kindly death forever freed her from her mental torments. Teall lost all his great wealth and social position and died in dire distress a year or two ago.

Mathews In Philopolis

Arthur Mathews appears to be quite as handy with the pen as with the brush. He has been dipping in ink of late for the purpose of expressing his ideas on paper instead of on canvas, and he has shown that he is something more than a dreamer. Writing of the City Beautiful he gave forth these sentiments: "The beauty of a town may finally rest with the individual builder—the use he makes of a charming vista or mound, what he places by the edge of the boulevards, his sense of fitness, his appreciation of his neighbor's feelings, and his acknowledgment of what he believes to be the more worthy measure, the general appearance of the city or his personal advertisement." It was in the "Philopolis" that these sentiments appeared. The "Philopolis," be it known, is a very artistic little magazine of recent birth in this city, the purpose of which is to consider the ethical and artistic aspect of the rebuilding of San Francisco. The editor is Will Sparks and associated with him are Arthur Mathews and John Zeile. In the latest number of "Philopolis" Mathews writes as follows: "If one wishes to get into the happier mood of the rebuilding of the town, he should retire an hour or so earlier than usual, rise with the sun, and take a trip to the water-front, working his way from there westward through the district north of Market Street. The dumps cannot resist the humor of it, nor pessimism keep its countenance in the face of the bustle, and the joyous color that fairly saturates the section. Wagons laden with golden pumpkins and blood-red grapes wend their way out of the fruit market-place, and keep pace with the continuous stream of sand carts and lumber teams. Flying dust stays close to the ground, and merely tints the reaching shadows of the morning a pearly gray. The black spots under the white awnings of the produce merchants' stores give strange contrasts, and the sunlight sparkles on brick and stone with jewelesque beauty. It is gay in the morning by the old market near the water-front."

A Touch of Sentiment

In that same article Mr. Mathews grows delightfully sentimental:

What was it that spared the little piece of the old town at the meeting place of Montgomery Avenue and Washington Street: was it the sentiment of its associations, or was it a mere freak of chance? No. 728 Montgomery Street, the old Contra Costa Water Company's building, once a courthouse, and later made famous in Bohemia as the studio of all the painters of San Francisco, from Jules Tavernier and Emile Carlsen, down to some nouveau who had the hardihood to whitewash out all the evidences on wall and ceiling,

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VARNEY W. GASKILL, Pacific Coast Manager
Oakland, Cal.

that great men once worked and strived within its walls, still stands. Who was it that painted over the lines,

'No record art keeps
Of its travails and throes,
There is toil on the steep,
On the summit repose.'

that were writ there in red, in the old days? From this point to the Chinese Quarter is not far, and better, it is quite in line with a voyage of discovery about the town. Better still, the impressions of the remaining portion of the oldest part of the old city won't become confused; and if you also have a vague notion that the Orientals are going to locate at the Potrero or on Pike's Peak, your fancies will vanish when you see the solidity of their preparations for a new cover. It is going to be plain brick this time, and although we shall miss some of the interesting old buildings that were once the fashionable resorts of the town, the orange and vermillion proclamations done in strange characters, the bright red lanterns, and the like, will come again, and we shall forget the rest. Honestly, it is worth while to take a stroll in the morning. The whiff of fresh air one gets is alone sufficient pay for the effort. Without it, you won't be able to fall into our humor, even if you were to care. You will go on wishing for the old town without a blessed idea for the new one.

His Honor's Method

There are many complaints about street cars not stopping on signal; but there is one man who never has any trouble with them, and that is Judge J. J. de Haven, of the United States District Court. The judge has a way of his own of stopping a car, and it never fails. He does not put an obstruction on the track, as some have done, or draw a revolver on the motorman, as many have felt like doing. His Honor employs less forcible but none the less effective means. When the car which he desires to board approaches he advances to a position near the track, and lifts his right arm in air. As the car draws nearer he brings his arm to a horizontal position, and extends the index finger. By this time he has attracted the motorman's attention. Then the judge, shaking an admonitory finger, gives the motorman the impression that he is nothing less than a director of the road. The judge's dignified carriage, stern face and impressively extended arm do the business. The combination says as plainly as words, "Here, you, stop that car or there will be trouble coming to you." And the motormen dare not risk the threatened trouble.

Gold to Burn But No Coal

The San Franciscans who visited the Nevada gold camps this week brought back pathetic stories of the fuel and feed famines in those sections. Wood, coal and feed for horses have gone up to famine prices in several of the camps. Wood has been selling at seventy dollars a cord and is hard to get at that price. Strenuous efforts are being made by the railroads and freighting companies to relieve the distressful situation and no doubt in the course of a few weeks freezing camps will have coal to burn again as well as gold. Not only were householders suffering extremely for lack of fuel but trains made up to go for help were stalled for lack of combustibles to carry them along the route. The country was scoured for old as well as new railroad ties. These were brought into camps and house holders stand in line for tickets entitling them to several ties each.

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Defied The Shotgun Guard

Some of the railroad companies put shotgun guards around their stacked new ties in hopes of saving them for their prospective new roads. One man calmly drove up to a stack of these ties. The shotgun guard at once covered him. "Drive off," he ordered, "you can't touch that wood." The man walked straight up to the guard. "Look here," he said, "my wife is sick. She is liable to die of pneumonia. I am going to take some of those ties, and if you shoot me for trying to keep my family warm, God help your soul." The guard lowered his gun and walked away to the other side of the wood pile. The stranger took what ties he wanted and drove off. Liverymen and contractors are afraid they will be obliged to sacrifice some of their stock unless feed stuffs come to hand shortly. A team and wagon without the driver costs eighteen dollars a day. Hay has passed offers of forty dollars a ton. Labor of all kinds is in great demand and top notch prices rule in everything. Half a dozen trains are underway from several directions to relieve the fuel distress.

Whitman's Narrow Escape

Former Chief of Police Whitman doesn't know that he just escaped arrest by the skin of his teeth a few days ago. Whitman is vice-president of the Colonial Theatre Company and was present at the opening performance. In the audience was a detective, who, years ago, was dismissed from the force by Whitman because the patrolman failed to report that chairs had been placed in the aisles of Fischer's Theatre. Now, on the first night of the Colonial, the seats were not screwed to the floor, as the city ordinance commands they shall be, and the detective with a grudge observed the violation of the law. His first impulse was to arrest his former Chief off hand; it would be amusing to carry him handcuffed to the Bush Street Station in the patrol wagon. But second thought prevailed, and the matter was taken up with the Captain in command of the precinct, who after a long conference with the remorseless detective ordered him to depart in peace and let Whitman enjoy the show.

Praise For Mary Austin

William Archer, one of the best known of London literary critics, recently devoted a whole column of the Morning Leader to praise of the classic English of Mary Austin. The tribute is well deserved. Mrs. Austin is one of the least self-seeking of writers. Her books come at long intervals, but discriminating readers watch for them as they do for rare wild flowers. As yet there have been but four, and one of them the finest interpretation of the romatic life of California before the American settlers drove out the natives that has yet appeared, and it will be long till there will be another to place beside it. Mrs. Austin's latest work, "The Flock," is a sympathetic exposition of the life of the shepherd in California, a history of the wool and sheep industry from the introduction of the flocks until the present time. In collaboration with Elmer Harris she has written a play, "The Coyote Doctor," which may have a first appearance in London. It is said to be as far out of the beaten track of the ordinary playwright as her books are different from those of other writers.

France would have an awfully dull time if she could not change ministers about as often as the average man changes his collar.—Cincinnati "Times-Star."

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Social Prattle

By Tantalus

Blingumites Involved

Last week I reported that the graft investigation in San Francisco had given great impetus to civic patriotism in Burlingame and that some of the virtuous women of that burg were following the revelations of official corruption with keen interest. During the present week I have learned that some of the proudest females of our aristocracy have exhibited signs of alarm in consequence of a disquieting rumor respecting the gathering of storm clouds over their own domiciles. The remorseless Burns of the Secret Service, it is said, is no respecter of exclusiveness, and it is further said that he has been poking about in a muck heap of scandal that is not to be deoderized, not even by the powerful perfumes that scent the atmosphere of the boudoirs of the elect. In less equivocal language, Secret Agent Burns has been on the trail of certain haughty financiers who have been posing in this community as superior persons, and who, it may be shown, have been swelling their inherited wealth with money that will bear a strong resemblance to the tainted variety when the truth reaches its efflorescence in the grand jury room. At this writing the indications are that a new epoch in Blingum history is about to emerge from the shell. Burlingame society may soon be in need of rehabilitation.

Mrs. Crellin Has Her Vehicle

Camille D'Arville Crellin meant what she said when she shook the dust of San Francisco from her feet and hied herself Eastward immediately after the quake. Some of her friends did not take her seriously. They had been of the opinion that Camille D'Arville's stage days were over, for when last heard in concert her voice showed signs of wear and tear such as afflict those singers that do not produce tones properly, but the popular artist enjoys a reputation that will survive her vocal organ, and there are managers willing to exploit her providing she is able to get a suitable vehicle. This she has done. She employed Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards to write a musical comedy for her and news comes to me that it has been tried and that it proved acceptable. It has a role that admirably fits the talented lady and it was due for production this week at the Belasco Theatre. A large singing and beauty chorus will be a feature of the production.

Miss Ethel Coming To the Front

A correspondent writes me that the Roosevelts are now familiarizing their daughter Ethel with the limelight and that she may be expected to become quite as conspicuous and popular a young lady of the White House as was her sister Alice. Although she is still a schoolgirl she has social ambition. A week ago she was hostess at an al fresco luncheon and her guests were some twenty of her school mates from the National Cathedral School. She looked very pretty in a fetching tailor-made gown of dark red broadcloth, with a large picture hat trimmed in plumes.

The Winslows Are Here

A notable addition to the local fashionable world has been made by the arrival here a few days ago of Mrs. Winslow, wife of Commander Cameron McRae Winslow, commanding officer of the flagship Charleston. The Winslows have long been identified with the smartest sets in Washington, New York and Newport. Mrs. Winslow came hither with her children, direct from her Newport house. The Winslows will probably take apartments in San Francisco for the winter although they have been looking at quarters across the bay.

The Hopkins' Tea

One of the most interesting events of the Season was the Tea given by Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins for their daughter Lydia at the Paris Tea Garden last Saturday. The dainty hall was transformed into a most luxuriant garden with a wealth of palms and ferns. As is usual with Mrs. Hopkins' receptions, only the creme de la creme graced the occasion. The abundance of beautiful flowers which she received was eloquent testimony of her popularity.

A Much Rejected Statesman

Now that Miss Ide is the wife of the Tammany statesman there is talk, I am told, of organizing a society of Daughters Who Have Rejected Bourke Cockran's Attentions. It is said that Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg is eligible to the presidency, Mrs. Clarence Mackay would have no serious rival for the vice-presidency, and more than a dozen members of the Newport hunting set might qualify for the governing board. For Mr. Cockran, be it known, has been a great beau from New York to California, from Honolulu to the Philippines, and every time he was rejected his friends reported that he was thinking of entering the priesthood.



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The first of the dances of the Gaiety Club occurred last Tuesday night at the Paris Tea Garden and proved to be a most delightful affair. After the ball a dainty supper was served at which Mrs. John F. Boyd was hostess. The Paris Tea Garden will again be the scene for the Club's remaining dances of the season.

A Little Wholesome Advice

The California Club has done an unusual thing, and one that will, it is hoped, have good results. It has bought advertising space in the street cars, and has put up cards giving women advice as to their Christmas shopping. It admonishes them to do their buying early in the season, instead of waiting until the week before Christmas, and to shop before five o'clock. In this way, it is stated, both employer and employee will be helped. It might be added, also, that shopping before five o'clock will tend to minimize the street car crush. Many women thoughtlessly stay down town shopping until just the time people are going home from work, and the natural consequence is that a terrible burden is added to the already overcrowded cars. If the California Club succeeds through its street-car cards in curing women of this bad habit it will have done a good piece of work.

A Coincidence

It was an interesting coincidence that the engagement of Stella McCalla was announced just about the time that the news came out of the betrothal of Willie Chapin and a Washington girl. For Willie Chapin and Stella McCalla were once upon a time very dear to each other. It looks like a case of "Well if you don't care, neither do I." Miss McCalla is one of the most attractive of the very attractive McCalla girls, and her friends feel that her betrothed is a very lucky man. He is said to have money and a pleasing personality. He met Miss McCalla when she was visiting in London recently with her sister, Mrs. Miller.

The story is going the rounds that the first of our society girls to adopt the Eastern fashion of wearing socks such as brother wears was an earthquake bride. The announcement of her engagement followed on the heels of the socks as it were and thereafter no end of orders were put in for embroidered socklets. Now the ankles of nearly all our society girls are encased in abbreviated hose.

Saturday's monthly union meeting of the Adelphian Club of Alameda was one of unusual interest both because of the large attendance and the excellence of the varied programme. Mrs. E. J. Dodge was hostess of the day. The meeting was held in the Unitarian Church club rooms, which were prettily decorated for the occasion. Great pains had been taken to secure good talent and the result justified the effort. Especial applause was given Mr. John Beatty, the tenor, whose selections included Denza's "Si tu M'Amais," Verdi's "Questa O'Quella," and an old Scotch song. Miss Elsie Arden, the contralto, rendered in excellent manner selections from Massenet, d'Hardelot and Tsaichowsky and Miss Grace Freeman, Giulio Minetti's talented pupil, evoked unstinted applause by her performance on the violin, playing several difficult selections. Miss Alma Sevening, who has just completed a course of study in the East, read Bret Harte's "Her Letter" and gave several selections from "As You Like It" in charming manner. Miss Sevening's engagement to Captain Westdahl, U. S. A., was recently announced.

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Society Bud Becomes a Nun

Ada Sullivan, second daughter of the Frank J. Sullivans and niece of Mr. James D. Phelan, is not to be among the debutantes of local society. The cloistered life holds charms for her of which society is utterly devoid and she has resolved to consecrate herself to the service of God in the role of a Carmelite nun. Indeed she has already renounced the gayeties of this world and I believe that she is now behind convent walls, for she went East with her mother a few weeks ago to become a postulant of the Carmelite order. There is a Carmelite convent in Boston, and as Miss Sullivan's aunt, Mrs. White, sister-in-law of the Rev. Father White, is a resident of that city, it is there, in all probability that she will begin her novitiate. All the Sullivans, by the way, are very devout Catholics, and they have several ecclesiastical connections. Father Kenna, of Santa Clara college, is a relative by marriage of the young lady who is about to become a nun.

Gossip From Los Angeles

"Los Angeles society," writes my correspondent, "is again attempting to segregate the sheep from the goats. Many times the cry has gone up that the lines are not sufficiently well drawn and the parvenus who have fattened on oil gushers, rapid real estate rises or rich ore finds are clamoring again for a password. One of the earliest attempts at social branding has been made by the revival of the assemblies which died of inanition some years ago. These winter dances will be primarily for the younger set but the patronesses are numerous and selected with exceeding great care. There will be several of these Assembly hops during the winter, and the Bachelors' Cotillion Club, organized to repay social obligations to hostesses of many years' standing, will also give some very select balls after the New Year is ushered in. A number of bachelors and benedicts who were carelessly omitted from the censored lists of the "Bachelors' Cotillon" have decided to organize a smart set of their own and therefore the B. Bs. are also in the field as hosts. * * * The engagement of Miss Margaret Lee, daughter of the H. T. Lees, to Roy Koster has just been announced. Thomas Lee will marry Miss Mabel Garnsey in the near future. Considerable surprise attended the recently made announcement of the wedding in New Orleans of Miss Deane Faulkner, daughter of a prominent family of the Crescent City, to Albert M. Stephens Jr., son of Judge A. M. Stephens.

They Had Del Monte Turkey

Some that expected to eat their Thanksgiving turkey at Del Monte changed their plans on account of Wednesday's storm, but the large number who braved the elements were rewarded with beautiful weather on

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Thursday and the following days. Mrs. Russell Wilson brought down in her automobile Mrs. Charles Josselyn and Miss Marjorie Josselyn. The others of the party who traveled by train were Miss Wilson, Miss Charlotte Wilson, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Chesebrough, Mrs. A. N. Dibble, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Dibble, Mrs. F. M. Clarke, Miss Kadah Booth, Mrs. J. G. Kittle, George L. Cadwalader, W. M. Thurston, G. L. Rathbone, Allen J. Kittle, J. C. Kittle, F. E. Booth, Charles J. Freeborn, Lawrence McCreary and Wm. T. Coleman. A big handsomely decorated table accommodated them all. Every day was filled with golfing, horseback riding or some other out-of-door amusement. Saturday Mrs. Josselyn entertained them at luncheon at the Los Laurelles Ranch. A Tally-ho carried most of her guests, though some went in a surrey and a few on saddle horses. Others who enjoyed a good many horseback rides during this Thanksgiving week were Miss Head, of Berkeley, and three of her teachers—Miss Kinney, Miss Fisher and Miss Withers. Miss Eula Glide and Dr. Emma Mackay, of Berkeley, with Mrs. J. H. Glide and Miss Glide, of Sacramento, spent the holidays at Del Monte. Some other Berkeley people down for the week were Mrs. G. Chaddock, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Benholf and Dr. and Mrs. Robert Bodsworth. Geraldine Bonner and Miss Lora Hyde were over from Carmel-by-the-Sea for Thanksgiving day.

Dr. and Mrs. N. W. Graycroft and Mr. and Mrs. H. Commelin are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick, of Paris, are resting at Del Monte after their long journey, and expect to remain most of the winter. They have extensive interests in California, one of them being a famous apple orchard near Watsonville.

The Misses Morrison, who entertain so hospitably in their beautiful San Jose home, spent Thanksgiving at Del Monte.

A Society Benefit

The students of the Dramatic Association of the University of California will present "The Merry Wives of Windsor" under the direction of Mr. Garnet Holme, at the Colonial Theatre, Friday afternoon, December 7th, at 2 o'clock P. M. for the benefit of the Sick and Needy Chapter of the Good Samaritan Mission. Tickets are for sale at Kohler & Chase, Franklin street, near Sutter, and at the Theatre. The patronesses are: Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mrs. W. B. Collier, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mrs. E. L. Griffith, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mrs. Jonathan Kittle, Miss Carrie Gwinn, Mrs. H. M. Sherman, Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. Joseph L. King. Boxes are to be disposed of privately. Mrs. Frank Carolan has already taken one.

A Letter From Mary Carrick

Hugo Mansfeldt received, the other day, a joyful letter from his triumphant pupil, Mary Carrick, whose conquest of critical Berlin on the occasion of her recent

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North End

An Ideal Place for Luncheon Parties is the Paris Tea Garden

piano recital was reported in the dispatches. The applause of the audience was still in her ears when she sat down to write to her tutor of the notable triumph which she knew was as gratifying to him as it was to her, since it gave testimony to the genius of both. "The large hall," she wrote, "was crowded with Germans and Americans. It is unnecessary to say that the audience was a critical one, as all Berlin audiences are, and to be recalled half a dozen times after each number was certainly an unusual thing for a foreigner and a debutante. The applause continued so long at the end that I was obliged to give an encore. I can hardly believe it yet that I received such a reception from the greatest musical centre in the world. Without doubt the most astonished and delighted person in the hall was Mr. Liebling, for it was the first time he heard me play, and his great enthusiasm reminded me of you after a concert in San Francisco. In speaking of my playing, he said, it was a most wonderful performance and he never before heard the Grosses Konzert solo in concert. It was to have been played two weeks ago but at the last moment the pianist, Theodore Bohlmann substituted two shorter Liszt pieces for it. * * * Mr. Liebling said I had been faultlessly taught and could not learn any more and that there is no need of studying here. This will, I know, give you as much pleasure as it did mamma and me."

A Worthy Enterprise

Efforts are being made in Alameda by the Daughters of the King and others to arouse an interest in the Lion Memorial Home, an organization that, in the few months of its existence, has done an immense amount of good in an unobtrusive way. The help and guidance of respectable, deserving women who are out of work are the principal objects of the Home, but it does not balk at any opportunity to lend a helping hand. The direction of the Home had been in the hands of a committee for several months past, but it has again reverted to the Daughters of the King, the original sponsors. An active interest is also taken by Rev. W. N. Guthrie, the Episcopalian minister of Alameda, who in September of last year circulated a subscription paper and secured a guarantee of enough money to make monthly payments on a house that is being purchased and is now being used as headquarters. This house, located at 1250 Park Street, has sheltered many friendless women, most of whom have secured work through the good offices of Miss Harrison, who is in charge. The organization is named after Rev. Edgar Jacob Lion, who founded St. Stephens Church in this city, and who for thirty years was its rector. However, the Home is not in any way sectarian. Its great need at present is a larger list of patrons in order that the payments on the house may be kept up and something left for working expenses. At the membership price, a dollar a month, there should be no difficulty about this. A Woman's Exchange adjunct, where articles manufactured by working women may be sold, is also planned. Another project is the erection of a club room which will be a meeting place for girls in domestic service. A whist tournament will be held at the Unitarian Church club rooms on the night of December 14 by which it is hoped to add materially to the fund. Anyone who wants to assist a charitable organization of the best character can do so effectively by taking a membership, which can be secured through Rev. W. N. Guthrie, Mrs. Oscar Thieme, the secretary, or Miss Harrison, who is in charge at headquarters.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Comte Jr. have returned from their summer home at Woodside. They are now at their Guerrero Street residence, where they were visited by the stork, bearing a boy baby, a few weeks ago. The Comtes have three daughters.

An Achievement In Incongruity

San Francisco women are world-famous for their sartorial gaucheries. The sealskin coat on a hot day has become a commonplace of which the native no longer takes notice. High heels with walking skirts are seen as frequently as was formerly the silk tile and sack coat. Occasionally a woman bobs up whose originality in devising incongruities command attention. One made her appearance at a reception the other day in a peek-a-boo waist with sleeves that came half way from the shoulder to the elbow, long gloves and a huge muff. Her arms in the hiatus between the gloves and the sleeves showed red and goosefleshy, for it was nipping and an eager air. Through the meshes of her waist, a practically decollete garment, her bosom matched the purple of her nose. She was shivering and her teeth chattered, but she appeared to be entirely satisfied with herself.

Mrs. Mott-Smith Cunningham, exhibitor in Paris Salon of 1906, announces that her Studio Shop, at 1622 Pine Street, a few doors from Van Ness Avenue, is now open for the sale of her Jewelry at prices proportionate to their value. Beautiful presents for the holidays of which there are no duplicates.

Electric Lamps

A Gift That Is Artistic, Useful and Very Acceptable

They come in various sizes and shapes, representing heroic figures, etc., beautifully draped—some with one light, others holding several—suitable for living-room, parlor or den. One design represents a beautiful feminine figure, cleverly draped, holding a rose branch, and a light in the place of a rose—price $6.50. Also a large assortment at $15 and $20.

NATHAN-DOHRMANN CO.

1520-1550 Van Ness Ave.

AUTOMOBILE GOSSIP

The latest of the 1907 models of automobiles to arrive in the city is the Pope Hartford machine, which was received yesterday by the Hovey-Boushey Company. The car affords the local trade and motorists in general a good idea of how much the automobile of next year is improved over that of this season. In general construction, workmanship, speed and appearance it bears out the promises of the factory that the new models will be better in many respects than the same powered car of any foreign make.

Finished in an attractive red, and following the lines of the French cars with stripes on the tonneau, the new arrival from the Pope Hartford factory makes an unusually fine appearance. It is not in looks alone, however, that the machine is better than the style of last year. A fifty-mile-an-hour speed is claimed by the local agents, and they also say that for hill climbing few machines will equal it.

"Why that machine is only one sample of what the factory has accomplished in the improvement of their automobiles for next year," said Homer Boushey. "I firmly believe that for the size of the engine, which is a thirty power motor, there is nothing on the market that can make it take dust. The engine runs smoothly and with little vibration, while developing all of the power with which the car is rated.

"We will test the machine on the local streets for a few days, then Kinsley, our demonstrator, will start out for every record, whether hill-climbing or racing, now held on the coast."

At the salesroom of the company yesterday, the car was on exhibition, and attracted over two hundred people, including nearly every dealer and agent on the avenue.

The machine has 102-inch wheel base, tread 56 inches, 32x34 wheels, sliding gear transmission, inverted cone type clutch, a tank for fifteen gallons of gasoline and another for five gallons of water. Two carloads of the same type of machines will arrive next week.

Right on the heels of a series of remarkable hill-climbing demonstrations, the model "A" Oldsmobile was sent around the bay in three hours and twenty-six minutes, over rough and slippery roads, which time, to anyone who is familiar with conditions, shows, without a doubt, that the little car possesses wonderful speed, as well as power, and that the hill climbing was not a question of low gearing. **—The Autoist.**

Leonard Dresdner of New York City was in town last week. Mr. Dresdner represents E. Cusenier Fils Aine & Co., Societe Anonyme, Paris, and he has appointed Sherwood & Sherwood the Pacific Coast agents for this great French house.

HAD TO BREAK THE SABBATH

"Do you know that the old New England laws forbade a man to kiss his wife on Sunday?" she asked.

"I've heard so," replied he, "and I suppose that our forefathers evaded the law by kissing the wives of other men."

"Auto Eye"? You Know How Eyes Suffer After Exposure In Sun, Wind and Dust. Neglect Results in Eye Strain, Redness and Granulation. Be Wise in Time.
Murine Eye Remedy Soothes and Quickly Cures.

The
VOSE
PIANO

with its refined musical Tone, Responsive Action, Durable Construction, and Beautiful Designs, is a piano in which Quality is the dominant feature and one that is highly artistic from every standpoint.

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Chinese and Japanese Fancy Goods

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Stage

A Veteran Manager

Manager E. D. Price, formerly of this city, in an interview last week, with a Detroit "Free Press" reporter, yielded sufficient material in stage reminiscences to fill a whole page. The reporter wrote of Mr. Price as follows:

"After a long absence, E. D. Price, one of the best known managers in America, came to town the other day with Miss Held. In his time Price has guided many a celebrated star; and Price's counsel has been the breath of life to many an aspiring but struggling young play-writer. It is to Price that pre-eminent managers like Frohman turn when in need of a staff officer of commanding importance. Long association with leading stars, like John McCullough, Mansfield, Leslie Carter and others of the first magnitude, has made Price a veritable schoolmaster of the stage; one standing in the shadow, but ever acting as a scholarly and sympathetic middleman between the actor and the public. He has lived in New York, in London, in Paris, in San Francisco, has repeatedly traveled every state in the union, and has professionally toured practically the whole English-speaking world. Recently, he was managing two theatres in San Francisco and one in Los Angeles; but the earthquake settled all that, in a single night. Coming East, he has joined the Interstate Amusement Company, an organization of a high class, with fine attractions."

The Exploiting of Anna

Anna Held has long been the most cleverly exploited star on the American stage. Her husband is one of the richest men in the theatrical business, and he has genius for selecting men of the Price type to persuade the public that she is a great artist. But he made a very serious mistake a little over a year ago when he permitted Anna to become a member of a burlesque company of which Marie Dresser was a member. Readers of Town Talk may remember that when it was announced that Anna Held and Marie Dresser were to share the limelight I predicted that the French woman who perspires so freely in her efforts to ape the chic manners of the true Parisienne would suffer irreparably in what would prove a fatal contrast. The prediction came true. Marie Dresser completely eclipsed the unspontaneous Anna, and the latter had to lose a whole bag of jewels the other day in order to attract attention again. Now the little French woman is once more being exploited as of old in a gorgeously magnificent production surrounded by beautiful women and aided by every device that a high priced stage manager can invent and for the purchase of which there is abundant capital. An Eastern critic says of the show: "It is a noisy, brilliant, dazzling and tuneful romp, all whirls of dance, melody and revolving pictures. A fast and furious riot of suggestion which makes the tired young man sit up and take notice without actually doing anything objectionable to achieve that thrilling surprise. Something germane to a story runs through the battle of clothes and smiles and Miss Held is provided with an arch role exactly suited to her many charming graces and her elegance of dainty art. * * * * * It is a Julian Mitchell production and the master has exceeded his most brilliant efforts in massing gardens and bouquets of girls. keeping the show at a breakneck speed all the time and filling the stage with wonderful motion pictures and unique departures in business and display of beauty. Mr. Ziegfeld is a celebrity in these matters. Nobody in the world does them so well, has so superfine a taste in decoration or selection of chorus girls. Being partly responsible for the mania for show girls which swept the country, Mr. Ziegfeld is the first to understand her reign is over, so he has crowded his stage pictures with active, strenuous young women who look well in everything and without anything to speak of, and who can sing like a Savage grand opera chorus."

Calve's Betrothed

A contributor to the "Echo de Paris," after dining with Mme. Calve, quotes her as giving the following description of her fiance: "He became blind eleven



KATHERINE NUGENT
"The American Cissy Loftus," Coming to the Orpheum Next Week.

years ago. He was working in a laboratory with his brother and a foreman when a short circuited wire blinded all three of them. The brother subsequently died from melancholia and the foreman committed suicide. The fiance, who was then married, lost his wife. She died of grief over her inability to restore her husband's sight. Since then he has loved only music. The writer says that the fiance's last visit to a theatre before his affliction was two days before the catastrophe. He went to the Metropolitan Opera House and heard Mme. Calve sing "Carmen." He met her and said to her. With your voice I see again. It recreates for me a landscape of dewy valleys and dark forests." Their marriage will take place next June. From January until March they will be on a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean. There will be an orchestra on board the yacht. The only shadow that Mme. Calve finds, according to the writer, is the renunciation of public singing.

Mme. Calve's performances in March, April and May at the Opera Comique will be her farewells to the stage. She has gone to Barcelona to embark on her mysterious fiance's yacht.

The Gabrilowitsch Concerts

The first great pianist scheduled to visit new San Francisco is Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the brilliant young Russian, who since his last visit here five years ago has won recognition as one of the most successful of modern composers and orchestral conductors as well as a piano virtuoso. No one who heard this young artist on his previous visit will ever forget his marvelously sympathetic performances of the Beethoven works and his thoroughly intelligent and brilliant interpretations of Schumann and Chopin. There is no more delightful pianist before the public today than Gabrilowitsch and his return will be hailed with delight by our many music lovers with whom Will Greenbaum has ever kept faith. This manager has not cancelled one contract made before the disaster. Every artist he had signed has thus far appeared and at exactly the date contracted for. The Gabrilowitsch concerts will be given Tuesday night, December 18, and Saturday matinee December 22 at the new Lyric Hall, the prettiest concert auditorium ever in San Francisco and most conveniently located at the corner of Larkin and Turk Streets. The seats will be $1.50 and $1.00 and will be on sale next Saturday, December 15, at Sherman Clay & Co.'s on Van Ness. The only appearance of this artist in Oakland will be Thursday matinee, December 20, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, and seats for this event will be ready next Thursday at the box office of the theatre.

Vogt's Opera

The first performance on any stage of a new romantic Chinese comic opera entitled "The Lilly of Chee-Foo" by Theodor Vogt, the well-known Bohemian Club composer, will be the magnet that will draw big crowds to Idora Park, Oakland's home of opera for the next week or so. At the last Bohemian Club concert at the Greek Theatre "Teddy" Vogt's music seemed to please everybody, and we will probably hear some charming melodies in the new work which Managers Bishop and Greenbaum have undertaken to produce in Oriental splendor. The orchestra will be specially enlarged for this production, magnificent costumes are being made and in every way it will be a notable production. Large parties of the composer's friends from the Bohemian and Athenian Clubs will attend the opening

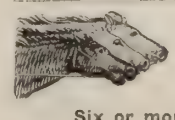
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McAllister Street, near Market — Phone Market 920
MARTIN F. KURTZIG, President and Manager
Matinee (To-day) Saturday
Last Two Nights of
JESSIE BUSLEY IN
"THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE"
Evenings, $2.00 to 50c; matinee, $1.50 to 50c.
Beginning Monday evening next
FRANK BACON
And the Colonial Theatre Stock Company in Neil Burgess' Great Success
"THE COUNTY FAIR"
Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00.
Wednesday Bargain Matinee, best reserve seats, 25c.
Saturday and Sunday matinees, 25c and 50c.

Will L. Greenbaum Announces
GABRILOWITSCH
The Russian Pianist
At the New and Elegant
LYRIC HALL
Corner Larkin and Turk Streets
Tuesday Evening and Saturday Matinee, December 18 and 22
YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE, Oakland
Thursday Matinee, December 20, at 3:15.
Price, $1.50 and $1.00, including reserved seats. San Francisco box office opens next Saturday, December 15, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Van Ness Avenue above California. Oakland, Thursday, December 13, at Ye Liberty.
Mason & Hamlin Piano used

ORPHEUM — Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Dec. 9
Matinee every day except Monday
5—BIG NEW ACTS—5
JULIUS STEGER AND COMPANY; Katherine Nugent; Mlle. Dziria and Her Dancer; Charles Serra; Palfrey and Hoefler; Bellman and Moore; Kochly Brothers; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week of the
FOUR LUKENS.
PRICES: 10c, 25c and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Sutter and Fillmore Streets. Phone, West 6000.
CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. to Midnight. Admission, 10c; Children, 5c.

IDORA PARK — OAKLAND — Direction H. W. Bishop
Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.
Commencing Monday, December 10
First Time on Any Stage of
"THE LILY OF CHEE-FOO"
A Romantic Chinese Opera by Theo. Vogt

Ye Liberty Playhouse — 14th & Broadway OAKLAND
Direction H. W. Bishop
Henry Arthur Jones' Farce
"THE MANŒUVERS OF JANE"


RACING
New California Jockey Club
Oakland Race Track
Six or more races each week day, rain or shine.
RACES COMMENCE AT 1:40 P. M., SHARP
For special trains stopping at the track take the S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street; leave at 12:00, thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 P. M. No smoking in last two cars which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.
Returning trains leave track after fifth and last races.
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.
PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

performance, which will be quite a social as well as musical event. Director Paul Steindorff is most enthusiastic over the new work.

The New Lyric Hall

Will Greenbaum has said very little about his plans for his future work in San Francisco, but he has been "doing things" just the same, and now he announces that the new "Lyric Hall" is ready and can be secured for lectures, concerts, cotillions, weddings, parties, church fairs, club meetings, etc. The hall is not a large one, seating only about 550 people, but it is charmingly furnished, is on the ground floor and in a most convenient location. It is in the Fyfe building, corner of Larkin and Turk, and is easily reached from all parts of the city, the Larkin Street cars and Turk Street line passing the door, while the Eddy, McAllister and Geary are not far away and all transfer to the front of the hall.

The color scheme is green, gray and buff, the electric lighting is especially attractive and the ladies parlors, gentlemen's smoking room, etc., are all in good taste.

Lyric Hall will be the scene of many social festivities this season.

At The Colonial

Jessie Busley continues to pack the Colonial Theatre with the Channing Pollock dramatization of Miriam Michelson's novel "In The Bishop's Carriage." Miss Busley has scored a notable triumph in the role of Nance Olden, and hardly less artistic is the performance of that excellent actor Sam Reed. The season which will terminate on Sunday night has proved beyond a doubt that San Francisco is ready and eagar to patronize what is best in theatricals. Frank Young, the manager of the company, is delighted at the success of the company. He estimates that the receipts of the two weeks will amount to twenty-one thousand dollars.

The County Fair

Monday night the Colonial Theatre Stock Company will reappear in Neil Burgess' famous rural New England play "The County Fair." Frank Bacon will be seen as Aunt Abby, which is one of his most successful impersonations, and Izetta Jewel, Bessie Bacon, Jane Jeffery, Edna McClure, Wilfred Roger, Burt Wesner, Harry Pollard, Orral Humphreys and the other members of the company will be appropriately cast. The management promises a most effective production with a big racing scene and all the many attractive features with which the play abounds.

Maxine Elliott's Engagement

Theatre-goers are eagerly and joyfully expectant of the appearance of Maxine Elliott in this city on the evening of the 17th. Special arrangements have been made by Gottlob, Marx & Co. by which the beautiful Maxine will be enabled to present her play, "Her Great Match," which was written to exploit her personality, and which is said to fit her like a glove. Though Gottlob, Marx & Co. have no theatre of their own at present they have secured the Novelty Theatre for this attraction. Maxine Elliott is a great favorite in this, the city of her first triumphs, and now that her art has received the endorsement of London as well as New York her old admirers feel that their judgment has been well vindicated. The sale of seats for this engagement will begin next Thursday morning at 9 o'clock at the of-



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The firm that sells the Steinway is the firm that holds the leadership, and the firm that holds the leadership sells the best musical instruments in all grades. These facts are proven by the agencies Sherman, Clay & Co. are intrusted with. No matter what you want, or what you want to pay, you can do better here. Quality MUST be considered above all things.

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1635 Van Ness, San Francisco

OUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Consist of LOW PRICES on the following absolutely pure goods guaranteed:

SUGAR, best Cane, fine white dry granulated, 100-lb. double bag, net weight. Subject to market change	$4.45
DRY GRANULATED SUGAR, Cane, special 50-lb. double bag; this month, with other goods, each	2.25
CORN STARCH, "Best" brand, 10c packages, quality guaranteed perfect, each	.05
SPICES, fresh ground, high grade, all except Nutmeg and Mace, 5-lb. tin for	.98
CANNED CORN, splendid new pack; three for 25c; case of 2 dozen for	1.94
HONEY, in 5-gallon tins, net 60 lbs., 1906 crop, heavy, rich, pure, amber color; per tin	3.50
KEG PICKLES, Mixed or Plain, standard 5-gallon size, actual size 4 gallons; each	.98
AMERICAN SARDINES, not guaranteed to equal the imported; a sound fish in good oil; per tin	.03
CONDENSED MILK, Isleton Brand, nothing better; 3 for 25c; case of 4 dozen	3.75
KITCHEN and Dairy Salt, in 50-lb. sacks, each	.24
CALIFORNIA FRENCH PRUNES, in 50-lb. boxes, a good article, new crop; per box	1.98
EARLY JUNE PEAS, excellent new pack; 3 tins 25c; case of 2 dozen	1.75
SPLENDID COFFEE, our Cream Java Roast. Try at least five pounds; guaranteed superb aroma and strength. Regular 30c, this month, per lb.	.25
TEA—Daisy Brand, our leader; uncolored, worth 75c per lb. Special this month, lb.	.40
OLIVES—Especially good California Ripe Manzanilla Olives, in gallon tins, flavor and condition perfect; each tin	1.00
FAMILY MIXED COFFEE, ready ground, 25-lb. tin for	5.00
APPLE CIDER, Martinelli's, sweet, quart bottle	.25
APPLE BUTTER, Heinz, pure, 2 lbs.	.30
CRANBERRIES, Best Cape Cod, quart	.15
CANDY—4-lb. box, Christmas Mix	.75
5-lb. box, French Mix	1.25
NUTS—FANCY, Basket, assorted, 4-lb.	.75
RAISINS—5-lb. Fancy Basket	.75

SMITH'S CASH STORE

16 Steuart St. San Francisco.

"JUST AROUND THE CORNER."

fice of Gottlob & Marx, corner of Van Ness and Geary. From the orders that have already come in by mail it looks as though all seats for the six nights and Saturday matinee will be sold long before the opening night.

The Van Ness Theatre

Gottlob, Marx & Co. announce that their theatre at the corner of Van Ness and Geary will be called the "Van Ness." It is expected to be completed in time for the engagement of McIntyre and Heath, scheduled for the middle of January. The Van Ness will have a seating capacity of at least two thousand and will have an immense stage.

Orpheum Vaudeville

Julius Steger, the well known operatic baritone, will make his first appearance in San Francisco this Sunday afternoon at the Orpheum, assisted by William H. Pascoe, Miss Helen Mar Wilcox and John Romano, an accomplished harpist. The medium for his introduction will be a musical-dramatic playlet entitled "The Fifth Commandment," and concerning it a prominent New York critic says: "It is a marvelous, fascinating little sketch. The force and pathos of Julius Steger's acting of the chief role and the seraphic music of his voice when singing to the accompaniment of a harp have added strength and immeasurable value to what will surely be looked upon as one of the little classics of vaudeville." Katherine Nugent, who as Flora Wiggins, the tough girl, was the hit of the "College Widow" at the Columbia Theatre last year, will make her first vaudeville appearance here. She is known as the "American Cissy Loftus" and gives imitations of Mabel Barrison, Anna Held, Blanche Ring, Vesta Victoria, Ethel Levey, Vesta Tilley and numerous others. Mlle. Dziria, a terpsichorean divinity who comes direct from Paris, will be seen for the first time in America. The Parisian press showers her with encomiums. Charles Serra, a gymnast who has no rival in his chosen line of work, will also be new to this city. His equilibristic feats on a white column are said to be extraordinary. Palfrey and Hoefler, comedy bicyclists, will complete the list of newcomers. They are as clever as they are amusing. The four Lukens will continue their astounding aerial act. Bellman and Moore will introduce new specialties in their "Bit of Vaudeville" and the Kochly brothers, European acrobatic wonders, and Orpheum Motion Pictures showing the latest novelties, will complete a varied and interesting program.

Another Belasco-Made Star

Frances Starr, formerly of the Alcazar, is now a Broadway star. Her first appearance as an actress of stellar dignity was reported as follows in the "Sun": "The production of "The Rose of the Rancho" last night at the Belasco must be recorded with a red letter, but in the rubric the name of a new Belasco-made actress shines brighter than the play—though that, too, is far from dim. For some years now we have watched the progress of Miss Frances Starr from the local stock companies to the Broadway playhouses with admiration for her youthful beauty and talent. It remained for Mr. Belasco to place upon her the stamp of an artist. Her youth has blown to the full rose, and her talent has become a song. In memory she is a daughter of New England—fragile as the petal of a lily, but refined, gracious and altogether charming. Last night as a maiden of the old California, half Yankee and half Spanish, she was still refined and charming, as few or none of Mr. Belasco's heroines have been; and in addition she had acquired the touch of caprice and passion and the color of quick romantic blood which elevated her into the realm of poetry. An audience to whom she was all but a stranger warmed and thrilled to her, and rose to her with acclamations."

An Operetta at Tiburon

The vaudeville entertainment which the ladies of Belvedere were to have given last Saturday evening was postponed on account of the death of Mrs. Stuart Dunbar. It will take place this Saturday evening at the Corinthian Yacht Club. Mr. Frederick Greenwood and Mrs. George de Long have the programme in charge and George Lask will have charge of the stage. The entertainment will consist of an operetta in which will appear Mrs. Thomas Nunan, Mrs. George de Long and Emil Kehrlein Jr.

Grand Prize at St. Louis; 50 Gold Medals and other awards

DEWAR'S



SCOTCH WHISKEY

Makes the finest High Ball on earth!

Sherwood & Sherwood, Pacific Coast Agents

Pine Street, near Market San Francisco

Henry Weinhard's Columbia Lager Beer



IT'S PURE
THERE'S HEALTH
IN EVERY BOTTLE

California Bottling Co.
Sole Agents
San Francisco Cal.

THE ORIGINAL VIENNA BAKERY AND CAFE

These sharp days give one an appetite, and an excellent place to satisfy that is The Original Vienna Bakery and Cafe at 1226 Post Street, or its branch on Van Ness, near Geary. Here the best in the market is daintily served, and also the finest pies, cakes, bread and pastry can be bought.

Le Chef

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

Just at the corner of the streets called Twenty-fifth of May and Calle de Cangallo stood Claraz's hotel. In those days, long before the city of La Plata rose and fell, before La Union Civica was known, and whilst the echoes of the Paraguayan war were still resounding in the River Plate, it was a busy spot. The life of Buenos Ayres ran before the door. Only three squares away the two great Plazas, with their palaces and barracks, basked in the sun, or shivered in the wind, according as the Pampero whistled, or the hot north wind blew. The Stock Exchange was near; the mole within a stone's throw, and up the deep-cut Calle de Cangallo, which looked more like a dry canal than a great thoroughfare, stood several of the principal hotels. The house was built all round a courtyard, with a great archway over which were rooms upon an upper floor where Claraz kept his saddlery, his books, and natural history collections and in which he generally lived, to be away from noise. The rest of the establishment was but one story high, though being built upon a bank, it looked right out across the River Plate, in Buenos Ayres nearly thirty miles in breadth, so that the houses in La Colonia on the other side are only visible upon the clearest days. Claraz himself, a tall and black-haired Swiss, of all the men I ever saw, was the least fitted for the business of keeping an hotel. Well educated and with scientific tastes, his guests were almost all either commercial travelers or sheep and cattle farmers, who strode into the place, with a Basque porter carrying their saddles, took off their pistols, hung them on their beds, and called for drink incontinently, stamping about the brick courtyard in their long riding boots and spurs. As all the rooms looked out into the yard, the fashion was to leave the doors wide open and to converse whilst lying on your bed, with anyone you knew. In some respects the place was like a school, with the initial difference that you were pretty sure to learn some things worth knowing, after a day or two. Claraz himself, being a naturalist, knew all the animals and a percentage of the myriad shrubs and trees of the republic, and others in their several degrees were able to impart much knowledge of a varied kind and differing quality.

Kincaid from Patagonia had much Indian lore, and knew the chiefs of all the southern tribes. Though he lived out upon the fringe of Indian territory, and far removed from towns, his neighbors Gauchos, and his life to herd his sheep and cattle all the day and sit down either alone or with his herdsmen in a hut at night to smoke and read a "Glasgow Herald" ten weeks old which told him in eight columns all the ecclesiastic news of the Free Church and the Establishment, he yet remained a Scotchman, so Scotch that had you met him in a railway carriage, you would have thought him a newcomer fresh from Kirkcaldy or from Perth. Benitez Wilson, half Argentine, half Englishman, kept a pulperia in the south camp, and having been to England to be educated, had returned home again, more Argentine than ever, after the fashion of the Texan youth sent by his father to tour round Europe, who being asked on his return what mode of life he purposed to embrace, replied "Guess, Poppa, that I'll have a horse ranch out in Nueces County or down by Goliad." Thin, slight and dark, with long brown hands, and feet eternally imprisoned in tight patent leather boots, he did not look the man to keep a frontier drinking shop; but was reported, when a fight arose, to be a master of the art of throwing empty bottles, which he delivered like a Benjamite, and seldom missed his mark. What was worth knowing about racing on the flat (three squares or fifty) barebacked and owners up, he knew, and no one from the Tres Arroyos to Tandil was cunninger in the innumerable false starts which are the science of a Gaucho race. His life had made him taciturn, but when he chose, he could discourse of many things with the strange double view of the mixed-blooded man, which makes him never quite at home with either race, and an eternal stranger in the land. The other guests were mostly bagmen, usually Frenchmen from Marseilles or Bordeaux, black-bearded, voluble and unilingual, for why should anyone whom God has blessed by making him a Frenchman struggle with other tongues? "You do not speak the language of the place," Benitez Wilson had remarked to Monsieur Lagadigadon. "Certainly not," he answered. "Je parle Francais, et ca me suffit, voyezvous." But notwithstanding their linguistic limitations, they were a jovial set, carrying destruction, as it seemed, amongst the female sex of every land, and passing hours relating all their conquests, although the listeners must have been well aware, by personal experience, that all the tales were false. They and a knot of Englishmen, mostly offshoots of county families, and known in Buenos Ayres as the "Gentle Shepherds," made the most noise of all the visitors, and passed their time in general in the billiard-room, playing the cannon game, with lumps of chalk held in the bridge hand, with balls like turnips, and with cues like table legs.

The fashionable streets in which were situated the best shops, cut the Cangallo at right angles, and even in those days had tramways running down them preceded by a boy on horseback who blew upon a horn, so that the curious little inn, even then, was an anachronism, though Buenos Ayres still in some respects was primitive. Horses were commoner than dogs; they stood at every house, with their feet hobbled during the time their owners talked or drank, and now and then when they got bored they would hop off, raising their hobbled feet like rocking horses, and congregate in knots, where with their reins tied to the saddles drawing their heads into their chests they stood and fabulated. Before the Stock Exchange dozens or sometimes hundreds stood, and stock-brokers felt their way cautiously amongst them with propitiatory words, hissing and chirruping, and sometimes coming to a standstill, so to speak, storm stayed, amongst a sea of tails and hoofs, too difficult to pass. The presidential escort dressed as exaggerated lancers used to ride down the streets behind the carriage of the President, just as a troop of Indians rides behind a chief, all with their toes but touching their small native stirrups, their bodies swaying easily above the hips, talking and laughing and some smoking cigarettes. The upper classes dressed in black, and all wore black felt hats which made them look like Maltese shipchandlers or touts in the Levant. They held themselves the first of humankind, calling the English "gringos," the Italians "carcamanos," the Spaniards "gallegos" a term they much resented as in Spain the word "gallego" is used to designate a man of all work, and the Brazilians, monkeys (macacos),

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whilst referring to themselves as the Portenos (men of the port), though at that time there was no harbor in the place. Women, except the higher class who had traveled and beheld that Mecca of the rastaquouere, "Paris de Francia," dressed in a loose black skirt with petticoats much starched and laced, wore low-cut shoes and white silk stockings, and minced upon the stones. Over their heads they wore the "manta," a thick black cashmere shawl which crossing on the chest covered deficiencies and served them for protection and disguise. They seldom ventured far from home, except to mass, or to walk three or four together in a row about the squares, when in the evening military bands discoursed the strains of Offenbach or clashed out patriotic music written in general by Italian music-masters.

The house of Juan Garay, one of the "conquistadores," still stood, a long low brick or mud adobe edifice, close to the corner of the square, and usually the architecture was half Moorish flat-roofed and flanked by towers called "miradores," all dazzlingly white. A few tall French-built buildings studded the town, breaking the line of long flat roofs, and looking vulgar and unsuitable both to the people and the place. One of these just at the corner of the largest square was let in furnished suites and called "La Casa Amueblada," and occupied in general either by French or by Hungarian women, who sat in dressing-gowns, with their hair most elaborately dressed, at all the balconies. Painted, but unashamed they sat at the receipt of custom, which seldom seemed to lack, although their tariff was in general a gold ounce, a coin which in those days was plentiful. In almost every side street, red lamps and doors ajar held by a chain, denoted where a lower class of ladies lived, and not content with this, the bars and cigarette shops, all held their houris and that although the women of the place were keen competitors. So much so, that in a town in Entre Rios a Frenchman having called upon the ruler of the place with a request to start a tolerated house, was answered with an oath "Yes, start it and be damned, but you are certain to be ruined, for here the women all are amateurs." General society scarcely existed in the modern sense, but followed antique Spanish or semi-Moorish rules, the men at parties congregating into knots, smoking and talking scandal, and the girls seated upon chairs against the wall, whispering in undertones whilst managing their fans. Sometimes a man approached them, and selecting one, led her with compliments point blank about her "beauteous eyes," her "grace" or what not, to the dance, which was a slow and swinging Spanish waltz danced with much balancing of hips, the arms held out like pump handles, and during which the woman's head rested upon her partner's shoulder with her eyes half closed, as if she had been asleep. The ceremony over, she was led slowly to the refreshment room and ate an ice or drank some lemonade, standing the while a fire of compliments, which as she knew them all by heart and they were fixed as is a liturgy, must have been wearisome, although their age did not seem able to impair their efficacy and personal effect. In the less fashionable circles, they danced the "percion" and "el cielito," quaint, old-world dances with much waving of their handkerchiefs, and breaking now and then into some verses which the unlucky man was held to improvise, though generally he broke down utterly and the song ended in a laugh. The older people sat and drank mate, smoking cigarettes of black tobacco made in Brazil, which they lit frequently from a hot coal kept on a chafing-dish, or from a slow match hanging to a chain. On one side all was new, that is in what concerned commercial life, and steamboats and hotels were certainly more comfortable than those of England in the days of which I write. Upon the social side, with the exception of some rich men who had been educated either in Paris or in Bordeaux, or who had traveled, customs survived from Spain, and not from modern Spain, but from the Spain of the pre-revolutionary age. As there was little







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mixed society, except that of the nymphs of every land that Europe sent as civilizers, we as a general rule remained at Claraz's at night, and either talked or played at billiards, drinking the while mate or cana punch, or a decoction which we called "la boisson Cavantous," compounded of such simples as white curacoa, gum, gin and bitters, and a little lemon juice.

Most of the company is dead, the last-named liquid, helped by whisky, having proved too much for them, in spite of struggles almost heroic in their foolishness. Some have been killed by Indians, drowned at sea, knocked on the head in rows, or died in drinking-shops. Long John Arbuthnott, known to us all as "Jar," from the initials of his name, and by reason of a flowing beard which, mingling with his hair, caused him to look like Jove, sailed in a schooner to the Falkland Islands, and the last seen of him was his tall figure wrapped in a Pampa poncho, waving good-bye as she cleared in a gale of wind from Maldonado and dropped into the mist.

Lucien Simmonet, a young Parisian journalist, who gained his living in a mysterious way by writing paragraphs from Paris in a back street in Buenos Ayres, became head secretary to his Majesty Aureille the First, King of Arauco, and his last letter to me, dated from Union Bay in Patagonia, just as his chief and he were starting for their Mecca in the West, has formed his epitaph, for from the wilds of Araucaria, if he returned, that is to me unknown. Dunsmere was lost in those vague regions known as "down about the Straits," all that remains of him is a blue poncho barred with red, which lay for years upon his father's sofa in his smoking-room, and a whip made of "coronilla" wood mounted with silver, which when I used to take it up from where it lay, would bring him back to me, and make the tears stand in his father's eyes, who knew intuitively where and with whom my thoughts were straying, whilst I held it in my hand. Others have turned respectable. Simon Uruchi has an estancia in the district of Tuyu, is wealthy, a senator I think, and now and then his name appears in "La Tribuna" as having spoken on free-trade, protection, or the inherent right of every man to cheat, or something of the kind. All the Italians have gone home, having made "leetel money," and settled down to smoke Virginia cigars, grow their own wine, and talk of the old days amongst the "Barbari." My partner is a country squire in Devonshire who hunts and sits upon the bench, is a staunch Protestant and true, keeping his sitting in the chancel manfully and standing up for Church and King, though he believes in neither of them, as far as I can see. John Bland, the "Rengo," has an Indian wife, ten children, and a rancho near Cala in Entre Rios, wears native clothes (the poncho and the chiripa), has almost lost his English, and, a friend tells me, is happy as a dragon fly, watching his flocks increase and his own life slip peacefully away. One hung on till last year, and then departed, not the least inclined to go, for life was pleasant to him, his groove just fitted, and in his way he had achieved renown. At Claraz's we called him Treadway though his name was Cossart; but certain difficulties he had when in the little frontier town called "El Bragado" where, as he said, "I used to sing basso cantante in the church choir, and serve the Mass, vous voyez ca d'ici, mon cher," induced him for a time to change his name, although he still remained a stoutish Frenchman, broad-shouldered, and with a profile just below the waist beginning even then to show, though he fought with it manfully and possibly with stays. His dead white face set in a jet-black beard, looked like a pearl in black enamel, and his large beaky nose—"j'ai un grand diable de nez comme tous les gens intelligents" he used to say—gave a fierce look which his intensely black and simple eyes belied. He was perhaps a little truculent, and stood a good deal on his dignity at open doors and crossings, and when he walked the streets and had the wall at his right hand, for nothing in the world would he have given up his right. No, not if his

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chief hero Napoleon III. whom he admired but yet called Badinguet, had risen from the dead.

Few people even in Buenos Ayres at that day, when life was cheap and every man went armed, cared to contest the matter with him, for he was strong as a West Highland bull, or, as he said, "un lapin," and moreover his troubles in Bragado had given him a name which it was his chief care to keep alive. Though born in London he was French to the backbone, his family having come from Carpentras; but yet spoke English perfectly, with just a little foreign accent grafted on cockney, which did not in his mouth sound vulgar, but as it were a complement to his appearance, which certainly was French. Thus no one but a Frenchman of his type could, when a woman passed, look at her with a conquering air and say, "Not bad, that little girl, eh? Strange how she smiled at me—but then they all do; one gets no peace because of them—ah sacrees femmes!" He could not have believed himself, but for their self-respect, men of his type and nationality were forced in those days to assume that attitude, as Englishmen of the same time and kind thought it incumbent on them when a horse passed by them on the road, to put their heads a little on one side and mutter critically, "He seems to me to go a trifle short on the off fore or perhaps on the near hind." Just at that moment he was working as a diver, which his proportions did not seem to fit him for, but which as he said "after my trouble in the camp, a simple matter of an almost necessary homicide, is prudent, and is the most fitting occupation for a man who wants to pass unseen." A statement which in itself was logical enough, had he but gone about the streets, lived, slept, and had his being in his diver's dress. But as, his duties over, he dressed himself in the black suit with low-necked shirt and black felt floppy hat, which was the uniform of everyone, the reason was not plain. But, be that as it may, he dined at Claraz's, sleeping in what he called "mon taudis" in a by-street, and was ready at all times to talk and tell his strange adventures in the provinces, or to play billiards, at which game he easily gave fifty in a hundred to almost anyone in town. This talent, joined with great generosity and natural kindness, a somewhat "pawky" humor, and the most perfect feelings of a natural gentleman, made him a favorite with all. Though not weighed down with money, he always had the "Vie Parisienne" sent to him from France, esteeming that thereby he kept himself in touch with what he called "Le Bitume" and "La Haute Bicherie," not that he had nostalgia of the city of the light, thinking the life in Buenos Ayres was the pleasantest the world afforded, as many of us thought; but from a sense of duty as it were, just as the Englishmen pored on the "Licensed Victuallers' Gazette," reading accounts of prize-fights in the halcyon days of Sayers and the Benicia Boy and other worthies, long departed to that limbo which presumably they share with jockeys, touts and sporting noblemen. The "Gentle Shepherds" used to borrow the French papers, and pore on them, especially when they found anything indecent, and then among themselves aver with oaths the French were "an immoral crowd," returning to the pure columns of "Bell's Life" with Saxon innocence. Such difference of ideals no doubt are in the very life-blood of a race; and points of honor, which the "Gentle Shepherds" held in high esteem, were to the Frenchman quite incomprehensible, and each looked on the other with contempt tempered by whisky or by absinthe, according to their kind. Both of them looked down on the Argentines, calling them "niggers" or "des barbares," whilst they returned in kind, heaping the English up together with the Germans under the name of "Gringoes," calling the French "Gabachos," and looking with contempt on both of them, as men who could not ride. Still they jogged on together, misunderstanding one another mutually, as if they were joined in holy matrimony.

(To be concluded in next issue.)

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The Decadence of the Paris Restaurant

(Continued from Page 8.)

where all appetites may be appeased. It is the most extravagant and costly place extant to revel in and sees many American men and women each night—some of the latter out of curiosity, but more because they become fatally bewitched by the allurement of so much gilded sin. It is perfectly safe to say that the American woman—married or single—who visits Maxim's the second time is in peril of being considered not absolutely good. No drinks are served after midnight except high priced wines, while a complete dinner for two in a private room cannot be procured for less than a hundred dollars.

Next to Maxim's as a robber is the Cafe de Paris, where there are no prices attached to the menu. Every patron is assayed for what he will stand, and the American is robbed unmercifully from hors d'oeuvre to pourboire. Paillard plays the same game on Americans and has no prices affixed to articles of fare. Americans and English who know Paris never patronize these places. The Cafe Rich is high-priced, where a bowl of consomme costs what a good American dinner does at a thousand clean places in Boston, Chicago, New York and San Francisco. But the Cafe Riche prints its prices on its menus, as also does the Sylvain, a somewhat cheaper but not unfashionable place. The Cafe de la Paix also prints its prices on all its bills of fare and is the most satisfactory of all I have named.

In this connection I am happy to say that not long since Miss Elizabeth Van Duzer, a wealthy lady of Portland, Maine, accompanied by a friend, who went into one of these swell holdups where no prices are attached to the viands named and was charged $18.00 for what she considered would have been less than half that price at the Holland or Delmonico's or other high-grade restaurant, took the matter to court and had the charge reduced one-third. Miss Van Duzer was also reimbursed for her trouble and the restaurateur was compelled to pay the costs of court. Among the items was $2.50 for two pieces of cantaloupe, whereas three Frenchmen who sat near her testified that they were only charged $1.00 for a whole melon. At the conclusion the judge delivered a severe reprimand upon "the hideous practice of robbing Americans and other foreigners and wound up as follows:

"However luxurious an establishment may be, unless its prices are plainly marked on the bill of fare or are otherwise specified in advance, a customer has the right to assume that they bear legitimate relations to the current prices of commodities. The fact that many people pay without a murmur the absurd prices charged in certain fashionable places does not constitute for the proprietors the right of extortion from reasonable people."

There are quite a number of American grills—or so-called American grills—where a good chop or steak may be procured at about twice what the same viand costs in American cities. All other dishes are conspicuously in the falling-off Parisian style and not a l'Americaine. Boiled, fried and poached eggs are the same as everywhere, but a shirred egg always tastes of impoverished grease, and a scrambled egg looks as if it might have been scrambled with a nail brush. The omelette plain or of herbs always tastes as if it had been smothered in unclean bed linen, while a rum omelette for four in Paris in never made of but three

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or four eggs. A really good sausage is an unknown viand and so are such savory morning dishes as frizzled beef and broiled pigs feet, while so acceptable a thing occasionally as a plate of pork and beans, corned beef hash or fried tripe is as scarce as a Parisian restaurateur's honor and quite as difficult to find. Hot biscuits, corn bread and griddle cakes are unknown. Baked and boiled potatoes cannot be had at a Paris restaurant, so one must always put up with pommes fried, Lyonnaise or souffles.

The Parisian cook cannot properly roast a turkey, chicken or a prime cut of beef, nor can he boil a leg of lamb or mutton to at all compare with such preparations in America or England. French stews look enigmatical and suspicious. They are all medleys, and while they are generally good I am always afraid of finding something that would compel me to abandon the rest of my meal. Most vegetables taste as if they had been prepared in a laundry instead of in a kitchen. Ices and cakes are so stingily served as to lose their goodness. Cheeses are always good, but no person can make a Roquefort or a Brie do for a meal.

If I were asked to name the best restaurants in Paris I would say Paillard's, corner of Boulevard des Italiens and Chaussee d'Antin. It is also one of the most expensive, a perfect dinner for two, with Chateau Yquem of 1891, Romanee Conti of 1883 and a grande fine Champagne des Tuileries, verres, costing from $20 to $22. The same dinner at the Cafe de Paris on Avenue de l-Opera, would cost about the same; and also at the Cafe Anglais, on Boulevard des Italiens. These three restaurants have no prices attached to their menus, which means that they rob all foreigners, and particularly Americans. The same dinner at the Cafe Riche and Cafe de la Paix costs from $10 to $16. At the Sylvain, from $12 to $15. As good a dinner and as good wines may be obtained at Maison Maire, Pavillon Armenoville, Champeaux, Laperouse, Foyot's and Marguery's for $15.

I would recommend the American who wants a good dinner for two that will cost $10, with a fair claret and a fine champagne, to go to the Lorne, Julian, Maison Noel, Dronant or Lequeu. I would also say that no American should visit Paris without taking a friend over the Seine to the Tour d'Argent, where "Frederic" will roast and serve a Rouen duck with all the grace and glory that made old man Guy of Baltimore, of canvas-back fame, celebrated forty years ago. And if he dare a course of snails, go to Prunier's, where a specialty is made of escargots that have been delicately raised at Bordeaux or Burgundy, and that have not been fattened in grave-yards or off the leaves of vines made diseased by phylloxera.

Just out of Paris are some satisfactory fixed-price restaurants, where good dinners of soup, fish, entree, roast, one vegetable, fruit and cheese, accompanied by a pint of vin ordinaire, may be had for from 80 cents to $1.20, and a small pourboire of five or ten cents. I recall a beautiful place under the trees at Montmorency, also others at Chantilly, at Enghein, and at the end of the Louvre tramway at Vincennes. A charming place to take dejeuner is at Robinson's, near Sceaux, in the trees. This is "truly rural"—breakfasting in the branches of monster chestnut trees twenty feet in the air, your repast being hauled up in baskets, in courses.

But I warn the tourist against the pitfalls at Fontainebleau and St. Germain, where there are fixed-priced concerns and a la carte—but whichever one you venture upon you will wish you had taken the other. The one gives you nothing for your money and the other robs you of all the cash you possess. Better return to Paris half starved.



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Letters

Rich Men's Children

Geraldine Bonner is the lineal successor to Bret Harte. What he did for the mining camps of the late forties and the early fifties she is doing equally well for the descendants of those sturdy pioneers who, having made their "pile," remained in the West and reared their families here, and her pictures of the social triumphs of the rude millionaires and their children are true in form and color, though no one may point out the models from which her characters are drawn or the precise scenery in which the drama is played. In her latest novel, "Rich Men's Children," she depicts the younger generation chiefly, the children born after their parents had achieved fortune, pampered from their birth, indulged in everything and, very naturally, developing weakness instead of strength, to the surprise and disgust of those very elders who have shielded them from wholesome struggles by which character is best strengthened. The parents who survive hold the whip hand in that they control the bank account, and though the children have been neither trained to toil, manual or intellectual, nor given responsibilities which might develop business acumen, they yet expect the boys, especially, to display the prudence, shrewdness and restraint which only dire necessity and lack of means forced from themselves. Miss Bonner draws no caricatures. Delia Ryan, millionairess and social leader, was the wife of a miner in Virginia City. While Cornelius worked his unsatisfactory claim always with hope ahead she took in washing to supply the sinews of war. Later on, when he kept a grocery in a Northern California town, she helped to tend the store. In all their ups and downs of fortune the center of Delia Ryan's interest had been her home and her family. When successful speculation made them millionaires she was not ashamed of her early toil, nor need she have been. The origin of the Cannons was much the same, and not unlike that of many of our "first families" Cannon was an underground miner and his wife a waitress in a Marysville hotel when they met and married and shared good and evil fortune until the wife's death. The story is that of hundreds of pioneers. The salient point is that with better luck than many these succeeded in holding on to their gains. In both families there were two children surviving out of many, and in both the blight had fallen on the sons. Young Eugene Cannon began to go the pace at eighteen. He was a pretty lad, and as the son of a millionaire, with every expectation of a big inheritance, he was without spur to such ambition as might be slumbering within him, and at the same time, supplied with every temptation which can be spread before the gilded youth. His father frankly called him a fool, and treated him accordingly, and Gene was doing his best to justify the epithet. On the other hand, Rose, the daughter, seemed a sensible girl, largely because her father treated her as such. She was indulged and petted, but at the same time presumed to have a stock of common sense. At the time of the happenings related she had engineered a little scheme in behalf of her brother which went far to show that a rich man's son need not be an all-round noodle. Old "Bill" Cannon owned a valuable ranch in the southern part of the State, and it was exacted of him as a promise that in the event of Gene's remaining a total abstainer for one year he was to receive the deeds of this piece of property. With the moral support of his sister added to a genuine liking for the soil, the young man had succeeded in performing his part of the contract, and there is exposed a curious mental conflict in the old man's mind. He did not wish Gene to continue his course of dissipation. He was genuinely pleased with the reformation and yet he had been most earnestly hoping that the effort would fail because in the event of success the price would be paid by himself and he did not want to part with his accumulation. Mrs. Ryan's

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trouble was of a different sort. Her only son, Dominick, was an admirable youth. He was bright, industrious and good, without being invertebrate. After his graduation from an Eastern college he returned to California and was given a position in a bank which his mother was a principal shareholder. At twenty-three he was inveigled into a marriage by a woman seven years his senior, a typewriter and stenographer of the genuine adventuress brand. Bernice was not in love with Dominick Ryan, but very much in love with the idea of living in the Ryan house and enjoying the Ryan luxuries. Hard-headed, sensible Delia Ryan had no false notions on the subject of fine ancestry. She was delighted when her Cornelia's heart was given to Jack Duffy, a scion of another stock like unto their own, but she had no stomach for Bernice and speedily discovered the weak point in her career and lost no time in making it public. She drew her line straight and cut it deep. No one who received Dominick's wife could be received by her. Her son was welcomed at any time, on any occasion or pretext, but his wife would never have the opportunity to wipe her shoes on the Ryan doormat. The large checks which had been freely bestowed on any pretext when he was single were withheld, and instead of Mrs. Dominick Ryan figuring as the center of receptions and entertainments she was cast into the outer darkness and obliged to make the most of her husband's salary of three thousand a year. Rose Cannon is the official heroine of "Rich Men's Children," but it is Bernice Ryan, with her tempers and caprices, her maddening deviltry, and withal, her perfect propriety, who holds the center of the stage. In contrast to old "Bill" Cannon's annoyance in having to part with his ranch even as a reward to his only son for his reformation is the readiness with which he attempts to negotiate with Bernice for the release of Dominick when he discovers that but for her interpolation, his Rose and young Ryan would be happy together, and himself and the old lady proportionately elated. Just where the stories overlap and how the strands are entangled and the knots untied it is not for me to reveal. The novel is not all plot, and the minor characters are as true to type as those who occupy a larger share of attention. There is no guesswork about Miss Bonner's descriptions and settings. No one who has not sojourned in a mining camp hotel and met the prototype of Cora, and McVeigh and Willoughby, and tried to make the best of what left-over literature there was could have so reproduced the interior of the hotel at Antelope. Indeed, the improved character of the books, bad as the majority of them were, says volumes in praise of the advancement of learning. Equally to the point are the city environments, the Iverson family, decent, honest and unaspiringly content, somewhat in awe of Bernice but believing her implicitly without actually knowing much concerning her. The naive ignorance of Gene Carr in respect to musical matters and of Dominick Ryan with regard to books are typical. In fact, as Bret Harte called his mining settlements Yuba Dam, Roaring Camp, Poker Flat or Whisky Hill by way of distinguishment and yet wrote of the whole free and independent placer region of that day so Miss Bonner, using the names Ryan, Cannon, Allen, describes not one family's fortunes but gives a general and accurate view of the second generation which has remained in the West. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

—The Bookworm.

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Roosevelt and the Japanese

President Roosevelt's utterances on the Japanese question were obviously designed to assuage the indignation of the pompous little brown men. They are the utterances of a diplomatist of the European rather than the American school. As we are now a World Power it behooves our statesmen to cultivate a gracious demeanor, to refine the language of diplomacy and sandpaper all references to the people of other nations. There was a time when we were given to swagger, when our statesmen, mindful of the gallery at home filled with an emotional constituency, indulged uproariously in spreadeagleisms and flaunted the shoulder-chip for the delectation of the groundlings. But that time has passed. We have come to a sense of our responsibilities, and we are no longer looking for trouble. But no doubt President Roosevelt believes that the Japs are a highly civilized people whose manners and impulses are worthy of esteem. He has read of their splendid achievements in war with moribund China and benighted Russia and he has met their leading statesmen, men who were educated in European and American universities and who exhibited their company manners in the presence of so distinguished a citizen as the Executive of this Republic. He has not come in contact with the Japanese in large numbers. He might feel that his estimate of them should be revised if he learned that here in California they have taught us to think well of the Chinese by forcing upon us a comparison through which we perceive how inferior in character and all the qualities that make for manliness are the representatives of the Mikado's realm. If the Chinese are no longer despised in California that circumstance is largely due to our sympathy for a people who, through neglect of the art of war, have been humiliated by so despicable a race as the Japanese. And yet the Chinese we have met are not of the highest type. Whereas the Japanese that come to our shores are, it is well known, fairly representative of the manhood of their nation.

Our President's Blunder

San Francisco would not resent so strongly the attitude of the President in the Japanese dispute if his message to Congress had given proof that he thoroughly understood the situation. That he has failed entirely to grasp the crux of the matter is apparent, for he distinctly states that in shutting the Japanese out of the public schools this city has been guilty of a wicked absurdity. This remarkable statement will have the unfortunate effect of further complicating a problem, the solution of which has been too much delayed already by the introduction of irrelevant issues. The whole country, with the exception of California, will take its understanding of the question which is now agitating this city from the President's statement and because they have no reason to doubt the President's presentation of facts, they will completely misunderstand what we are fighting about. The misstatement in the message will also give Japanese diplomacy an obvious opportunity of which the wily statesmen of the island kingdom will not be slow to avail themselves. It is difficult to understand how the President came to make such a mistake. Surely the report on the situation made by Secretary Metcalfe must have made it perfectly plain that the Japanese were not excluded from the public schools of this city but merely separated from white pupils. Did not Metcalfe point out to the President the manner in which the Oriental schools are organized and conducted? Benjamin Ide Wheeler also must have explained to Roosevelt that the Japanese merely objected to segregation and he could hardly have talked long on the subject without at least adverting to the irremovable prejudice San Francisco parents entertain against allowing Japanese adults to sit beside their children in the lower schools. It is inconceivable that the President deliberately misrepresented the facts of the case. The only plausible explanation of the glaring blunder he made is that the message was penned before Metcalfe's report reached Washington and that does not place Roosevelt in the happiest position. A state document with an absolute misstatement of an important question reflects anything but credit on the chief executive. San Francisco does not worry over the recommendation that the Japanese be allowed the privileges of citizenship and is not afraid of the flourish he gives the big stick to intimidate us; but to be misrepresented in a matter very close to our hearts is too bad. It deprives this city of credit for its really just and considerate treatment of a race our people have every reason to dislike.

Dissatisfaction In China

Now that there appears to be a portentous misunderstanding between this country and Japan some of the Russian newspapers are reminding us of their prediction that the United States would be the next victim of the Mikado's expansion policy. Some months ago the Novoe Vremya and other Russian newspapers asserted that we were destined to lose successively the Philippines, Hawaii and California. With the Russians it is a case of misery loving company. There is less likelihood now than there was then of conflict between the United States and Japan. Even though we were inclined to treat cavalierly the Japanese protest against permitting their adults to associate with our school children they would not hazard in another war the glory so recently won. There is pressing business enough in the Orient to keep Japan busy for many years. China is already very much dissatisfied with the Japanese control of Manchuria, and the Chinese are not to be trifled with. Recent advices from Pekin told of China's obstructive attitude with respect to the operations of the Manchurian railway by the Japanese, and the Chinese Government we were told in dispatches a few weeks ago has decided to stop sending the young men of the country to Japan to school. From the various bits of information which have reached Washington from China it would seem that China fears Japa-

nese predominance in her dominions, and that such is the case, everybody will readily believe who is at all familiar with the recent awakening of national sentiment in Pekin. Of more importance than all else to Japan is the acquiescence of China in the exploitation of Manchuria by the Japanese and with the Chinese dissatisfied the Tokio Government will not be likely to hunt for trouble elsewhere.

Roosevelt's Strange Indiscretions

However much we may sympathize with President Roosevelt in his embarrassment growing out of his official and social relations with the Bellamy Storors we must feel that he is deserving of retribution for encouraging that species of petticoat politics of which the meddlesome wife of the Austrian Ambassor was anything but a graceful exponent. In tolerating that husband-booster to the extent to which it appears that she was indulged, despite the peevishness and other disagreeable passions which he says she exhibited, President Roosevelt was guilty of inexcusable clemency and reckless forbearance. But President Roosevelt is a man of strange moods and incomprehensible impulses. He has an unfortunate habit of involving himself in unpleasant complications and yet though he does not always extricate himself gracefully, he seems to be exempt from the penalties which ordinarily would be unavoidable. In the Storor case he made matters worse than they were by introducing in the controversy a lot of irrelevancies of a character far more offensive than was the intrusion of the American Ambassador and his wife in vatican politics. In the entirely unnecessary plenitude of his protests against the Storor charges he, inadvertently no doubt, gave prominence to the statement that there were American clergymen disloyal to this country in the time of the trouble with Spain. He also indulged in criticism of Catholic clergy in the Philippines and Cuba and all in a way to give confirmation to scandalous reports that have hitherto been indignantly challenged by Catholics. A more ingenious man than President Roosevelt would find it difficult to frame a document more offensive to Rome and to Catholics generally than his answer to the Storor charges. What he says may be and probably is absolutely true but in the detached form in which it is presented unaccompanied by the other side of the irrelevant stories to which he gives hint it must be pronounced a rank indiscretion on the part of a statesman of high degree. And coming so soon as it did after his gratuitous insults to the people of this State, it gives us pause and inclines us to speculate with vague misgivings as to what next may emanate from the White House.

The Raid on the Treasury

With the opening of Congress the fiscal affairs of the Government began to excite a great deal of interest for it was understood that there would be a big raid on the treasury which is in a far healthier state than it has been in many years. And from the manoeuvring that has taken place since our statesmen got together it is clear that numerous schemes have been devised for reducing the surplus. The fact that there is a conflict of interest does not warrant the hope that the raid will be deferred, for the probability is that a compromise will be entered into whereby both interests will prosper. President Roosevelt is insistent that extraordinary expenditures should be made to upbuild the navy and put the army in shape for all possible emergencies. But there are advocates of extraordinary expenditures for internal projects, the building of a deep waterway from Chicago to the Gulf and for the improvement of harbors and rivers. There is great clamor for these improvements, but the Administration naval programme is not to be easily sidetracked. The advocates of internal improvements are of course opposed to the Presidential naval policy. They are calling attention to the fact that 63 per cent of the public revenues are now used to defray expenses on account of wars that have passed and in preparation for wars that may come. This includes appropriations made for the army and the navy, for pensions, for national cemeteries and the like, and for the maintenance of the various military schools and institutions. Nevertheless President Roosevelt will urge that there be greater liberality for the strengthening of the navy and army and the Pacific Coast will of course be pleased to see him carry out his programme. But it would have more reason to be pleased if it were sure that of the additional strength to be given to the army and navy it would receive its just share. It is about time for the Pacific Coast to come to the realization of the fact that the war vessels of this country are not distributed with a proper regard for the importance of the Pacific Ocean or with a sense of the disturbing potentialities that lie in our island possessions.

The Mayor and the Brothel

When Mayor Schmitz, standing on the deck of the Patricia, quoted the defiant words of the first criminal to the newspapermen who questioned him about the connection of his brother Herbert with the Belvedere graft disclosures, it is almost certain that he had in mind something infinitely more repelling than the hold-up of the O'Farrel street music hall. It is known now, although it was not known when Mayor Schmitz disclaimed responsibility for his brother's acts, that Herbert Schmitz received $3850 a month from the nasty profits of the brothel at 620 Jackson street, that amount representing one-fourth of the monthly proceeds. That this sum or part of it was turned over by Brother Herbert to Brother Eugene has not yet been proved, but it is so strongly suspected that no legal vindication can clear the mayor to the satisfaction of the public. The testimony connecting the Schmitz family with the "municipal crib" is at once the most disgusting and the most powerful elicited by the Oliver Grand Jury. It places the Administration in the class of those degraded creatures who thrive off the despair of broken womanhood. It is not Herbert Schmitz but the mayor whom people are thinking about

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in connection with this disclosure. They cannot conceive, in the light of other facts, that the chief executive would allow Brother Herbert to bank the goodly sum of $3850 every month while his own exchequer was crying aloud for more. Admitting that our thrifty mayor's direct connection with the hold-up of the "municipal crib" at 620 Jackson street is never conclusively proved, the fact that Herbert Schmitz should owe to his brother the position on the Works Board which made it possible for him to exact tribute and the further fact that the mayor issued a most remarkable letter defending the establishment when it first opened will carry conviction to the public mind. This is a subject on which the plain people are exceedingly tender and the mayor will discover before long that he might better have lent his acquiescence to any form of graft than make money out of the degradation of women.

The Optimism of Elkins

In these days of dolorous forebodings, clouded with the vaporish bemoanings of the morbidly pessimistic, it is like getting a breath of air from a mountain meadow to be regaled with the glowing optimism that animates the joyfully heaving bosom of Senator Elkins. The Senator is no longer young. He has seen many of the days that his contemporaries are wont to designate as the units of better years, but he is not obsessed with the delusion that betrays the has-been—that all the good in the world is buried in the past. "We are apt," he said at a banquet in New York, last week, "to think and say that the present is not equal to the past in all good things, in patriotism, ability and purity, and that our greatest men belong to the past; but when the time comes the present always finds someone to take the place of the greatest that has fallen. The present always has this satisfaction—it will soon become the past to those who come after us. We have giants among us, but they do not always make themselves known, nor do we always know them." Senator Elkins speaks with the wisdom of a Ulysses rebuking a sour-visaged Thersites and in much the same strain as that ancient hero employed when encouraging the heroes of Greece. It would be well if more of that kind of talk were substituted for the complainings with which the rabble is being fed by the pestiferous pedants now so industriously engaged in doleful disquisitions on the decadence of national institutions. "The world is advancing in intelligence and virtue," said Senator Elkins. "Mankind is growing wiser and better, and so long as this continues and we enjoy the blessings of liberty under our present Constitution the best men will be chosen for high places." All of which is not hard to believe providing we do not fall into the habit of viewing the perverse only, taking stock of evil exclusively and paying no attention to the predominance of virtue and the achievements of the righteous.

The Irrepressible Shaw

The notion that public interest will ignore works of intrinsic excellence unless it is shocked into attention by some carefully devised piece of buffoonery accounts for the existence of press agents, despite the obvious objection that the wares they are employed to boom are usually lacking in any sort of excellence. Theatrical managers are not content to rely on legitimate advertising, so the star must lose her diamonds or her good name and the playwright must submit his most intimate actions to public inspection in order that the box receipts may be swelled. George Bernard Shaw has always been a conspicuous offender in this respect; the fact that he is the cleverest of living playwrights as well as the most resourceful of press agents making his sinning a spectacle that all the world must see. Every new play of his is preceded, accompanied and followed quite a long distance along the road to public favor by a series of audacities that alternately irritate and amuse. His latest offense has to do with the production of "The Doctor's Dilemma," the new play which has been press-agented as the outcome of a dare by William Archer. "The Doctor's Dilemma" is just now trembling in the delicate balance of critical incertitude and in order that everyone may realize that he is the cleverest man in London (the corollary being that the cleverest man in London could not write a poor play). Shaw has seen fit to make a blasphemous attack on Christianity couched in the glittering terms of the specious cynicism he knows so well how to affect. A lecture on "Some necessary repairs to religion" gives him an opportunity to insult those who believe in the dogma of the immaculate conception and to deprecate the bloody end of the gospel story. If Christ had died in a country house, worth five thousand a year, he declares with an obvious effort to shock, everything He said would be just as true as if He had been crucified. A good thing to remember about God, he says in the same lecture, is that he makes mistakes. And so he continues, poking fun couched in epigrammatic form at the most sacred beliefs and twisting into fuses to carry the sizzing fire of his wit doctrines which men whose heresy is more convincing than Shaw's handle with invariable respect. Yet it is all so unnecessary, so patently superfluous. For a Shaw play is its own best press agent and the author of "The Doctor's Dilemma" need never abuse the liberal privileges of the lecture platform if he only knew it. Wilde gave up the bizarre as soon as his merit was recognized, but Shaw is inordinately fond of notoriety for its own sake and must have it, even at the expense of religion. The worst of it is that there is no way of suppressing him, as those have discovered with chagrin who have tried to bandy words with him.

Where Hewlett Is Not Barred

Doubtless it is but another proof of the immorality of the French nation that they have commended the works of Maurice Hewlett for school libraries, whereas, our own book censors of the city of Brooklyn have put him on their list of authors unfit to be placed in

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the hands of the young. Though there is much in Hewlett which is beyond the comprehension of the very youthful it would be a joyful day for American teaching could the young, with all their cramming of "literature," be possessed of the sense to appreciate him. But where mere children are permitted to feast at will on all sorts of crude love stories, there is small danger that they will be any the worse for reading "New Canterbury Tales" or "Forest Lovers," and the chances are that instead of preserving innocence and purity of mind by putting up these signboards on forbidden roads the likelihood is that the youths and maidens who are thus safeguarded will emulate the example of the two little tots who were warned to keep away from the stagnant pond, and who proceeded to sit all their playtime, as near as possible without tumbling in, watching for the "stagnant" to make its appearance but ready to scamper at a moment's notice. While the older pupils of French academies will be permitted to peruse Maurice Hewlett, sooner or later some busybody educator of our own country will proceed to adopt him, making radical changes not only in the language but in the sequence of his plots, giving to American children what some prurient-minded old maid thinks Hewlett ought to have written. Nowadays we have not only Shakespeare, but Scott, Dickens, George Elliot and every other author of prominence juvenilized, condensed, and cut down while danger signals are displayed in every direction, lest one should stray alone in pleasant paths. No wonder popular taste is displayed in the best-sellers when everything worth reading is best-sellarized before impressionable minds are permitted to reach it.

Perspective Impressions.

Outraged innocence is soon unmasked.

If Schmitz should go back on Ruef he would lose even the sympathy of the push.

There is quite a vast difference between proving your innocence and defying the other fellow to prove that you are guilty.

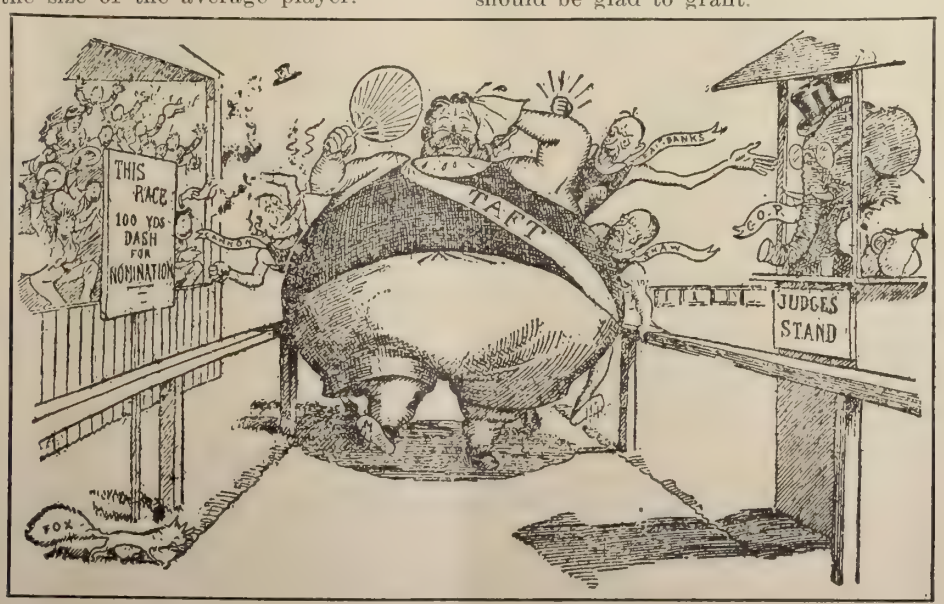
Even Hall Caine has been taking a smash at Shakespeare. But William has one friend left. Marie Corelli magnanimously confesses her inferiority to the immortal bard.

The Paris Mercury tells us that "poetry is on the bum!" in the Missouri University, the faculty having refused to award a prize of $100 offered annually for the best poem written by a member of the student body, on the ground that no effusion was meritorious. Evidently they need a Professor Gayley in Missouri to show them how to wake to ecstasy the living lyre. In Berkeley they write football challenges in hexameters, it being the opinion of Gayley that that measure is in harmony with the size of the average player.

Hypocrisy is going out of fashion even in France where it is proposed to render collusion for divorce purposes unnecessary by permitting a judicial separation to be converted into a divorce at the end of three years. This is another step in the march of progress toward experimental marriages.

We hear that Governor Pardee is preparing a farewell address. Let us hope that Charley Spear and all the other noble representatives of the maladministration will be on hand to supply the prospective late unlamented with an audience.

At first blush it strikes us as a great joke that Mark Twain should ask Congress to give him a vote of thanks. Even Mark thinks it a joke. But if we reflect on the multitude of smiles that Mark Twain has fathered, on the vast amount of pain and suffering that he has alleviated, on the innumerable hearts whose sadness he has dissipated; in short, if we ponder the creations of the great American humorist and the wholesomeness of their effect not only in this country but throughout the world, it will seem quite a reasonable favor that he has asked and one that Congress should be glad to grant.



The Presidential Handicap
Louisville "Herald."

Methuselah and Mortality

By S. R.

When Hamlet suggested to Horatio that it was possible to trace the dust of Caesar into very unimperial situations Horatio remarked that he thought this was to inquire too curiously. So it may be said of certain reflections which occur if we let our minds dwell on some possible changes in our lives or our views of things, which would result from a prolongation of our present tale of years to some impossible period of, we might say, a thousand years. And yet it is quite within the range of scientific probability that at some perhaps not far distant day a man may put to himself seriously the question whether or not he shall avail himself of the means at his disposal of prolonging his life indefinitely beyond what we call the natural span. It may also happen that the community as a whole may some time have to decide whether it is desirable that artificial means of immensely raising the average of life should be used as we now use the ordinary methods of sanitation. We have already got so far as to look upon old age as a specific disease, with a distinct cause or causes which may probably in the future be eliminated, as the causes of other diseases may be eliminated at our present stage of pathological knowledge. That this may be so is not so disputable as the benefit to the race and the individual would be doubtful. We gather from our reading of a treatise on this subject that very decided gains would result. How the economic value of life would be increased, what loss saved to society by the infrequent occurrence of death. In another respect what sorrow and distress, what moral loss, would be avoided if human life generally were prolonged. Yet if we suppose that the old-age philtre should prove inaccessible to the majority we find certain drawbacks which might make one hesitate to commit himself individually to the experiment of a life beyond his contemporaries. There would be little happiness gained whatever gain there might be of knowledge and power, by remaining a sort of last man, surviving after our own natural generation had departed. It is not only the weaknesses and decay of the faculties which make old age burdensome. There is the gradual falling away of associations and friendships until we cease to be in sympathy with the new generation and all our relations with the world become dislocated. This consideration alone makes us suspect that world-weariness would grow on our supposed Methuselah until it overmatched whatever pleasure he might take in the exercise of his increased faculties. The prospect is no less gloomy than the retrospect. The future of no other earthly person will lie beyond the future of the man himself. He will outlive his own parents, wife, children. Their lives are not invested for him with that charm which springs from brooding over lives that are to be continued when he has gone. Will he not get tired of entering into a system of relationships always dissolving? Will be care to take on himself new burdens perpetually; or will he not rather withdraw himself from all domesticity? This seems the more likely as the usual relations of love and marriage would probably have become impossible. Contemporary man and woman fall in love and marry, but where would the patriarch of five hundred summers find the helpmeet for him? Then he would have become so oppressively wise! Eve was bored to extinction with Adam's wisdom, and she wandered off into paths destined to be fatal to the matrimonial domicile. Into what family circle could such a patriarch be received as a son-in-law!

If we may thus imagine some of the difficulties as regards life, what may we suppose would be such a man's thoughts of death? One of two things seems inevitable. Either he will become callous by the so frequent occurrence of death amongst those with whom he is connected by family ties or he will suffer from perpetually recurring bereavements which would add indefinitely to the sorrows of life. There is something repulsive in the thought that death might become so familiar that the dead wife or the dead child would become an object of indifference. Yet if this was not the effect he must remain susceptible to the misery of bereavement and the rupture of family ties, and we get a picture of human suffering which cannot be imagined without shrinking. The desirable term of life would from this cause alone contract into a period far within the possible physical conditions.

There are other considerations, not merely personal, which apply generally if we suppose the extension of life to be not individual alone but in common to a whole community. The figure of death which is always looming imminent over us now determines every project and act and thought of our lives. All our temporal affairs are solemnized and touched with a moral and religious signification through the short and precarious tenure allowed to us. Would religion and morality remain the same ideas to us that they are now? The solemn and impressive appeals now made to us would, even less than they do at present, seize and possess our imaginations. "The days of our years are threescore years and ten," but suppose we had to re-edit this utterance and declare them to be forty or fifty score years, would our imagination be so possessed? What a change this would involve in our liturgies and hymn-books! The frailty and uncertainty of our years would cease to have an intelligible meaning. A whole world of metaphor and simile and poetical allusion would disappear into meaninglessness. Could we speak of such a life as being like a tale that is told? As the sparks

(Continued on Page 36.)

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Saltus on Love

By Theodore Bonnet

Elsie Clews Parsons, a woman of high social position, awoke the other day to find herself famous. She had written a book in which she advocated a temporary or "trial marriage," and though she uttered no new thoughts on the hackneyed subject, the newspapers scented a topic for discussion and made the most of it. Illiterate women, posing as the flower of culture clubs, have been rushing into the newspaper offices ever since to express their views on the subject. Elsie Parsons has supplied a pretext for a symposium (?) of the Wilcox-Dix variety on the sexual question into which comes the Eugenic Society of which the versatile Dr. Jordan is a member, to regulate procreation astrologically, and all this time it appears to be a profound secret that Edgar Saltus, a graduate of the great university of Amorous Dalliance, who probably knows more about such things than all the dryasdust Jordans in the world has been writing again and that there recently emerged from the press a book from his pen entitled "Historia Amoris," which settles almost every question of importance relating to the perpetuation of the species.

Perhaps the Saltus' book might be more appropriately entitled "The History of Lust!" but this is another exemplification of the unimportance of a name. It should be enough to know that Saltus has made a contribution to literature. For Saltus is above all things an artist in words. If he does not fashion immortal masterpieces, as a writer he ranks far above the best of the mediocrities who are nowadays keeping the paper mills busy. His Historia Amoris is perhaps the most ambitious of his literary performances. In this work he has digested a vast fund of information relating to the sexual instinct. With a depth of insight and a wealth of germinant ideas he spreads before us the course of physical, sensual, wanton love. In the wealth of his citations he reminds us of the labors of Robert Burton as indicated in the Anatomy of Melancholy and it is evident that like Burton he spent a lot of time skimming off the cream of other men's wits, picking the choice flowers of their fields to set out his sterile plots. The result is a valuable historical treatise on sensuality which the author seems to confound with that mixture of the senses and the soul which has friendship for its moral element, and which is the love that is popularly understood to be the real sentimental passion.

In Historia Amoris there is much that may cause a shock to current opinions, but there is also much to enlighten our feminine sociological students, who with nothing but their own personal experiences and emotions to guide them seek to solve complex problems that are as old as the Matterhorn and not less accessible to their comprehension than is the cloud-piercing summit of that treacherous eminence to the feet of man.

Saltus takes us in easy stages, in his study of the passion which he calls love from the garden of Eden down to the Eighteenth Century, where, he says, it touched bottom in the days of de Sade, lineal descendant of Petrarch's Laura, who mingled kisses with blood, put fright into affection, into love struck terror and set the infernal in the divine. Since which period of decadence, says Saltus, love has remained a harper, strumming familiar airs, strains hackneyed if delicate, melodies very old but always new. There was no love in Eden, he says, because Adam and Eve were married before they were mated. How different is Milton's conception expressed in his picture of Eve's meek surrender:

> —"half embracing leaned
> On our first father. Half her swelling breast
> Naked met his, under the flowing gold
> Of her loose tresses hid."

But Saltus is no poet. Even the early biblical stories of Jacob and Rachel of Rebekah and Isaac, Boaz and Ruth, are in his opinion, little novels, evolved long after the period in which the heroes and heroines are said to have lived. He tells us that in the beginning of things woman was common property, with individual ownership came the necessity of defense. Man defended woman against even herself. He beat her, stoned her, killed her. From the massacre of myriads constancy resulted. With it came the home. Next came passion. Such are the phrases of Saltus.

Passion, he tells us, had its birth in Babylon. It came with Ishtar whom St. Jerome generically described as Dea Meretrix. She "fired the trade routes with the flame of her face, adding Tyrian purple and Arabian perfume to her incandescent robe, trailing it from shore to shore enveloping kingdoms and satrapies in her fervent embrace, burning them with the fever of her kisses." He tells us, on the authority of Herodotus, of the dove-cotes fronting the temple in Babylon where girls sat chapleted with cords awaiting the will of the first that put a coin in the lap. Acceptance was obligatory. All women had to stop in the grove at least once.

His next chapter is devoted to woman in Judea where, he says, she was not honored. To the people she incarnated sin. To Moses she was dangerously impure. In Leviticus her very birth was a shame. In betrothals there was but a bridegroom that asked and a father that gave. Though woman was more bitter than death to Solomon, he was a great lover, but his aromatic harem was an affront to local austerity. The Song of Songs, says Saltus, is the gospel of love.

Next he comes to Greece, a country of many creeds but one religion; that was Beauty. He dissects the Illiad and the Odyssey and dwells on the enchantments of Calypso, the sorceries of Circe. "At that epoch,"

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he says, "when woman were but things, too passively indifferent and too respectfully obedient to care to attempt, even could they have divined how, to captivate, Circe and Calypso displayed the then novel lures of coquetry and fascination." A little later women began to conjecture something else than marriage by right of might. In the conjecturings came attempts at emancipation that preoccupied husbands and moralists. Calypso added coquetry to love but it was Sappho with a distich that emancipated it. To the despotism that insisted she suggested the duty of asking. Sappho's death, he says, was the initial love-tragedy of the Occident. Her songs spread through Hellas creating a caste from which sprung the hetairae. Saltus tells us that the hetairae were the first emancipated women. While the wife sat contemptuous in the gynaeceum, the hetairae mingled with the men, charming them always, marrying occasionally, yet only when their own equality and independence was recognized and conserved." It was into such a union that Pericles and Aspasia entered. History has affected to regard the union as illicit, but Saltus asserts that the affectation is an injustice. To refute history he quotes Pericles: "In all things a man's life should be as clean as his hands." And he defends the hetairae, one of whom was Aspasia, on the ground that they were not only the most cultured and refined women of Greece, but the only women with whom an enlightened Greek could converse. Their attitude was irreproachable, their distinction extreme and they differed from other women only in that their manners were more correct. Plato had one of them for nurse and Sophocles another. Phryne was one of the hetairae; and though the penalty of parodying a sacred rite was death, she committed the crime and was acquitted on account of her beauty which was her sole defense.

From Greece Saltus takes us to Rome where love was secondary, to might. The first conquest of the Romans was woman. After carrying away the daughters of their neighbors they exalted them. The title Romanus sum was equal to that of rex. The title of matron was superior. But with conquest came excesses. "In the charm of foreign spells," says Saltus, "former austerities were forgot. Romans who had been initiated in them abroad had the returning victors for tutors at home. In time Rome was thoroughly hellenized. Under the Caesars marriage became a temporary arrangement, abandoned and re-established as often as one liked. Seneca said that women of rank counted their years by their husbands. Juvenal said that it was in that fashion that they counted their days. Tertullian added that divorce was the result of marriage. Divorce, however, was not obligatory. Matrimony was. In those days a sin was a prayer, and a prayer was an invocation at which a meretrix would blush to hear pronounced aloud. Religion sanctioned anything. Meanwhile, "though the Pantheon was obviously but a lupanar, the people clung piously to creeds that justified every disorder, tenaciously to Gods that sanctified every vice and fervently to Caesars that incarnated them all."

It was in the epoch of Roman demoralization that Christ came and of the birth of christianity Saltus writes with the air of a higher critic, one with theories of his own which he utters somewhat dogmatically not as theories but as facts. He says that Christ "had no intention of founding a new religion; he came to prepare men not for life but for death; he believed that the world was to end. Had he not so believed, his condemnation of labor, his prohibition against wealth, his injunction to forsake all things for his sake, his praise of celibacy, his disregard of family ties, and his abasement of marriage would be without meaning." These are heterodox views of a somewhat sensational preacher. Saltus dogmatizes recklessly. It is all right to draw attention to the circumstances attending a phenomenon but it is well to beware of drawing conclusions beyond what the facts warrant. His views, however, on early church history, will not be taken seriously by those who have accepted the popular notion of Christ's mission and its effect on marriage and who have not read the gospels with a view to adapting them to the upholding of peconceived views of the essence of Christianity. According to Saltus the gospels that recite Christ's aversion to marriage have been suppressed. He quotes from them to get a premiss from which to draw the logical deduction that Christ ranked celibacy above matrimony and that in consequence marriage was for a time regarded as unholy. This chapter on early Christian asceticism is rather ingenious, and so is much that follows respecting the degradation of woman under the sway of a religion which, though it raised matrimony to the dignity of a sacrament, in the opinion of Saltus was entirely responsible for the polluting of the family. But Saltus is essentially a fictionist and in his Historia Amoris he has rewritten history because, as he says, it is usually stupid and more often false. It has attributed the recovery of light after the Middle Ages to the Tiers etat. Not so, says Edgar: "Darkness was dispersed by love," whose exponents were the troubadour and the knight. And he tells us of the status of the sentimental passion in the days of chivalry when women talked but of arms and amours, when love was not regarded as compatible with marriage, and a lady married to one man was openly adored by another. Those were the days of the Parliaments of Joy, over which the wives of lords presided and in which subtle questions of love were submitted. He takes us through the Renaissance through the Restoration, he lingers at Versailles where love strode on red heels through a minuet, and leads us into the grosser atmosphere of the German court. But wherever he takes us it is to proclam with Nietzsche the rank animalism of man, and to make obvious the fact that he has studied the pathology of passion with sympathetic eyes. In the end he gives us a disquisition on the philosophy of love and tells us that "Love is a specific emotion, exclusive in selection, more or less permanent in duration and due to a mental fermentation in itself caused by an attraction which Plato called imeros and Voltaire the myth of happiness invented by Satan for man's despair." This is all very vague as probably Saltus intended that it should be, for in that last chapter he perplexes us by telling us that the essence of love is the sphinx's riddle; also, that it is a sentiment founded on the two fundamental principles of self preservation and the preservation of the species, "a sentiment which antiquity deified, primitive Christianity scorned, chivalry nimbused and the Renaissance propelled over the paths easy or perilous which it has since pursued." Nevertheless this chapter should prove instructive to the Eugenic Society.

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The Spectator

An Impertinence In Court

An unsophisticated writer waxeth indignant over the impertinence of counsel for Eugene Schmitz and marveleth at the forbearance of the court. The impertinence which excited the choler of my contemporary was in the nature of a retort discourteous, for which in my opinion there was ample justification. For be it known though I am sensible of the fact that there are certain outward observances of respect due to deities of all grades and condition I stand in no reverential awe of the judiciary. The human mouthpiece of justice I respect, but with becoming discrimination, being conscious that the blind goddess is oftentimes humiliated by the ineptitudes of her interpreter. I am not in sympathy with impertinent counsel, but I am not aware that there is any statute or rule of ethics which inhibits a lawyer from resenting a gratuitous insult hurled from the bench. On the contrary I recall that our Supreme Court once declared it to be the rule of practice in this State that a judge who evokes an insult has no right to complain when it penetrates his hide. Not having the California Reports at my tongue's end, I must content myself with merely informing Judge Dunne that such is the rule and that he may verify my assertion by research which I am sure will do him no harm.

When Judges are Flippant

To properly maintain the dignity of the court is no easy task as one may judge by watching the frantic efforts of some of our jurists. So far Judge Dunne has not distinguished himself by exacting from counsel the deference due and unless he mends his ways his courtroom will take on the appearance of a bear garden during the tilts between the lawyers in the graft prosecution. Something should be done to hold the attorneys in check and force them to deal strictly with the business in hand. But they are not to be inspired with a sense of the proprieties in the course of a verbal tilt with his Honor precipitated by the latter in his desire to parade his own wit. Some of our judges are addicted to the habit of substituting a cheap wit for sober judgment. Their babble is a weariness to the flesh and mandragora to the spirit. Compared with their humor the vernal gambols of a spavined horse and the airy wheel of a soaring goose are the ne plus ultra of grace and vivacity. Usually when Judge Dunne takes occasion to separate himself from the withering sarcasm that is spoiling in stock he provokes a sublime indifference in the objects of his attack, but his friends should not claim in his behalf eternal exemption from rebuke. Judge Dunne was not chosen to try the grafters because of his peculiar fitness for the job, but for the reason that other jurists considered themselves disqualified. However, there is no doubt that he will deal conscientiously with the defendants on their several trials. Neither wealth nor pull will avail the defendants anything in his court, but he will always be subject to the danger of fatal error into which shrewd counsel will endeavor to lead him and it is to be hoped that to avoid it he will apply himself diligently meanwhile to the task of absorbing as much law as possible.

Frank Short's Story

Pertinent to the remarks in the foregoing paragraphs is the story which I heard Frank Short, the learned Fresno attorney, relate some days ago. The contempt which counsel sometimes find difficult of concealment was the subject under discussion when Short broke in with his anecdote of a Fresno court. One day there had been great wrangling between counsel and they met at recess and had a hot dispute over the manner in which the trial was being conducted. After recess they engaged in another dispute in court and one of the lawyers stood up and told the judge of some of the mean things that had been said of him by counsel on the other side. When he finished the other lawyer arose, and in a great burst of indignation denied that what he had said was half so bad as what had been said by his adversary. "Why your Honor," he said, his face inflamed with rage, "you should have heard what he said about your Honor. He said to me, 'Have you ever noticed that between his eyebrows and his hair there isn't space enough in which to write the word imbecile?' "

Heney's Rebuke

Quite a collection might be made of the stinging witticisms that have grown out of the Grand Jury's activity. Abe Ruef has contributed no mean number and witnesses before the inquisitorial body from Myrtile Cerf to Eddie Graney have gladdened the occasion of their appearance by word-plays of a more or less mordant description. Of course Sam Shortridge has been ever ready to improve the passing moment with epigram and both Heney and Burns have proved their ability to twist the incident of the hour into a witty speech. Heney found an opportunity for a verbal thrust at an adversary in Judge Lawlor's court room the other day and availed himself of it with grim satisfaction. It was during the examination of grand jurors in the Nicholas' bribery case. Charles H. Fairall, the Stockton lawyer who seems to have gotten into the graft cases in much the same way that Boardmann "butted in" during the Spreckels-Gage embroglio, was trying to prove that one of the witnesses before the Grand Jury had been bulldozed and intimidated into giving damaging testimony. He asked a number of grand jurors whether prosecutor Heney had not risen menacingly to his feet, always receiving a negative reply. Heney was tired of the questioning and he saw in the fact that Fairall persistently failed to



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rise to his feet when arguing objections and otherwise addressing the court, an opportunity for revenge.

"For the satisfaction of counsel," he stated, rising and addressing Judge Lawlor, "I will state that I most certainly did not rise at that particular time in the Grand Jury room. The only time that I make a practice of standing is when I am addressing the judge in a court of law."

After that Fairall never once addressed the court in a sitting posture.

The Claremont

The Hotel Claremont project across the bay is one that will prove as important to this city as to Oakland. Within thirty-five minutes from the ferry-building and possessing in environment all the attractions of a summer resort far removed from the bustle and excitement of the metropolis, it should prove a delightful resort for those that are given to short trips away from town as well as for the many who have no country residence but who are in the habit of deserting their city home in the summer though attending strictly to business throughout the year. Heretofore the Hotel Rafael has prospered off the trade of many of the summer commuters but the trip to that resort has quite a number of disagreeable features and the hotel lacks many of the comforts of an up-to-date hostelry. The Hotel Claremont will fill a long felt want, and it is likely to attain something of the prestige of the Del Monte through the beauty of its situation, for its site is an eminence which commands a view of the bay and long stretches of surrounding country, and it is in the midst of fourteen acres of cultivated gardens which constitute a most charming prospect. No doubt the management will make a strong bid for tourist traffic and in all probability it will be sufficiently worth while to impel people from the East to cut short their sojourn in the Southern part of the state. The South has long enjoyed a monopoly of the kind of suburban hotels that appeals to the Eastern tourist, and a large percentage of the tourist traffic has been influenced by the reputation of those hotels. The fame of Del Monte attracted many of those tourists who subsequently passed through this city but there was nothing in this neighborhood to hold them. Soon, however, the Claremont will offer inducements, and before the winter is over we shall have the Fairmont which is destined to become one of the famous hotels of Northern California. We are just coming to a realization of the fact that the hotel is an important factor in the development of population.

Roosevelt, Storor and Ireland

From the Roosevelt-Storor correspondence it appears that the policies of the Vatican are not so easily influenced by statesmen as magazine writers imagine. Every little while we are told of the deferential attitude of the Pope toward some European politician and of Cardinals obeying influential foreign ministers, but in the case of Storor's meddling with church affairs it appears that his efforts were rewarded only with rebuffs and rebukes notwithstanding the fact that he represented himself to be the mouthpiece of the President at a time when Rome was very desirous that this country should deal generously with the Philippine friars. But it is surprising that instead of rebuking Storor the Pope's secretary of state did not reprove that perpetual wire-puller, Archbishop Ireland, whose pursuit of the cardinal's hat has engrossed the attention of American politicians for years. If the Vatican is bored by the importunings of American politicians in behalf of Ireland, it may easily abate the annoyance by suggesting to that gentleman that he devote more time to the affairs of his diocese and less to the promotion of his ecclesiastical ambition.

A Fair Anecdote

It is said that in her latest novel, "Rich Men's Children" Geraldine Bonner has carefully refrained from depicting to the life any of the characters borrowed from Californian history. The fact is that she has given us some composite characterizations, and in the use of actual incidents she has so distorted the characters that figured therein that they are beyond recognition. For example she relates that Old Bill Cannon, the ex-Virginia City miner, promised his son Eugene a ranch if he would abstain from liquor for a year and later regretted his bargain because he hated to part with the property. Old Bill Cannon is but faintly suggestive of Old Jim Fair, but that bargain between father and son was made in this city and it was made by Jim Fair. His eldest son, James G. Fair, jr., undertook to win the ranch and would have done so had not his father as the expiration of the year approached, employed a man to lure him from the path of temperance. That story was told in Town Talk several years ago on the authority of a man to whom it was told by young Jim Fair, and it was not a tax on the credulity of anybody who ever had intimate relations with the hard-fisted millionaire.

"Spreadeagle" Lindsay

At the last meeting of the Friendly Club, the unique organization that has as its only object a good dinner and an exchange of good fellowship once a month, "Billy" Burke, the wit of the club, in nominating the Sire who was elected for the coming term, delivered a speech that was the hit of the evening, and that pleased no one more than the object of it. "Gentle-

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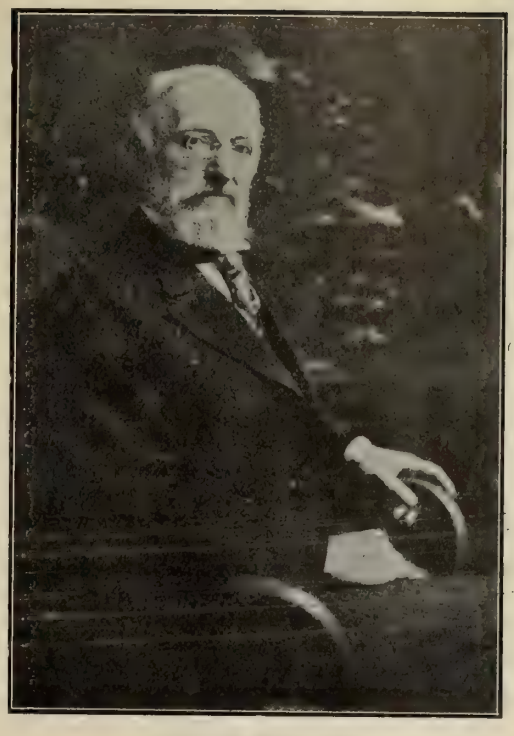
We have given Carte Blanche to our decorative artists—We could not secure them otherwise—the Belmont and other New York Hotels have established this precedent—our New York artist, A. Vigoureaux, just returned from a two-year trip to Europe. He has as his associate Adolph Huber from Chicago—Roman Chariot Races—Murals and other equally interesting subjects on canvass.

"Just a reminder—building composed of steel, concrete and marble"—with John McDermott as manager.

men," said Burke, "I am going to nominate for Sire of this club a dictionary—a vocabulary. I am going to nominate a flow of beautifully chosen words and flowery phrases—a spurt of eloquence, a dazzling burst of verbal fireworks. I propose that we have for the next Sire of the club an aggregation of words that, mounting to the blue vault of heaven and resounding from end to end of the earth shall proclaim to the world our appreciation of sublime and matchless oratory. If my wishes are heeded we shall have for our Sire a redundant phrase, a glowing simile and a fine and frenzied peroration all rolled into one. Gentlemen—" By this time the crowd realized that Burke was nominating Carl Lindsay, the lawyer, a perfervid orator of a fast vanishing type. Lindsay's eloquence—for he is eloquent—is marked by what is familiarly known as "spread-eaglism." At one meeting of the club, when the subject for the evening's speeches was "Talk," Lindsay was called on for a few words on spread-eagle talk. Some thought that it would fluster him. But he rose to the occasion, and in a speech that fairly scintillated with all the characteristics that led to the selection of his topic, he put forth a defense of his style of speaking that convinced his hearers. "But as for me, give me liberty or give me death," quoted Lindsay. "If it had not been for what you term the spread-eagle oratory of Patrick Henry and other great and glorious patriots, whose words will echo and reverberate down all the ages, you would not now have this magnificent republic, whose starry banner, flung joyously to the whispering and caressing breeze, proclaims freedom to all the oppressed of the earth who seek shelter beneath her protecting folds. Spread-eaglism! It was spread-eaglism that inspired the heroes of the Revolution to bare willingly their breasts to the bullets that sang their song of death over many a field stained red with the blood of the grandest patriots that ever died that their country might be rescued from beneath the grinding heel of a terrible tyranny." There was a lot more of it, and it was all just like that. It was a thorough vindication of Lindsay and his style.



Design for a Statue of "John Bull's Other Playwright"
After certain hints by G. B. S.
—E. T. Reed in "Punch."



OSCAR STRAUS

Recently appointed by President Roosevelt to the Secretaryship of Commerce and Labor, the first Hebrew to serve in a President's cabinet. He presided last week at the dedicatory services held in connection with the unveiling of a window in memory of the late Secretary John Hay, at the Temple Keneseth Israel in Philadelphia. On that occasion the dedicatory address was made by Rabbi Joseph Krasukopf, who said: "It is a new type of saintship that we consecrate to-day, a type that knows no national or racial or credal lines, a type that is as broad as humanity, a type that is open to all men and all women who live the godly life, and do the godly deed, be their creed what it may, be theirs even no set creed at all.

"Creed it regards as but mere form; deed alone is its test of the godly faith, and where it finds a mind free from narrowness, a heart rich in affection, a spirit resolute in the defense of the wronged, a tongue fearless to speak the truth, even where truth speaking is dangerous, a hand ready to strike a blow for justice and right, even though mighty tyrants and yet mightier armaments oppose—there it finds the godly man. Such a man was John Hay, in whose memory we consecrate your window to-day."

Kowalsky As a Diplomat

So our own Henry I. Kowalsky is the head of King Leopold's lobby in Washington organized for the purpose of heading off inquiry into the doings of the King of the Belgiums in working the Congo Free State for nine hundred and ninety-nine per cent profit. For a long time past rumor has been insistent that Kowalsky was in the employ of the King of Belgium. All sorts of capacities were hinted at from digging up heirs to providing dancing girls for the royal amusement. Providing lost heirs for estates in probate was Kowalsky's forte while living in this city some ten years ago and during the decade in which he shot across the local Milky Way of litigation there was not

a big estate that cropped up in court, from the Blythe estate down, but what he had a hand in providing a "bar sinister" heir or a contestant "with a compromise chance." To such a pass did his professional persistence in this line come that whenever a wealthy bachelor died the local papers sent their representatives around to Kowalsky to get the story of the heir he had in training to contest the estate. The Jessup case was among the last of these notorious contests. The young heir won the estate all right; but it later developed that he received almost nothing from his attorneys out of the hundred thousand dollars awarded him.

Sure To Get a Fat Fee

Later Kowalsky went East to hunt for bigger things. Evidently the King of the Belgians and his Congo troubles were the biggest things in sight. Kowalsky always had a keen nose for rich men seeking to get rid of certain troubles. He helped "Lucky" Baldwin in this wise several times, which the latter sometimes admitted with a deep, deep sigh. Twenty thousand dollars a year is the salary that Leopold thinks he is paying Kowalsky for looking after his interests in Washington, but if Kowalsky doesn't own the Congo Free State and have a mortgage on Belgium before he is through with the deal it is because he has lost the iron nerve and the invincible rush that landed him on so many estates and bank rolls in the old days. Now that Kowalsky is an international figure it is safe to say that he will bring to heel kingdoms and principalities as easily as he did the fat estates of deceased millionaires in times past. In this adventurous journey among royalties Kowalsky may have slipped in one particular; the dispatches note that several of his letters to King Leopold, in which he describes his own valiant services in the King's cause, have been captured by the enemy. Kowalsky always was careless with his notes. I hope these letters wont get him into trouble. As a sample of diplomatic correspondence I'm sure they will be well worth reading. If Kowalsky has "cut loose in them," the local Japanese misunderstanding will instantly sink into insignificance. Europe will be threatening to let loose the dogs of war and Kowalsky will be the storm center of the angry nations.

Only The Ocean Left

That the hall mark of the Southern Pacific Company still lies over the west notwithstanding the invasion of competing railroads, I am fully reminded by a good story now going the rounds. A San Francisco lady was bringing her little niece out from the East on one of the trains of that company. "Whose cars are these?" asked the little maid. The Southern Pacific Company's," was the reply. "Whose eating house was that?" she demanded, after they had eaten their luncheon. "The Southern Pacific's." "And who owns all the stations?" "The Southern Pacific Company." "Who owns these big ferry boats?" she queried as they were crossing the bay. The same answer, "The Southern Pacific." In the afternoon the lady took her little niece out to see the Cliff House, the seals, and the great ocean. "Now, dear," she said, "I've brought you a long way to see this magnificent expanse of water. It is the great Pacific Ocean. Is it not beautiful?" "And does it belong to the Southern Pacific, too?" demanded the little maid. "No, dear, it belongs to God." "Oh, auntie, and how did God get it away from the Southern Pacific?"

Something of An Incongruity

Temescal across the bay has a very earnest preacher in the person of Rev. Father Sardo, an Italian, who has great admiration for President Roosevelt. He has much respect for the worldly knowledge of the President, and the President's repeated utterances on the subject of race suicide have touched a sympathetic cord in his heart. Some time ago he conceived it to be his duty to second the beneficent efforts of the President toward discouraging race suicide, and he took occasion at an evening service to lecture his congregation on the subject. I am told that he poured out his sentiments in most eloquent terms and that his auditors were deeply moved. Indeed it is said they were visibly impressed and that there is not the slightest doubt that the majority were in hearty accord with all that was said by their beloved pastor. But among them was a person with a keen sense of humor who took note of the circumstance that the congregation on that particular evening was hardly in need of the kind of exhortation in which the priest was indulging. The adults present numbered less than a dozen and of them, a Portuguese woman, is the mother of fourteen children, two are the parents of ten children and one, the priest's own niece, has eight children. Several of the others were old maids.

A Letter About Caruso

A San Franciscan who attended the Caruso performance on the night set apart for an expression of the judgment of music lovers respecting the zoo incident writes me that it was full of thrilling moments. "The audience," he said, "had evidently resolved to leave no doubt in the tenor's mind respecting the estimation in which he was held by them. And though he was very nervous at the start he soon warmed to his work under the genial glow of enthusiasm that emanated from the vast auditorium. He was recalled so often that the performance lasted until a late hour. When he got back into the wings after the first expression of approval which kept him bowing for fully five minutes, he fell into the arms of Frank Rigo, the stage manager, and burst into tears. He was assisted to his dressing-room where he collapsed in the fullness of his emotion."

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Tully Has Been Belascoed

Friends in the East write me that Richard Tully, the Berkeley playwright, has discovered the bite in collaboration. His play "Juanita of San Juan" which was produced out here last year and its many shortcomings discussed in Town Talk was hawked around from one New York manager to another until finally David Belasco decided it was possible in spots, and around these polka dots of possibility he has written the usual Belasco drama. The trite title "Juanita of San Juan" has been Belascoed into "Rose of the Rancho" and the Tully trademarks obliterated by the magic of Belasco stage craft. The programmes for the production read "A play by David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully," but on the opening night after the last curtain there were loud calls for "author-author" and Belasco finally came out and patted the hand of his new leading lady. No one dragged "Dick" Tully into the limelight and Dickie has been feeling sore ever since. Moreover, the critics say that the play is so evidently a by-product of David's peculiar genius that it is difficult to recognize any other finger prints. Some of Tully's friends feel that Belasco has stolen the young playwright's thunder without giving due credit. But there are others who have read or seen "Juanita of San Juan," and they think that Belasco has been generous to even programme Tully's name. According to their reckoning Rose of the Rancho is not even a first cousin, much less the twin of Juanita of San Juan. Belasco's new leading lady is Frances Starr, who played at the Alcazar a couple of seasons ago. She showed unmistakable talent then, although she had to almost stand on tiptoe to escape the Gerry act. However, youth is a fault soon outgrown—particularly on the stage—and Frances, though she has not the carrot coloring of the Leslie Carter, has plenty of temperament. In fact, she left the Alcazar stock to play lead in a little tragedy of her own that might have been entitled "Eloping With a Muchly Married Man." By the time they reached New York she realized that she had miscast herself for the part and she has been devoting herself to legitimate parts ever since. Her work finally won recognition from Belasco, who selected her for Rose of the Rancho.

Remarkable Buildings In California

There is a stone house in Lowell, Massachusetts, which is a source of pride to the inhabitants because of the long journey which it made, some twelve hundred miles. The building originally stood in some town in Michigan and the owner, valuing it more highly than money, of which he had an abundant share, contracted to have it removed and re-erected, whereupon it was taken down, the stones numbered and otherwise marked, and the material loaded on railroad cars. It required a hundred and ninety cars for the transportation and the labor cost thirty thousand dollars. That may be remarkable for the East, but despite fire and earthquake, San Francisco can still point out a few houses which were built in the Eastern states and brought round the Horn in sections to be set up here, and as to stone, the old Parrott building on the northwest corner of California and Montgomery Streets, the first stone house to be built here, was virtually constructed in China. The stone was quarried and shaped near Hong Kong by Chinese workmen, who designed each block according to the position it was to fill. The numbered and lettered material was loaded upon a sailing vessel and crossed the Pacific accompanied by the native workmen. Chinese laborers transported the blocks from the landing place to the building lot by means of bamboo poles, and they were

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that passed through the fire, of which there is a fragment left,

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hoisted into place in the walls by inclined poles, the Chinese method of erection. The building was put up in 1852 and was used for years by the Wells Fargo Express Company. It was only slightly damaged by the earthquake. In the town of Monterey there still stands the first wooden building erected in California. It was shipped round the Horn. It was damaged by the earthquake and cannot be repaired because it is now impossible to drive a nail through the seasoned boards.

Anxious to Marry His "Mystic Soul Mate"

Another act in a domestic drama that stirred the country something over three years ago is now being enacted in Seattle. The divorce suit of the Rev. Henry Austin Adams, once rector of the Church of the Redeemer, in New York City, came up for trial in the northern town this week. The wife from whom he fled is still living with her four children in the East and will not contest the divorce. It is on the ground of incompatibility. Every paper in the country printed pages of the story at the time Adams abandoned his church and fled with his "mystic soul mate." No trace of him could be found for a time. One day he was located in Seattle living quietly under the assumed name of Vincent Harper, contributing to the magazines of the country and acting as musical critic for a morning paper there. His "mystic soul mate" was with him. If he gets the present divorce he will marry her. All the while his deserted wife has been struggling along to support herself and her four children, helped out, it is said, by two brothers of Adams who live in New York.

His Erratic Career

Adams' life has certainly been eventful enough to suit the yearnings of any modern adventurer. He was born in Cuba and came to this country in his youth to study for the ministry. He was turned out an ardent Episcopalian and served in several New England parishes. Giving evidence of strong talents, he was called to New York to become assistant to Rev. Morgan Dix of Trinity Church. Then he was sent to Buffalo for several years to take charge of an important fold. Then he was moved back to New York to shepherd the congregation of the Church of the Redeemer. It was while he was in this station that he first showed decided leanings toward Catholicism and aroused the opposition of Bishop Potter and other prominent Episcopalians. The sensational controversy was interrupted by his suddenly announcing his conversion to the Catholic Church. After a course of training he was sent on a lecture tour under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus. In Baltimore he met the beautiful sixteen-year-old girl whom he declared to be his "mystic soul mate and a Catholic saint." He took the girl to his Brooklyn home, telling his wife that there was nothing but a soul affair between them. A year later he and the girl disappeared and no clue of their whereabouts was obtained for over a year. Then the two were located in Seattle living under the name of Harper. Very recently Adams was heard to remark that he had lost all faith in a future life. He declared himself content with his present life and said he had abandoned all his old ambitions.

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The Bulger Twins

John K. Bulger, United States Inspector of Steamboat Boilers, and James K. Bulger, who is an employee of the Selby Smelter Co., are twins, and as often happens in such cases, greatly resemble each other. They are like the German's two horses, of which the owner remarked: "They look yoost exactly alike. erspecially der near one." This resemblance between the Bulger brothers leads to some amusing errors. Friends of John K. have spoken cordially to James K., only to receive a cold stare or a curt nod, and friends of James K. have suffered similar rebuffs on speaking to John K. A few nights ago John K. was on the way to his home in Alameda, when a stranger came up and said, in a tone of surprise, "Hello, what are you doing here?" To which John K., forgetting for a moment that he was a twin, replied, "Minding my own business. You might try it yourself." The other turned almost white with rage. "Look here," he exclaimed, "you are fired. As soon as I can get ashore and call up the office at Vallejo I'll have you cut off the pay roll." "Better hit up the telegraph," said John K., who had perceived the other's error and was enjoying the fun. "You won't get any satisfaction this side of Washington, D. C." The story ends as all such stories do. The stranger was James K.'s employer, and explanations, apologies and other things followed.

Our Miserable Mail Service

Postoffice conditions here are very unsatisfactory, owing to the parsimony of the government in making appropriations for the support of contract branch stations. These stations are farmed out to small merchants at a salary of from $100 to $400 a year. Before the appropriation was cut down at the last session of Congress the highest sum paid was $1,000 a year, at which figure the contractor could afford to hire a clerk, and he would benefit through the added custom that came to his place of business. The contractors at the small stations had little to do beyond registering a few letters, selling a dozen or so postal orders a month, and selling stamps. Under these conditions the $200 or $300 a year salary was not unwelcome. But what were small stations are now large ones. The city's business having shifted to the residence portion of town, the business at some of these stations has increased tenfold, and the highest salary is $400 a year. In one place where the business formerly amounted to $1,000 a month, it is now $10,000 a month. The salary is $200 a year. A few weeks ago the contractor who had the station at Sutter and Fillmore streets resigned as he could not afford to pay a clerk out of the niggardly amount he received from the government. In writing of the incident, I predicted that this resignation, throwing his business to other stations near by, would cause the managers of them to resign. It has just that effect. Four stations in that part of town have been closed within two weeks. This puts business men and others to an immense amount of inconvenience as they have to go long distances in order to transact their postoffice

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business. As a consequence the local postoffice department is roundly cursed for not having more stations. It is on the government that the blame should rest.

Our Labor Troubles

The New York "Sun", has a correspondent in San Francisco who supplies the readers of that paper with more news of existing conditions in this city that can be obtained from any other source. In a recent letter he gave an exhaustive description of the industrial situation, and commented as follows: "In no city in the world has union labor ever risen to such supreme heights of domination. In no city in the world has the right of a man to work under such conditions as suited him and his employer alone been so completely and successfully denied. Let us see what has resulted. Today San Francisco has on her hands the task of rebuilding over four square miles of ruins, or more than 2,500 acres. There is not labor enough in the city simultaneously to prosecute the twentieth part of this great enterprise. Wages were never so high for skilled mechanics and all artisans employed in building construction, either here or in any other city. Yet scores of contracts are unprosecuted and scores more are not even let, though the banks are bursting with cash, because labor cannot be had at any price. And why can't labor be had? In the first place, because the local unions are doing everything in their power to keep union men from coming here. Only last week the Building Trades Council directed its secretary to answer nearly 250 letters of inquiry to the effect that there was too much labor here at present for the work that was to be done. The local labor leaders are, moreover, utilizing the various labor publications all over the country to disseminate the same false impression. As to importing non-union men, it simply cannot be done unless employers are ready to face an outbreak of union wrath and disorder that will throw the city into a tumult for months on end. They are not ready for that—not yet. But the fact that they have talked of forming an association, backed by millions, to do that very thing shows that they are getting desperate and that if the unions press them much closer to the wall they will precipitate a contest for the avowed object of deciding this thing once for all. Some of the shrewdest men in San Francisco think that a colossal struggle between predatory labor and downtrodden capital cannot be put off much longer."

Bullied and Blackmailed

Continuing, the "Sun's" correspondent asserts that San Francisco is the closest shop that ever was, and that the power of the unions has blinded them to every consideration of decency or business morality. On every hand employers are bullied and blackmailed with the calmest effrontery. More than that there is none, save Rev. J. Bradford Leavitt, who dares voice a public criticism. "A few clergymen," he says, "like Dr. Leavitt, have ventured to speak their minds from the pulpits, but no Roman Catholic priest has made any public declaration on the subject." In this, of course, he is wrong, for there has been Catholic expression in favor of union labor. He asked a prominent builder what he intended to do about it. "Do! Do!" he exclaimed, as if the idea of revolt had never occurred to him, "Why, what in Heaven's name can we do? We are at the mercy of these men. We've got the work to do and we can't get any labor but theirs. They control the importation of union labor and we can't bring any non-union labor in here unless we are willing to face the certainty of riot and bloodshed in the streets of San Francisco. The people are all in sympathy with the unions and are dominated by a union labor administration. They wouldn't protect us. No, sir, I tell you, if we imported non-union labor here there would be a riot that only martial law could quell. And I want to tell you that if the union leaders knew what I had said to you today they would put me out of business in this city within twenty-four hours."

Effect of Union Tyranny

The correspondent cited two cases to show the effect of union tyranny on the rebuilding of San Francisco: "A certain piece of stonework built before the fire cost $15,000. The lowest bid for replacing it is $43,000. The marble work in the Merchants' Exchange originally cost $125,000. There was a salvage of $25,000. To restore it would therefore, under former conditions, cost $100,000. The lowest bid that has been obtained for the job is $167,000. There is as much marble in

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the market as ever and the freight rates are unchanged. The jump in the price of labor and the builders' uncertainty of getting it at any price account for the increase in price."

Eccentric Amelie Rives

The book which William Astor Chanlor has published exposing the plot by which he was confined in an insane asylum naturally directs some attention to his former wife, Amelie Rives, now the Princess Troubetskoi. Amelie Rives was a very young girl when she achieved notoriety through her hysterical "The Quick or the Dead?" It was regarded as a most daring essay, and the author was equally blamed for her lack of discretion and reticence, and praised for her genius. As a matter of fact, she did not realize what she had done, but none the less her head was turned a little more, if that were possible, for she was a badly spoiled child to begin with. Her father, Colonel Rives, was a hot-blooded Southerner, who not only spurned restraint and control himself, but positively forbade any interference with the whims of his children and they grew up without any training, doing whatever they pleased, in season and out, without curb or correction. As soon as Amelie showed an inclination to write incense was burned for her and her lightest word was received as though from the lips of an oracle. She was permitted to fly to print when she should have been in the schoolroom, and, unfortunately, there was enough genius in her work to attract public attention, so the world joined in the procession already headed by her father and her relatives, and helped to spoil her.

Doing The Picturesque

As a girl Amelie Rives was fully alive to the importance of a good pose, and she early acquired the reputation of being a great student on the strength of never leaving her room before midday, but some of the house employees slyly hinted that she did not leave her bed either. Apropos this habit there is an amusing story. Shortly after she achieved fame by her first novel, an English tourist passing through Albermarle County, Virginia, took the liberty of seeking an interview. She was, as usual, in her room, but at his earnest request his card was taken to her with his prayer for an audience. The message she returned was to the effect that she never received visitors during the day, but at night she would be pleased to see him. He was in haste, but the oddity of the affair interested him and he loitered away the day presenting himself again in the evening, when he was received, not in a drawing-room, but in a tent on the lawn. On lifting the entrance curtains an Oriental scene was presented. Gorgeous Persian hangings adorned the walls, rich Eastern rugs covered the floor, heaps of furs provided seats, the scent of flowers was heavy, and hanging lanterns threw a subdued light over all. The Englishman was stunned. He had expected a barbaric display in the house of the rich and eccentric Southerner, but he had not looked for a bit of the Orient set down in Virginia, North America. As he stepped forward he was greeted by a young woman in full ball costume, who received him alone, with an extravagant reserve of manner, the pose of the startled fawn. Mr. Englishman accepted it all as a matter of course—for the United States, and his description of the event, his encounter with this particular Miss E. Pluribus Union, was one of the features of the London drawing rooms on his return to England.

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Her Theatrical Confirmation

Another sensational display on the part of Miss Rives occurred when she joined the Episcopal church of which her mother was a member. When she decided on the step she notified the bishop of the diocese of her desire to be confirmed, and he drove over to make arrangements for her presence at the church on the following Sunday when other applicants were also to be received. When the spoiled darling learned of the steps taken by the ecclesiastic she pleaded sickness as an excuse and refused to be present. The good man was induced to promise that he would come, with the assistant rector, on an afternoon of her appointing and confirm her at home. She was, as usual, upheld in her whim, and when the time approached she sent out cards of invitation to numerous guests, and prepared for an elaborate dinner party. When the bishop arrived he found the parlors full of relations and friends and the house decorated with flowers as if for a wedding. When the hour arrived, the heroine of the occasion made her appearance, leaning on the arm of her father and was led under the flower-adorned arch which separated the two rooms. She was decked in bridal costume and carried in her hands an immense bouquet of white roses, a fan and a lace handkerchief, and took her position facing the bishop and the guests. Evidently she looked upon herself as a "bride of the church," and meant to do credit to her spouse. After her marriage Amelie Rives was considerably toned down. Her extravagances and eccentricities were corrected by travel and by closer contact with another world than that of her adoring family. Despite her unconventional bringing up, she was always amiable and good tempered, and her real nobility of character was such as to excuse her egotisms and eccentricities.

A DRAWBACK

I loved to wander on the equine track
And my especial choices there to back;
Although at times the same would not come in,
Yet frequently quite lengthy odds I'd win.
I studied pedigrees, and in the rings
I recognized with ease the best "good things";
And very oft would grateful trembling lips
Hurl blessings on me for my proffered tips.

But woe the day when execrable fate
Caused me before a horde of dames to prate
Anent my powers. To the verdant turf
Each dame became at once an ardent serf.
They think the races loveliest of games
And pick the horses with the nicest names;
They bid me bet for them upon the track,
And when they lose they never pay me back.

—The Mark.

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SPLENDID COFFEE, our Cream Java Roast. Try at least five pounds; guaranteed superb aroma and strength. Regular 30c, this month, per lb. ..... .25
TEA—Daisy Brand, our leader; uncolored, worth 75c per lb. Special this month, lb. ..... .40
OLIVES—Especially good California Ripe Manzanilla Olives, in gallon tins, flavor and condition perfect; each tin 1.00
FAMILY MIXED COFFEE, ready ground, 25-lb. tin for 5.00
APPLE CIDER, Martinelli's, sweet, quart bottle ..... .25
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Social Prattle

By Tantalus

Society At The Greenway

Genial Ned Greenway, fat and frolicsome, radiant after a big dinner, and beaming with self-satisfaction and amiability welcomed San Francisco's exclusives last week at the first Friday Night Club dance of the season held at the temporary Palace. It was a very enjoyable affair but it lacked the brilliance of some of the gorgeous balls of the past which were notable for the decorative effects achieved in the old Palace. The old floor so well seasoned was missed for the new one was far from perfect, although like many of the guests it warmed up after supper. The Czar was well satisfied with his initial venture among the ruins, for the haut ton were there, the supper was faultless and the Greenway brand of wet goods flowed in a steady stream. One missed the spectacular costuming of other days for several of society's dazzling leaders were not among those present. Mrs. Peter Martin's place can never be filled. That iridescent personality with its V-shaped bodices always gave the wall flowers food for conversation. Mrs. Frank Carolan to whom society always turns for a sensation was absent and of course the Queen of Burlingame was greatly missed along with the svelte Mrs. Gus Taylor and her perennially interesting sister, Mrs. Will Taylor, and her cousin Mrs. Eugene Murphy. Nevertheless there were notables galore and an abundance of buds. This year's crop of debutantes is not notable for its pulchritude. One of the most captivating of them was Miss Mary Keeney in a chiffon gown shading from pale blue embroidered in pink to a sky blue satin band at the hem of the skirt. Blue flowers in her corsage and in her dark hair contributed to the daintiness of the picture. Janet von Schroeder was very simply gowned in a pink taffeta frock, and wore her hair low on her neck. Lydia Hopkins also wore pink with shoes and other accessories to match. Louise Boyde was in pink with black velvet a strange combination for a debutante frock. Marion Angelotti alone wore white and her gown was spangled in silver, something more elaborate than the traditional debutante gown. Maud Payne wore a love of an Empire gown in softest pink chiffon with pink roses in her hair and looked charming enough to worship. Mrs. Fred Kohl, who is still too lame to dance was attired in a weird watteau gown of white satin fitting closely save for a watteau pleat of queer green brocade which fell from her shoulders in the back and formed a panel down the front from corsage to hem. Gertrude Hyde Smith with her blonde hair arranged in a coil on her forehead wore an Empire frock of red tulle, somewhat bizarre in effect. The Wilson sisters wore white, Emily a lace gown and Charlotte a chiffon. One of the most attractive of the matrons was Mrs. Timothy Hopkins in black velvet and superb lace which was arranged in sabot effect all down the front. Her new dog collar of green leaves and big pearls is a stunning ornament. Mrs. Evans Pillsbury's pearls were a sensation. She wore a magnificent dog collar and three strings of huge stones. Katrina Page Brown introduced a new wrinkle, carrying on her wrist a brocade bag with mirror bottom. Mrs. Darragh was very attractive in a black princesse gown. Mrs. Fred McNear disappointed her friends by appearing in the blue lace gown which she wore last season. Mrs. Sam Knight also wore a last season's gown. Miss Jennie Blair in spangled pink was so slender that her friends hardly knew her.

When Shoulders Are Lean

San Francisco women have at last adopted the New York opera cut for their evening gowns. At the Greenway ball on Friday night the fashionables all had their bodices cut to the waist line in back no matter how discreetly their chiffons and laces were arranged in front. The discriminating dressmaker now insists that to wear anything higher than six inches in back shows middle-class respectability which above all things must be avoided. This extreme decollette is very fetching for dimpled shoulder blades but some of the spinal columns displayed the other night poked so hungrily through the thin blue skin that one felt glad when supper was announced. Virginia Joliffe had on a gown cut in the mode but as she has handsome shoulders one did not gooseflesh at the sight. Her gown was even prettier than the striking affair she wore at the birthday dinner. It was Empire style of course, fashioned of a beflowered pompadour silk covered with cream chiffon. Evidently the earthquake did not dent the family purse for Virginia has come out in some wondrous clothes this season. She has reached the stages of sartorial finish that causes people to ask the name of her dressmaker and that is the test compliment.

Mrs. Mott-Smith Cunningham, exhibitor in Paris Salon of 1906, announces that her Studio Shop, at 1622 Pine Street, a few doors from Van Ness Avenue, is now open for the sale of her Jewelry at prices proportionate to their value. Beautiful presents for the holidays of which there are no duplicates.



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They're Now of Burlingame

Both Virginia and Gertrude Joliffe are now closely identified with the Burlingame set. At one time Virginia's most intimate friend was Ethyl Hager, now Mrs. Lansing Kellogg, but she has gradually withdrawn from the set ruled by the sprightly Ethyl and has affiliated with the Blingumites. Gertrude Joliffe and Jennie Crocker have developed a sudden and violent friendship and Gertrude and her pet dog are constant house guests at the Crocker house. Mary Joliffe, whom many consider the handsomest of the sisters, has withdrawn entirely from society. When she made her debut Mrs. Eleanor Martin took her under her wing and "daughtered" her so assiduously that Mrs. Grundy kept a strict eye on Walter Martin only to discover that it was another Mary who had won his affections.

Another Engagement Rumor

Dainty, fetching, Pearl Landers, who has an enviable reputation as a heart breaker, is once more taking cardiac excursions—this time in an automobile. Her latest admirer has placed his machine at her disposal and she may be seen choo-chooing through the shopping district almost any day. The owner frequently accompanies her and the little god of the machine has plenty of opportunity to practice on the bow and arrow. Those who love to throw salt on the tail of a romance say that a little bird has told them that an engagement announcement is forthcoming—and his name is not that of the owner of the coat of many colors.

Goes to Paris With Her Charge

Mrs. C. O. Alexander who has recently been swinging the social pen for an evening paper has found a more pleasant vocation than that of a newspaper bavarde. She has been invited to chaperon Miss Berger abroad and so generous is her allowance that her fourteen year old daughter will accompany them. Miss Berger is a stunning young girl who will make a riffle in society when she is presented a year or two hence. Mrs. Alexander, Miss Berger and little Miss Alexander leave in a few weeks for Paris which will be their headquarters for a time. Mrs. Alexander appears to have a genius for capitalizing the qualities that are most desirable in a woman of high social position. Most women when deprived of the means to buy the embroideries of life are inclined to despond and either settle down to plain nainsook or like the melancholy Lily Bart in the House of Mirth drift over scruple after scruple to attain luxuries. But Mrs. Alexander has availed herself of the importance to others of her experience as a woman of social position. She is a woman of such charming personality that she is in constant demand and admiring girls whom she is chosen to chaperon just keep handing her out the goodies of life. Not everyone has the qualities that go to make an ideal chaperon. Th artistic chaperon must have social finesse appliqued on a foundation of enthusiasm for life—for vivifying what would otherwise be mere existence for the young girls.

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VAN NESS AT WASHINGTON

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF ANTHONY SMITH, DECEASED.
Department No. 9, No. 2190, New Series.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Denis Edward Hayden, Administrator of the estate of Anthony Smith, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorneys, John J. Barrett and Frank I. Barrett, Room 1259 Flood Building, Junction of Market, Eddy and Powell Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Anthony Smith, deceased.

DENIS EDWARD HAYDEN,
Administrator of the Estate of Anthony Smith, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, December 15, 1906.

Beyond The Vulgar Gaze

There is convincing evidence of suburban gayety in the enthusiam which envelops the new Palo Alto skating club. Mrs. Fred McNear and her Burlingame friends organized the club to give them an opportunity to skate without taking a fall out of exclusiveness. The Palo Alto rink is not large and one could not skate without being jostled by one's chauffeur or maid. Mrs. McNear likes to tie herself into knots and do trick skating and it was embarrassing to have all "below stairs" looking on. At club meetings the fearless Mrs. Fred can cut figure eights to her heart's content.

The Fortunate Voorhies

There has been a hint of the revival of the Assembly dances but I doubt whether Mrs. Voorhies will undertake the thankless task. No amount of proof or persuasion ever convinces the public that subscription dances are anything but an emulsion for lean purses. Mrs. Voorhies is a born social leader and like Mrs. Eleanor Martin she considers that everyone should give the merry-go-round a helping hand. If she had been a rich woman she would doubtless have done some big entertaining long ago on her own account, but Mrs. Voorhies did not make social pestige out of gas stock or bullion. She was greatly in demand, however, for the role of patroness and in that capacity she loved to give vent to her tireless social energy. But I am told that the Voorhies' fortune has been greatly augmented since the late disaster, so greatly that Mrs. Voorhies can now entertain as lavishly as she pleases. The Voorhies owned several pieces of property on Van Ness avenue which have increased largely in value. The land on which the Voorhies' building stood now brings in revenue in excess of the combined rentals yielded before the fire by all the Voorhies' property.

The Climber In Her Variety

The apogee of impudence has been reached by a Climber whose social position is now more wobbly than ever. She was invited to a recent tea and the glory of this social achievement must have turned her head. The hostess was assisted in receiving her guests by the honey of society and of course the social bees buzzed around it. The Climber did not have a speaking acquaintance with any one in the party save the hostess but she glued herself to the sacred precincts and as the guests came along they naturally inferred that she had been invited to receive. People who hitherto had only bestowed a frappe nod on her cordially shook hands and the Climber "cheeked" it for an hour or more until the receiving party began to notice her proximity and then she murmured a few social banalities to the hostess and departed. Of course the fact that she had merely "butted in" has reached the ears of those who unbent toward her and now this particular Climber is shivering disconsolately in the frigid zone. The mistakes that the common, or garden variety of Climbers commit would lead one to infer

THE ORIGINAL VIENNA BAKERY AND CAFE

These sharp days give one an appetite, and an excellent place to satisfy that is The Original Vienna Bakery and Cafe at 1226 Post Street, or its branch on Van Ness, near Geary. Here the best in the market is daintily served, and also the finest pies, cakes, bread and pastry can be bought.

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To the various lines heretofore found in our store, we have just added a complete stock of stationery, specially made and boxed. In connection with this we are better prepared than ever to execute orders for engraving and die stamping.

Our publication department is now in New York and has reprinted from new plates most of the older and well known books, as well as a number of new books of decided interest. These may be had at the store on Van Ness Avenue, as well as in our shop at Santa Barbara, which has lately moved into new and larger quarters on State Street.

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that they have not even common or garden variety of brains. I heard that one of the species who has loads of money but a minus quantity of tact sent a valuable bracelet to a society leader whom she has never met and appended an invitation to a dinner party. The bracelet was returned without a word of consolation and the story has been laughed over from Burlingame to Belvedere. But there is one Climber who has "arrived" this season. She gained a footing last year and the fact that her husband's wealth has been augmented by the disaster has given her a fairly comfy corner in the upholstered bench of the elect. She is simply steeped in tact and will probably be a leader some day. Even Mrs. Frank Carolan now speaks to her without frosting the air with icicles and you can almost warm yourself in the smile with which Mrs. Henry Scott greets her. Which proves that there are Climbers and Climbers.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Hovey and Miss Rachael Hovey are at present at Del Monte. After the marriage of Miss Maude E. Moss and Edward Sly Purdy last Wednesday at Belvedere the happy couple went down to Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. Hall C. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Ducomun, Mr. and Mrs. James Benson Roberts and Dr. and Mrs. M. Silverberg are also enjoying the first weeks of their married life there.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Beddell of New York are now at Del Monte, and others from that city are Miss E. L. Lundy, Miss Gladys Christy, Mrs. J. G. D. Knight and State Senator E. A. Fay, with his charming sister, Miss G. R. Fay.

The latest addition to the colony of artists at Pacific Grove is Miss Sophie Marston Brannan, who, with her mother, will remain at Hotel El Carmelo till after Christmas. Miss Brannan is already hard at work.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gilman are enjoying their honeymoon at Hotel El Carmelo. Mr. Gilman, who is a Stanford man of '01, is engineer of the Bay Cities Water Company. As First Lieutenant and Battalion Quartermaster he distinguished himself after the San Francisco fire by his efficient management of the teams which were delivering supplies to the needy. It was while engaged in this work that he met his bride, who was a volunteer Red Cross nurse. Mrs. Gilman was Miss Gianelli, who was prominent in the social life of Stockton. They will make their home in Palo Alto.

Stewart In Organ Recital

Dr. H. J. Stewart will play the following programme at an organ recital before the Saturday Morning Club at Sacramento on December 15: Fugne, in A. minor, Bach; Consolation, in D flat, Stewart-Liszt; Barcarolle, in A, Hofmann; Fantasia, in B flat minor, Callaerts; Triumphal March, Stewart-Benedict; Kuhreigen (Cowkeeper's tune), Stewart-Grieg; Bercense, in D, Goltermann; Minuet Heroique, Stewart; Allegretto Scherzaudo, Deuiel; March in D, Best.

On Sunday, the 16th, the choir of St. Dominick Church will give a concert at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley under the direction of Mr. Stewart. Following is the programme: "O Salutoris Hosta (Gounod); soprano solo, Mrs. B. Apple with chorus; quartet, "Ave Marie" (Stewart), ladies' voices; Motet, "Ouare est ista" (Cassar Franc), soprano solo, Mrs. B. Apple with chorus, "O Salutoris Hostia," (Rosseau); contralto solo, Miss Leola S. Stone, with chorus; quartet, "Sancta Maria" (Rossini).

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Stage

A German Critic's Views

Ludwig Fulda, the German dramatist, has been writing of theatricals in America. He says that culturally we are still colonial. He continues: "The American drama still stands on a pretty low level. Gorgeous scenery and always elaborate, often excellent, acting furnish a splendid frame for an inferior picture. Although America has produced so far no real dramatist, productions of domestic playwrights prevail. The chief function of the latter consists in writing light burlesques and conversation-comedies, and in supplying popular favorites with grateful roles in melodramas and spectacular shows. The prudery of the American public excludes the whole field of erotic problems, and psychology, too, is wholly barred from the boards. What adultery is in French comedy, namely, the quintessence of the drama, that the revolver becomes in the hands of the American playwright. Our nervous ladies who shiver at the thought of a shot being fired on the stage would faint at the very sight of the gigantic posters which preferably depict climacteric moments of the theatrical murder scenes. Now and then Shakespeare is played, but he is nowhere cultivated systematically. The other great masters of the world's literature are totally unknown to the American stage and its blissful ignorance of the work of modern European countries is almost equally marked." All of which is about as close as the foreign critic gets when discussing this country. It is true that this country has not yet produced a real dramatist, but that American prudery excludes the whole field of erotic and psychological problems is far from the truth. Our dramatists do not handle erotic and psychological problems, but we no longer shy at them when they come to us from foreign sources.

The Joys of Acting

Says Ethel Barrymore: "No one but a churl—in fact, no one at all—can fail to be pleased, flattered, touched to the heart by the spontaneous admiration of the public. To feel that people like one, smile when one smiles, grow teary when one weeps, give one their affection for no more cogent reason than because they cannot help it—which is the most cogent reason on earth, after all—is a delight. To escape from onself every night, to thrill with the emotions, think the thoughts, play the games, use the words of another woman—to be another woman, interesting, plaintive, charming, tragic, witty, or whatever her creator has made her—is the fullness of joy. To feel the electric currents of sympathy play back and forth across the footlights is—well, it is an intoxication of pleasure."

Shaw's Latest Play

George Bernard Shaw has written a new play. It is called "The Doctor's Dilemma" and was composed in answer to a challenge from William Archer to prove that its author can write a tragedy, or, at least, a death-scene. An English critic says of it: In point of fact, the result of Mr. Shaw's labors is not a tragedy at all, but something like a farcical melodrama, and his death-scene, with its artist-hero babbling out a cheap creed of "I believe in Michael Angelo, Velasquez, and Rembrandt—I believe in the gospel of beautiful color," is so far from being impressive that it is a travesty in rather hideous taste. But Mr. Shaw is nothing if not a man of surprises, and what he has demonstrated startlingly in this new piece of his is that he can handle graciously and affectingly human sentiment, that he can portray persons with hearts as well as brains, that he can make characters that are other than mere facets of his own witty, intensely clever, but rather hard and gem-like personality, and present convincing studies of a loving woman, a charming old man, an estimable struggling practitioner. Marvellous discovery! murmurs the cynic, but those who know their Shaw will recognize the importance



JOHN HYAMS AND LEILA M'INTYRE

Who Will Present "Two Hundred Wives" at the Orpheum Next Week

both for "G. B. S." and our stage of this new departure. Curiously enough, where Mr. Shaw has failed this time is in achieving what should have been easy for him—that is, in depicting plausibly a Superman with the artistic temperament.

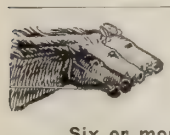
The Gabrilowitsch Concerts

Seats are now ready at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s for the opening events at Will Greenbaum's new Lyric Hall which will be given by the brilliant young Russian pianist Ossip Gabrilowitsch. The first concert will be given next Tuesday night. The program includes the Rondo in G major, Op. 51, by Beethoven, Prelude in A minor, Sarabande in E minor and Gavotte in B minor by Bach, (the gavotte being Saint Saen's arrangement) Moment Musical in A flat major and Minuet in B by Schubert, Chopin's glorious sonata in B flat minor, the one with the great funeral march, two new preludes by Arensky, an intermezzo in octaves and a "Theme Varie by Gabrilowitsch. The same interesting programme will be given at the Oakland concert Thursday afternoon at Ye Liberty Playhouse." At the Saturday matinee the artist will play Schubert's Sonata in A minor, a fine group of Chopin compositions, four of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," a Brahms Rhapsodie and smaller works by Faure. Glazounow, Moszkowski and Liszt. Efforts are being made to arrange for another concert at which Gabrilowitsch may play the new sonata by Glazounow with which he has been creating a sensation. If successful in making such arrangement Mr. Greenbaum will announce it in all the papers.

San Francisco is hungry for good music, and the appearances of so great an artist as Gabrilowitsch is eagerly awaited by our music lovers.

Two "Soirees Parisienne"

Hundreds of our society people will remember the old "College Charlemagne" on Stockton Street, in its day the fashionable private school of San Francisco especially for education in French and music. It was presided over by Mons Planel, and many of the pupils are still fond of the memory of the brilliant old master. His son Louis gave promise of great talent as a musician and left here some twenty years ago to make his home in Paris. How well he succeeded there is attested by the fact that he has been made a Chevalier of "The Legion of Honor" and an "Officer of Public Instruction." On account of losses sustained during the recent disaster he has been compelled to return to San Francisco to settle some affairs, and with him is his talented wife, Mme. Tekley-Planel, a prominent Parisian actress and reader and a member of the famous company of "The Theatre Francaise." Will Greenbaum has arranged to have these two artists give some genuine Parisian entertainments devoted to instrumental and vocal music by modern French composers, and poems written expressly for Mme. Planel



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Six or more races each week day, rain or shine.
RACES COMMENCE AT 1:40 P. M., SHARP

For special trains stopping at the track take the S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street; leave at 12:00, thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 P. M. No smoking in last two cars which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

Returning trains leave track after fifth and last races.

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Frank Bacon As Aunt Abby.

Special Feature: Moving pictures showing Fernando Nelson Breaking San Francisco-Los Angeles Record.

Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00.

Wednesday Bargain Matinee, best reserve seats, 25c.

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GABRILOWITSCH

The Russian Pianist Will Dedicate Will Greenbaum's New

LYRIC HALL

Corner of Turk and Larkin Streets.

Next Tuesday Evening, December 18, at 8:15, and Saturday Afternoon, December 22, at 3.

Reserved seats, $1.50 and $1.00. Now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Van Ness above California.

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE, Oakland

Thursday Afternoon, December 20, at 3:15.

Seats ready at boxoffice.

Next: Two "Soirees Parisienne," musical and literary, by Mme. Tekley Planel of the "Theatre Francaise," and Mons. L. Planel, violinist and composer.

ORPHEUM Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Dec. 16

Matinee every day except Monday

INVIGORATING VAUDEVILLE!

JOHN HYAMS AND LEILA M'INTYRE; The Three Leightens; Armstrong and Verne; Katherine Nugent; Mlle. Dziria and Her Dancer; Charles Serra; Palfrey and Hoefler; Orpheum Motion Pictures

and Last Week of

JULIUS STEGER & CO., In "The Fifth Commandment."

Coming for the Holidays: The Great Orpheum Road Show.

PRICES: 10c, 25c and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Sutter and Fillmore Streets. Phone, West 6000.
CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. to Midnight. Admission, 10c; Children, 5c.

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Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

Great Success of the Chinese Comic Opera

"THE LILY OF CHEE-FOO"

By Theo. Vogt and Thos. Newton.

Next Wednesday Evening, Testimonial to Theo. Vogt.

Ye Liberty Playhouse 14th & Broadway OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop

Theatre Used Monday and Tuesday by Societies.

Commencing Wednesday Eve., Nat Goodwin's Great Success

"TURNED UP"

Next: "Lover's Lane."

and to some of which her talented husband has composed some delightful musical settings for violin and piano. Mons Planel is an accomplished violinist and singer as well as composer and a most interesting and unique programme will be arranged. Full particulars will appear in the next issue of Town Talk. The dates are set for Thursday evening, December 27, and Sunday afternoon, the 30th.

Colonial Theatre

The enthusiastic reception and the large audiences that have welcomed the Colonial Stock Company on its reappearance are pleasant evidences of its great popularity. The current attraction is that perennial favorite, "The County Fair," originally introduced to us by Neil Burgess. The present production and cast are equal to any that have preceded it, if not in several respects superior. Frank Bacon, who is an actor of infinite variety, carries off the principal honors as Aunt Abby; a role that he interprets with the felicity of one for whom it might have been written. His delineation of the elderly New England spinster is admirable throughout and will be included among the many triumphs of his very successful career. Bessie Bacon is delightful as the merry hearted waif Taggs, and Edna McClure is attractive and clever as Sally. Bert Wesner presents an excellent character sketch of Otis Tucker and Orral Humphreys merits high praise for his admirable performance of Solon Hammerhead. Robert Galindo is quite a hit as the jockey Tom and Wilfred Roger is handsome and interesting as Joel Bartlett. The remaining characters are in good hands and the old-fashioned country reel is danced with great zest. The excitement of the play is centered on the horse race, which is most realistic. Between the second and third acts moving pictures illustrating Fernando Nelson breaking San Francisco-Los Angeles automobile record are shown, to the great delight of the audiences. The success of "The County Fair" is so great that it has wisely been determined to continue it all next week. It will be succeeded by an elaborate production of "The Christian."

The Maxine Elliott Engagement

The Novelty Theatre, corner Steiner and O'Farrell Streets, will be crowded to the doors next Monday night on the occasion of the appearance of Miss Maxine Elliott and her company in the Clyde Fitch comedy, "Her Great Match." The engagement has attracted widespread attention among theatregoers and fashion will be out in force, making the first night of the engagement quite a society event. This is the first real high class attraction to be seen here since the fire. There has been a big demand for seats, and it will not be long before seats for all the six evening and Saturday matinee performances will be sold out. Miss Elliott comes this season with an especially strong play, written for her by Clyde Fitch. She is surrounded by a strong company of players, including Charles Cherry, Cory Thomas, Leon Quartermaine, Felix Edwardes, William H. Sams, Guy Cary, Muriel Wylford, Suzanne Perry, Mme. Mathilde Cottrelly, Gladys Morris and others.

Seats for the Maxine Elliott engagement are $2, $1.50 and $1. They have been on sale during the past few days at the music store of Kohler & Chase. The sale will be continued at the box office of the theatre commencing Monday morning.

A Fine Vaudeville Bill

John Hyams and Leila McIntyre, two of the most popular entertainers before the public, will make their first joint appearance in vaudeville in San Francisco at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. Charming little Miss McIntyre is well remembered here from her previous successes, and her partner is as versatile as he is clever. They were the one big hit of the original "Beauty and the Beast" production and the skit that they now present, "Two Hundred Wives," by Herbert Hall Winslow, is said to be a capital medium for the display of their peculiar abilities. The three Leightons will make their initial bow here in their novel conceit,

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"A One-Night Stand in Minstrelsy." The sketch, as the title implies, tells of histrionic troubles on the kerosene circuit. The young men come highly praised by the Eastern press and promise fifteen minutes of song, dance and general merriment. Thomas Armstrong and Ella Verne, an Australian comedy duo, will also be new to this city. They are singing comedians. They made a great hit all over the East with "The Land of Ned" and "The Zanzibar Zulus." Julius Steger, the acter-singer, and his capable company, have completely captured the community with the musical-dramatic playlet, "The Fifth Commandment." It is something that one can see again and again, and not grow weary. Katherine Nugent, the "American Cissy Loftus," will vary her imitations of noted stage favorites, and Mlle. Dziria and her accomplished dancing companion will vary their terpsichorean work. Charles Serra, the equilibristic marvel, Palfrey and Hoefler, the comedy cyclists, and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a capital program. The great Orpheum Road Show, bigger, better and brighter than ever, will pay its annual visit to San Francisco during the Christmas and New Year holidays.

—The Playgoer.

The work of restoring silverware battered and otherwise damaged in the April disaster has proved quite profitable of late, and has brought to light the superior talent in that sort of John O. Bellis of 1624 California Street. As a renovator of silverware he is perhaps without a peer. His deftness is remarkable, and in the exercise of it exhibits an artistic sense that is seldom equaled among craftsmen. Many old family treasures that were believed to have been damaged beyond repair, and that baffled the skill of many a silversmith have been restored to their original form by John O. Bellis.

HER IDEAL

Fond husband, bear this thought in mind:
There's one man whom your wife
Is very sure is good and kind,
And will be all his life.

But you're not It—ah, no; 'tis sad,
But ne'ertheless 'tis true,
For he's the man she might have had
Instead of taking you.

—The Pessimist.

RARE PIQUANT FLAVOR



RARE PIQUANT FLAVOR

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Le Chef

By R. B. Cunninghame-Graham.

(Concluded.)

I left the country thinking never to return, being seen off by many of the society at the quaint little inn, into the whaleboat which in those days took one to the steamers which lay eight, ten or twelve miles off, often hull down, in the thick yellow water of the River Plate. After two years, lacking advancement and with the nostalgia of the open plains, the horses and the wild free life, I sailed again, landed in Buenos Ayres, and found the place had altered in that time almost as much as European cities alter in an age. No longer whaleboats took one from the ship, nor did a cart drawn by three horses with a Basque riding the near-side animal, or a bullock wagon with a man seated on the yoke, carry one to the shore where the water shoaling made it unsafe for boats. Steam launches pitching on the choppy waves like buckjumpers, in half an hour or so, performed the passage which in the whaleboats often took more than two, and on arriving near the beach, a smart tin pier replaced the wooden wharf which had survived apparently from when the conquerors first landed at the city of Good Airs. But once inside the town, although fell progress had already laid its hands on many of the older buildings, sweeping away the house of the old conqueror Garay as if, according to a friend of mine, it had been nothing but a disagreeable mother-in-law, the old life held its sway.

Still at the corners of the streets the hobbled horses stood. Hard hats, except amongst officials, had made scant progress. Few people carried walking-sticks, but in their hands held plaited raw-hide whips, with silver tops, flat lashes, and a thong to hang them to the wrist. Still women went to church all dressed in black. Basque milk-boys rode their ponies, seated between their cans, dressed half like sailors, half like "gauchos," wearing the chiripa and the broad belt fastened with silver coins, with a black jacket and thick boots, a sort of cross between the kind a pilot and a cattle-rider wear. Beggars no longer rode, but with increase of wealth and of modernity, had multiplied a little, as if to prove that no one has devised a scheme to make the rich man rich, and not involve as its corollary the increasing poverty of our poor brethren in the Lord. Arrived at Claraz's, a "changador" carrying my things up from the custom-house, all was unchanged. The owner still sat quietly in his upper room and classified his plants, whilst guests arrived and either at their own sweet will selected rooms, or were inducted into them by an old housekeeper from Biscay who spoke but little Spanish, and that all topsyturvy, who could not read or write or far less cipher, standing for all that manfully between her master and his guests. The bagmen still disputed as of yore about their conquests, the "Gentle Shepherds" drank and idled through the day, cursing the country, but still loth to leave it, knowing that in a British colony they must work or starve, contingencies they did not care to contemplate. In such a place it did not take more than ten minutes to shake down and learn the local news, hear of the revolution up in Entre Rios, the Indian "malon" upon the frontiers, the death of so and so, the feats of someone's horse, and to absorb a cocktail, which done, the world appeared to fall again into its last year's rut. "And Cossart? Oh, yes, he has left off his diving," Claraz said, "and keeps a restaurant, makes a good living and has got a mistress called Emilienne." Dinner-time brought him to the inn, and it transpired that being bred a cook, at the first chance he had returned to his profession and now appeared rather bejewelled, but yet quite the gentleman, to play his game at billiards and incidentally welcome me effusively, and tell me of his altered circumstances and of Emilienne whom he described with so much detail that I appeared to know her perfectly, both dressed and undressed, her ways, thoughts, habits, with "une tache vermeille" which she had upon her shoulder, her business aptitude, and other details which recited openly put the most hard drinking of the "Gentle Shepherds" to the blush, as their conventions and that of the fortunate possessor of "cette bonne brave fille" differed as much as do the stars, both in their glory and their magnitude. The restaurant turned out to be a stuffy, much beflied and dusty little place in which one dined extremely well and cheaply, and heard ten languages spoken all at once and loudly, and where "le chef" wearing the habit of his craft went round to every table and talked familiarly to all his guests, hoping their food was to their liking, and Emilienne dressed in grey beige, her hair "en bandeaux," presided at a desk, so quiet and businesslike that it appeared she just had left a convent to come and take the post. The guests departed; the chef, leading me to the desk, presented me to the fair priestess of "ceans," who bowed "tres dignement," accepted "mes hommages," and comported herself generally in such a way as to quite justify the choice my friend had made. To the outward eye, the lady seemed one of those sensible commercial French women, who in a situation which an English girl would fill after the fashion of Moll Flagon, or half ashamed, knew how to conquer virtue by her seemly conduct, although she had it not, that is if after all mere virtue can be put beside good humour and real kindliness of heart.

Our talk ran on my friend's advancement, his future prospects, on politics, religion, the next president, the drought, the locusts, Indians, and other subjects which a year spent in Europe slackens the grasp of, and in all of them Emilienne gave her opinions when asked for them, in such wise manner and so foolishly, that at last the chef said to her with the kindly air with which a man speaks to a child, "ma belle, go and see what the marmitons are at," and she, patting her bandeaux and smoothing out her skirt, tripped dutifully away. We sat and smoked Brazilian cigarettes, drank lemonade and watched the fireflies flitting in the trees in the back garden, what time the chef unfolded all his plans. "You see," he said, "that diving business led to nothing"; then, for more emphasis repeated it in French, "menait a rien, pas meme ca," and as he spoke he bit his thumb-nail and waved his hand before his face in token of disgust. "J'avais mes quarante ans, yes forty years, so I said, Cossart, mon ami, after all, you are a cook, a cook professed, and it is in les marmites that your future will be found. I thought of marrying, but then at forty years without a sou, not twenty paper dollars in the bank—a dot—you laugh, at forty years with my black beard becoming grey. I thought of shaving it, but * * * bah! So I went to a lady that I knew, what they

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call Trotaconventillos eh, and asked her to get me somebody, not too pretty, not too young, neither too thin nor fat, a good arithmetician and rangee, and she, the Lord knows where, procured Emilienne * * * il faut une femme, mon cher, that poses you, especially in ce sale metier that I follow now." Laughing internally I told him that his lines had fallen not quite in a hard place, and he, loosening the buttons of his waistcoat, rejoined, "Yes, I have ambition, quand on est chef it always is like that. My hand, you see, what with the diving and the years I spent out at Bragado minding sheep, had got a little rusty, so I said Mon gars, you take this little restaurant, get to your tools, and then when you have saved a little, return home and settle down, after a month or two of course in La Ville Lumiere, for before I die what I ambition is to be the chef at a swell London club, so that at last I shall be known for what I am and make a name, eh—." Every ambition being equal, and but measurable by the effort it entails, I cordially agreed, bade him farewell, and in the morning took the steamboat up the Parana, landed at Diamante, found my tropilla waiting and galloped to my house.

Two years brought me again to Buenos Ayres on my return to Europe, where I found my friend, still prosperous, his little cafe changed for a larger one, Emilienne gone, "partie la matine, avec un riche Bresilien," and duly was seen off on board my ship by Cossart, from whom I parted not thinking I should meet him, for his ambition to be chef in a good London club seemed to be quite forgotten in his prosperity. Two or three, or perhaps five years had passed, when, lunching at a club in Edinburgh, and having got a mutton chop, half raw, half burned, I sent (the first and last time in my life) to see the manager. The waiter said that Monsieur Trastour was away, but Monsieur something or another would come and speak to me. He came, and looking up, I beheld Cossart, unchanged except that he had shaved his beard, and looked a little like an actor, with his blue stubbly chin. Speaking in Spanish, I asked him to meet me at a cafe in an hour or two, finished my lunch, and then sat down to smoke and ponder on the strange meeting after so many years. The chef appeared true to the tryst, embraced me, patting my shoulder with his great hairy hands, and hugging me. "You see," he said, "this is an etape on the way to London, but ogni strada men' a Roma—no, no whisky, it is an article of faith I know here in this North—but I will tell you how I came here—yes a cigar," and he chose a long black oily one, not lighting it, but keeping it stuck in the corner of his mouth. "You see, mon cher, I think it was the sedentary life that got upon my nerves. Then too that matter of Emilienne—les femmes, mon ami, ca vous abime un homme." He paused and looking at him I perceived that he was growing stouter, and no doubt in general "les femmes" did not appeal so much to him as in the days gone by, although a little later in the street he criticised them freely, as an old troop-horse out at grass is said in story-books to prick his ears at the sound of military music, even when Yeomanry pass by. "Travel," he then continued, "is the best cure for all affections of the heart—you smile—well, well, that poor Emilienne was not perhaps so fatal to my peace, but vanity, and we all have it—n'en doutez pas. You see, I did not like the chaff about that damned Brazilian and his dollars, although, no doubt, had I been in his place, I should have done the same. Better by far to run about the world, even with such an ignoble macaque, than keep the books of a mere guinguette such as mine was, eh? Philosophy is in our Gallic blood, not of course the dull Germanic trash about first causes—woman is man's first cause—but, well—one resigns oneself to the inevitable—so I attached myself as cook and secretary to a diplomatist. Half the whole world I traveled with him for two years, going from Buenos Ayres up to Corumba, you know in Matto Grosso. Ah, yes, I recollect, you told me when you first went there

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HENRY P. TRICOU
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after the Paraguayan war, the alcalde came down to the steamer riding on an ox. Well, not much changed that Corumba when I was there. Nothing to cook, of course, but charqui dulce and some mandioca, and as there was no business, nothing to write. The people still washing out gold-dust, you recollect?" I nodded, and he seemed to remember his cigar was still unlighted and struck a match upon his thigh though there were matchboxes upon the table, remarking as he did so, "usage de la guerre."

"Mon cher, a desolating country, hot as the nether hell and damp—his excellency's boots were mildewed every day, and I, though cook and secretary, cleaned them, out of desoeuvrement, for they were London boots, and seemed a link with home. Mosquitoes like a thick cloud after rain, and every cursed crawling thing you ever saw, the people, negroes almost to a man, and yet, I liked the place—so did his excellency—it grew upon me. Nothing on earth to do after the call de rigueur on the governor. We lounged about all day in our pyjamas, swung in our hammocks, listening to our lives. I cooked the breakfast, having a negro girl for marmiton, dished it myself and waited on his excellency, who talked to me quite freely, for entre nous we were the only Christians in the place. Then he sat down to smoke and I stood by and talked to him, telling him of all kinds of things and others, to pass the time away. Then came the siesta and we got upon our horses and rode them down to bathe, going into the river on their backs for fear of the electric eels, the rayas, and some little devils of the deep they call a pejerey. Then out into the forest, a veritable decoration of the opera with climing plants like ropes, on every tree, monkeys and parrots and butterflies a foot across the wings. Then back to dinner and a stroll about the town, right through the grass-grown plaza, with the adobe palm-thatched houses whitewashed and gleaming in the night—bon Dieu, I grow poetical. But still I liked the place, and sometimes, walking down the street I hear the niggers scratching their guitars or playing the marimba, and wish that I were back again. It's stupid, isn't it? But it's stronger than myself—mais on est philosophe. With my diplomatist I went from Buenos Ayres to Madrid, where I got tired of him, gave him his conge, so to speak, and left him in the hands of the worst cook I ever met, a Greek, without an atom either of culinary knowledge or of dignity. I found myself in London, and in a month or two this billet has turned up, but I shall not stay long in this cold place amongst these people, whose chief pleasure is to talk about the quarrels of their churches. Not that I look down on religion, it is a useful scourge enough, and keeps them honest for the fear of hell, and comforts women and all those who never read Voltaire or Rousseau, but for the rest, God's not a bad man, as we would say, out in the River Plate."

So saying the philosopher lit his cigar again, shook hands with me, and went to look after "les marmitons," who, as he said, were ever on the watch to spoil his plans and break his heart by letting saucepans overboil, entrees grow cold and tough, and bringing down discredit on his head. I watched him swagger down the street, looking at all the girls he passed, shouldering the men and humming softly "Popol," a song in vogue in those days, with its absurd refrain of "je me nomme Popol," and setting forth the adventures of its hero when, "au fond de l'Amerique, pays due Panama, il faisait de la botanique quand p'tite Francaise passa."

Six or eight months had passed when passing that fine specimen of modern architecture, S. Peter's, Eaton Equare, on horseback riding to the Park, a voice called after me in somewhat Gallic Spanish, and turning in the saddle, I saw my friend emerging from the church. A wondrous change had come upon him, for he was "cingle" as he would have called it, in a frockcoat with a gardenia in his buttonhole. His hat shone shiny as a lifeguardsman's helmet, and was

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cocked at such an angle on his head, it seemed capillary attraction only could keep it in its place. His boots were like the top layer of a pot of jelly, and in his hand he had a silver-mounted cane, the crutch of which was ivory, shaped like a woman's leg. In his left hand he held new gloves of a bright "sang de boeuf," and on his cheek the barber's powder clung, like sugar on a cake. As a smart wedding was in process I was prepared for anything, to hear he was a millionaire, was married, or had made money on the Stock Exchange. "I come," he said," from witnessing a marriage ceremony. One of my employers or my clients, all is one, has lost his liberty to-day." As I was still profane to what he meant, he said, "I have at last achieved the summit of my hopes and there is no one rather than yourself whom I would make the sharer of my joy." Then straddling out his legs, he critically scanned my horse and tried to run his hand down its foreleg, almost receiving a slight kick whilst doing so. "Not a bad horse, mon cher, a little sickle-hocked I think—what, eh, from South America?—then not a word, we have been there ourselves." As I gazed speechless at him, knowing he knew as little about horses as I knew of his mystery, he drew out a cigar from an enormous silver-mounted case, lit it, and puffing out the smoke, scanning the while the ladies as they left the church, finding no doubt some of them "sickle-hocked" enough, he said, "At last I am the chef of a swell London club, and feel I am the right man for the place, for I have now the time to think my menus out; my marmitons are good, and," tapping on his head, "something here tells me that I shall succeed and make a name at last." Sending my horse home, I got into a cab and took him to a restaurant, to hear about his luck. As we walked through the grill-room, at the end of which the cooks, dressed all in white, presided at the fire, he whispered "pas de personalities." We sat down at a table and I think I ate a mutton chop, red and enormous, and flanked by mushrooms and tomatoes, the moral cookery which England loves, and out of which have grown the brains and sinews of the Imperial race, so dear to editors. He watched me, as one might watch a cannibal with horror and amazement, and being without appetite, as often happens, I can well believe, to those of his profession, drank lager beer and crumbled up some bread.

He spoke about his plans, and his ambitions, and how one day he should retire, and though he should keep on "my little digging" here in town, should buy some land at Carpentras, to plant his cabbages as Diocletian did, because he said the air is good there, and that they grew a little wine, delicious, and as he spoke he blew a kiss at it, puffing his cheeks out like a cannon ball. What more he might have said the Lord God knows, and himself only, for a portrait painter came into the place, and sitting down began to talk to us. I introduced him as an artist, and the chef, bowing, said, "I am an artist, too," then lowering his voice, he added, "culinaire."

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Motor Touring

It is not everyone who desires to drive his own motor-car; but for people of an active temperament the pleasures of touring may be agreeably varied if the owner sometimes takes the wheel himself. Advice on this point however, is hardly needed because people are divided into two classes—those who, whether in a boat, dog-cart or motor-car, are not happy unless they have the control and direction of affairs in their own hands; and those others who are either indifferent or will not be induced to assume such control and direction in any circumstances whatever. Motorists of the second class are somewhat more hazardously committed to dependence on the degree of skill and nerve which they may have acquired.

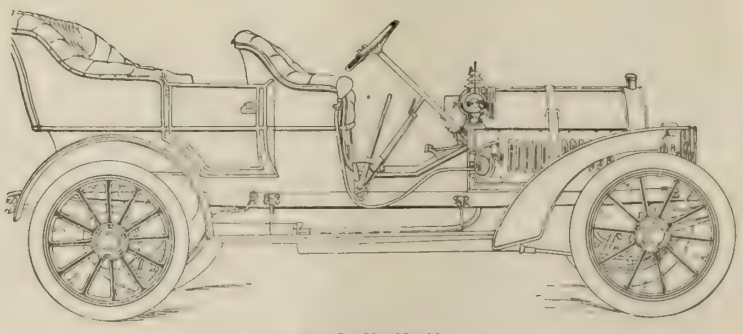
There are more accidents caused by indifferent driving of motor-cars than by defects in the cars themselves; and now that so many people are buying motors and, equipped with little knowledge and less skill, are driving them about the public highways, it is becoming more and more important that motor-driving should be regarded as an art requiring much study and practice before it is exercised on the public road. The art of driving motor-cars consists of two separate and entirely different functions—the management of the engine and gearing, and the steering and control of the car itself. The first is like engine-driving, the second like steering a boat, and the ideal driver is only to be found among people who have the qualities necessary for both tasks. Both are largely a matter of temperament and nervous organization; the mind must do its work sub-consciously, it must be automatic and yet alert, mechanical and yet able to deal on the instant with conditions of emergency. It is possible to drive a motor-car quite safely and passably without having any real sense of machinery or knowledge of the engine; but that is strictly speaking only steering a motor-car, which will not be seen at its best. Yet so far as the public is concerned, this part of driving is by far the most important, since it depends entirely on the nerves and quickness of the driver.

Steering a motor-car, we have said, is like steering a boat; there is in fact no preparation for motor-driving so good as the habitual sailing and handling of small boats, in which there is seldom any room for making mistakes, and where one's life depends on a thousand automatic mental calculations of extreme nicety, and on the ability to act with decision and lightning promptitude. And just as the steering of a boat consists not in the correction of deviations from the course, but in the anticipation and prevention of such deviations by proper use of the rudder, so in a motor-car the proper use of the steering-gear consists in holding the car on a straight line or curve, and not in continually guiding it back to a series of positions which it has lost. The best way to learn to steer a motor-car is to get some expert friend to drive it rapidly over a damp road where its tracks will make clear straight lines, and then to drive it oneself slowly over the same road, keeping the front wheels in the same tracks. This will not be found by the beginner to be as easy as it looks, yet it is only the first step in steering, and involves a method—i. e. keeping one's eyes fixed on the front wheels—which must afterwards be abandoned. The only way to drive a motor-car really straight at anything like high speed is not to keep one's eye on the front wheels but on the road some distance in front

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of one so that one's hands are continually and automatically bringing the car straight up to some point in the road which the eye has seen and chosen before. This will not, as you might suppose, put you out of your wits; the fact that the spot towards which you are driving is continually running away from you need not dismay you, for you can stop it and overtake it, and indeed drive over it whenever you like.

There is one danger about which every novice at motor-driving should be warned, as it is very subtle and is only avoided by great self-control and foresight. If you are new to driving and are touring over long distances every day your nerves and muscles will, unknown to yourself, undergo a change which will prepare disasters. The time that you are most likely to have an accident is at the end of your first long day's drive, when everything has been going well all day, and you approach your destination feeling that you are now thoroughly at home with the motor-car and that driving is a very easy matter. If anything gets in front of you at this moment, no matter how long beforehand you may have seen it, or how easy it would be to avoid it, the chances are five to one that you will run into it. All day long you have been going on; you have overtaken and passed carts and people, and they have all somehow or other got out of the way and melted from before your progress. As the day wears on and these miracles still happen, you come unconsciously to believe that the hand of God is upon you; that you are ordained, like Time and Destiny, to hold straight on your course, and that the things which appear to get in your way are but illusions of the senses that will disappear like morning mists. You become hypnotized by the constant straining of the eye on the road before you; your senses tell you that it will be a road always clear for you as it has been all day; and it is not until you smash into the back of a farm-wagon that you awake to the fact that the things you have seen on the road are not illusions, but matters of hard substance, of wood and iron and bone, inimical to life and safety, if too suddenly materialized by your impact. This is a fact with which every experienced motorist is familiar; but it is one seldom driven into the brain of the novice except by the force of some such gross concussion as has been suggested.

—The Chauffeur.

AUTOMOBILE GOSSIP

With the arrival of the 1907 Pope-Hartford demonstrating machine the members of the Hovey-Boushey Company have been on the jump explaining the features of the machine to prospective customers. Among the first to place an order for the new style of the Pope car is A. W. Foster, the well-known railroad man and formerly a bitter enemy of automobiles.

It was a matter of comment in and about New York this year that E. R. Thomas of that city took his outings in a car made by a company bearing his name but with which he had no connection. This state of affairs will remain the same, only more so this coming year since he has just ordered not only a Thomas "Flyer" of 1907 vintage, but a Thomas "Forty" runabout as well.

The demonstrator car of the Thomas Detroit reached San Francisco on the 5th inst. and is now on exhibition in the salesroom of the Pioneer Automobile Co. on Golden Gate Avenue and Octavia Street. This is the first year that the Thomas-Detroit has been manufactured. The Thomas factory at Detroit is controlled by the same interests that are at the head of the Thomas works in Buffalo. The Detroit car is made to meet the demand of the public for a Thomas car of medium price. The Thomas sixty-horse, made at Buffalo, sells at $4,150.00, while the Thomas Detroit, forty-horse, sells at $2,900.00, delivered in San Francisco. The Detroit just received in this city is one of the very first turned out by the factory. Stock shipments will be made some time before the end of the year.

In its construction, the Thomas Detroit rather follows the graceful lines of many of the French cars, making it very attractive. The body of the car is finished in a rich red, the interior fixings being in black leather. The wheel base is 112½ inches, with 34 inch wheels and a tread of 56½ inches. The motor is full forty-horse, with mechanical valves and all the gears inclosed. The system of ignition is by XX jump spark, with dry and storage batteries. Besides these, space will be reserved so that any purchaser owner who desires to do so may put in a standard magneto. The cooling is done by a vertical tube radiator, with fan and gear-driven pump. The drive is by shaft. The car seats five persons very comfortably.

The demonstrator for the Thomas sixty-horse is expected in another week and the Winton about the end of the year. The Olds has already arrived, so that when the others come in, the Pioneer Company will have their full line for the season.

The latest color combination in an automobile is now being shown by the Pioneer Automobile Company in a model "A" Oldsmobile which arrived last week. It is a French grey with red and gold striping and red upholstery. It has the effect of being rich but not gaudy.

Mr. H. H. Larson made a run to Half Moon Bay on Sunday last in his model "K" Winton. He reports that the roads are unusually good for this season of the year. Mr. Larson is one of those who, after experimenting with several chauffeurs, finally made a study of his car to such an extent that he now does his own driving and adjusting, which has resulted in more satisfaction than he thought was possible with an automobile. "Not but that a good driver"—says Mr. Larson, "is very valuable, but that the good ones are hard to engage and one never knows what he is getting when he tries out a new man."

—The Autoist.

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Methuselah and Mortality

(Continued from Page 8.)

fly upward; as the vapor rises and disappears; like a watch in the night; and a multitude of other such tropes and figures would vanish. In our short life errors, mistakes and wrongs done often cannot be rectified; the opportunity may not recur. There are more chances in the longer life; and hence a whole body of moral aphorisms would fall to the ground.

We are assuming that with our physical change our psychological condition remains unaffected; that in fact a thousand years would appear as enormous and indefinite a period as it does now. Any view must be speculative but we may make some suggestions. On the supposition that longevity was immensely increased, every stage in the life process would be proportionately increased. If youth now lasts up to, say, twenty, it would in the new circumstances continue for two or three hundred years if the extended term were a thousand. Now to youth the future seems an interminable vista. Much of its levity is due to this cause. This accounts for so much indifference to the wisdom of the elders. What they teach it as to the transitoriness of life passes over it unheeded, because the idea is not so real as it is to the man who has passed the mid term or attained old age. The youth stage therefore would be still the youth stage in any event, and would imagine the future very much as it does now. The days and months and years would pass slowly, and appear to be immense because vague; full consciousness not yet having begun to mark off distinctly one event from another. It is not until this point is reached that time begins to go fast. It is the mature man who realizes this. His conception of the flight of time is definite; while it is only rudimentary in the immature. Not until manhood, therefore, which we should have to put at some point after the second century of the man's life, would time have become a concrete thing to be reckoned in definite quantities. We should then realize quite distinctly and as a concrete thing that the days of our years had been extended threescore years and ten; and so would come into play all those different adjustments to our surroundings which would, as we have suggested, affect all our moral and religious notions. Time would still be measured astronomically, night and day in the absence of astronomical changes would be what they are now; and only the sum of them, which we call our life, would be altered; so that we should be very conscious of the fact that the sum had changed. This being the condition of Methuselah in his mid period what may we speculate as to his old age which we should put in the last three hundred years if he were a millenarian? Probably this old age like the millenarian's youth, would not present very much change from what it is at present, and he would look back on the past as an old man does now. To the declining faculties the mere difference in length of the period of restrospect is not of much consequence. The mind leaps over the later years and fastens on some part of the past which is little more than a point in the length of years. This period is a symbol of the man's life rather than an actuality; it is almost mystical and very mythical to him. Imagine the centenarian's term prolonged indefinitely; yet his retrospect on the past would be essentially what it is now. We must suppose then that it would only be during the mid period of his immensely increased span of life that there would be much change in our Methuselah regarding time and affairs. And this will arise not from a psychological change in him, but simply as a consequence of the fact itself that human life had actually become longer; and he would realize quite distinctly that he had so many more years at his disposal than we of the present day have. Whether he would become wiser and capable of greater things intellectually we have not considered. But it is at least doubtful whether he would be a happier or morally and religiously a better man than he would be under existing conditions.

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Letters

"The Robberies Company, Ltd."

Another clever satire from the pen of Nelson Lloyd is "The Robberies Company, Ltd." The story begins by introducing us to Captain Heberton Wade, a very modern product. He had inherited wealth, and pretty much everything else he needed from his ancestors, and he had no occasion to exert himself, mentally or physically unless by way of amusement. He came by his title through serving in the quartermaster's department during the war with Spain, and he was regarded as an example of prowess through his successes on the polo field and as a sailer of yacht races. Occasionally he contributed a heavily solemn article to some magazine. He might have made a success for himself if it had not already been bequeathed to him, but as it was, he had decided that "life is a beastly bore," and by way of enlivening things it might be a good idea for him to marry, since, with an income of a hundred thousand a year coming to him without exertion, there was nothing else left with which to experiment. Wade had inherited an establishment and a force of attendants and if his father's old butler, coachman, cook and footman had not become too senile and decrepit for further service they would not have been interfered with any more than the safe and consevative investments of his fortune. But unfortunately, men grow old, if money does not, and it became necessary to pension the old servitors and replace them with something modern. Thus Wade came into possession of a perfect treasure of a butler, who could be used as a private secretary as well, and Morton undertook to fill the other vacancies, so that cook, footman and chauffeur were all perfect of their kind, and all practically strangers to their new master. It will not do to tell Mr. Lloyd's story for him. Besides, he has done it too well himself to need any elucidation. The Robberies Company was composed of a few men of very advanced ideas. They planned to convert the world to a new creed, that not material wealth but intellectual treasures were worth while, and that instead of accumulating pearl necklaces and silver punch bowls, and building enormous mansions and stocking them with chairs and wardrobes the race should value learning and reverence intellectual aristocracy. One means by which they proposed to advance the propaganda was by demonstrating to the world the ease by which it could be separated from its gold and silver, and thus convincing the people that what is so easily lost is not worth collecting, while learning, once gained, abides forever. The company deprecated athletics which are made an end, and not a means to an end, and set such small importance on fame that amongst themselves they were known only by numbers. "The Robberies Company" is full of amusing situations and unexpected denouements. Nelson Lloyd is a puzzling personality. One never knows what will be the next product of his pen, and his work thus far has been all so good that no one yet has had the temerity to classify him. In its way "The Robberies Company, Ltd.," is as good as "Mrs. Radigan" was last year, and that is saying much. Published by the Charles Scribner Company.

"A Lady of Rome"

Though F. Marion Crawford has chosen to call his new novel "A Lady of Rome," he could, with equal justification, have paid the compliment to the two gentlemen who figure quite as largely in the plot as Maria. The question which presents itself is the old one of how far a woman who has sinned may hope to be reinstated in society and the answer is as old, depending on the character of the woman, the amount of scandal and publicity, and the degree of recognition which will satisfy her. In this instance there was little to complicate matters, for there had been no disclosures, and Maria had chosen to live very quietly during

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the seven years in which her husband had remainded apart from her, ostensibly to be with his feeble mother in Spain and guard her interests. The question has rather to do with the inward struggles of the woman than with the attitude of society, the self-deceptions by which a good woman can persuade herself that she is innocent and a victim, and the disregard which she can pay to advice, even when given with authority, when it does not chime with inclination. Hers was a marriage of ambition entered into at the instigation of her parents, after she had plighted her troth to a handsome detrimental. Husband and lover were friends, and Maria, secure in her idea of her own prudence, played with fire until she was burned. The society in which the action takes place is the familiar one of Rome, in which move the Campodonicos, the Bracchias and the Saracenescas, some of whom are mentioned incidentally. Mr. Crawford is too well known an advocate of the purity of the marriage relation to be suspected of holding a brief for the lady in the case, though he is too good a story teller to take sides. Macmillan is the publisher of this welcome edition to the already long list of this author's works.

London's "White Fang"

In "White Fang" Jack London has reversed the process of logic by which, in "The Call of the Wild," he followed the career of Buck, the St. Bernard belonging to a resident of Santa Clara Valley, who was transformed, to all intents and purposes, into a wolf, the leader of an Arctic pack. The story of White Fang's career begins with his mother. The first four chapters constitute as gruesome and ghastly a recital as the author is capable of giving us, and that is saying much. It pictures the daily journey and the nightly camp of two men who are proceeding through the northern wilderness with a coffin loaded upon a six-dog sled. They are followed by a pack of hungry wolves, and as their ammunition has been reduced to three cartridges, they are forced to make camp every day, as soon as it is sunset, about three in the afternoon, and to maintain the strictest watch during the night. The one whose duty it is to feed the dogs makes a surprising discovery that though there are only six in the team, at feeding time there are seven hungry mouths. The next mystery is the gradual disappearance of the dogs, one at a time, each night, though there is no commotion amongst the pack to account for a raid, and the creatures are too well acquainted with the nature of their pursuers to take needless risks by straying from the firelight. Still another discovery is made, for, on attempting to shoot a female wolf, larger and bolder than her followers, it becomes evident that she is acquainted with the nature of firearms. The predicament in which the two travelers find themselves becomes daily more unendurable. There is only one conclusion for them to come to, that this clever leader must have been at some time domesticated to some degree, and that she was not only knowing enough to come in at feeding time and claim her share, and to dodge the rifle aimed at her, but that she acted as a decoy to lure the sledge team abroad to become the victims of the hungry horde. The verification of these surmises was not vouchsafed to the harried travelers, but is made plain to the readers when, following her cub which has strayed from her, into a Indian encampment in the following year, one of the tribe recognizes the wolf mother as a half-bred dog, formerly the property of his brother, which had returned to the wild during a great famine. "White Fang" is as good a story as "The Call of the Wild," though perhaps it lacks something of the novelty of the earlier tale. The first part makes an excellent short story by itself, if there are any who do not feel called by lure of the animal history. The volume is in the same general style as its predecessor, with illustrations by the same artist, Charles Livingston Bull. It is one of the recent productions of the Macmillan Company.

—The Bookworm.

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FOLSOM AND TWENTIETH STREETS

Midwinter Meditations

BY HARRY COWELL

White is Winter's hair. He is very wise, much of a recluse, and not a little sad. Unlike the garrulous young hedonist, Spring, he sets a watch upon his mouth, is a sage, a man of many thoughts and few words. At his feet have sat the great dead, every one, even the poets, lovers of the long nights, of silence, and solitude. Of him they learned high seriousness; his is the one grand style. Immense is our debt to him. He comes, not in unfriendliness, as the idle think, but with the gifts of struggle, strength, and wisdom, in his lean icy fingers. It is he who has made the mind virile, capable of cold, sharp thinking; set invention upon its mettle.

Strangely enough, it is neither of the equinoxes, but his, the happier, solstice, which teaches us that in the soul, as in the outer world, dark and light are, in the long run, well nigh equal. Tear and smile offset each the other; and there is a depth of abyss to match every mountain height. In the endless war between good and evil, drawn battles are the rule. Love is a straw fire, or a lifelong smouldering, as of tule or peat. Despite violent disturbances, the equilibrium between joy and sorrow is, God only knows how, preserved. Inevitably night and day alternate, and ever with an irresistible tendency towards equality. Considering the facts, could the debate between optimism and pessimism be otherwise than at a deadlock? Do our utmost, there is no dodging the night, no making life one long day, and happy as the day is long. Two years of the gloom of Reading gaol for one who had set his heart, not without success, on escaping his share of the inevitable shade; one for whom sorrow and suffering, as he tells us from the depths, were modes of imperfection, to be avoided, nay, ignored, as far as possible; two years of gloom in which no flower grows, not even for him to whom "flowers are part of desire." Such is the law. The roots of the water-lily relish the slime of the pool. On the brink, where the skylark has built her a nest, croaks the toad. Swallow and bat share the evening sky. A snake insinuating himself among them sets the daisies all a-shudder. Slugs befoul the virgin leaves of Spring. The hawk's brood battens on the nestlings of the dove. Ugliness, no less than beauty, is everywhere. The pessimist is all eyes for the one; the optimist, for the other. Such as are clear-sighted see both. This man's world, is motley as a clown's coat; full of incongruities beyond the reach of peace-loving philosophy to reconcile.

Now, from the summer solstice on, for six months, that is to say, to the twenty-first of December, as the cohorts of light fall back before the hosts of darkness, there is an instinctive tendency on the part of the highly suggestible animal, man, to lay stress on slime, toad, bat, snake, slug, and the like; in short, to walk in the shadow, with Schopenhauer and Hartmann.

But no sooner has the light once more begun to be victorious than we find the impressionable biped disporting himself in the sunshine, with Emerson and Whitman; emphasizing the water-lily and skylark things of life; seeing no ugly, but only less fair, offspring of the many-wombed mother.

The ideal, no doubt, is to be of one mind all the year round. Beliefs begot of golden days, but at the mercy of gray, are they worth man's while? And yet, is it well to be always clear-sighted and sane? Or is a little blindness, a touch of folly, a necessity, at times, this side the grave, where, at clearest, things must needs be seen as in a glass, darkly?

A use of natural religion, old when Christ was born, bids us rejoice and be exceeding glad at this season, because at length the tide of battle has turned in favor of the forces of light. The bidding of the Birthday needs no mention.

No one, then, but an incurable pedant will call us to account—you and me—if we take advantage of the time of year to bring into as bold relief as possible before the mind's eye, such facts as support us in the belief that man does not live by bread alone, but also, even in a machine age, by beauty, by truth, and by love.

As for me, my Christian self and my Pagan self (which is body, which soul, I know not) celebrating coincidently the advance of physical light and that of spiritual, their points of view being, after all, not so very far apart, I cannot but look at the bright side of things. While a younger self, son of my immediate ancestors, celebrates with as much singleness of heart as any of my neighbors the day so dear to the faithful, an older self, very real, celebrates with a heart, if not a voice, that is dithyrambic the yearly victory of day, the renewal of hope, the rebirth of Bacchus (the awakening from his "wintry sleep" of the God of fire and dew), the coming release of sweet flowers and tender green things from the cruel fangs of the frost.

The facts of winter here in California—the absence of frost that kills, and snow that shrouds, leaf and blossom, have, after now nearly a score years, affected my feelings but little, if at all. The lessening dark still induces an increasing lightsomeness of soul. Daily, I look to see beauty and joy, the delight of the eye, the desire of the heart, once more set free from their annual bondage by the cold. And this in spite of the many fair things that here do not die as the days shorten, as in less happy lands.

The longest night behind me, I am glad; the glasses through which I view the phantasm take on livelier hues, and the arguments of the optimists seem irrefutable. Not that I hate night, or have a child's dread of the dark. Night I love—but night that is, as it were, the radiant spirit of the departed day, time free of the flesh, for the fairest day is never more than Nature's utmost refinement on flesh, with a suggestion, be it never so slight, of what is coarse, still clinging to it.

Does the increase of light rejoice me all the more because I know that in the early Spring there are more "white nights," disembodied days, than in all the rest of the year? I know not. The very question sounds too fanciful, even to my own ears, to give it serious thought. This I do know, however, that the added cheer in my breast at Christmas tide, the glowing there of goodwill towards men, is not wholly due to the Gospel, but in no small measure to the turn of the tide of battle between dark and light.

At the same time, I have no mind to under-estimate the life-giving gladness of the tidings, come so seasonably, just at the moment when the heart of man

(Continued on Page 65.)

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Mrs. Marritwell's Christmas Dinner

Scene—Mrs. Marritwell's dining-room. Time—Christmas Day. Mrs. Marritwell has a weird conglomeration of country relatives dining with her, as is her yearly wont. At her right sits Mr. Van Hostetter, a man-about-town, who has been corralled to save the hostess from being too bored. Mr. Marritwell, at the other end of the table, is talking ducks and other live stock to a fat, good-natured country dame in a brown alpaca dress with a black thread lace scarf.

Mrs. Marritwell—Yes, they are funny, aren't they?

Mr. Van Hostetter—Just as good as a circus. And you do this every year?

Mrs. Marritwell—Poor things, they enjoy it so! I don't remember half their names. Look at that girl's elbows! Oh, for a powder puff!

Mr. Van Hostetter—I observe an antique female trying to eat jelly with her fish knife. It's a laudable effort, but she finds it difficult.

Mrs. Marritwell—You mustn't make fun of my relations, Harry, and remember you are pledged to strict secrecy. Thank goodness, no one calls on Christmas Day. What they would think passes my comprehension!

Mr. Van Hostetter—Oh, it would be rather fun! I'm sure they'd like it. Mary, I don't see how such an angel as you came from such stock.

Mrs. Marritwell—Hush! you mustn't say such things. (To a red-faced, uncouth youth redolent of bay rum and scented soap.) You must try those plovers' eggs, cousin Hiram.

Hiram (bluntly)—How d'ye eat um?

Mr. Van Hostetter titters, and Mrs. Marritwell cracks her egg as an example.

Mr. Van Hostetter—You have not given me your answer about Tuesday night.

Mrs. Marritwell—Don't speak so loud. I can't go. Don't be angry, but I have made up my mind.

Mr. Van Hostetter—Not to a harmless little supper?

Mrs. Marritwell—I've heard of those harmless little suppers, with covers laid for two. What is it, Uncle Peleg?

Uncle Peleg—Them things they call olives tastes worse nor salt water.

Mrs. Marritwell—Too bad! Have some more champagne to take the taste away. (To Mr. Van Hostetter) Yes, as I was saying, of course John is going to Chicago, but I cannot quite bring myself to deceive him yet. He is so awfully good, and had me educated, and lets me do anything.

Mr. Van Hostetter (moodily)—There'll only be you and I.

Mrs. Marritwell—That makes it worse.

Mr. Van Hostetter—Then it's "no"?

Mrs. Marritwell—Decidely.

Mr. Van Hostetter—All right.

Mrs. Marritwell (uneasily)—You're not meditating any revenge or anything mean, are you? Don't look so horrid because I am trying to steer straight. Do you see those two girls in organdie gowns? I gave them the stuff and told them to send in the bills to me for making them up. Now, one side of each waist is a foot and a half higher than the other.

Mr. Van Hostetter—I don't think I'll come upstairs after dinner.

Mrs. Marritwell—Oh, you must! They go early, and I am not equal to them all by myself. Promise you will stay at least for a little.

Mr. Van Hostetter (suddenly)—All right; but I must send a messenger to the club. I promised to meet a fellow there, and ought to let him know I shall be late.

Mrs. Marritwell.—I'll tell them to send one as we go upstairs. Will they never stop eating? The women, I mean. I have been trying to give them the signal for ages, but Aunt Fanny keeps on cracking nuts with her teeth like a squirrel.

Mr. Van Hostetter—You never saw a squirrel with tusks like those.

Mrs. Marritwell—You must not chaff my people. I told you so before. There, they have stuffed themselves at last. Don't be long; they are even worse when fed than when hungry. And don't look so sulky. I'll tell Rankin to send for a boy.

Mrs. Marritwell and her dowdy retinue, who are continually whispering or falling over one another, retire upstairs. The messenger boy arrives in due course, and is despatched with a missive addressed to Mrs. Rapidde Swell, No. —— Fifth avenue. Mr. Marritwell is nervously watching his wife's male relatives imbibe his champagne, which they are drinking from goblets, and becoming correspondingly effusive in consequence.

Mr. Marritwell—Well, Van Hostetter, if you won't have any more wine, suppose we join the—er—ladies.

Mr. Van Hostetter—Good idea. Hold up, old chap! (This to a blear-eyed relative in shiny black cloth suit and a made-up tie of white satin with blue forget-me-nots on it, who is evidently under the impression that etiquette demands his diving into the dining-room carpet. They ascend to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Marritwell is feebly trying to take an interest in the two organdied maids, who are essaying a duet on the piano entitled "Woodland Whispers."

A Female Relative (as they enter)—Gee, but Josh has got a peach of a jag!

The Josh mentioned comes into heavy collision with a small table, which is overturned and a valuable piece of Sevres is smashed to atoms. He mumbles some inarticulate remark about replacing it the next time he visits Siegel-Cooper's, and subsides into an armchair, blinking aimlessly at the lights.

Mrs. Marritwell (under noise of duet, the "Whisperings" developing signs of an approaching storm)—I'm glad you look brighter. I was afraid you were going to be nasty. You know people say you have a horrid disposition.

Mr. Van Hostetter—But you don't believe them?

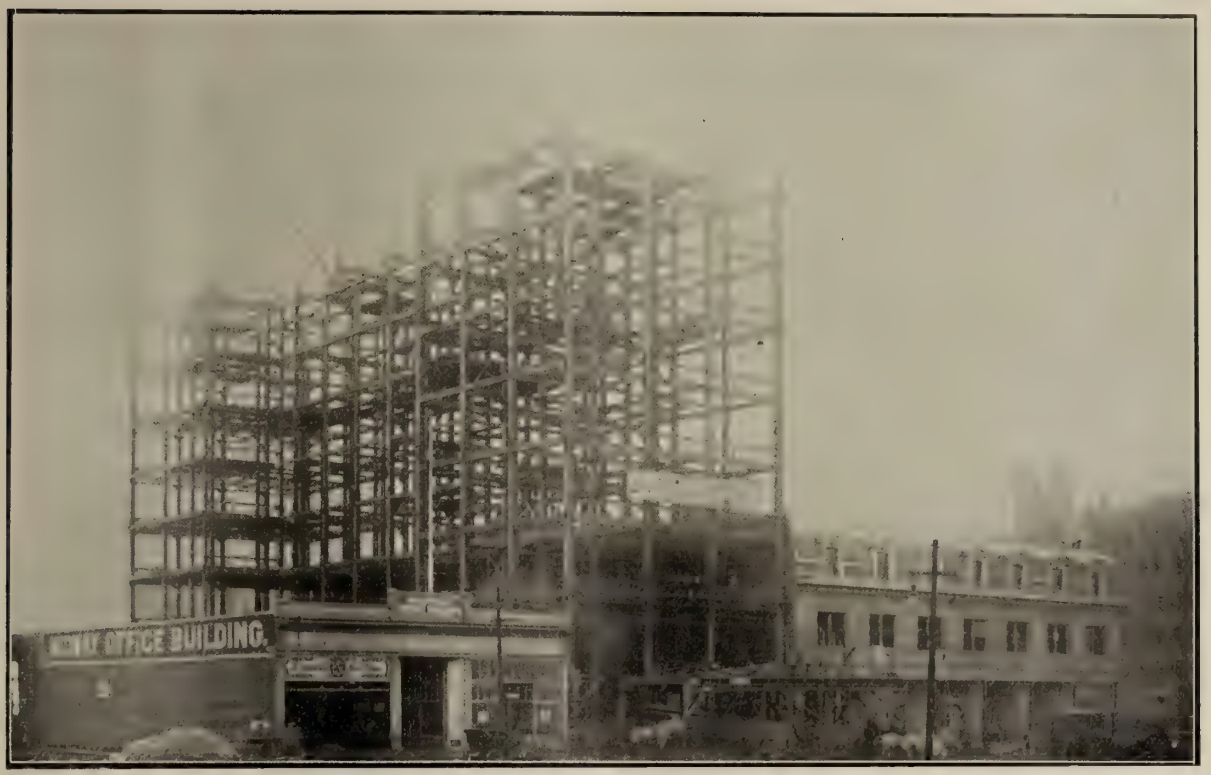
Mrs. Marritwell—I don't know. I hope you haven't, because we are really good friends, aren't we?

The hall bell is heard just as a callow youth starts singing "The Holy City." Enter Mrs. Rapidde Swell and a large party, all attired in evening dress, chattering violently. They pause, astonished.

Mrs. Rapidde Swell (to Mrs. Marritwell)—A merry Christmas, dear! Isn't this a surprise? We had a dinner party, and a note came from Harry saying you

(Continued on Page 65.)

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FILLMORE STREET LOOKING SOUTH FROM SUTTER STREET

The White Sand-Path

BY STIJN STREUVELS

I was a devil of a scapegrace in my time. No tree was too high for me, no water too deep; and when there was any mischief going, I was the ringleader of the band. Father racked his head for days together to find a punishment that I should remember, but 'twas no good: he wore out three or four birchrods on my back, his hands pained him merely from hitting my hard head, and bread and water was a welcome change to me from the everyday monotony of potatoes and bread-and-butter. After a sound drubbing, followed by half a day's fasting, I felt more like laughing than crying, and in half a while all was forgotten and my wickedness began afresh and worse than ever.

One summer's evening I came home in fine fettle. I and ten of my schoolfellows had played truant; we had gone to pick apples in the priest's orchard, and we had pulled the priest's calf into the brook to teach it to swim, but the banks were too high and the beast was drowned. Father, who had heard of these happenings, laid hold of me in a rage, and gave me a furious trouncing with a poker, after which, instead of turning me into the road, as his custom was, he caught me up fair and square, carried me to the loft, flung me down on the floor, and bolted the trap-door behind him.

In the loft! Heavenly goodness, in the loft!

Of an evening I never dared think of the place, and, in bright sunshine, I went there but seldom, and then always in fear.

I lay as dead, pinched my eyes to and pondered on my poor plight. 'Twas silent all around; I heard nothing, nothing. That lasted pretty long, till I began to feel that the boards were so hard and that my body, which had been thrashed black and blue, hurt me. My back was stiff, and my arms and legs grew cold. And yet I neither wished nor meant to stir: that was settled in my head. In the end it became unbearable: I drew in my right leg, shifted my arm, and carefully opened my eyes. 'Twas so ghastly, oh, so frightfully dark and warm: I could see the warm darkness; so funny, that steep, slanting tiled roof, crossed by black rafters, beams, and laths, and all that space beyond, which disappeared in the dark ridgework: 'twas like a deserted, haunted booth at a fair, during the night. Over my head, like threatening blunderbusses, old trousers and jackets hung swinging, with empty arms and legs: they looked just like fellows that had been hanged! And it grew darker, steadily darker.

My eyes stood fixed and I heard my breath come and go. I pondered how 'twould end here. That lasting silence affrighted me; the anxious waiting for that coming night: to have to spend a long, long night here alone! My hair itched and pricked on my head. And the rats! I gave a great loud scream. It rang in anguish through the sloping vault of the loft. I listened as it died away—and nothing followed. I screamed again and again, and went on till my throat was torn.

That gruesome thought of those rats and of that long night drove me mad with fear. I rolled about on the floor, I struck out with my arms and legs, like one possessed, in violent childish fury. Then, worn out, I let my arms and legs rest; at last, tired, swallowed up in my helplessness, left without will or feeling, I waited for what was to come. I had terribly wicked thoughts: of escaping from the house, of setting fire to the house, of murder! I was an outcast, I was being tortured. I would have shown them what I could do, who I was; I should have liked to see them hunting for me and crying and then to run away, always further away, and never to come back again.

Downstairs, the plates and forks were clattering for supper. I was not hungry; I did not wish nor mean to eat. I heard soft, restful voices talking; that made me desperate; they were not speaking of me! They had no thought nor care for the miscreant; they would liefst have him dead, out of the way. And I was in the loft!

Later, very much later, I heard my little brother's voice saying evening prayers—I would not pray—and then I heard nothing more, nothing; and I lay there, upstairs, lonely and forlorn. . . .

I walked all alone in the forest, through the brushwood. 'Twas half dark below; but, above the bushes, the sun played as through a green curtain. I went on and on. Here the bushes now grew thick, and the tiny path was lost. After long creeping and stumbling, I leaped across a ditch and came into the broad grove. It did not seem strange to me that 'twas even darker here, and that the light, instead of from above, came streaming low down from between the trunks of the trees. The vault was closed leaf-tight, and the trunks hung down from out of it like pillars. 'Twas silent all around. I went, as I thought that I must see the sun, round behind the trunks, half anxious at last to get out of that magic forest; but new trees kept coming up, as though out of the ground, and hid the sun. I should have liked to run, but felt I know not what in my legs that made me drag myself on.

Far beyond, on the roadside grass, sat two boys. 'Twas—no; they were sitting there too glumly. I went up to them, and, after all, knew them for Sarelke and Lowietje, the village constable's children. They sat with their legs in the ditch, their elbows on their knees, earnestly chatting. I sat down beside them, but they did not even look up, did not notice me. Those two boys, my schoolboys, the worst two scamps in the village, sat there like two worn-out old fogies: they did not know me. This ought to have surprised me, and yet I thought that it must be right and that it had always been so. They chatted most calmly of the price of marbles, of the way to tell the best hoops, of a new box of tin soldiers; and they mumbled their words as slowly as the priest in his pulpit. I became uncomfortable, felt ill at ease in that stifling air, under that half-dusk of the twilight, where everything passed so earnestly, so very slowly, and so heavily. I, who was all for sport and child's-play, now found my own chums so altered, and they no longer knew me. I would have liked to shout, to grip them hard by the shoulder, and call out that it was I, I, I, I! But I durst not, or could not.

"There—comes—the—keeper," drawled Sarelke.

Lowietje looked down the drove with his great glassy eyes. The two boys stood up and, without speaking, shuffled on. I saw them get smaller and smaller, until they became two black, hovering little specks that vanished round the bend.

(Continued on Page 61.)

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Christianity and the Sceptics

BY THEODORE BONNET

Strange as it may seem just as I am beginning to feel the Christmas spirit coming o'er me I am reminded of some words uttered by Jean Rousseau, the Evangelist of the French Revolution. For the reminder I must blame a contemporary in whose columns I read, anent the Crapsey heresy trial: "Nobody has been really hurt by this much discussed case of church discipline." Now I am inclined to the opinion that all controversies similar to the one precipitated by Dr. Crapsey do very much harm. The object of them is not the reformation of society or religion. No such object is alleged. The object is to get nearer the truth of what Christ stood for, but at best they merely promote idle speculation and invariably they weaken just a little bit more the foundations of a religion which has done and is doing much good in the world. It was of men of the Crapsey type that Rousseau said: "Overthrowing, destroying, trampling under foot all that is respected by men they bereave the afflicted of the last consolation in their misery; they take from the rich and powerful the only curb of their passions; they eradicate from the heart the remorse consequent on guilt, the hopes inspired by virtue; and still they boast of being the benefactors of the human race. Never, say they, can truth be hurtful to men. I think so too; and this in my opinion is a strong proof that what they teach is not the truth." Carlyle said that in Rousseau there was a spark of real heavenly fire. It was probably that spark that inspired the foregoing utterances. Rousseau appreciated the futility of turning theology into evidences, he knew that religion is not founded on physics, that speculation leads more infrequently to facts than to scepticism. Christian divines have been so busy during the year sapping with something akin to solemn sneers the solemn creed whose founder's birth we are soon to commemorate that there is much speculation respecting the effect of schismatic sentiments on the Christian world. Some writers are apprehensive of a widespread loss of faith that will have most serious consequences. They point to France, the storm center of revolt against all forms of Christianity, and adjudge the situation fraught with dreadful significance. It is. Faith is being undermined through higher criticism, indifferentism is spreading, the rationalists are having their inning. And yet in Europe there are observers who believe that we are on the threshold of a spiritual renaissance. They assert that materialism and rationalism have reached the end of their conquests. Perhaps they are right; for if inquiry be pushed far enough it will be seen that belief in the fundamentals of old-fashioned Christianity is not inconsistent with intelligence even in this age of enlightenment. It will be found that science has vindicated rather than disproved the sanity of our religious nature, that it has merely taught us that we know nothing that is really worth knowing and that faith, so often ridiculed by rationalists, is after all the underlying force of our intellectual as well as of our moral nature. The spread of scepticism is largely due to the fact that the doubting Thomases of the pulpit are looked upon by their flocks as oracles of the intellectual world. The drippings of the fashionable sanctuary are accepted as the quintessence of culture whereas they are very often merely the frothy emanations of superficial sophists with a genius for improvising convictions and propagating the evils which Rousseau pictured. Affecting to be eager to put salt on the elusive tail of truth they are ever engaged in disintegrating the foundations of religion by pointing out what they conceive to be the irreconcilableness of specific doctrine with their reason. The scope and design of Christianity, its perfection as a whole being beyond their capacity for comprehension, they employ themselves in the examination of certain minute particularities, they are perplexed by a single text and reject one after the other because it appears to them that if they were God they would have followed another course. Despite the sinister influence of these divines I am prepared to believe that there is something in the promise of a spiritual renaissance, for culture being again fashionable it is not unlikely that the pursuit of it will lead to a familiarity with the history of Christianity, of the assaults that have been made on it and of the arguments of its apologists. Christianity has been the object of attack ever since it was published to the world and of attacks more subtle than those of contemporary sceptics. Its miracles were scoffed at in the first century of the Church and history tells us that there were still living persons healed and raised from the dead by Christ whom Quadratus used as exhibits in his refutation of the charges of his adversaries. There were sceptics in the days of Samuel Johnson, a man whose giant intellect will appeal to the admiration of those culturists that are inclined to let others think for them. There is no doubt that Boswell's idol was a great scholar, a man of rare intellect, and yet he believed in the miraculous and gave pretty good reasons for believing in it. He pointed out that the men by whom miracles were attested had no interest in deceiving, but who on the contrary were told they should suffer persecution and did actually lay down their lives in confirmation of the truth of the facts which they asserted. Johnson himself was not averse to accepting Christianity largely on the strength of the great men who were convinced of its truth, among whom were Grotius, a man of the world, who had no bias to the side of religion, and Sir Isaac Newton, who set out an infidel and came to be a very firm believer. And among Johnson's contemporaries, by the way, was one of the master assailants of Christianity, that great genius Voltaire who possessed the subtle art of making infidelity fashionable. Let those that are apprehensive of the future of Christianity reflect on the state of irreligion in France in Voltaire's day. That country was plunged into an aversion to the gospels and returned to the mythology of Greece and Rome. It was the infidelity of that period that brought out that great work of the Viscount de Chateaubriand, "The Genius of Christianity." Chateaubriand was one of the gayest noblemen of France, but a man so true to principle that Napoleon sought in vain with threats and offers of the most alluring honors to win from him approbation of the course of Empire. It was this man who, when overwhelmed with remorse upon learning that his impiety had embittered the last hours of his mother, "wept," as he said himself, "and believed,"

(Continued on Page 67.)

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITS OF THE CITY'S REHABILITATION



THE HOTEL ST. FRANCIS AND THE TEMPORARY ANNEX IN UNION SQUARE



LOOKING UP VAN NESS FROM GOLDEN GATE AVENUE

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITS OF THE CITY'S REHABILITATION



GOLDEN GATE AVENUE AT VAN NESS

NOTE THE CONGESTED TRAFFIC—A DESOLATE WASTE AFTER THE FIRE



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EDITORIAL

Our Underpaid Army

The advisability of increasing the pay of the army has been pointed out to the Secretary of War in the annual report of the Chief of Staff of the Army, who says that the salaries of the officers will not meet ordinary expenses except by great economy, or unless the officer has private funds. Public sentiment will unquestionably favor an increase in the pay not only of commissioned and non-commissioned officers but also of enlisted men. Indeed so far as the enlisted men are concerned sentiment has long been in favor of giving them higher pay, and it has been a matter of astonishment that in an army, service in which is voluntary and the compensation so paltry as not to constitute an inducement, the personnel should comprise so high an order of intelligence as it has always exhibited. If it were not for the fascinations of military life that appeal to certain minds Uncle Sam would find it pretty hard to muster a decent army on thirteen dollars per capita a month. As for the officers, their compensation is far more than monetary in character, and the fascinations that lure them are vastly more diverse than those which appeal to the humble private. Opportunities for promotion glitter along the officer's lofty pathway. He is the pet of society, the refining touches accorded him by a generous government insure him the respect and confidence of the elect, and if he cultivate assiduously the arts of peace in drawing-rooms in which he is always welcome, he may dazzle the eyes of an heiress with the splendor of his tinsel and thereafter have no occasion to fret his soul over the great financial problem that deals with the meeting of two ends. Perhaps if officers were adequately paid our smart sets would suffer from a dearth of dancing men. Nevertheless we heartily approve the recommendations of the Chief of Staff. The present pay of the army was fixed in 1870 and since then the cost of living has materially increased. While the heiress-chasing diversion has its compensations, there are some warriors to whom it does not appeal and who find it quite hard to hold up their end at the club.

French Anti-Clerical Frenzy

In the misfortunes that have overtaken the Catholic Church in France that great religious institution is receiving the sympathy of all Christendom. Even in Protestant countries France is being bitterly denounced for its frenzied humiliation of Catholic clergy and its spoliation of church property. Nowhere perhaps is the church getting less sympathy than in the United States, which is usually quick to protest against injustice, and this is probably due to the fact that the newspapers have not kept their readers informed of the progress of the religious persecution, as well as to the circumstance that most Americans have inferred that as France is a Catholic country it is not likely that the Church of Rome would be subjected to harsh treatment without sufficient pretext. It is not generally understood that the French government has fallen into the hands of bigoted atheists and that the government political machine supported by tax-eaters throughout the Republic is a very powerful institution. This is a circumstance that in itself belies the charges that have been made of political activity on the part of the Church, for if the clergy and the religious orders of France had been doing politics, they would have had little difficulty, backed by a public sentiment overwhelmingly Catholic, in keeping the government in safe hands. The present difficulties are traceable to the fatuous policy that in 1790 sacrificed the Gallican Church to Jansenite spite, philosophic atheism and revolutionary brigandage. After the Revolution Napoleon re-established the Church through the Concordat which was tainted with fraud from the outset, for when Pius VII signed that instrument he had no conception that he was placing the French Church under the monstrous tyranny of the "organic articles." It testifies greatly to the patience and humility of the French clergy that they have borne this yoke with so little complaint for more than a century. In discussing this matter a short time ago the "Saturday Review" of London, which is surely not obsessed with a prejudice in favor of the Vatican remarked: "That French Catholics might seek to overthrow or modify so oppressive a system would seem natural. The strange fact is that there should be any, even of the baser sort, who desire to make things yet worse. That the degradation of French Catholicism however is the prime motive of the Chamber is an unquestionable truth." And how was that degradation to be accomplished? By placing the clergy under all sorts of humiliating restrictions the like of which has never been thought of in any civilized country and by confiscating every cathedral, church and chapel built before the date of the Concordat and many of subsequent date. For two years subject to certain stringent conditions the faithful will be allowed to use these buildings free, for the ten years subsequent on condition of their paying a rent to the commune. When the fatal twelve years have expired the communes may renew the lease or they may inaugurate once more the worship of the Goddess of Reason, perchance in the sacred fanes of Notre-Dame, of Chartres, or Bayeux. Before however taking advantage of these ungenerous terms the faithful had to form themselves into associations and any monies that may be collected are to be limited in amount and are to be applicable for the purposes of public worship alone. For the Church of Christ to engage in works of charity or in the teaching of the young is to be a crime. No wonder that Pius X rebelled!

Some Dangerous Results

Rarely in the history of free peoples has there been a similar case of legislation so revolutionary and so wide reaching in character as that by which the obstruction of the religious and educational mission of the Catholic Church has been accomplished in France. But the truth is that ever since the days when the new Pilate, as Dante called him, raged against Boniface VIII, a bureaucratic government has been at strife with all forms of religion that demanded freedom to practice their particular tenets in peace. State interference has been the principle not only of absolute monarchs but of more absolute ministers and revolutionary theorists. The latest interference has been directed by the Socialistic party, which, by allying

itself with atheism has sown noxious seeds in its political garden, for anti-clericalism is beginning to prove an undesirable growth even to an ultra-Radical Republic. It has unquestionably given rise to internal divisions and disorders the effect of which was felt a little over a year ago when there was a prospect of trouble with Germany. The statesmen of France were then very much perturbed when they realized that whilst engrossed in dechristianizing the nation and hustling monks and nuns out of the country, the army was demoralized, the navy neglected and the frontiers almost unprotected. The outlook for religion in France is most distressing, but it is by no means hopeless. Human affairs are much influenced by action and reaction, and of that Pius X was no doubt mindful when he endeavored to bring affairs to a head last week. Perhaps he was intent on hastening the climax of anti-clericalism.

The Servant Problem

Mrs. Clara R. Atkins, a Detroit club woman, recently called upon for her co-operation in the establishment of a home boarding house for self-supporting women and girls, came out flat-footed in opposition to any scheme designed to divert women from home. Mrs. Atkins admits that it is necessary for women and girls without homes to support themselves, and to have some sort of domicile in which to shelter themselves, but she favors domestic service, and falls back on all the time-worn platitudes, the better pay, the sheltering arms, and the larger opportunities, and blindly wonders why the self-supporting women refuse to recognize these advantages. It never occurs to these club women and servantless mistresses that if the advantages were there, whether so perfectly obvious, or somewhat obscured, the needy ones would discover them on their own account. The advantages of engaging in domestic service are largely theoretical, and chiefly on the side of the housewives. On the part of the girls they are negligible. One of the strongest proofs that these women have no faith in their own prescription lies in the fact that when one of them is thrown on her own resources, or when some sweet society maiden or a far-removed cousin comes to them for advice, fondly as they uphold the joys of living in a refined family as a mother's assistant, or voice the plaint of the need of refined maids, they never think of suggesting a nice place as chambermaid or waitress to one of their own kin and class. Then they exert themselves to seek out something genteel, or to establish the impecunious one in a remunerative sinecure painting folderols or making paper gimcracks which are cleverly worked off on people who do not want them, at prices that would make genuine art products turn pale. Then the editor who has been unfortunate enough to have come into contact with them tears his hair at the importunities to do something for the unfortunate one, and the business man dreads another incompetent forced into his office. In spite of all the platform talks and magazine outpourings, every one of these advocates knows in her heart that she would do almost anything rather than accept the position of her own servants under the conditions existent in her own domicile. The two questions, which are most hopelessly muddled today are those of household help and religion, one left entirely to the hands of women and the other to the clergy, yet, in spite of their conspicuous failure in the one field in which they have had no interference, the women and the preachers are most anxious to meddle in everything else, while scattering blame broadcast for the chaos at their feet.

Hearst's Retaliation

In discussing the defeat of Hearst in the recent gubernatorial contest in New York the opinion was advanced in these columns that the denunciatory speech delivered in the closing hours of the campaign by Secretary of State Root at Utica was the greatest single determining factor in the result. We added that it would be interesting to observe what form Hearst's revenge would take. Already those editorial comments have been verified and that in a way which leaves no doubt as to the editor's bitter resentment of Root's interference in his fight. The exposure in all the Hearst papers of the lobby maintained at Washington by King Leopold for the purpose of preventing Congressional inquiry into the Congo atrocities, coupled with the stubborn effort to prove that dishonest motives prompted Secretary Root to stave off the threatened investigation, indicates that Hearst imputes his defeat to that Utica speech and is wreaking vengeance with the most powerful weapon at his command. That Root's position in this matter is unassailable no one will insist, but at the same time Hearst is going pretty far when he charges the Secretary of State with protecting Leopold because he is attorney for Thomas F. Ryan, one of the most important Congo concessionaires. The fact that the United States was not one of the signatories of the Berlin agreement justified Root's contention that this country would not be warranted in calling Leopold to account. However the airing of the methods adopted to placate hostility in Washington will have the effect of arousing Congressional sentiment which of course is just what Hearst wants, for Root will be compelled to explain his position, the notorious Kowalsky and his fellow-lobbyists who have been engaged to manufacture public opinion on the Congo question will be covered with obloquy and there will be such a scandal over the whole affair as will more than repay Hearst for the Catonian force with which he was smitten at Utica. Roosevelt in one of his letters to Bellamy Storor said that Root was the one member of his cabinet whose utterances carried invariable conviction on political questions, but the secretary is finding now that there are drawbacks to his dizzily exalted position of favorite speechmaker for the White House.

Indictment By Innuendo

The publication of the correspondence which passed between President Roosevelt and Bellamy Storor previous to the latter's removal from the diplomatic

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service has given Catholic churchmen much on which to chew the cud of sweet and bitter meditation. Of course the archbishop of St. Paul over whom the controversy raged is the cleric most intimately interested in this most undiplomatic washing of soiled international linen in full public view, but the ramifications of the controversy reach all the way from Cuba to Rome, taking in this whole country on the way. There was one sentence in one of the President's letters to his "Dear Bellamy" which has probably impressed the Catholic clergy more than all the rest of the epistolary interchange put together. It is that wherein Roosevelt takes it for granted that Storor understands better than he does the weight to be attached to Archbishop Ireland's "so-called recantation of Americanism." This raises a question of archiepiscopal sincerity which may easily result in considerable embarrassment for the prelate who yearns so strongly for a cardinal's hat, although, as the Vatican has a pious horror of the sort of publicity which the President courts when he goes tilting against an enemy, the general public may never know that the occupant of the Minnesota see has been disciplined. When Pope Leo XIII published his encyclical on Americanism it was universally regarded as a reprobation of certain new world liberal religious tendencies of which Archbishop Ireland was the living embodiment. The encyclical created a great sensation and supplied Jesuit and other ultramontane preachers and publicists with material for many a scathing rebuke of the radicals in the church in this country. But Archbishop Ireland bowed submissively to the authority of the Pope and "Americanism" seemingly received its deathblow. Now the correspondence between Storor and Roosevelt casts a doubt on the sincerity of his recantation and the conservative element among American Catholics is wondering whether to attach more weight to the submission of Ireland or to the innuendo of President Roosevelt who must have written with some assurance of the truth of what he stated. From St. Paul there comes no word on the subject, so those who are interested in church policies must await the sign from the Vatican which will solve all doubts by indicating just how and where Archbishop Ireland stands.

Perspective Impressions.

Rudolph Spreckels on the witness stand is something akin to a live wire, as Mr. Ach will tell you.

Spending money appears to be the most popular pastime of the hour in this city of Refugees and Relief Funds.

If you'd rather have a shop-keeper than the devil to pay don't promise your wife anything for Christmas unless you intend to make good.

It has been inadvertently made known through one of Roosevelt's letters to Mrs. Bellamy Storor that the President believes that it encouraged drunkenness to abolish the canteen.

A year's subscription to Town Talk is a Christmas gift that reflects credit on your judgment.

The Latest version:
Heney, meeney, miney, mo
Catch a grafter by the toe,
If he hollers sweat him in the Grand Jury room.

To a jurist with a receptive mind such wrangling as will mark the progress of the graft prosecution would prove a liberal education.

When a man is presented with a pair of embroidered suspenders or a necktie that suited a woman's taste he realizes why it is more blessed to give than to receive.



The Kongo Will Be All Right Presently.

"John D. Rockefeller Jr. is a stockholder in the new American Kongo Company."
—Bradley in the Chicago "News."



A Japanese View of the San Francisco School Imbroglio

This cartoon from the "Maru-Maru Shimbun" of Tokyo is one of the journalistic efforts to stir up anti-American feeling in Japan.

The Spectator

Bosses Large and Small

It is gradually dawning upon us that there are worse things in the world than graft—incompetency, for example. In other words we are realizing that the sinister influence of the knave is less to be dreaded than the baleful influence of the fool. It has been said that if the reformers would only select a brainy boss and let him run things and take a substantial rake-off for his services all might be well. Though that philosophical sentiment is in conflict with the creed of the idealists there is an essence of truth in it which appeals to men of a practical turn of mind.

The Littleness of Abe

If none but a man of brains were qualified to preside over the destinies of a city Abe Ruef's grip would never have fastened upon San Francisco. The more we learn of Abe's financiering the greater becomes our astonishment at the fortuitousness that led to his accession to power. Here is a man who was given a succulent oyster to be enjoyed at his leisure and who made a nasty mess of it. Though greatly lauded for his ability and cunning the stupidity which has characterized his career as a boss is unparalleled in the history of the country. He has been compared with Tweed but it is impossible to trace any similarity between the methods of the infamous Tammany chief and those of the pinheaded mentor of Mayor Schmitz.

Tweed, Sheppard, et al

Tweed plundered New York out of many millions of dollars but he did not take the money out of the pockets of every Tom, Dick and Harry who was trying to make a living. Tweed cultivated the friendship and political support of men belonging to the class that has been plundered by our Shylock of the Slums. And while looting the city of New York the Tammany chief gave the city many improvements. It was Tweed that widened Broadway, an improvement that was projected for graft purposes. The taxpayers were robbed but they were given something for their money. Tweed's enemies never succeeded in arousing public clamor. The people were satisfied with the Administration until the evidence of gigantic fraud, obtained through treachery, was brought into court. Boss Sheppard of Washington was the genius that started the work of beautifying that city and though he was a great grafter his name is now revered at the capital. Even Yerkes, who was run out of Chicago, gave to that city the only decent example of rapid transit it can boast, and his memory is not execrated by the people. Why should our pompous little boss who constantly reminds us of the frog that tried to swell up to the proportions of an ox be compared with men of the Tweed and Sheppard type? With vastly greater opportunities than they had he has proved through his incompetency a calamity almost equal to the April cataclysm, and all that he has to show by way of reward for his prostitution are the profits of innumerable measly transactions that betoken a nature well suited to the sordid business in which he has been engaged.

Journalistic Wit

The formidable army of reporters detailed to haunt the grand jury headquarters and supply the ever eager public with news of all that goes on within the jealously guarded portal of the inquisitorial body finds considerable time on its hands during the long watches between indictments. This fact is not altogether regretted by the pretty girls employed at the relief bureau adjoining which the grand jury has its rooms, for they appreciate the chivalrous attentions and conversational abilities of the newspapermen which the intervals of their not too arduous work enable them to enjoy. But that, as Kipling is tiresomely quoted as having said, is another story. The point is that the active brains of the newsgatherers, when not otherwise engaged, scintillate in frequent pun and repartee. Jim Donohue of the "Chronicle," who has done more grand juries than most reporters have years to their credit, is the prize wit of the corps. The other day when the session was dragging along through an uneventful afternoon "Billy" Cobb, Heney's law partner, passed into the grand jury room. His appearance is usually regarded as indicative of a coming indictment and as he threaded his way through the crowd of newspapermen one of the "Examiner's" crack writers suggested: "Let's search him and see what he's got." "You wouldn't find anything, not even money," answered Cobb. "But we might find a true bill," interposed Donohue. Cobb went in and sure enough the grand jury found the indictment.

Our Complaisant Bar Association

I have received notice that the Bar Association has endorsed Judge J. A. Hosmer for the seat to be vacated by Judge Frank Kerrigan, and on the strength of this endorsement I am expected to recommend Judge Hosmer's appointment. This I am reluctant to do not on account of any misgivings respecting Judge Hosmer but because I am inclined to view with suspicion the recommendations of the Bar Association. The conduct of that association of lawyers does not prejudice me in favor of its motives. From its own members I learn that in the recent political campaign there was considerable dissatisfaction over the methods of the little clique of lawyers that zealously guarded the interests of certain judges and succeeded in achieving something in the nature of sharp politics. But aside from whatever may have been reprehensible in that transaction there is another reason why the endorsements

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of the Bar Association should not command implicit confidence and high respect. An association that assumes to safeguard the citadel of Justice, should, before demanding the right to exercise such prerogative compel presumption in favor of its own integrity. If the purity of the stream of justice is to be preserved its source should not be polluted.. The Bar Association should be as exact and courageous in reprehending evil practices among attorneys as in recommending honesty and ability for the judiciary. A Bar Association that has tolerated an Abe Ruef for years, that acquiesces in an attorney's suit for a fee alleged to have been earned by thwarting justice, expects too much when it looks for recognition as a guardian of the judiciary.

McLane's Tamalpais Spring

Claude McLane, once distinguished as a Stanford yell leader and later as a society beau, is now accumulating a lot of money in competition with the Spring Valley Water Company. Before the fire McLane was not much of a success in business but he was in great demand in society. Now his social prestige waxeth stronger than ever for as a Captain of Industry he is likely to be more than worth while to matchmaking mammas. McLane's business enterprise is all his own. His only partner is nature which demands no dividends. His plant consists of a spring on the side of old Tamalpais from which he used to suck refreshment on his cross-country jaunts in the days before the fire. When, after the fire, the Spring Valley Company began pumping large colonies of bacteria into town from that old abandoned cow pasture known as the Laguna de la Merced and pure water was at a premium, McLane thought of the Tamalpais spring where oft he had slaked his thirst. And it occurred to him that spring water was a luxury for which the thirsty would pay a high price. He decided to experiment, not as an hydraulic engineer but as a purveyor of water, and from the start the business was profitable. That Tamalpais spring is yielding coin of the realm in a steady stream.

Anna's Blow For Freedom

Anna Strunsky, made famous in collaboration with Jack London, has not yet struck her promised blow for the freedom of Russia but she has done something for liberty—the liberty of her sex. She recently struck a blow for the emancipation of woman from the conventionality which deprives her of her maiden name when she falls into the snares of matrimony. On her trip from this city en route to Russia the gifted Anna enjoyed the stop-over privilege which is so conducive to the prosperity of Chicago, and there she met her affinity in the person of William English Walling, a sociologist for diversion but above all things a millionaire. They were married but Anna Stunsky did not become Mrs. William English Walling. Not Anna! That lady has deeply intrenched notions of the importance of preserving one's individuality, especially when it is an individuality which has some reason to survive. The practice of merging a woman's individuality into that of her husband is in her opinion a reminder of the theory of the inferiority of woman. It is said of her that "she abhors the idea of bondage and barter conveyed in the appellation Mrs. and as far as possible, until American conventional customs are radically changed, she will be Anna Strunsky in public and private life." Score one for the emancipation of woman! The Russian slaves must wait, and Mr. Walling must realize that a wife's individuality is not to be assimilated to extinction.

Eugenics In Oakland

Out of Oakland, as out of Africa, always comes something new, strange and wonderful. Whether it be a new religion or an old vice, Oakland may always be counted on to give it a novel twist that makes it characteristically weird, characteristically ridiculous, characteristically Oaklandese. Oakland's very latest



MRS. HETTY GREEN



MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

TWO NOTABLE WOMEN

manifestation follows close on the invasion of Alameda County by the National Eugenic Association. The eugenic movement started among learned scientists in England and is beginning to attract the attention of many serious men in this country. It aims to make the breeding of men as scientific a process as the breeding of race horses. Being as much interested in good breeding as it is in science Oakland has rallied enthusiastically to the cause, shaping it, of course, in conformity with its own exclusive and original ideas. Oakland has grafted astrology onto eugenics and the fruit of this new tree of knowledge promises to break all Oakland records for sensational originality. "Magnetism is life," declares the seeress who has undertaken to accommodate eugenics to the Oakland test, "and comes from the planets. Through the planets we can save life, avert accidents, unite estranged households, save lewd men and lift fallen women. We can make the world better and cleaner in every way. In the life of a person hereditary influences are six per cent, parental conditions twelve per cent, environment eighteen per cent, thereby leaving sixty-four per cent for the influence of the planets." There is a bold, broad sweep to this theory not unlike the career of the starry spheres through space, but the eugenic astrologer who holds Oakland's future in the hollow of her magic wand has penetrated still further into the mysteries that baffled the old Babylonian on his watchtower. "We assert," she asserts, "that the time of birth can be regulated so that a propitious moment planetarily can be chosen. This will give to the coming children so high a type of development that society, missionaries or countries will have no need to reclaim them. From the position of the planet Saturn at the moment of a child's birth we diagnose fatal disease. In whichever constellation Saturn stands at that time, that is the part of the body which will succumb to disease in the end. On the other hand a child for whom Jupiter is in the ascendency is assured of success throughout life." These claims would remind of the unique powers professed by the phrenologist coon if they were not advanced with such perfect seriousness. It remains to be seen how the scholarly scientists who are interesting themselves in the eugenic movement will treat the feminine astrologer who has captured their organization and linked it to her planetary cult, mingling physiological principles with horoscopic absurdities for the delectation of deep thinkers in Oakland. According to Bernard Shaw in his latest play, "The Doctor's Dilemma," there is a law of periordicity in science which causes the recurrence of old theories under new names. But Oakland cares nothing about names and when it awakes with a start to discover astrology it takes the old system to its scientific bosom as lovingly as though it were the new-born hope of humanity instead of a discredited changeling that was hoary headed before modern science was conceived.

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The Smiting of Roosevelt

Our impetuous President has been guilty of many indiscretions in his time without having his plumage in the slightest degree disarranged. Indeed a faux pas, an impropriety of conduct or an error of judgment has no more effect on the President's standing than water has on a canvasback. Public opinion in its prejudice in favor of his many good qualities regards all his imperfections as negligible. But the light that comes from the Storor scandal to illuminate his character brings out certain details with such vividness that they are bound to make an evil impression. Indeed this Storor scandal casts a blot on the Roosevelt escutcheon that is not to be easily effaced, it puts a dent in his political armor that may well cause him anxiety should he ever again appeal to the suffrages of the American people. The fact that he engaged in Catholic Church politics is not the most lamentable circumstance in connection with this scandal. The issue raised is unfortunate enough but more unfortunate is the evidence tending to convict the President of a Machiavellian craftiness entirely inconsistent with his high ethical principles.

The Essence of The Controversy

The whole story of the Roosevelt-Storor controversy has been very much garbled in the fragmentary form in which it appeared in the local dailies. As published in the dispatches it conveys the impression that Bellamy Storor started the controversy whereas it was opened as a result of a leak in the State Department at Washington, through which fragments of Storor's letters reached the newspapers. From the story as it first appeared the inference was imperative that the ex-Ambassador had been dismissed for interfering in Vatican politics; and to set himself right before the public he gave his version of his quarrel with Mr. Roosevelt to the New York "Sun." It occupied nearly three pages of that paper, and in an editorial the "Sun" said: "We sincerely deprecate a publication which reflects so seriously on the President of the United States." From the full text of all the letters submitted by Storor it appears that it was not through an impropriety in a diplomatic sense that the Austrian Ambassador incurred the disfavor of the President, but rather does it appear that Mr. Roosevelt was apprehensive lest he should be thought by the Protestant public to be engaged in intimate relations with the Roman Catholic Church. It is at any rate clear that he feared that he might be compromised by his letters not with Rome but with the voters of this country. It also appears that it was not until the shrewd Mr. Root learned of the mess in which the President had involved himself that a halt was called and a right-about-face executed.

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WHY?

When the Boom Was On the Rise

From the correspondence it appears that our Government has long been openly espousing the cause of Archbishop Ireland at the Vatican in consideration of the latter's devotion to the Republican party. It further appears that Ireland has made Republican politicians believe that he wielded great influence among the Catholics of this country and he too must suffer as a consequence of exposure. Indeed every sincere Catholic should be eager to see him severely disciplined for conduct which must have tended to deepen the impression among Protestants that Catholics look to the representatives of Rome for instructions in matters political. President Roosevelt began booming Ireland in 1899 from the State capitol at Albany. He wrote letters to be used for the promotion of Ireland's ambition. He was not afraid of committing a breach of diplomatic propriety, but he was apprehensive of incurring obligations and so stated. In that same year President McKinley was so far unrestrained by the proprieties as to commission Bishop O'Gorman to say to the Pope that "the appointment of Ireland would be considered a personal favor" to him, "as well as an honor to the country." Mr. Storor and his wife were then considered by the Government as available for use in church matters and were so used. As late as May, 1901, Secretary Taft wrote to Mrs. Storor on the subject of Archbishop Ireland's ambition and his letter is in existence and has been published, and will make good campaign literature against Mr. Taft if ever he should run for President, for in boosting Ireland as an exceptionally patriotic Catholic he insults Catholics generally by assuming that those who are not broad-minded sometimes find it difficult to solve the problem "of complete loyalty both to the Church and to the Country," a sentiment which will strike the average Catholic, even the average of the illiterate type, who can conceive no circumstance under which such a problem could arise as the utterance of one whose knowledge of Catholics is derived from a source suspiciously tainted. The Taft letter was obviously written for the purpose of being openly used in the interest of Ireland and the Secretary not only endorsed the Archbishop in very strong language but reported that he was held in very high esteem by President McKinley.

The President's Fears

But the most significant of all the letters was written by Mr. Roosevelt in November, 1900, after his election to the Vice-Presidency, to Mrs. Bellamy Storor when her husband was stationed at Madrid. He wrote: "Two members of the Administration spoke to me about extracts of my letters to you, having been shown as coming from you. They did not speak to me until after the campaign began, telling me they did not think it was any of their business, but when the campaign began they were afraid that something might be put in the papers which could be twisted to the disadvantage of the party. Exactly what they said the extracts were I have forgotten, but they had impressed them as being subject to misconstruction." A little later these words were written: "I now see what the quotation was which caused such anxiety among my political friends during the last campaign; it was the allusion to Protestant fanaticism. Taken by itself and out of the context that absolutely true statement would have been used to the utmost damage both to McKinley and to me." That President Roosevelt was not apprehensive of Rome's disfavor is evident from the fact that as late as the summer of 1903 he commis-

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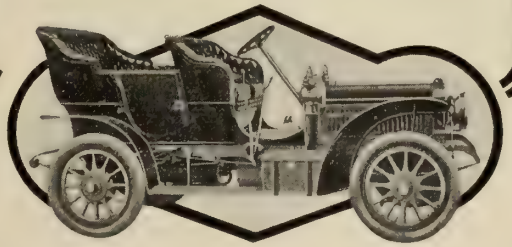
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sioned Mr. Storor to visit the Pope and say that the President of the United States would like to see Archbishop Ireland made a Cardinal. He told Archbishop Ireland that he had commissioned Storor to make that representation, and about the same time he asked Mgr. O'Connell to say the same thing to the Pope. Mgr. O'Connell conveyed the message to Pius X the second month of the latter's pontificate and transmitted to the President in reply this message from the Pope: "Present to the President my compliments, tell him of my esteem for himself personally and for the country which he governs, and say to him that his wishes in regard to Mgr. Ireland will most probably be fulfilled."

Why Storor Resigned

The President's first expression of regret at having meddled in Vatican politics was made in a letter to Storor in December, 1903. Shortly before that the story of Mgr. O'Connell's visit to the Pope and its object was published and though it was absolutely true the President's Secretary published a statement denying that the President had authorized it. Storor therefor resolved to be very cautious. He told nobody of his mission, but communicated the President's message to the Pope. Later he learned that the story of his mission had leaked out in Washington, was wired to Rome and thence back to Washington where it was published. President Roosevelt then wrote to him commanding him to quit giving occasion for such gossip. The letter astonished Storor, for as he says, "Its tone was one of rebuke for speaking to the Pope on the subject, and yet I had spoken by the President's express request." A little later he received another letter which convinced him that the President had resolved to repudiate all authority for his action and to appear ignorant of it, and that the letter was written to be serviceable if needed later in support of that position. Thereupon, in disgust, he sent in his resignation. This President Roosevelt refused to accept. He wrote Storor a very amiable letter telling him that the incident was closed, that he would explain all but did not like to do it on paper. They became friends again and in the campaign of 1904 when Archbishop Ireland rendered political services to the President the latter again espoused the ambitious ecclesiast's cause and through Cardinal Satolli sent a message to Rome urging him for the Cardinalship. The failure of the Pope to make the appointment was due to the fact that the President subsequently caused it to be known in Rome that he favored the appointment of Archbishop Farley. It was when the report became current in Rome that the President had grown cold to Ireland and was in Farley's fight that Mrs. Storor began the correspondence which led to her husband's dismissal. In her first letter she told him of the rumor and took occasion to disparage Archbishop Farley as a man who represented the reactionary spirit in the Catholic Church. She offered to take a message to Rome from the President denying that he was for anybody but Ireland, which offer would certainly have been preposterous had she not known all that had gone before respecting the President's messages to the Vatican. But it was then according to Storor that Taft took Root into his confidence, and immediately came the President's insulting letter to Mrs. Storor which her husband resented by resigning.

Mrs. Carter Sues Miss Munro

A very odd suit was instituted in New York last week by Mrs. Leslie Carter, the ex-Belasco star who married William Lewis Payne last summer under somewhat sensational circumstances. The suit was against Norma L. Munro, who was reported to be engaged to Mrs. Carter's son, but who, it now turns out, was Mrs.

HOTEL SAVOY SEATTLE

Won the Diamond Medal

It is an old saying, and sometimes true, that you have to go from home to be appreciated—this applies to art and music equally as well as to personal worth. We did not realize that we had a musical genius with us that would, after a long-drawn-out contest in the Chicago Musical College, receive the Diamond Medal—contestants from every part of the globe—Mr. Will A. Prior was awarded without hesitancy. This is the highest award that the institution has power to confer—Seattle has never been slow to applaud, where worth has been recognized—we have engaged Mr. Prior with five qualified assistants, composing a sextette—we want your opinion if the Diamond Medal was deserved and we justified in securing his services. Music for dinner and supper.

"Just a reminder—building composed of steel, concrete and marble"—with John McDermott as manager.

Carter's very intimate chum. Mrs. Carter demands judgment for $41,799 and she has submitted a schedule of claims showing that she bought for the defendant numerous valuable presents and loaned her a lot of money, including $500 for Madame Calve, who despite her rumored immunity from the sentimental passion is now engaged to a blind millionaire. Norma Munro is now in Europe. Her attorney says that Mrs. Carter's claims are without foundation and intimates that the purpose of the suit is the annoyance and embarrassment of his client. He also said: "Miss Munro's troubles first came before the public when she and Mrs. Osborn lost a lot of money in Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse. They were boon companions up to last winter, when they had a quarrel, which friends of both said was due to Mrs. Osborn's jealousy of Miss Munro's friendship with Mrs. Carter. Mrs. Carter and Miss Munro were hardly ever apart up to July of this year. Miss Munro went with the actress when she was on the road and was at the Belasco Theatre nearly every night when she appeared in this city. Everything was lovely until the automobile trip to New England which ended in Mrs. Carter's marriage."

Stratton's Luncheon

Collector of Port Stratton appears to have done the honors up brown for the distinguished treasury official who was here last week but it's very hard to please everybody nowadays. It has been suggested to me that Stratton erred in not having made space for John P. Irish's feet beneath the Bohemian Club mahogany on the occasion of his feast of wit and flow of soul. The absence of Irish was remarked because he is a treasury official and because he is among the few men in California who are known to the statesmen at Washington. But so strained are the relations between Irish and Stratton that it is doubtful whether the Colonel would have condescended to become the Collector's guest even on the occasion of the hotairing of a Washington official. The absence of Surveyor of the Port Woodward was also remarked, but that gentleman is in Washington trying to persuade our statesmen that San Francisco harbor should receive a large share of the fifty million dollars to be appropriated, it is said, for river and harbor improvements. However, his chief deputy, Chauncey St. John, a man of parts, and one of the most cultured of our Federal officials, was in town, and it has been suggested that he would certainly have cut a figure no less imposing than that of the Collector's portly chief deputy who graced the festive board. But there is friction between the office of the Surveyor of Port and the office of the Collector of Port, a circumstance which might be explanatory of Chauncey's absence and likewise of his presence on board the Owl train which conveyed the visiting treasury official to Los Angeles. "Chauncey had him last," said one of Roosevelt's official family of jangling discords to me, and he winked the other eye, investing this performance with a world of meaning.

When Doctors Disagree

The trouble that occurred last May between the State Board of Medical Examiners and the College of Physicians and Surgeons has been simmering ever since, and threatens now to reach the boiling point. As I told at the time, a graduate of the college mentioned applied to the Board for an examination for a physician's certificate. As a preliminary, and as is required by law, he filed with the Board an affidavit regarding his study record. According to the affidavit, he had taken a full course at the

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College of Physicians and Surgeons, from which school he had a diploma, the faculty testifying through the diploma that he had taken the course required by law. It was ascertained before he had an opportunity to take the examination that during two of the four years specified in the affidavit he was teaching school in a neighboring county. Confronted with evidence of this, he confessed to the Board that he was guilty of an inaccuracy. The college faculty, of which Dr. Hodghead is dean and Dr. Winslow Anderson president, refused to allow such an accusation against their school to go unchallenged. They rushed into print, asserting that the young man in the case had taught school but attended the medical college during vacations. Members of the faculty also called at the offices of the State Board of Medical Examiners and endeavored to explain the matter. They said the student had been given credit for one year's study because of a normal school course he had taken, and asserted that it was in the months of June, July and August of each of three years that he had studied at the college. But the records of the school at which he taught were unfortunately at variance with the report of the faculty doctors. According to the State officials the records show that the man was employed as a teacher more than ten months each year. But as if to make the confusion of the faculty worse confounded, the inquisitive State officials, I am told, obtained further confirmation of their suspicions by examining the catalogue of the medical college which most inconsiderately shows that during the months alleged to have been consumed in study at that institution, there were no recitations or lectures—nothing but practice work.

The Records Pursued Him

In view of the evidence brought to light by the State officials it is inferred that the graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons was far from being adequately equipped for the practice of the profession. However when he found that our officials were too exacting he went to Nevada where the laws safeguarding the public against immature pill purveyors are not so stringent as in this State and there he was vested with the coveted license. But the records of our State board remorselessly pursued him into the sagebrush jungle and before he had time to flourish his scalpel his license was revoked.

On the Quack Side

As a consequence of the bitter feeling engendered in the controversy between the State officials and the college faculty, there has been a good deal of hot shot exchanged, and the methods of the College of Physicians and Surgeons are once more being aired. It appears that there is much prejudice in the profession against that institution on account of the speed with which it turns out graduates of medicine. It is believed that its methods tend to lower the tone of the profession. The college doctors on the other hand condemn the members of the State board for trying to exclude men from the profession, and unfortunately in their efforts to open the door to practitioners they advance the interests of quacks. They went so far, it is said, as to hire a lawyer, to prosecute legal proceedings against the State officials which were begun by a lot of illegal practitioners. The lawyer represented to the Supreme Court that he appeared as an

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amicus curiae. One of the justices remarked that his office appeared to be that of amicus quackus. Whatever be the merits of the controversy it is certain that it is not for the benefit of the public to facilitate the entrance of quacks and half-baked medicos into the profession.

Capturing the Oriental Trade

Many people were inclined to scoff at Consul General Miller of Yokohama when on his recent visit here he paid tribute to the patriotism of the Japanese and declared them to be among the most aggressive peoples of the earth in war and commerce. He was trying to make us appreciate their virtues and I for one take it that if we are some day to combat with the little brown man for the supremacy of the Pacific we ought to listen in a more appreciative way to the words of a wise man who is trying to familiarize us with the virtues as well as the weak points of the Japanese. Certainly we ought to know both the good and bad points of our opponent. In talking over the situation with Consul General Miller I was most impressed with his description of the tremendous strides Japan is now making in a commercial way. Certainly the European nations are asleep and so are we if preparations are not already under way to meet her competition in the Orient. That vaunted and loudly heralded "Oriental trade" will be a pin-pricked bubble unless our merchants quickly bestir themselves to capture some of it. Japan is gathering it in and getting a mortgage on everything in sight at a rate to make a Caucasian trader's head swim. So far the United States has the best position, outside of Japan, in the contest but it is only her extraordinary production of raw material and better all 'round machinery that gives her this advantage.

Chance to Settle the Japanese Question

The future welfare of Japan, in fact her very existence as a nation, is dependent upon the free play of all her industrial and commercial power in China and Corea, unhampered by the dictation of any foreign power. Unhampered she will show astonishing commercial development in the next ten years. Consul General Miller says that Japan is at present so anxious to retain our good will in the matter of trade, wherein she is reaping great profits just now, that she might be prevailed upon to enter into diplomatic relations with a view to more properly handling the present immigration of Japanese laborers to this country. On his recent trip to Washington Mr. Miller submitted a number of practical recommendations to the President all of them having in view the increase of our trade with the Orient.

Gossip From Honolulu

My Hawaiian correspondent writes: "Members of the Bohemian Club and many other San Franciscans will remember the late Paul Neumann. Coming from San Francisco he became the Attorney General of Hawaii and the Queen's adviser and attorney during the times that followed the overthrow. The Neumanns have long been prominent in the social life of Honolulu. Mrs. Neumann has not lived here much since her husband's death, and several of her daughters are now living away from here. There was much interest therefore in the arrival here in the capacity of assistant surgeon of the British steamship "Suveric" of Mrs. Ynez Hasson, one of the Neumann girls. The vessel

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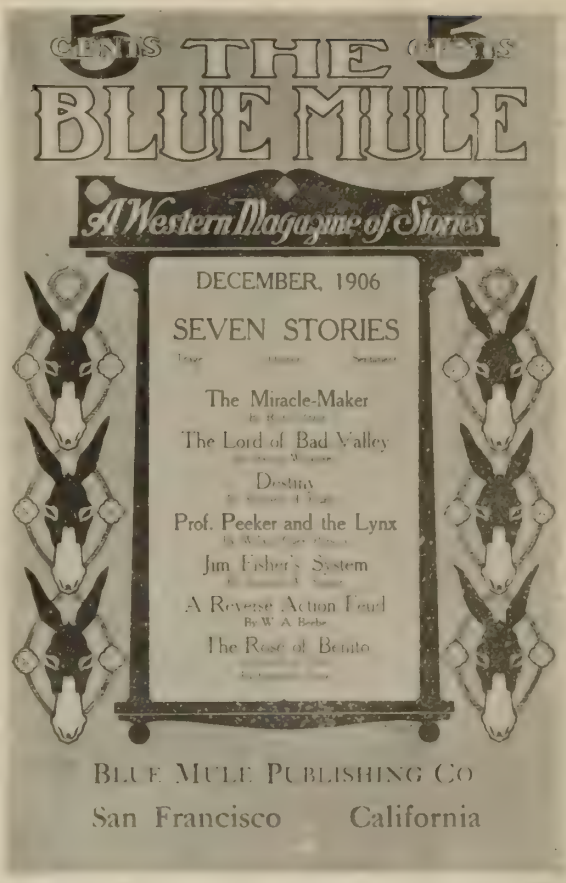
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arrived December 1 with 1,325 Portuguese immigrants from the Madeira and Azore Islands. Mrs. Hasson's husband is an instructor in the Naval Academy, but for two years or more Mrs. Hasson has been a student of medicine in London. She has lately received her degree, and she took the opportunity the "Suveric" afforded of returning to Honolulu and entering upon professional work. When it was first announced that she was coming as assistant surgeon of an immigrant ship there was considerable surprise. But her old friends rallied to the wharf on the arrival of the ship to give her a hearty greeting. * * * * * * Mrs. Campbell-Parker was the hostess at her Diamond Head residence the other day of a very notable and in these days rare social function. It was a reception and tea to Hawaiian ladies exclusively, with Queen Liliuokalani as the guest of honor. The list of guests was not limited entirely to women of what is known as chiefly blood, but there are very few women in Hawaii who trace their ancestry to the ancient chiefs of the land, who were not there. It was a very elaborate affair, and it is said a number of touches of old Hawaiian customs were introduced giving to the affair something of the atmosphere of old Kanaka hospitality.

A Corner In Charcoal

Frank Leach, Superintendent of the Mint, is unfolding to his friends a tale of the trusts that furnishes material for one of Opper's cartoons. A charcoal seller started it by raising the price of his material, of which a large amount has been used in the Mint by the metallurgists. Mr. Leach stood the raise up to about a forty per cent advance, then told the dealer that he would thereafter purchase from someone else. The dealer shrugged his shoulders as though it were a matter of perfect indifference to him. And it was, as Mr. Leach discovered when he went to other dealers. He found that a combination existed that had for its principal object the holding up of the price of charcoal furnished to the Mint. Leach determined upon rebellion and went to the metallurgists, telling them that thereafter they would have to use kindling instead of charcoal with which to start their furnace fires. The metallurgists told Mr. Leach that they must have charcoal, as their fires could be started with nothing else. Mr. Leach asked why. The answer was "because." It seems that several hundred years ago some metallurgist used charcoal for kindling, and the custom has clung. Leach told the metallurgists that in his opinion good pine kindling, combined with a little kerosene, would be just as effective. They were thunderstruck at such an idea, asserting that as long as there had been charcoal and metallurgists in the world simultaneously, the latter had used the former. The Superintendent told them that in his opinion it was about time to break an old and foolish custom. Accordingly, he bought pine cordwood and had it sawed and split into the proper size. It has proved better than charcoal, and now the metallurgists swear that they will not go back to the latter. But they may have to. The wood men are forming a combination. Not only has the wood come up to an enormous price, but instead of delivering it, as formerly, the dealer charges $4 a load extra for hauling it to the Mint. Meanwhile the charcoal man has been coming around wanting to know if he has lost his trade. Leach has hopes that by playing the dealers one against the other he will be able to get kindling at a reasonable rate. But if the wood and the charcoal dealers combine he is afraid that he will have to close the Mint.



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Social Prattle

By Tantalus

The Landers-Whitney Match

The first hint of Pearl Landers' new compact with Cupid appeared in last week's Town Talk but no one surmised that the wedding would follow fleetly enough to stub its toe on the engagement announcement. The very day of the marriage Miss Landers made a tour of the shops in Mr. Whitney's automobile. In a few hours she had the most important syllable of a trousseau. A severe cold had roosted on the popular belle's vocal organs and she could scarcely speak above a whisper, but to a friend who said, "Pearl, you ought to be home in bed with a cold like that" the indomitable young lady huskily whispered, "Can't do it—I'm going to have my voice manicured for an awfully important engagement tonight!" An hour or two before the wedding bells were tuned the bride rang up Mrs. Jack Spreckels, the de Youngs, and one or two other friends and told them she had a "date with the parson." "How long have you known it yourself," gasped one friend. "Forty-eight hours, ninety-seven minutes and fifty seconds," confessed Pearl, "but I've got a trousseau and a wedding gown and there'll be a marriage feast and everybody is ready but the musician, and if he doesn't come we'll have a nice canned wedding march on the pianola!"

Fate, whose Juggernaut car rides down hearts and hopes, contrived to make "Joe" Eastland introduce his friend Vincent Whitney to Miss Landers. Everyone knows that Joe was a most devoted admirer and at one time the fair Pearl looked rather kindly on his suit but somehow the affair came a cropper. After the earthquake Mr. Eastland rushed out here and tried to teach Miss Landers the game of "Off Again, On Again." But the pupil did not prove as apt as he had hoped and after he introduced young Whitney to her he saw that his cue was "Off Again." The Eastlands and Whitneys have always been intimate friends. The Tom Eastlands spent part of this summer at the rustic palace in Maine, which the Whitneys call their summer "camp." Joe Eastland and Parker Whitney, who married one of the Parrott girls, were great pals before Parker became a staid married man. Unheralded marriages run in the Whitney family, so Vincent was only upholding family tradition when he bent a pet convention of society by marrying without due notice. Parker Whitney and Miss Parrott were wed without even a by-your-leave to their immediate families and a year or two later Beryl Whitney and "Bob" Graydon followed suit. So the marriage of Pearl Landers and Vincent Whitney was comparatively conventional, for their immediate families were taken into the secret. And both families were pleased with the match. Pearl Landers has a rich husband and a fine, manly young fellow, and Mr. Whitney is being felicitated in having won the hand of one of the brightest, sweetest and most lovable girls in society.

There Is Joy In the White House

President Roosevelt will have no occasion to feel embarrassed through conspicuous indifference in his own family to his oft reiterated appeals on the subject of race suicide. A correspondent writes me from Washington that our President is destined to find himself a grandfather. The Nicholas Longworths are back in their dovecote on I Street, where dainty anticipatory gifts are pouring in upon the Congressman's wife with each tinkling of the doorbell.

A Felicitous Change

Miss Maud O'Connor's friends were somewhat slow to recognize her when she returned to town recently. This slowness was not due to any loss of prestige on the part of Miss O'Connor but entirely on account of a transformation of a purely physical character. Miss O'Connor no longer wears those beautiful blonde tresses, once the admiration and envy of society. Her hair is now a sober brown. Very much to Miss O'Connor's advantage has the change proved. Her friends say that when hair turns from golden to brown an illusion is created—the illusion of rejuvenescence. Such being the case the change is one that may be heartily recommended for every woman knows that she is as old as she looks.

The Missing Blingum Set

Mrs. White's skating club has apparently not such a smart membership as the club patronessed last year by Mrs. Downey Harvey. Mrs. Eleanor Martin still lends the prestige of her name to everything Mrs. White undertakes, but somehow Blingum never gets into the bandwagon. Perhaps other attractions on the same night kept people away from the skating rink, but whatever the reason, while the affair showed all the layers of society, the upper crust was not there.

The Clarks of San Mateo

The Charley Clarks expect to move into their San Mateo home within a few days. The Clark house was the most badly injured of any of the homes in that vicinity and it has taken all summer to repair the damages of the earthquake. Mrs. Clark has not come up to town for any of the festivities and society has evidently grown as distasteful to her as it is to her sister, Agnes Tobin. The latter, by the way, is trying to replace her wonderful library which was burned in the old Tobin home. It was undoubtedly one of the choicest collections of books in San Francisco, and it will take the discriminating labor of years to replace it.

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Gossip From Monterey

My Monterey correspondent writes: Miss Ella Morgan has returned from her Eastern trip and is at Del Monte with her friends, Mrs. Low and Miss Flora Low. * * * Colonel Frank Colton of Washington, D. C., and his two daughters, who have been touring the country, are at Del Monte. * * * D. Edward Collins, William Rutherford and Wm. Millan of Oakland came down to attend the funeral services of Sir John Leng, M. P., who passed away at Del Monte early in the week. Sir John had represented Dundee, Scotland, in Parliament for seventeen years and was a distinguished journalist and literateur as well as politician. In 1893, through the recommendation of his friend, Gladstone, the Premier of Great Britain, Queen Victoria conferred Knighthood on him, and he was given the degree of L.L.D. of the Ancient University of St. Andrew. Although an Englishman by birth, he went to Dundee when a young man and was but twenty-one years of age when he became editor of the Dundee "Advertiser," which became a power in national affairs under his management. Sir John Leng was a great traveler. He had been in all parts of the world, including India, Egypt, Palestine and Ceylon. Thirty years ago he was in the Western states, and visited California and Oregon. He was on his way to New Zealand and Japan when with his wife and daughter he came to Del Monte about six weeks ago. Among the honeymoon spenders at the famous Monterey hostelry are the Vincent P. Whitneys, the C. Martland Clines, Mr. and Mrs. Charles de St. Maurice of Colusa, Mr. and Mrs. H. Levi of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Hayes of Sacramento and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McCeergan of Oakland. * * Mrs. Grace Hibbard, who has been living in Pacific Grove since the earthquake has published a little holiday edition of new verses. Less than a week after it emerged from the press the whole edition was exhausted. * * * Professor Stelthell and Nichols of the University of California are at Hotel El Carmelo for the holidays.

Maxine's Social Progress

Society has once more taken Maxine Elliott to heart and home. There is not so much of Maxine to take as in the days when she herself was as broad as her A's are now, and the epigrammatical spelled her Oxine. It was not until Mrs. Goodwin began to "get on" in English society that San Francisco showered her with attentions. The last time she was out here the Rudolph Spreckels, the Fred Kohls, the Joe Tobins and several others entertained in her honor and while no big functions were given for her this week, she went down to Burlingame for several luncheons and her dressing-room was kept abloom with choice flowers sent by society people. Mrs. Goodwin's success in London was not accomplished via masculine admiration and boosting. An English chap was telling me the other day that Mrs. Goodwin's rating as a beauty is higher with women than the opposite sex. The big brunette type is not so popular over there as the Edna May-Camille Clifford sort. The very fact that Mrs. Goodwin was not the "rage" as a beauty helped her socially, for women invited her to their homes—a courtesy they would never show a chappy's "beauty." Her brother-in-law, Forbes Robertson, has long had a seat in the "talent" corner of the best London drawing-rooms, so of course he has been a great help to the ambitious Maxine. Forbes Robertson's wife, Gertrude Elliott, does not go about at all in English society, preferring the quiet of their country home and the society of her little daughter Maxine. The Robertsons are now playing in America in a Bernard Shaw almost-drama.

THE JOY OF FEASTING

I like the festive seasons,
With them I am in touch;
One always then has reasons
To eat and drink too much.

—The Glutton.

One of the quaint beliefs of primitive people is that the donkey's back is marked by a cross because it was the beast selected to carry the Virgin and child.

M. J. B. Coffee
always the same
WHY?

Holiday Groceries
Wholesale Rates on Family Orders
Prompt City and Suburban Delivery
Quality Supreme
SMITH'S CASH STORE
16 Steuart St. San Francisco.
JUST AROUND THE CORNER.

No other creation of the piano builder's art is comparable either in construction or in the perfection of results to the Steinway Piano. Its marvelous liquid flow of sound—the exquisite merging of tone into tone, yet withal the perfect quality and truth of every note—makes the Steinway the idol of all great artists. Not only as the choice of the masters of music, but as the official preference of the Sovereigns of Europe

Steinway Pianos

are universally acknowledged to be the standard pianos of the world. In the Vertegrand are embodied the fundamental attributes of touch, tone and mechanism that make every Steinway a perfect medium for instrumental interpretation, together with some points of superiority peculiar to itself. Musicians and experts unanimously pronounce the Vertegrand the greatest achievement of modern progress that has ever come to their notice. Its beautiful simplicity of construction and design enable us to offer it at $525—the lowest price for a new Steinway in thirty-five years. The Miniature Grand is the smallest of the Steinway Grands—as small as a grand piano should be to retain compass and power Price $800.

Sherman, Clay & Co.

Steinway Pianos—Victor Talking Machines

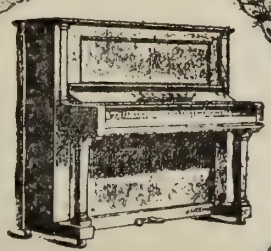
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Broadway at 13th—OAKLAND

STEINWAY GRANDS

VERTEGRAND Price, $525.00





OPEN EVENINGS Until Xmas

Stage

What Ibsen Meant

Interesting selections of manuscripts by Ibsen which were not published at the time of his death have just appeared. They consist of preliminary sketches of several plays, a speech on women's rights, a number of aphorisms and poems. There is a long note prefixed



ESTHER ADALERTO
ONE OF THE [illegible] TAKING PART IN THE [illegible]

to the skeleton of "A Doll's House," or, as Ibsen first apparently meant to name it: "A Modern Tragedy." It is in the form of fragmentary comments. It shows that Ibsen himself did not contemplate the possibility of Nora's return to her husband. It will interest all students of the drama. It runs in part: "There are two kinds of moral law, one existing in men, and quite a different one in women. Neither can understand the other, but in real life a woman is judged according to man's law, just as if she were really a man. In this play the wife finally loses all sense of distinction between right and wrong. The conflict with her natural impulses on the one hand and her belief in authority on the other brings her utter confusion. In our modern society, which is exclusively a male society, a woman cannot be true to herself, for society's laws are formulated by men and the judge and the advocate criticise feminine actions from man's point of view. Nora has committed forgery. She is proud of it for she did it out of love for her husband and to save his life, but he clings with all the honesty of the ordinary man to the letter of the law and regards her action with man's eyes. She struggles with herself. She loses faith, her moral light, and her capacity for bringing up her children. There are certain insects which die as soon as they have done their duty in the propagation of their species. Love, life, home, husband, children, children, relations! Once or twice, womanlike, she shakes herself free from the trouble. Sudden return of the fear and horror. She must bear it all alone. The catastrophe approaches inexorable, inevitable. Despair, struggle, the end!"



WILFRED ROGER
AS JOHN STORM IN "THE CHRISTIAN" NEXT WEEK AT THE [illegible] THEATRE

Colonial Theatre

Hall Caine's famous play, "The Christian," will be the offering next week at the Colonial Theatre. It will be given a most elaborate production and will be interpreted by a cast of exceptional merit. Several new



NEVA AYMAR

WITH THE ORPHEUM ROAD SHOW

and clever people will be introduced to Colonial patrons. Frank Bacon will play Archdeacon Wealthy, Wilfred Rogers will give us his conception of John Storm, Izetta Jewel will appear as Glory Quayle and Bessie Bacon will be the Polly Love of the cast. The subordinate roles are distributed as follows: Lord Storm, W. C. Graves Jr.; Parson Quayle, R. Peralta-Galindo; Father Lamplugh, A. Burt Wesner; Lord Robert Ure, Orral Humphreys; Horatio Drake, Harry Pollard; Brother Paul, George W. Fitch; Servant, Edwin Hall; Mrs. Callender, Jane Jeffery; Bettie, Edna McClure; Nettie, Maud Adelle; Lettie, Alma Belevin; Liza, Marion Pierce. There will be in addition to the usual Wednesday Bargain and the Saturday and Sunday matinees a special holiday matinee Tuesday next, Christmas Day. "The County Fair" continues to draw crowded houses. It will close its two weeks' run tomorrow (Sunday) night.

Exponents of French Culture

The two programmes of modern French music and literature to be given by Mme. Tekley-Planel of the Theatre Francais and Mons Planel, violinist and composer, have been definitely set for Thursday, January 3, and Sunday afternoon, January 6, at Lyric Hall. The programmes will include recitations in French by Mme. Planel and violin solos and songs by Mons Planel. Mons Adolph Locher will be the accompanist. The programmes will be quite different from anything ever offered in this city. These talented people are giving these entertainments all over the world under the auspices of the Minister of Public Instruction of Paris, the idea being to disseminate a knowledge of modern French art throughout the civilized world. Complete programmes will be ready at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of seats opens Wednesday morning, January 2.

Yon Yonson Coming

As the engagement of "Yon Yonson" at the Novelty Theatre is limited to eight days commencing Sunday, December 23, it has been decided to give the first performance on Sunday afternoon. This will allow of four matinees during the engagement, viz., Sunday, Christmas day, Saturday and Sunday. "Yon Yonson" must certainly be ranked among the most popular of modern character plays. It is the top-notch rural drama of its class and year after year it continues to do an enormous business. The play is much better than many melodramas of more sentimental and more "slummy" character, for it breathes honesty and the air of the woods and fields. "Yon" in the person of George Thompson captures the house and makes quite a hit as the blundering Swede, especially in the log jam and the fast-mail scenes. He is supported by Kraft Walton, James C. Mack, Elwood Duncan, Frank Thorndyke, Leonard Edgren, Peter Maynard, Ida Werner, Lois Arnold, Laura Davis and others, not to omit the lumberman's quartette composed of Messrs. Duncan, De Silva, Hubbard and Becker. The quartette receives numerous recalls, so well do its popular songs take with the audience. Prices for the "Yon Yonson" engagement are to be 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents and $1.00. On Monday, December 31, the great romantic actor James O'Neill begins an engagement of two weeks. It will be the first appearance here of this actor in over ten years. O'Neill will be seen in the great revival of "Monte Cristo" and in a new play called "The Voice of the Mighty."

NOVELTY THEATER

Corner O'Farrell & Steiner

Loverich & Lubelski, Proprietors and Managers.
EIGHT DAYS, STARTING WITH
MATINEE SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23
SPECIAL MATINEE CHRISTMAS DAY
The One and Only Genuine Swedish Comedy Hit

"YON YONSON"

A Landslide of Laughter.

Hear the famous Lumberman's Quartette. Complete cast and production.

Popular prices: 25 cents to $1.00.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 31, JAMES O'NEILL

COLONIAL THEATER

McAllister Street, near Market Phone Market 920
MARTIN F. KURTZIG, President and Manager

Monday Night and All Next Week.
SPECIAL MATINEE CHRISTMAS DAY
The Colonial Stock Company in Hall Caine's Famous Play

"THE CHRISTIAN"

FRANK BACON AS ARCHDEACON WEALTHY

Evenings: 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents and $1.00. Wednesday Bargain Matinees, best reserved seats, 25 cents. Christmas Day, Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 25 cents and 50 cents.

CENTRAL THEATER

Market and Eighth Streets. Phone Market 777
Howell & Dodge, Proprietors.

Commencing Tuesday Evening, December 25
(Christmas Night)

LAMBARDI GRAND ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY

REPERTOIRE—FIRST WEEK

Tuesday, Friday and Saturday nights, and Sunday matinee ....."Aida"
Wednesday night and Saturday matinee....."Lucia"
Thursday and Sunday nights....."Faust"

SECOND WEEK

Monday and Thursday nights, Saturday matinee..."Rigoletto"
Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday nights....."Ill Trovatore"
Tuesday and Friday nights, Sunday matinee....."Faust"

EXTRA MATINEE—NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Prices: Season subscription tickets, twelve $2 seats for $21, twelve $1.50 seats for $16, twelve $1 seats for $10.

Prices: $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75 cents and 50c. Boxes, $21; per seat, $3.50.

Seats now on sale.

LYRIC HALL

Corner Larkin and Turk Streets.
Direction Will L. Greenbaum

GABRILOWITSCH

Pianist

EXTRA CONCERT SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT 2:30
Seats, $1.50 and $1.00 at Hall After 10 a. m.

TWO FRENCH MUSICAL AND LITERARY PROGRAMMES
BY MME. TEKLEY PLANEL AND MONS. PLANEL
Thursday Evening, January 3; Sunday Matinee, January 6.
Programmes at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Seats, $1.50 and $1.00.

IDORA PARK OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop
Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

OUR BIG HOLIDAY OFFERING

"THE TOYMAKER"

SPECIAL MATINEES CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S
Excellent Grill Room Service. Christmas Dinner, $1.00.

Ye Liberty Playhouse

14th & Broadway
OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop
THE BISHOP PLAYERS IN

"LOVER'S LANE"

Reserved Seats: 50 cents and 25 cents.
Coming: Schumann-Heink.

Grand Opera at the Central

Music lovers are looking forward with eager expectancy to the opening next Tuesday (Christmas) evening of the Lambardi Grand Italian Opera Company at the Central Theatre. This operatic organization has been known by reputation in this city for many years, for the news of its repeated triumphs in New Orleans, a city in which musical culture has reached a high state of development, has spread over the entire country. For the opening performance at the Central, "Aida" has been chosen. This selection is true to San Francisco tradition, for no Italian opera company has ever made its first bow in this city in any other opera. Why, I do not know. Perhaps it is because Aida was written to celebrate the opening of the Suez Canal. Perhaps for that reason it is supposed to possess some special charm conducive to openings. Aida will be presented Tuesday and Friday evenings and at the Sunday matinee. On Wednesday and Saturday nights Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" will be heard and on Thursday and Sunday nights Gounod's "Faust" will be sung. In the second week "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore" and "The Elixer of Love" will be sung. All the principals will thus be heard with the many changes of opera. On the opening night Esther Adaberto, a young dramatic soprano who has won much admiration in every city in which she has sung, will make her debut here as "Aida." On Wednesday night Adalina Tromben, remembered as a charming lyric soprano at the Tivoli, will be the "Lucia" and on Thursday, Velia Giregi will debut as Marguerite in "Faust." The tenors will be Martinez Patti, Fillipe D'Ottavi and Attilie Salveneschi; the baritones, Angelo Antola, Roberte Trisconi and Adolphe Pacini, and the bassos, Olinte Lambardi, Uge Cannetti and Lugi Bergami, thus making three distinct casts. Maestro Lambardi has also Bianca Nunez, a pretty light soprano; Matilda Campofiore, mezzo soprano and Maria Millon, contralto to present in congenial roles. All the scenery, costumes and accessories for these productions were made in Milan. The regular sale of reserved seats at the Central Theatre box office and at Kohler and Chase's. Prices have been placed within the reach of all: $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75 cents and 50 cents.

The Toymaker at Idora

That perennially popular combination of farce and really good music, "The Toymaker," will be the holiday offering at Idora Park. And for the special entertainment of children a beautiful transformation scene will be presented. The music of the piece is by Andran, the talented composer of "Olivette." Ferris Hartman will assume the title role, one of the most successful hits of his stage career. Hope Wayne will be the doll baby and Arthur Cunningham the head of the monastery. Impresario Will Greenbaum informs me that during the coming year the Idora Company will appear in several of the standard light operas such as "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," "The Merry War," "The Serenade," "Grand Duchess" and "El Capitan."

THE ORIGINAL VIENNA BAKERY AND CAFE

These sharp days give one an appetite, and an excellent place to satisfy that is The Original Vienna Bakery and Cafe at 1226 Post Street, or its branch on Van Ness, near Geary. Here the best in the market is daintily served, and also the finest pies, cakes, bread and pastry can be bought.

A Gabrilowitsch Extra

Gabrilowitsch, the brilliant young pianist whose playing delighted a large and critical audience at Lyric Hall, will be heard in an extra concert at that hall Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. An exceptionally attractive programme will be rendered. It includes Beethoven's Sonato in G major op. 109, Chopin's Phantasie F minor op. 49, his etude G major op. 10, No. 3, and his etude C minor op. 25, No. 12, Glazounou Brahms Gavotte G major, Leschetelsky's Intermezzo in octaves, Tschaikowsky's chant d'automne, Liszt's Venegia Napoli. The box office will be open at Lyric Hall after 10 a. m. Sunday.

In the Limelight

The opening of the new theatrical season under the direction of Gottlob, Marx & Co. with Maxine Elliott as the star occurred exactly eight months after the last performance given at the Columbia Theatre which occurred April 17. Gottlob, Marx & Co. have certainly started out the new season most auspiciously, and under their direction some of the finest attractions now before the public will be offered San Francisco.

James O'Neill will produce, during his coming engagement at the Novelty Theatre, a new Biblical play called "The Voice of the Mighty." O'Neill appears in the role of John the Baptist, and from all accounts the production is one of the finest this country has ever seen.

Seventy people and two carloads of scenery will occupy the stage of the Novelty Theatre when the Klaw and Erlanger production of the "Ham Tree" with McIntyre and Heath appears at that theatre. This musical production is one of the biggest successes of recent seasons.

The World Famous Road Show

The big amusement event of the year will be inaugurated at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon when the Orpheum Road Show will make its annual appearance. It is, says a veracious press agent, bigger, brighter and better than ever this season and the acts

ORPHEUM Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Dec. 23

Matinee every day except Monday

ORPHEUM ROAD SHOW!

"MENETEKEL"; "RAIN DEARS" and NEVA AYMAR; ED. F. REYNARD; WALTER C. KELLY; WORK AND OWER; CLAUDE AND FANNIE USHER; WILSON'S MONKEY, "JESSIE"; ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES and JOHN HYAMS AND LEILA M'INTYRE.

PRICES: 10c, 25c and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Sutter and Fillmore Streets. Phone, West 6000. CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. to Midnight. Admission, 10c; Children, 5c.



RACING

New California Jockey Club

Oakland Race Track

Six or more races each week day, rain or shine.

RACES COMMENCE AT 1:40 P. M., SHARP

For special trains stopping at the track take the S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street; leave at 12:00, thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 P. M. No smoking in last two cars which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

Returning trains leave track after fifth and last races.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

are evenly balanced. "Menetekel," an European illusion act, will be presented by Mr. and Mrs. Berel-Kenerah, Hungarian magicians. Such a sensation, says the veracious one, was never offered a San Francisco audience. Ned Wayburn, renowned as the best producer of dancing novelties on the American stage, sends out a contribution in his "Rain Dears," headed by Neva Aymar. There are nine girls in the production, and special scenery, costumes and music, all of a novel character, are used, the scenes being "In Toyland," "In Dreamland," "In Iceland" and "Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield." A feature of the act is a genuine rain storm in which the "dears" are caught. Ed. F. Reynard, than whom there is no better ventriloquist before the public, will offer a turn that will demand notice from young and old alike. He has a stage setting that is a gem in its way and a method of handling his dummies peculiarly his own. Walter C. Kelly, well remembered here as "The Virginia Judge," will present the funniest monologue known in vaudeville. The reception that Kelly will receive is assured. Work and Ower, European acrobatic comedians, will present a tumbling act that will surprise local lovers of the difficult and laughable. Their work must needs be seen to be appreciated. Claude and Fannie Usher, new to this city, have a slang classic, "A Tough Love," one of the real gems of all the dramatic offerings. Comedy and pathos are blended in such a manner that the onlooker can never forget what he has seen. Wilson's monkey, "Jessie," promises a distinct surprise to the amusement loving public. The diminutive Simian can do anything that a human being can do and a few things more beside. Orpheum Motion Pictures and John Hyams and Leila McIntyre, presenting "Two Hundred Wives," will complete the programme.

Our New Transcontinental Road

By the Reporter

There is no enterprise of greater interest to the people of California at this time than the Western Pacific Railroad Company's extension of the Gould system to the metropolis of the West. We all know that it is to become a great factor in the development of the State and that will give greater impetus to the commerce of California than it has received since the opening of the first transcontinental system; but comparatively little is known of the progress that has been made by the engineers and construction forces of the company, and scarcely anybody outside of railroad circles knows anything about the route. The Western Pacific is the extension of the Gould System from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, and when completed it will be the last link in a continuous road extending from the harbor of Baltimore to the harbor of San Francisco. The 122 miles in Utah have all been let by contract and the grading has been completed for one hundred miles. The track has been laid for ninety-four miles. It is now operated for construction trains. The terminals in Salt Lake City have been established and the property bought. Work upon the buildings will soon commence.

In Nevada, the eastern one hundred and one miles have been let by contract and work has been commenced. The remaining three hundred and twenty-six miles will be let before the end of the year. In California, the entire three hundred and eighty miles have been under contract for a year. One hundred and twenty miles of grading have been completed in spots. In addition to the eighteen miles acquired with the Alameda & San Joaquin Railroad, eight miles have been laid in the vicinity of Stockton. Tracklaying will not commence in good shape until the spring of 1907. In San Francisco a large amount of terminal property has been secured in the Islais Creek region and work of filling in the submerged lots has been commenced.



IN THE SIERRA VALLEY



NEAR THE SUMMIT

The total length of the Western Pacific will be 929 miles, from the Rio Grande Western station at Salt Lake City to the face of the Ferry Building in San Francisco. Of this length, one hundred and twenty-two miles are in Utah, four hundred and twenty-seven in Nevada and three hundred and eighty in California.

The line leaving Salt Lake City passes around the southern end of Great Salt Lake and the north end of the Stansbury Range; thence crossing Low Pass in the Cedar Range, strikes the Great Mud Desert, across which it runs for thirty-eight miles. It then climbs the rim of Salt Lake Basin, crossing it at Silver Zone Pass at an elevation of 5,875 feet. The line then descends into the Gosiute Valley, in the bottom of which it crosses the Nevada Northern Railroad. It then ascends the Pequop Range, crossing it at Flower Lake Pass, at an elevation of 5,907 feet, which is the



BECKWITH TUNNEL
THE WEST PORTAL, NEAR THE TOWN OF CHILCOOT

highest point attained on the road. Then descending into the Independent Valley, the line goes to the Humboldt River at Wells station on the Central Pacific Railroad. From Wells to Winnemucca the general course of the Humboldt River is followed, the Central Pacific Railroad being crossed at Palisade. From Winnemucca the line goes nearly west to the southern point of Honey Lake, then turns southward and climbs the Sierras, crossing at Beckwith Pass at an elevation of 5,019 feet. From this pass, which is the source of the Feather River drainage, the line follows various forks of the Feather River, coming out into open country at Oroville, California. From Oroville the route goes almost in an air line to Marysville and thence to Sacramento and Stockton. Just south of Stockton it strikes the constructed road of the Alameda & San Joaquin which has been acquired by the Western Pacific and eighteen miles of this track will be in its main line. The road then climbs the divide at Altamont and follows the Alameda Creek drainage via Livermore and Niles, at which latter place it turns and runs through San Lorenzo, San Leandro and Fruitvale to Oakland. The railroad proper stops at Oakland water front. It is intended to use transfer boats for passengers and freight to San Francisco.

The great feature of the Western Pacific is its grade system, the grade being limited to one per cent—52.8 feet per mile. It seems incredible that the Sierra Nevadas should be crossed with so light a grade, but this engineering feat has been accomplished. There are one hundred miles of one per cent grade between Oroville and the summit at Beckwith Pass. Most of the grades through Nevada and Utah are much less than one per cent. There are no bridges of any magnitude on the Western Pacific line. The Sacramento River is avoided by the use of the Altamont and Stockton route and the only large river crossing is that of the American River on the north edge of the city of Sacramento.

In order to make a road with light curvature and light grades the Western Pacific engineers have done a large amount of tunnel work. There are fifty-nine tunnels on the whole line, aggregating 52,593 feet. The longest is the Spring Garden tunnel through the divide between the North Fork and Middle Fork of Feather River. It is 7,294 feet long. The next is the Beckwith tunnel at the summit of the Sierras—five thousand, nine hundred and eighty-nine feet. The third is the Flower Lake tunnel in Nevada through the Pequop Range which is five thousand, six hundred and fifty feet long, and the fourth is the Niles Tunnel in California which is four thousand, one hundred feet.

From Oakland to Oroville the line passes through cultivated bottom land and foot hills. From Oroville to Beckwith and Honey Lake the line is altogether in the mountains and passes through a splendid timber region. This will be the scenic portion of the road, and the scenery along the route will surpass that of any transcontinental road. In Plumas and Lassen Counties there are also fine mineral regions, principally containing gold and copper. From Honey Lake to Silver Zone Pass the line passes through an open desert country but on the northern sides of it there are fine mineral deposits. The copper districts of Northern Nevada bid fair to become famous. In the vicinity of Silver Zone Pass, and from there southward along the Utah-Nevada line, there are fine deposits of silver, copper and lead. On the Mud Desert there is one of the largest deposits of salt which is known in the West.



THIRTY MILES WEST OF BECKWITH PASS

Our Most Wonderful County

Alameda County appears to be on the threshold of a golden era. It has been discovered by the tourist, and people from foreign parts are amazed to learn that across the bay from San Francisco is a county that embraces all the charms of Arcadia, and that is unsurpassed in fertility, in climate, in beauty of scenery or in any of the features that are desirable in a place of residence. It is said that there is no form of vegetation that will not thrive in Alameda County. In that county is successfully cultivated almost every species of plant life to be found in tropical or semi-tropical climes. Among the products of Alameda County may be mentioned strawberries, lemons, alfalfa, clover, one hundred and twenty-five varieties of grapes, flax, hemp, hops, cork, potatoes, melons, sugar beets, peaches, plums, prunes, almonds, chestnuts, apples, asparagus, onions, and corn. There are oil wells in Alameda County, there are wonderful sulphur springs and there are deposits of chromic iron from which hundreds of tons of high grade ore are annually taken. From the sulphur mines of the county are taken 100,000 barrels of sulphur every year. Alameda County is a small empire in itself. It is the home of culture with the State University as its Temple and it abounds in scenic prospects more varied than those of any other county in the State.

The old **Knickerbocker House, Messrs. Roosevelt & Schuyler** of New York, the time-honored and eminent firm of champagne importers, calls attention to the high grade of **Ruinart Brut** and **Ruinart Cuvee Imperial Champagnes** specially selected and now shipped by Messrs. Ruinart Pere & Fils into the American market. The phenomenal success which these Ruinart Champagnes have achieved among the better class of wine consumers in the United States—on the strength of their merit only—is an eloquent endorsement of the superior quality referred to by Messrs. Roosevelt & Schuyler.—"Wine Review."

"Reception" Redevivus

The lines of San Francisco's famous cocktail route are rapidly being re-established. They will not follow, however, the old route trod for years by connoisseurs in the delicate blends of rare brands of liquor. Perhaps the most celebrated of the artistic cafes along the old route was the Reception on Sutter Street in which the art of the mixologist reached a high state of perfection. At no time in the history of that popular resort was that art so well developed as in the days before the fire. The Reception is no more but the management still lives. The Reception has bcome The Banquet Bar at No. 6 Sutter Street, where those amiable hosts Ben Tarbox and John E. Tobin may be found ministering as of old to the delicate tastes of their patrons.

M. J. B. Coffee

always packed hot in tins

WHY?

SEND FOR

My Market Letter

There are a number of interests in the market that are working at cross purposes, and this is what gives us such an irregular market. My market letter of last week explained the situation and everybody who got it knows that I was right in my prediction. I just returned from Goldfield and will have some new things to tell you next week. To know about this your name will have to be on my mailing list. In this market letter I am going to make predictions for January. I think I will be absolutely correct as usual, and continue to merit the confidence of those who know that I have always predicted the trend of the market. Send for this market letter at once.

A. J. MOORE

Rooms 29 and 30 Bacon Block

OAKLAND, CAL.

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A Revolution in Heating

The maximum of heat, cheerfulness, economy, cleanliness and comfort with the minimum of cost, labor and attention.

Steam Heat from 85-cent Gas

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Best for Family Use

Wellington Coal

All Dealers Sell It

Western Fuel Company

Miners and Shippers

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The City Beautiful

By Willis Polk

Whether or not anything will be done toward the execution of the so-called Burnham Plan of San Francisco depends in many respects upon the citizens of this city—but not entirely. Whether the old plan of the old city was a perfect plan of a perfect city or not is open to discussion. Such a discussion was inaugurated by the association which sought Mr. Burnham's advice in the matter. The present status of this discussion is so involved that there are few, if any, of our citizens who understand the points at issue.

To begin with, the Burnham Plan was not a plan proposing beauty and adornment only. Neither was it a plan for a city such as we had on the 18th of April;—it was a plan primarily offered as a solution of problems of traffic and intercommunication between the different quarters of the city; but more than anything else it was a plan for the future—a plan for a city of two millions of people. It is therefore not now to be expected or desired that it should be immediately carried out. The only question at issue at the present time is the practical question of correcting practical defects in the present Street Plans.

There is absolutely no need of the expenditure of a single penny on beauty or adornment; if no changes whatever are made in the streets we will get the beauty and adornment anyway; we will have pavements, sidewalks, parks, monuments, fountains and statuary no matter what our street plan is, and they will probably all be hideous, and each succeeding coterie of leading spirits will tear down the monuments that we erect, just as we have torn down monuments erected in past days.

Real adornment and beauty does not consist of monuments, etc., but of the monumental grouping and arrangement of avenues, squares and parks with buildings symmetrically disposed with regard to harmony of relation to each other, followed by the planting of trees that will—as far as possible—hide the buildings. We may, therefore, leave out of the discussion the beauty and adornment enthusiasts. It is the practical men, the practical questions, and the large property interests that must decide the mater. They must find the solutions of our difficulties.

Granting that the extension of Montgomery Avenue to Market Street, connecting there with Fremont Street, which extends through to the great steamship docks, would relieve congestion and facilitate traffic, it would not be fair to impose the cost of such an extension upon the property directly affected; neither would it be fair to assume that any special property abutting upon such an extension would be especially benefited and should therefore be assessed accordingly. The same is true with regard to any other of the proposed diagonals in the Burnham Plan. It may be possible that the cost of acquiring all the land necessary for the new streets could be covered by a general bond issue, the entire city and county representing a single assessment district, the bonds being municipal bonds discounted for five, or even ten years, until interest and sinking fund could become a portion of the annual tax levy without becoming a burden upon the property.

This discussion is not by any means a local discussion; San Francisco is not a pioneer in this movement; street widening and street extension is going on all over the world—London, Paris, Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, Philadelphia, Manila, Naples, Genoa, Milan and Rome are all actually engaged in such work. Even Venice is changing canals in the absence of streets to change; and all these changes are being made for purely practical reasons. These old world cities, however, understand the value of beauty and when practical necessity demands the creation of a new street beauty gets a full hearing. The immense amount of work being done in Paris and in practically all the Italian cities, as well as in London, the enormous sums involved and the fact that magnificent buildings are being destroyed to facilitate the carrying out of plans, ought to show that the financial problem is not insurmountable and that such work can be done at a profit. While all these cities are working San Francisco contents itself with talking. Most of the talking we do is cowardly, timid and slanderous. This spirit can not prevail. This city must grow; it will grow, and with its growth big men with broad views and gentle tongues will be the masters. Then San Francisco will quit talking and will get to work.

The present temporary reconstruction of the city must of necessity go on and old lines must be followed. During this time not a single street will be changed; not a single street will be widened, not a single coward will quit knocking. In the meantime property values will be readjusted, business interests will be re-established, and all the complex machinery of civic intercourse, commercial, social and political, will become normal. Then the wisdom, the logic and the profit of manipulating real estate values will cause the extension of Montgomery Avenue to Market Street, the creation of a civic center at Van Ness Avenue and Market Street, the extension of the Panhandle from Baker Street to Market Street and its continuation in a great diagonal avenue from Market Street and Van Ness Avenue easterly to the Pacific Mail Docks. Access to California Street Hill, Russian Hill and the rest of the most beautiful part of our city will be made easy because it will prove to be profitable as an undertaking. The cable lines which made a direct street up a steep hillside a practical street will naturally give way to the electric lines which will make easy gradients and winding streets practical. Even the real estate agents and brokers who in the past have laid out rectangular additions to the city with checkerboard street plans staked out regardless of natural contours will get in line and advocate the practical value of beautiful streets. They are the men who will lay out the skeleton of the undeveloped part of the city in accordance with the Burnham Plans and the

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future city of two millions of people will rise up and call them "blessed." The Great White City at the Chicago World's Fair of '93 has made all the world look to this country for progress in the Fine Arts, and a careful analysis of conditions all tend to show that the world is now at the dawn of its greatest era of artistic development.

San Francisco, even by its own acts, cannot escape some benefit from such a wave of artistic feeling; but we have first to get over the idea that art does not pay. It has been proposed that Congress be asked to appropriate ten million dollars for a World's Fair in San Francisco in 1911. The fact that the close of the Chicago Fair was followed by a great financial depression the world over has led many to believe that a world's fair brings misfortune and hardship to the city in which it is held. This is not necessarily true, and there is no reason to fear that such a result would follow a world's fair in San Francisco in 1911. This date is but four years hence, and if we are to have such a fair work should begin within a year. By 1911 the temporary rebuilding of the city will be practically complete. Instead of locating such a fair in one of our parks or in some outlying district, the ground at the intersection of Van Ness Avenue and Market Street could be leased and the fair could be constructed upon the lines of the civic center, as laid down in the Burnham Plan; the buildings forming the Court of Honor could be studied in plan and erected as models of future public buildings, municipal, state and federal. The City Hall, the Halls of Justice, Records, Police, Fire, Libraries, Art Museums, State and Federal Courts, hotels and apartment houses could all compose a great group and San Francisco would have an object lesson in the practical value of a symmetrical, practical and useful civic center. Then would come the permanent reconstruction of the city. In connection with this Mr. Burnham writes as follows: "Unless San Francisco passes and enforces a strictly fireproof ordinance for the whole city it will never regain the confidence of monied men, of travelers, or of immigrants. In short, the supply of everything that San Francisco must have, and cannot do without (money), is going to depend on the city's action on this question. If the city goes ahead on old methods, the present generation may as well close up shop; but, if new and strictly up-to-date methods be adopted, taking advantage of the best that experience has developed, San Francisco will in a very short time begin to raise its head and the monied men of America and Europe will notice what it is doing and will surely say to each other 'the earthquake did little damage; the great loss and destruction was due to a conflagration that no human power could cope with. The people there have recognized this and have made a conflagration impossible for the future. The whole new town is fireproof, and therefore San Francisco is the safest city in the world for real estate investments and loans. We can place our money there with entire confidence and consequently the owners of grounds, buildings and merchandise have only to call on us and we will supply all the funds they want and at lower rates than we will take in any other town in the world.'"

Mr. Burnham further says that a fireproof town can be made that will cost less and be far more beautiful than any that the world has yet seen. Just think what could be done with steel frames covered with plastic substance. The thought opens vistas of a sincere construction more beautiful than any hitherto achieved by man. This is San Francisco's opportunity, America's opportunity, the opportunity of the whole

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world; in it one can see the "American Style" of Architecture that we have longed for; new, strange to us all perhaps, but to be received and adopted with the feeling that we, as architects, are at last working in harmony with everything else of the Twentieth Century.

Whether or not anything practical will be done depends in many respects upon the citizens of this city, but not entirely. The actual responsibility rests now, as it always has, with the few. These few are those who have the power, both political and financial, to mold our destinies. They are not members of that great organization of PPC's (professional permanent citizens) who do so much talking and so little work.

So far certain practical preliminary steps towards the accomplishment of this plan have been taken under an appropriation of funds from the Finance Committee of the Committee of Forty. This work has consisted of sectional maps of the city showing each piece of property affected by the proposed changes. The next step will be the appointment of a Board of Appraisers. and an estimate of the value of the property needed will shortly be forthcoming. This estimate will probably not exceed fifteen millions of dollars.

The Enterprising Mann

Nothing was more important to this city after the fire than the re-establishment of hotel life, and nobody was quicker to appreciate the fact than Gustav Mann. Hardly was the fire under control when that alert and enterprising gentleman obtained a lease to the Hotel Majestic at the corner of Sutter and Gough Streets and on the fifth of May, as a result of his great diligence he was able to throw open the doors to the public. The hotel immediately won prestige through the high character of the service, the excellence of the cuisine and the general efficiency of the management. Rooms were soon at a premium, and in order to meet the demand Mr. Mann leased another hotel, Bristol, which he took possession of on November first, and which is now the Majestic Annex. In order to cater to all tastes Mr. Mann operates the Hotel Majestic on the European plan and the Majestic Annex on the American plan. The grill room of the Majestic is already famous. It has become the favorite resort of epicures, and one of the features of the Annex is a table d'hote dinner at $1.25 which is unsurpassed in the city. The reputation of Mr. Mann, as a result of his achievements, has spread all over the coast, and I hear that he expects to conquest other fields, it being his ambition to establish a chain of hotels, the principal ones to be in this city, Seattle, Portland, Los Angeles and Salt Lake.

The beautiful half-tones used in this number of Town Talk were made by the Wm. Brown Engraving Company of 355 McAllister Street. The Wm. Brown Engraving Company were formerly located on Montgomery Street, where they had installed a most complete engraving plant which was destroyed by the fire of last April. The present plant of the company is the most modern and complete engraving plant in the city, Mr. Brown, the president of the company, having made a trip East to purchase the latest improved machinery.

Mrs. Crawford—What are you going to do today?
Mrs. Crabshaw—I'd go shopping, only I find I haven't my car fare.

—The Maid.

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Christmas Poems

CHRISTMAS EVE

Peace in thy snowy breast,
O, cloud, from storms at rest!
  Peace in the winds that sleep
  Upon the deep.

Peace in the starry height;
Peace infinite
  Through all the worlds that move
  Within His love.

O, all sad hearts that be
On land or on the sea,
  God's peace with you rest light
  This Christmas night.

And with the souls that stand
In that dear land
  Where pain and all tears cease,
  Most perfect peace.

—Ina Coolbrith.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein Our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then they say no spirit stirs abroad;
That nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy tales, no witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

—Shakespeare.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
  Where the Son of heaven's Eternal King,
Of Wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
  Our great redemption from above did bring.
  For so the holy sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

—Milton.

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!
  With glad jubilations
  Bring hope to the nations!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

—Whittier.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM

'Tis Christmas night! the snow,
  A flock unnumbered lies;
The old Judean stars aglow,
  Keep watch within the skies.

An icy stillness holds
  The pulses of the night;
A deeper mystery infolds
The wondering Hosts of Light.

Till, lo, with reverence pale
  That dims each diadem,
The lordliest, earthward-bending, hail
  The Light of Bethlehem!

—Father Tabb.

WHEN IS
NAPA SODA
NOT
NAPA SODA?
WHEN IT'S NOT
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Customs and Legends

Benjamin P. Clark, a Boston philanthropist, carries out, every year a private Christmas benevolence. When the hour approaches for the closing of the last foreign mails before the holiday, he calls at the city post office and pays the deficit on all packages, so that none may be deprived of their gifts.

Though St. Nicholas is universally regarded as the patron saint of children it is by no means clear why this should be so. Practically all that is known of him is that he died Bishop of Myre in the fourth century A. D. There are some legends which show him to have been compassionately interested in young people, notably the one in which he is represented as supplying dowries for penniless marriageable maids, but there are others which connect him with sailors, and he has been claimed as the patron of freebooters because of an alleged adventure with brigands, while, likewise he is appropriated by pawnbrokers, and, in medieval art, he is usually represented with three balls in his outstretched hand.

Though the singing of Christmas carols is assumed to be an English custom, and most of those familiar have both English words and music, the custom is more or less common wherever the holiday is observed. The French Canadians of Quebec have their own carols, many of them sung to airs which are never heard in church on any other occasion than the Christmas service. In the latter part of the eighteenth century the Abbe Daule, one of many priests who fled to Canada from the terrors of the revolution, published a volume of carols in the French language, many of them set to tunes which he had heard sung by the workingmen on the streets, for, like Martin Luther, the kindly old man saw no reason why the devil should monopolize all the good music. To-day the vulgar origin and the original words of most are forgotten and only the jaunty airs survive. The Canadian peasants have their own legends of Christmas miracles, but the wonders which they chronicle have one feature in common with the rest—all these wonderful occurrences take place in some distant part inaccessible to the auditors, who must accept the tales on the strength of faith also. The belief that the domestic animals are endowed with speech on the eve of the Nativity seems well nigh universal in the peasant mind. The dumb creatures not only complain of their own hardships, but prophecy the fortunes of the household. As no one has ever been able to prove that there is no ground for the belief, for there is always the possibility that the intruder upon the consultation of the stable inmates may not be in a sufficient state of grace, or innocence, to be favored, or he may be a little too late for the appointed moment, or, all the other conditions complied with, he may be as unfortunate as one old narrator, who mournfully confessed that his father owned no stable, "and the only animal we had was a tortoise shell cat, which had not a word to say, either on Christmas eve or any other day," the legend may survive for at least another century.

A curious and unique story is to the effect that the distant mountains and the depths of the sea open at midnight and reveal to the heavens their hidden wealth.

Another quaint tale is that related by a native of Franche-Comte, that at midnight on Christmas eve, the

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graves of the cemetery, at least that of his own village open, and that the departed were liberated for a brief time. The old village pastor, who had served them as spiritual director for many years, and who was long dead, arose in their midst and led them in a recitation of their prayers, after which they were permitted to view once more their old homes and then returned to their sleep until another Nativity. But like that legend of the stable inmates, though the old man was ready to vouch for the truth of his narrative, he had to confess that he himself had seen nothing, for when he left home he was too young to climb to the hill from which the strange sight might have been witnessed.

—**The Reporter.**

A PIONEER ENGRAVING COMPANY

The firm of Britton & Rey, which executed in zincos the cover pages of this Christmas edition of Town Talk, have established since the fire one of the most interesting establishments in the printing world. Britton & Rey are one of the pioneer firms of San Francisco, having established in 1852 the first lithographic concern of the Pacific Coast and being the first firm in America to employ a steam press in place of the archaic methods of hand press lithography that prevailed in the early part of the last century. After the fire Britton & Rey immediately resumed business on this side of the bay and was the first firm to run lithographic machinery in the new San Francisco, thus for a second time becoming the pioneers of this industry in their native city. There are probably few firms in the world which unite under one roof and one management so many of the processes of the allied printing crafts. At the plant on Bay Street, near Powell, one may see lithographing, printing, bookbinding, photo-engraving, steel die engraving and embossing and copper plate printing. By these processes are reproduced everything from an engraved personal card to a sixteen-sheet poster, including maps, bonds, bank work, advertising novelties, post cards and general color work.

When a fine booklet is placed with this firm for execution it is planned by writers and artists in the employ of the firm, the half-tones and zincos are engraved, the printing run, and the books bound, employing throughout the facilities of this one establishment, minimizing delays, ensuring harmonious co-operation throughout and relieving the customer of all detail work. Even such features as embossing on Mother of Pearl have been developed in order to permit patrons of Britton & Rey a choice of any grade of commercial work from the simplest inexpensive style to the richest known types of reproduction.

THE BITTER WITH THE SWEET

"God rest ye, merrie gentlemen,"
The ancient carol saith.
And every "merrie gentleman"
Did sleep the sleep of death.
Nor was yet rest the only thing
They had when fresh from bed;
For every "merrie gentleman"
Discovered he'd a head.

—**The Merrymaker.**

WHEN BABY REIGNS

"What are you going to give your wife for Christmas?"

"Well, she's agreed to give me a new perambulator, and I'm going to get her a bassinet." —**The Nurse.**

Any Solid Silverware

that passed through the fire, of which there is a fragment left,

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To any person having this work to be done I can show wonderful results at my shop, having restored some of the choicest silver in the city.

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BELOW VAN NESS

A Gilded Fool

He was gay and young,
And his wealth he flung,
Like a youth with a Goldfield mine;
He was college bred,
And he stood, he said,
At the head of the sporting line.

At the midnight dance,
With a girl the glance,
Of whose eyes would strike one dumb;
He reigned supreme,
So it would seem
That he was "Going Some."

Thus everywhere,
In the calcium glare,
Of wealth, he seemed to hold,
A foremost place,
With a pretty face,
That was willing to be sold.

And so you see
Careless and free,
He lived till his hair was grey,
And then he said
"I'm going to wed
And face the other way."

So then, pell-mell
He wed the belle,
Whose glance would strike one dumb.
And surely thought,
That he had bought,
Of happiness, the sum.

But ah! alas;
It came to pass,
He realized his scheme,
Of a quiet life,
With a home and wife
Was but an empty dream.

So, once again
He has free rein,
For now he's old and single,
And he says that life
With a home and wife
Sets all his nerves a jingle.

The moral here,
Is plain and clear
That e'en a fool may read;
Don't dance too long
With the gilded throng,
Or you'll find you've run to seed.

—**John A. Henshall.**

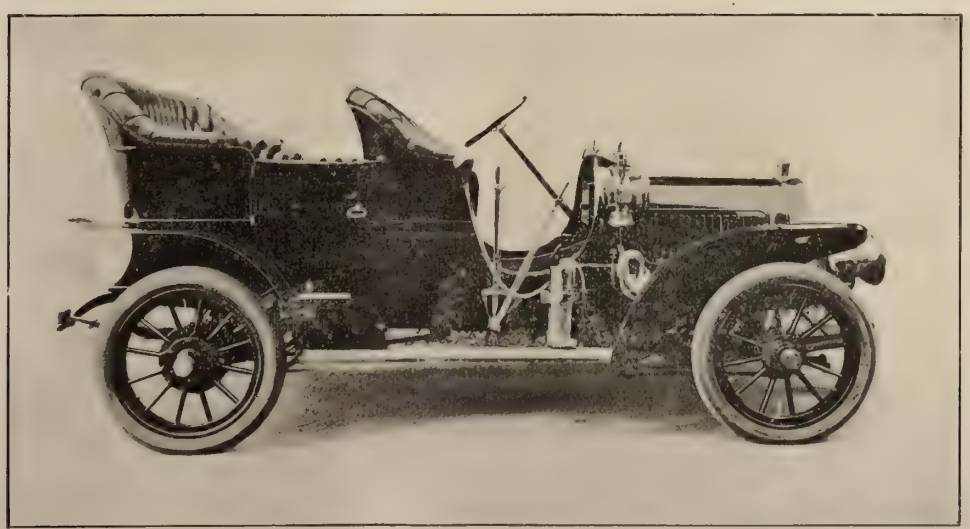
Hill Climbing Contest at Providence

The annual hill climbing contest of the Rhode Island Automobile Club was held on Stump Hill on Thanksgiving morning and resulted in two decisive victories for the Pope-Hartford Model L cars.

In the event for stock touring cars, fully equipped, listing up to $3,000.00, the Pope-Hartford Model L won in the time of 1.28, distancing a good sized field of competitors, including several cars of greater horse power; its nearest competitor being a 35 H. P. Stoddard Dayton which made the time of 1.38 and two-fifths.

In the free-for-all, the stripped Pope-Hartford Model L defeated, in the remarkable time of 1.14, all other gasoline cars, regardless of price and horse power, including a 60 H. P. Fiat and a 45 H. P. Peerless.

Our 1906 Model F Pope-Hartford made so complete and instantaneous a hit with the automobile public, both in its performances on the road and in hill climbing contests, that each one of our entire output was delivered the day it was built. In this hill climbing contest, the first in which our 1907 Model L Pope-Hartford has participated, it has fairly outdone its predecessor and established a high-water mark for power, speed and efficiency. Messrs. Hovey and Boushey, the local agents for this car have made a phenomenal record booking orders for this car. There are three cars shipped every four days from the factory, yet the demand is greater than the supply.



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Report of Condition
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ASSETS

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United States Bonds		7,162,764.07
Other Bonds		2,798,798.62
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit, etc.		2,369,834.28
Bank Premises		309,273.54
Money on Hand	$5,231,894.69	
Due from Banks	6,800,889.12	12,032,783.81
Redemption Fund with U. S. Treasurer		300,000.00
		$50,069,373.85

LIABILITIES

Capital	$ 6,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	4,279,762.77
Sterling Credits, etc.	2,939,834.28
National Bank Notes	5,953,297.50
Deposits	30,896,479.30
	$50,069,373.85

Seasonable Literature

Being a Condensation of the Typical Short-Story of the Christmas Magazine Designed to Spare Readers of Current Trash a Lot of Trouble.

A CHRISTMAS RECONCILIATION

They had quarrelled. Even yet she could see in fancy the proud, hurt look upon his face as he turned away, after the accusation which she now realized had been unjust. Bitterly she recalled her hasty words as she hurried along with the throng of Christmas eve shoppers.

A fierce wind blew sharp particles of snow into the faces of the pedestrians and Nell bowed her head to meet it as she turned the corner. At that instant she stepped upon a sheet of smooth ice, to fall heavily against the breast of a young man who, with gloom clouded brow, was striding along in the opposite direction.

"Oh, Jack, forgive me!" she cried, and buried her fair face in his coat.

And heedless of the smiles of the passersby he took her into his strong arms and murmured:

"My darling! Is there anything I would not forgive you?"

A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR DOLLY

I had known Dolly—dear, provoking, willful, alluring Dolly—for, oh, well, long enough to have proposed and been rejected on several occasions and with all manner of discourtesy. Laughingly, disdainfully, haughtily, teasingly and—or perhaps I was mistaken, but it had seemed to me—the last time a little tenderly.

I knew that it was extravagant on my part, for to speak the truth, I am not over-burdened with the root of all evil, but as long as they were for Dolly, how could I resist those American Beauties that the florist had cunningly shown me—twelve dozen of them. When I went around that evening, Christmas eve, you know, I found her in a perfect bower of them.

Oh, you dear old Ned boy!" she cried; giving both my hands a little squeeze. "They are just too beautiful—but don't you think you were awfully extravagant? Just think, we could have bought a lovely rug —I mean," she caught herself with a flaming blush, "you could have bought a—a—Oh, anything!"

But I had taken her—a defiant, disdainful Dolly no longer—into my arms. The trembling lids slowly fell over moisture dimmed eyes, and she raised her scarlet lips to meet mine.

BANKER ENDICOTT'S GIFT

The wealthy banker, John Endicott, upon leaving his office, walked slowly up the thronged avenue, his heart made only the more sad by the gayety of the hurrying crowds.

Suddenly a cry rang out; there was a hasty scattering of the throng, and a horse dashed madly down the street. A tiny form lay upon the snow, the only one who had not escaped in time from beneath the iron hoofs, and John Endicott was the first to reach him.

"Are you badly hurt, my little man?" he asked as he lifted him tenderly.

A moisture came into his eyes as he noted the cleanliness of the little fellow's ragged clothing and the pinched look upon the handsome, sunny little face.

The child struggled manfully, but could not keep back the tears that sprang into his eyes.

"Oh, no, sir," he sobbed, "but I've lost my money that I was going to buy my mother a surprise with to make her well—something, oh, so good to eat.

"Never mind, my little man, perhaps we can go together and get what you wanted after all," the banker said consolingly, and few of his business acquaintances would have recognized in the man who led this little lad by the hand the hard, cold capitalist John Endicott.

* * * * * * * * *

"This is the place," Harold panted, as, with both their arms full of bundles, they stumbled up a dark and narrow stair. With a joyful shout he threw open the door.

"Mama's darling"! spoke a low, sweet voice from a cot pulled as near as possible to the poor little stove that vainly tried to heat the bare room.

On the cot, dressed all in black, lay a woman, still young and beautiful, though sadly wasted by sickness and want. Without observing the stranger she gathered Harold into her arms.

Suddenly a glad cry burst from John Endicott's lips, the bundles fell unheeded from his arms, and he threw himself upon his knees beside the couch.

"My darling, my child! Have I at last found you?" he sobbed, and held her close to his breast.

"My father!" she whispered. "How I have longed for you since poor Tom died. It was only my pride that kept me away, and you can't blame me for that, dear old dad, because I get that from you!"

A CHRISTMAS FEAST

We had been married only a month when Jim—dear, cranky boy that he is—decided that he had become a vegetarian. Of course, if he were to decide to become a pirate, I suppose I would have to be a—er—piratess, so we started out bravely enough.

Maybe it wouldn't have been so bad in the summer, but really, there doesn't seem to be anything in the winter for a vegetariam to eat except potatoes. I declare positively that I developed a brogue in the course of that awful month. For we really stood it a month, though that month seemed years and years.

I would go blocks out of my way to avoid passing butcher shops where dear, delicious, cannibalish meats were hung up. And when they began to put out great, lovely, plump Christmas turkeys!

Jim and I both made desperate attempts to be cheerful Christmas morning, but I must confess it was something of a failure. We had declined the invitations of both his folks and mine to take dinner with them, and had made an attempt to get through the day in our own apartment. I had noticed a queer, guilty look in Jim's eyes, and was not surprised when, about 6 o'clock, he got up, and, as if it had just occurred to him, exclaimed:

"By George! I have got to run 'round to the club for about an hour, girlie. We are giving Griffin a silver shaving set and I want to hear his little talk when he is presented with it."

I said nothing. For the only time in my life I was glad to see Jim go. And he couldn't have been much past the outside door before I had on my hat and furs.

I was desperate. I was bound to have something to eat and I knew of a dream of a little restaurant

just around the corner. Jim and I had had supper there many times. I almost ran when I finally got out on the street.

The place was rather crowded when I reached it; the only place vacant being at a table where a man was already seated, but I was too hungry to mind anything by that time, so allowed the waiter to seat me opposite him. He was reading an evening paper which was held so that I could not see his face, and he did not glance over it when I sat down.

Then the waiter came to get my order.

"Oh, I want a lot of turkey and just everything!" I said, and he was so astonished that he almost dropped a glass of water.

The man across the table lowered his paper—and I was looking into Jim's eyes, and they were dancing.

"Waiter," he said, "cancel that order of mine and the one the lady has just given and bring us a turkey, a whole one, and everything else that you have—except potatoes. Don't bring any potatoes."

HOPE RENEWED

Little Elsie (anxiously)—Santa Claus doesn't go round in an automobile, does he, mamma?

Mamma—Why, certainly not; he still drives his reindeer, darling.

Little Elsie (with a sigh of relief)—Oh, I'm so glad! Tommy Rankin told me he used an automobile, and I've been in a terrible state ever since, 'cause I know the repair shops aren't open at night.

—**The Bonne.**

Hedone

By R. Ellis Roberts.

You never were more charming than to-night
In this half-light.
I almost could believe that you were good,
Fresh in your maidenhood.
The saintly pallor of your face,
Your quiet and unstudied grace
Bely the dancing devil in your eyes.

Could I surmise
But half your thoughts while thus you gaze on me,
Should I be ever free
Again from doubts, deliberate distresses
And long anxieties?
Could I, in any wise,
Suffer again the torment of your caresses?
The heavy odour of your loosen'd tresses
Would be intolerable;
And life a murky hell
Lighten'd by memories of what might have been.

But ah! my Queen
It was your body not your soul you gave;
Why should I crave
To go beyond the barriers of your eyes,
The laughing menace of your word
When, at the gates of that dread Paradise,
Still flashes the unconquerable sword?

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M. H. DE YOUNG

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA

The Year in Letters

By Sarah Connell.

The year 1906 has proved an important one in California literary annals. The event which had the most marked effect on both writers and readers was, of course, that little falling out which we had with Mother Earth, when, during the three days of the conflagration, not only the private collections of individual owners, but the vast accumulations of books, manuscripts and other valuables belonging to the public libraries were completely annihilated, and for a period of several weeks there was not even a book store in San Francisco nor a copy of a current magazine to be found. A few thousand volumes, chiefly current novels, housed in the two branches of the public library which were situated beyond the fire lines, were the only public library property saved, and of the treasures of the Mechanics' Institute and the Mercantile Association, there were saved about two thousand books which were in the hands of borrowers. With these as a nucleus, however, and an abiding faith in the co-operation of a book-loving public the Mechanics'-Mercantile Association opened its doors on the first of September, in a temporary building erected on a portion of the site of the old Pavilion, and today there are few vacant spaces in its many thousand feet of shelving, while the reading rooms are thronged during the daylight hours, with faces new and old, a large proportion of them belonging to mechanics of the construction trades, who are taking advantage of their opportunities to consult technical works and periodicals. Never before in our history has a public library so nearly fulfilled the object of its establishment, to furnish means of acquiring information not otherwise accessible. For some years past public libraries have been but little more than clearing houses in which the female portion of the population exchanged one novel for another precisely like it, and there has been serious debate as to whether free saloons and tobacco shops would not be equally advantageous. Novels are, of course, still the most popular reading, but all the people no longer read novels all the time. The branch stations of the city library were reopened as soon as circumstances permitted, though the largest of them, the Mission Branch, which escaped all damage from both fire and earthquake, was out of commission for a considerable period while a new building was constructed, the old quarters having proved not only the best, but the only suitable premises in the district for the accommodation of the post office station.

Nearly every author of any prominence, to say nothing of those never before suspected of dabbling in the magic fluid, was reported to have suffered the loss of a "masterpiece," but as few of them have not published one or more books during the year, we may take the statement with the proverbial grain of salt. An unpublished "masterpiece" has as many possibilities as an unhatched egg, and as the proof of the pudding lies in the eating, so the rating of a book depends on the reading public. Favorite literary infants are much like other children, apt to be overrated by their fond parents. However, neither time nor opportunity was lost, but everyone, as soon as he or she could come into possession of the tools of trade, began to grind out copy, personal narratives, descriptions, "human-interest" stories, imaginative stunts, and some of the most astonishing jingles that ever masqueraded as poetry. The first mails began to carry the accumulations forth, and ere long the burdens of the postal clerks were doubled by handling the same matter as returned. Eastern editors and publishers, before the end of April, began to shy at the San Francisco post mark and all but wish that as long as the destruction was so complete it was a pity it had not gone a little further, in their interests. Magazine articles have been without number and they are still appearing, eight months after the cause of the infliction. Some of the hastily thrown together volumes, with "illustration from photographs" in which that tower of stability, the Call building, is represented as sticking out over Market street like the bow of a ship, and others as fearful and wonderful, while the deaths from casualities outnumber the total population of the city, are well worth their bargain counter prices now, as souvenirs of the imaginative stunts possible to the while-you-wait author some thousands of miles away. Of the half-score or more volumes rushed into print, but three are worthy of mention, Will Irwin's "The City That Was," which, though somewhat twisted as to topography, comes as near to the truth as eulogies of the dead ever do, and had our city really passed out of existence, would have passed unquestioned. Charles L. Keeler provided the letter press for one excellent descriptive booklet and Wilbur G. Zeigler, a local attorney, for another. This last is to be commended for one characteristic. The photographs with which it is illustrated state whether the buildings were wrecked by fire, earthquake or dynamite, and such as were unfinished at the time of the disaster are so designated.

Of all the Californian writers, none has been so persistently forced into public notice as Jack London, and this without any seeking on his own part, for the distinctions lavished upon him cannot have been much to his liking. Early in the year a little village in Connecticut, Derby Neck, which none outside of its own denizens ever before heard of, rose up in its might and formally renounced London and all his works. The outcry of plagiarism has been raised more than once, the latest denunciation being that of Stanley Waterloo, who boldly asserts that Mr. London's story current in Everybody's, is but a re-vamp of his own "Story of Ab." None of these accusations has yet been shown to have an adequate basis of fact, and author and public alike can afford to ignore them. Mr. London is about to set out on a long voyage in which he expects to visit every part of the globe. His contributions to the book mart for the year, aside from his current serial and other magazine work, have been "Moon-Face," a collection of short stories, and "White Fang," in which he has worked backwards over practically the same ground which he traversed in "The Call of the Wild," beginning with the Arctic wolf and leading him through the various stages which leave him a valuable dog in a civilized environment.

Of all the exiled Californians, Mark Twain excepted, none has cut a deeper notch than Wallace Irwin. There may be two opinions as to the ultimate value of his verse, but that need not trouble the author over much, since they are seized upon as fast as he can turn them out, printed in every newspaper and periodical, quoted far and wide, and finally, to make proof more positive, he has published within a few months, two separate volumes, "Chinatown Ballads" and "Random Rhymes and Odd Numbers."

Will Irwin, whose only distinctive contribution has been the already mentioned "City that Was," is now connected with McClure's. It is in order to remind him, however, of a long-promised serious novel of San Francisco life.

Gellet Burgess, whose name is naturally suggested by that of the Irwin brothers, is one of the numerous editors of the numerous "Ridgway's. He, too, has given us two books, "A Little Sister of Destiny," a fanciful picture of what a rich girl might do with some of her superfluous means, and "Are You a Bromide," the title of which does not give any insight into the contents unless the expectant reader is able to read his Burgess, as well as his books.

Gertrude Atherton spent a large fraction of the year in California, at work on her new novel, "Rezanov," a romance

of the Russian occupation.

Warren Cheney also used the Russian occupation as the basis of his novel, "The Challenge," which, like a number of other excellent things, were issued at an unpropitious time, since books are so easily snowed under in these days of rapid production.

Mrs. Mary Austin's beautiful volume, "The Flock," is not a romance, but a sympathetic presentation of the sheep industry in all its phases. Those who are familiar with her "Land of Little Rain" will need no further introduction to her capacity for making any subject interesting. "The Coyote Doctor," a play in which she collaborated with Elmer Harris, is to have its initial performance in London. William Archer, one of the best known of English literary critics, recently devoted a full page of the Academy to a eulogy of Mrs. Austin's style and classic English.

Geraldine Bonner's "Rich Men's Children" establishes her still more firmly as the lineal successor of Bret Harte. Miss Bonner takes up the story where he laid down his pen, continuing the history of the pioneer families through the second generation. Unlike so many popular authors, she does not make copy of her neighbors. No one can follow her novels as guide books and assert that these or those are the people she is describing, and this or that the house they occupy, or make supplement stories of the bona-fide incidents which she has changed to incorporate, and yet her characters are recognizable as types, and her incidents, if not true to facts are certainly accurate as to probability. And she knows her California as few do, both its physical aspects, its climate and its peculiarities, human and inanimate. In a different vein was her other book of the year, "The Castlecourt Diamond Case," an admirable detective story which would not require much tinkering to fit for the stage.

George Homer Meyer also chose a local environment for his novel, "The Nine Swords of Morales." It is a romance of the days of the Spanish occupancy, in which daring adventure and chivalry are coupled with romantic courtship, and historic names are introduced, and old-time hospitality and Spanish customs brought forward. Even if the tale had no other merit, and that would be far from the truth, it deserves attention because of the local legends which the author has made use of and hints of rich fields of the same kind still untilled. Mr. Meyer is now at work on another novel.

Richard Barry, who sprang into prominence as a correspondent during the Russo-Japanese war, brought out in book form his "Sandy from the Sierras," which made its initial bow as a serial in the Bulletin.

Hughes Cornell is another new name. Miss Cornell's story, "Kenelm's Desire," was entirely aside from the main-traveled road. Her hero was an Alaskan Indian adopted into a white family, and her environment British Columbia.

Frances Charles went back to Arizona for a setting for her "Pardner of Blossom Ranch," a locality in which she is evidently at home. Despite the Indian depredations, "Pardner of Blossom Ranch" is less tragic in its effect than "In the Country God Forgot."

Mary Fairweather is also a new name in the literary field, that is, her "Stroke of Passion" is her first volume, though she is well know as a contributor to newspapers and periodicals.

Earl Ashley Walcott's melodramatic "Blindfolded" is meeting with deserved success at the present writing, as it figures here and there, all over the United States as a best-seller. Mr. Walcott is to be congratulated on the accuracy with which he hit his mark, which, after all, is the test of a well-written book. If one has a taste for peppermint lozenges or old-fashioned molasses candy, there is nothing else so satisfying and if one likes an occasional frankly sensational story, there has been nothing in late years which has fitted so well into its place as "Blindfolded." The

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difference between it and so many others is that the rest have pretended to fit on a higher shelf, but have fallen down, while "Blindfolded" has made no pretentions to being other than what it is.

Charles D. Stuart, like George Homer Meyer, chose Sonoma County as the scene of his "Casa Grande," but his story is set in the middle of the last century, when the Spanish grants were being repudiated and squatters with their feuds made life and property precarious possessions.

Miriam Michelson drew on her newspaper experience for her inspiration in "Anthony Overman." Her first book, "In the Bishop's Carriage," still ranks first in popular estimation. The dramatized version made its initial appearance in San Francisco at the beginning of the month and was as well received as the story.

James Hopper's Philippine stories, "Caybigan," has been enthusiastically praised by the literary magazines as not only an exceptionally interesting collection of short stories, but something new in both subject and treatment.

Alice Prescott Smith's "Montlivet" is one of the best of the historical novels dealing with the colonial period and the rivalries of the French and English, with their enlistment of the Indians in their respective causes.

Lloyd Osborne, who, in the beginning of his literary career, had to make headway against those critics who expressed their dissatisfaction because he was not a second Robert Louis Stevenson, is now permitted to use his talent in his own way. He is one of the first authors to make the automobile a motive in fiction. His plays have had an exceptional success in London.

Richard Tully is another successful playwright, though he cannot claim all the family honors for Eleanor Gates, (Mrs. Tully) has scored another success in her novel, "The Plow Woman."

Professor Herbert Hopkins and Pauline Bradford Mackey are another matrimonial partnership of literary workers who have added their quota to the output of the year. Herbert Bashford tried his hand on a juvenile, and Joannes Reimers completed a novel with a Norwegian environment.

Ambrose Bierce's contribution was "The Cynic's Word Book," a compilation of caustic definitions which, however, is better in homeopathic doses than in full draughts.

Of more serious works there have been a considerable number. Mr. Whitney's "Reminiscences of a Sportsman" was well received. The author's recollections are extended over the greater part of a lifetime, beginning with his first tentative efforts as a fisherman of eight years and detailing at length the sport in many waters, and with all varieties of the fishy tribe. There are other kinds of sport, but Mr. Whitney is above all a Waltonian.

Stewart Edward White, by way of vacation lounging and ease, undertook the pioneering of a new pass over the Sierras. In "The Pass" he has related his exploit, and though he modestly assures that "anybody" could have done the same there are few who will not rest content with reading of the pleasures of literally kicking out a path a few inches wide over which goat-footed horses might gingerly pick their way, coming to a halt at nightfall at a forty-foot drop into Heaven alone knows what, and retracing the path for miles in darkness and rain, and camping on a bare side hill where, as the tried companion of other expeditions, Wes, described the situation, they had to stake themselves out before they could go to sleep. None the less there is no better reading of its kind than these books of this comparatively young author, whose strenuous feats have always for their object something more substantial than the mere surmounting of heights.

Professor Hilgard of the State University has added to the valuable scientific output a book on Soils.



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Ernest C. Peixotto's "By Italian Seas," with illustrations by the author, is an exceptionally interesting travel volume, the scenes and sights being those little known to readers or tourists, the itinerary including not only the modern Italian coast line, but the eastern shore of the Adriatic and the northern coast of Africa as well.

Despite the tears that have been shed over the decline of poetry we have seen almost as many Californians putting forth volumes of verse as have ventured upon the sea of romance. Mabel Porter Pitts, whose contributions to the periodicals are known from Puget Sound to the Gulf of California, was one of the earliest of our verse makers to launch a volume, her first. Miss Pitts is one of the few who deserves a higher title than verse-maker. Her book, like several others, was issued at an unfortunate time, locally, but a good thing is never lost.

Amongst other poets and poe'asters may be mentioned John E. Richards' "Monterey and Other Idyls," Louis F. Curtis' "Story and Song," and Dr. Edward R. Taylor's volume, which, like that of Miss Pitts, had but made its appearance when our catastrophe overtook us.

Some of "our regular contributors" are not credited with completed works this year, but Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Hermann Whittaker, Philip Verill Mighels, Ray Stannard Baker, Lincoln Steffens, Charles Warren Stoddard and Edward Emerson have not been idle and their names are to be found in the indexes of every month, while a host of new supp. contributors sprung up after the fire, like a new growth in a burned woodland. Mark Twain is, of course, perennial.

Californians, at home and abroad, have more than maintained their usual prominence during the past year, both in regard to the quality and the quantity of their work. If there are no "epoch making" volumes, there are few which fall below mediocrity, and the one thing which we have to fear in the immediate future is that some of those whose personal narratives or complaints have found their way into print will be ill-advised enough to mistake their momentary notoriety for fame and persist in spilling ink to no purpose but the waste of their own time and the aggravation of publishers' readers.

—The Bookworm.

THE IMPERTINENT FELLOW

'Twas wet as wet can always be;
The car was filling steadily.
Priscilla, standing, raised her dress,
To 'scape the floor's uncleanliness,
Her lace-clad ankle and her shoe
Made manifest to common view.
The crowd pressed in; Priscilla clung
Against my arm as on we swung.
"Close up!" cried the conductor, curt.
She blushed and dropped the lifted skirt.
"My clothes were up, but how ill-bred
Of him to shout it out!" she said.

—The Straphanger.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY

To wed, or not to wed—
That is the question;
Whether 'tis better to remain single,
And disappoint several women
For a time,
Or to marry
And disappoint one woman
For— life!

—The Philosopher.

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The White Sand-Path

(Continued from Page 14.)

I was alone again! Alone, with all those trees, in that fearful silence all around me. And the keeper, where was he? He would come, I knew it, and I felt afraid of that awful fellow. I must get away from this, hide myself. I lay down, very slowly, deep in the ditch. I now felt that I had been long, long dead, and that I was lying here alone, waiting for I forgot what. That keeper: was there such a person? He now seemed to me an awesome clod of earth, which came rolling down, slowly but firmly, and which would fall heavily upon me. Then he turned to a lovely white ash-plant, which stood waving its boughs there stateliwise. I would let him go past and then would go away. People were waiting for me, I had to be somewhere: I tried mightily to remember where, but could not.

The keeper did not come.

The ditch was cold, the bottom was of smooth-worn stone and very hard. I lay there with gleaming eyes; above my head stood the giant oaks, silently, and their knotted branches ran up and were lost in the dark sky.

The keeper came. I heard his coming, and the wind blew fearfully through the trees. I shivered—I woke with fright, and I was still lying in my loft. The hard bottom of the ditch was the boarded floor, and the tree-trunks were the legs of father's trousers, and the branches ran up and were lost in the darksome roof-work. Two sharp rays of light beamed through the shut dormer-window. It must be day, then! And that awful night was past! All my dismay was gone, and a bold feeling came over me—something like the glad feeling that follows on a solved problem. I would make Lowietje and Sarelke and all the boys at school hark to my tale, that I would! I had slept a whole night, alone, in the loft! And the rats! And the ghosts! O—oh! and not a whit afraid!

I got up, but that was such a slow business! I still felt that dream and the slackness in my limbs. I was so stiff; that heavy gloom, that slow passing of time, still lingered—just as in my dream—in my slow breathing. I still saw that forest, and, shut up as I was, with not a single touchstone for my thoughts, I began to doubt if my dream were done, and I had to feel the trouser-legs to make sure that they were not really trees.

Time stood still, and there was no getting out of my mind the strange things seen in that dream-forest, with those earnest, sluggish, elderly children and that queer keeper. 'Twas as though someone were holding my arms and legs tight so as to let them move heavily, deadly heavily, and I felt myself, within my head, grown quite thirty years older, become suddenly an old man. I walked about the loft; I wanted to make myself heard, but my footsteps gave no sound.

I grew awfully hungry. Near the ladder-door I found my prison fare. I nibbled greedily at my crust of bread and took a good drink of water.

I now felt better, but this doing nothing wearied me; I became sad, and felt sorry to be sitting alone. If things had gone their usual gait, I should now be with my mates at school, or playing somewhere under the open sky; and that open sky now first revealed all its delightfulness. The usual gait, when all was said, was by far the best. . . . All alone like this, up here. . . . Should I go down and beg father's pardon? Then 'twould all be over and done with. . .

"No!" said something inside me. "I stay here!"

And I stayed.

I shoved a box under the dormer-window, I pushed open the wooden shutter, and there! Before me lay the wide stretch in the blazing sunlight! My eyes were quite blind with it.

'Twas good up here, so funny to see everything from so high up, so endlessly far! And the people were no bigger than tiny tadpoles!

Just under my dormer-window came a path, a white sand-path winding from behind the house and then running forwards to the horizon in a line straight as an arrow. It looked like a naked strip of ground, powdered white, and standing out sharp: like a flat snake in the middle of the green fields which, broken into their many-colored squares, lay blinking in the sun.

This path was deserted, lonely, as though neither man nor beast had ever trodden it. It lay very near the house, and I did not know it from up here; it looked now like a long strip of drab linen, which lay bleaching in a boundless meadow. And that, again, suited my loneliness so well! At last, I looked and saw nothing more. And that path! . . .

Slowly, overcome by that silent, restful idleness, I fell a-dreaming; and that path, that long white path, seemed to me to have become a part of my own being, something like a life that begins over there, far away yonder in the clear blue, to end in the unknown, here, behind the gable-end, cut off in that fatal bend.

After long looking, I saw something, very far off; it came so slowly, so softly, like a thing that grows, and those two little black patches grew into two romping schoolboys, who rolling and leaping along, came running down the white sand-path, and, at last, disappeared in the bend behind the gable-end.

Then, for another long while, nothing more, nothing but sand, green, and sunshine.

Later, 'twas three laborers, who came stepping up briskly, with their gear over their shoulders. Half-way up the path, they leaped across the ditch and went to work in the field. They toiled on, without looking up or round, toiled on, and I got tired of watching, and of those three stooping men, and of seeing that gleaming steel flicker in the sun, and go in and out of the earth.

When now 'twas mid-day, and fiercely hot in my loft, my three laborers sat down behind a tree and ate their noonday meal.

I went to the loft-door and devoured my second crust of bread, and took a fresh gulp of water.

Very calmly, without thinking, lame with the heat, and with that old-man's feeling still inside me, I went and sat at the window.

The three men worked on, always, without stopping.

And that went on, went on, until the evening! When 'twas nearly dark, they gathered up their tools, leaped over the ditch, came down the path the way they had come, and disappeared behind the gable-end.

Now it became deadly.

In the distance appeared a great black patch, which came slowly nearer. The patch turned into a lazy, slow-stepping ox, with a jolting, creaking wagon, in which sat a little old man who looked stupidly before him into the dark distance. The cart dragged along wearily, creeping through the sand, and first the ox, then the little fellow, then the wagon, disappeared behind the gable-end.

Now I felt something like fear, and I shivered; the evening came so slowly, so sadly, and I dared not think of the night that was to follow. 'Twas the first time in my life that I felt earnestly a-thinking. So, that

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Bonds and Stocks	1,291,293.06	Surplus and Undivided Profits	1,272,631.28
Bank Premises and Real Estate	145,212.16	Deposits	12,880,511.02
Cash and Sight Exchange	6,970,925.46		
	15,653,145.30		15,653,145.30

path there became a life, a long-drawn-out, earnest life. . . . That was so plain in my head; and those boys had rolled and tumbled along that path; next, those big men had burdensomely, most burdensomely, turned over their earth; and that ox and that little fellow had joggled along it so pitifully. . . . That life was so earnest and I had seen it all from so far, from the outside of it: I did nothing, I took no part in it, and yet I lived—and must also one day go along that path.

And how?

Getting up in the morning, eating, playing, going to school, misbehaving, playing, eating, sleeping. . .

The mist rose up out of the fields, and I saw nothing more.

I jumped off my box, begged father's pardon, and crept into bed.

Never again was I shut up in the loft.

"GOING A-SOULING"

There is a quaint old custom in Cheshire, England, called "going a-souling." Like many other rural usages it is twisted away from its proper time and reason, for, originally it was a religious observance during which, on All Soul's Day the people visited the cemeteries to care for the graves and pray for the dead. However ready the populace may prove to abandon religious rites, they are tenacious of holidays, and any excuse is seized upon as a pretext for junketing. "Going a-souling" is akin to the Christmas mumming described by Thomas Hardy in "The Return of the Native," where the heroine, Eustacia Vye, bribed the serving lad to lend her his costume in order that she might visit the Yeobright cottage incognito, but instead of King George, the Dragon, the Saracen, and the other characters to be overcome by the Christian, the "soulers" sing in chorus, introducing heroes of all times and periods, without concern for such immaterialities as anachronisms. The verses are often improvised, a sense of rhythm and a knack of rhyming being all that is necessary. Thus,

"Bold Samson was a souler, when souling first began;
He did not fear King Herod, or any other man."

The next distich may mention Nelson, and the following King Richard or St. Peter but the closing chorus is always the same:

"Go down into your cellar and see what you can find;
If your flagons are not empty I'm sure you will be kind.
And if you have not plenty of apples and strong beer,
We'll come no more a-souling until this time next year."

Cheshire custom is for servants to hire themselves out from New Years until Christmas day, when they leave their employers to shift for themselves and betake themselves to town to celebrate their week of holidays and spend their year's savings, after which they either renew old contracts or seek new masters.

—**The Historian.**

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Midwinter Meditations

(Continued from Page 10.)

is new-stirred with hope. To me, the fact that Christmas is a natural holiday makes it not less but more. The Pagan, the infidel, the Jew, the undogmatic Christian, the orthodox, alike glad because of the growing day, may rise to a realization, be it but momentary, of the essential oneness of man. Whom the victory of light elates, he is my kin, human, not like a god, lord of his moods, self-sustained, in no wise dependent on Nature.

The natural exaltation of body and soul consequent upon the lengthening of the day is now lost sight of, as such, like an old god absorbed by a new religion. On the other hand, the dejection experienced by not a few persons in the days immediately following the summer solstice, is, as a rule, rightly attributed by them to the retreat of light, or rather, the advance of darkness; no sad fast of the Church being kept at that standing-still of the sun.

But enough of gray meditations in imitation of the grand style of Winter. How nice it is to see Nature and Religion, so often at enmity, now going about, hand in hand, bidding men be of good cheer.

ORIGIN OF THE CHRISTMAS CARD

Christmas cards made their first appearance in 1846, the idea being original with Henry Cole, an English art student who became later on one of the directors of the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Cole was a lover of children and the author of a number of juvenile books which he published under the pen name of Felix Summerly. His cards, which were designed for the delectation of little people, were florid in design, introducing the materialistic features of great roasts of beef, plum puddings and Christmas pies, but they appealed to the taste of the day, and the designs were carried out by John Calcott Horsley, an eminent R. A. of the time. In later years lithography made it possible to produce the cards in quantities, cheaply and to suit all fancies, but cheapness brought the inevitable vulgarity. As soon as the simple pasteboard with Christmas sentiment engraved thereon came within universal reach it began to occur to dealers and manufacturers that the "card" could be made to cover as many sins as the cloak of charity, and ere long there were "hand-painted" plush abominations cut into shapes of bells, sleighs, plum puddings or anything else that was remotely suggestive of the season. Popular poems and stories were bound in this style, paintings, celluloid horrors, porcelain, bits of silverware, in fact, anything which was not cubical or spherical, became, conventionally, a Christmas card, and the prices soared in proportion so that the uninformed shoppers, seeking direction, were piloted at once to the very costliest of the stock, and instead of a pleasant greeting, a reminder of kindly remembrance, carrying no obligation but that of courtesy, the "card" became a symbol of extravagant ostentation and, indirectly a boast of how much the purchasers could afford to waste on inconsidered trifles. In a way, it became symbolic of the latter day celebration of the holiday, in which everything but cost and quantity seem to have been lost sight of.

—The Reader.

Mrs. Marritwell's Christmas Dinner

(Continued from Page 12.)

were awfully lonesome, so we took pity on you and came to cheer you up. But you seem to have a lot of funny people. Is it a servants' ball, or what, love?

Callow Youth (by piano)—"Jee-ru-salem! Jee-ru-salem!"

Mrs. Marritwell (on the verge of tears)—A few country people that I have every year. Sweet of you to come! Won't you come into the morning-room? they will only bore you. (Sotto voice to Mr. Van Hostetter) Oh, you brute!

Callow Youth—"Ho-san-na in the Highest——!"

Mr. Van Hostetter—Oh, no; let's stay here. (Vainly trying to entice the somnolent Josh with a view to introducing him to the new arrivals.) Mrs. Marritwell, you know, would feel upset if we took her away from her relations.

Mrs. Rapidde Swell—Relations! Really! How interesting! You must positively let us stay. I love meeting my friends people. Dear me! (Raises her lorgnette and gazes fixedly at Josh, who, having been aroused by vigorous signals from Mr. Van Hostetter, zigzags in their direction.) Pray, is this a relative?

Mrs. Marritwell (reduced to despair)—Mrs. Rapidde Swell—er—Mr. Wurzel—ah—er—my cousin (gulps with emotion).

Josh (regarding her necklace)—Is them sparklers genwine?

Mrs. Rapidde Swell—Oh, this is lovely, dear! Why didn't you ask us to dinner? Such a relief from our deadly dull surroundings! Who is the old lady asleep in the corner?

A loud burst of laughter from the other end of the room, where Mrs. Rapidde Swell's companions have made themselves known to the relatives, proclaims sport in progress, and Mrs. Rapidde Swell hurries off in that direction.

Callow Youth (coughing)—"Jee-ru-salem—Jee-ru-sa—"—I wonder what's the matter with my throat?

Mrs. Marritwell (throwing patience to the winds)—It needs cutting. (Rushes from the room convulsed with sobs.)

—The Butler.

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Let Us Curb the Crooked Lawyer

The "Bulletin" tells us that the Bar Association of San Francisco "has of late shown signs of an awakened moral energy, but the law of California, as made by the Legislature and interpreted by the Supreme Court, makes it almost impossible to disbar a rogue, except upon his being convicted of a felony." All of which is quite true. And the Bar of San Francisco, in consequence of the many disreputable practices that stand sanctioned by custom and that are winked at by our most exalted jurists, now abounds in shysters instinct with roguery to their finger-ends. It is high time that the Bar of San Francisco be regenerated. And it is high time for the Bar Association to vindicate its moral energy by formulating a few amendments to the code under which perverters of justice may be deprived of the licence that enables them to use the enginery of the State in the accumulation of dishonest gains. The corruption of the Bar is a phenomenon of tremendous portent to the whole country. It is the evil which must be exterminated before any of the great reforms being urged by perspiring patriots and being made articulate by distinguished statesmen can be achieved. For what shall it avail us to make laws to restrain the oppressive if it continue to be the business of lawyers to show how those laws may be evaded? The first thing to be done is the regulation of the ethics of a profession that is practiced under license granted by the State, the members of which are officers of the court who stand ready to season a tainted plea with deft prevarication, to obscure the show of evil with rosepink vapor, to assist legislatures in cumbering the statute books with laws designed to frustrate justice, in short to do anything that will assist rich and conscienceless clients in obtaining what does not belong to them. Shakespeare proposed in Henry VI that all lawyers be killed, and in Timon of Athens he urged the cracking of the lawyer's voice "that he may never more false title plead nor sound his quillets shrilly." We have no such harsh remedies to recommend, but we are heartily in favor of making a license to practice law revocable whenever it shall appear that it is held by one whose morals are notoriously bad, or by one that earns his fees by persuading puppets in office. If lawyers can be prohibited from profiting off the necessities of a client it should be feasible to protect the public from the tricks of the political shyster.

Some Theories of the Law

Mysterious to the unversed in the intricacies of the law are the ways of counsel for the grafters. But to those learned in the subtle theories of the law the ways of counsel are as an open book. Among the divers theories of the cryptic science is one that attributes to every accused man the virtue of innocence pending the establishment of his guilt beyond a reasonable doubt. And that is the parent of a whole flock of theories the most of which come home to roost whenever there is an effort made to vindicate the majesty of the law. One of the brood is the theory that the system by which guilt is established abounds in imperfections and must be carefully scrutinized in all its dips, spurs and angles in order to ensure the inviolability of personal liberty. It is by virtue of this theory that lawyers are encouraged in their flagrant flirtations with the blind goddess. It is this theory that justifies counsel for Abe Ruef in compelling the question of his client's guilt to be held in abeyance until he proves what the grand jury had for breakfast on the day the indictment was filed. As it is quite possible that some of the jurors were suffering from dyspepsia that day it is important that the condition of their livers as well as of their minds should be revealed to the court. For unquestionably an atrabiliar juror will vote for an indictment quicker than one in sound health. And the citizen must be protected from peevish jurors. It may be urged that the grand jury being a regularly constituted coordinate branch of the court, it should be assumed that it acts with the same discretion that the court is believed to exercise, and that as it is merely an instrument designed to facilitate that due process of law which must be adhered to before an accused person can be deprived of his liberty, its indictments should not be subject to review. But the answer to that proposition is that it is the business of lawyers to accumulate errors on their way to the Supreme Court, and that if only those were accessible that arise during the trial of a case the lawyers might not be able in some instances to make a good showing. Hence the importance of being permitted to go behind the indictment and ascertain whether any of the jurors were victims of the earthquake clause when the vote was taken. To be sure the indictment is merely in the nature of a complaint, the purpose of which is not to compel the person accused to prove his innocence, but merely to enable a jury of his peers to determine whether there is sufficient evidence against him to justify them in finding him guilty. And to be sure his interests are safeguarded under the theory of the law that courts and juries being merely human may err and therefore should have their acts reviewed by learned and impartial jurists who sit above the clamor of the common herd. But the theory of the law is that prejudicial error may occur in the grand jury room. And a quite plausible theory it is, for it is highly improbable that men become invested with infallibility when im-

paneled as grand jurors. If they were it would be folly to try an indicted person. So the theory of the law being that grand jurors may commit injustice, it is proper that their acts should be reviewed before subjecting a defendant to the ignominy of a trial. After such review there is the possibility of the defendant going free, not with a certificate of character, but with a cloud on his reputation, but nevertheless joyous in the consciousness of the fact that the indictment against him was irregularly found. Perhaps it will be suggested that the man who confessedly yearns for the quashing of an indictment, by implication attests the justice of the indictment, but the theory of the law does not take cognizance of circumstances so remote. The law prefers to indulge the theory that there is always danger of nineteen men, chosen by twelve honest superior judges, coming together to jeopardize the liberty of innocent men. It is a beautiful theory, so beautiful that it should be supplemented by another respecting the fallibility of the Supreme Court justices and the advisability of reviewing their judgments. Indeed, until there arises, in accordance with the theory of the law, an endless chain of reviewing tribunals human liberty will be insecure.

Our Big Battleship

Anent the straining of our relations with Japan a contemporary served notice on its readers that the Mikado had just launched the largest battleship in the world. The statement is inaccurate. The largest battleship in the world is the British "Dreadnought," a picture of which was recently published in Town Talk. The "Dreadnought" is to be surpassed by the battleship authorized by Congress at its session some months ago. The plans and specifications for this ship were sent to Congress last week by the Secretary of the Navy. He received seven plans in all; two from the Bureau of Construction of the Navy Department and the others from outside firms of shipbuilders and contractors. The new ship is to have a displacement of 20,000 tons, more than 2,000 tons larger than the "Dreadnought." Notwithstanding the great size the vessel will have a speed of twenty-one knots an hour. Her main battery will consist of ten 12-inch breech-loading rifles. The secondary battery will have fourteen 5-inch rapid fire guns, four 1-pounder semi-automatic, two 3-inch field pieces and two machine guns. There will also be two submerged torpedo tubes. In his letter transmitting the plans Secretary Bonaparte says, "With particular reference to the offensive qualities of the proposed design, it may be noted that the arrangements for the main battery guns is such as to permit a broadside fire twenty-five per cent. greater than that of the broadside fire of any battleship now built, or, as far as is known, under construction, and the average elevation of the axes of these guns above the water line is believed to be greater than that of any known battleship, thus affording a distinct advantage in long range firing under all conditions of weather." The defensive qualities of this vessel are believed to be distinctly superior to those of any battleship hitherto designed.

Our Practical Paupers

From far away Munich Gertrude Atherton queries What is the matter with San Francisco that the newspaper columns are full of want ads and the city parks crowded with lamenting refugees, nearly nine months after our disaster. The same query is being put nearer home and the answer is not difficult to find. We are establishing pauperism as a legitimate industry, and in two generations from now the earth will be burdened with the descendants of these municipal mendicants. The trouble is that the people do not want to work. They have learned the trick of "schnorring" and they intend to keep it up. For the last six months there has been no legitimate excuse for the maintenance of these camps at public expense. The only people who are deserving of a particle of assistance or sympathy are the very aged, the sick and those women who found themselves suddenly bereft of support and with little children depending on them. These should have been segregated and provided for. The rest should have been turned adrift. There has been a shortage of houses, but if the people domiciled in tents and shacks had showed any inclination to better themselves there would have been a stimulus to land owners to put up dwellings, flats and apartments, instead of covering every available lot with stores. We have now approximately sixteen thousand tent and shack dwellers who are unwilling to pay rent. It is supposed that by August or September of next year the parks and squares will be vacated and restored to their original use, but by next summer these same professional paupers will still be squatting on the city property and lamenting just as loudly as they are today. There is abundance of work for everyone, even if it is not choice in quality, and at the present rate of wages there is no excuse for any complaints. Doubtless there are individual cases of distress in the city, as there always have been, but one sees neither shabby women or men with old garments on the streets, except such as are evidently engaged in manual labor. The stores are crowded all day long with shoppers, and the goods which attract their attention are not the substantial heavy muslins. White frocks, lingerie skirts and patent leather shoes are the rule, despite the condition of the streets and not only are there fully twice as many candy shops as ever before, but every child one meets is regaling itself with sweet stuff. It is safe to say that there is no real poverty or distress in San Francisco today. There will be nominal harship just as long as there is any expectation of relief without exertion. As long as an untidy appearance and a whining, complaining tone will bring a substantial return and obviate the necessity for labor we shall have relief committees and refugee camps, with rival refugee unions fighting for supremacy as hotly as if

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they were the dames of patriotic societies of Revolutionary ancestry. Any one who is able to agitate is able to work.

"Best Sellers"

An English book dealer has compiled some statistics of sales which at first glance are extremely flattering to the women that write books. According to his account, the sales of the works of the five leading women exceed the sales of those of the five leading men by an aggregate of forty-five thousand volumes. But, like a woman's letter, the meat of the matter is to be found in the postscript, for, he adds, women are either a very great success or a complete failure, and though a few can boast of phenomenal sales, outside of their number there are none who can count on a steady yearly demand of upwards of fifteen thousand without the stimulus of something new to advertise them. "Best seller" is a most misleading term. The lists which are spread broadcast as advertisements of success are compiled from the returns concerning the most recent new books. It seldom happens that anything is regarded as new after the first few months—at most, a year, and in consequence, new books with a temporary vogue are enumerated whereas those which have a steady demand after years are overlooked. Dickens and Scott still outsell most of the authors of the day, but are never mentioned. Thackeray and Dumas have their followers, and any one who keeps a casual eye on the "remainder sales" of the department stores knows how rapidly the best of the one-time "best sellers" disappear. The quantity of Southworth and Mary Jane Holmes which are snatched up would sink one scale of the balance were they noted and the plays of Shakespeare in separate volumes, the Riverside Classics, used as school text-books, which are sold in a different department from the newest fiction, would also make quite a difference in the tale. Any publisher, and for that matter, any book dealer, while accepting the designation of "best seller" as a sort of trade-mark or distinguishing brand, has his own private definition of the term, which is not what everyone wants at this moment and forgets by the end of next week, but what can be carried as a staple, sure of a steady demand for an indefinite time. It is to be noted of the majority of boom books that they owe their prominence to some momentary curiosity, either concerning the possible originals of the characters, or to some temporary phase of life on which they touch. Few of them demand a second reading, and once the freshness is worn off they are as dead as last year's fashions.

Shaw's Prayer

Secretary Shaw, like his namesake of London, has been indulging in paradox. He prays that this country may be saved from its prosperity. There is unquestionably an element of danger in prosperity since it leads to extravagance, but the present affluence of this country should occasion no alarm. Some of our plutocrats are becoming as absurdly luxurious in their way of living as were the wanton Romans whose enervating and debilitating practices led to national decay, but the taste for wild orgies has not become infectious in this country. The houses in which the ashes of expiring sensualities are to be found are few and far between. We are still an industrial people. Esthetieism is in its infancy, and national character is being constantly leavened by infusion of the peasant stock of the old world. So far as our financial status is concerned there are no signs of reaction. The three most striking evidences of national prosperity are the scarcity of labor, the scarcity of money and the scarcity of transportation facilities. They are wholesome signs. It requires no Delphie oracle to interpret them. They are eloquent of great commercial activity. They indicate a demand for labor, a sound and healthy market and the absorption of capital in divers enterprises. The most prosperous corporations in this country today are those that are engaged in the transportation business. Their prosperity is bound up indissolubly in the well-being of the territory in which they operate. Instead of being alarmed over our prosperity we should be worrying over our inadequate facilities for shipping the products of the country. In the scarcity of cars we are confronted by a very serious problem that should fill us with anxiety. Let us pray that it soon be solved so that there shall be no curb to our prosperity.

The Manners of Children

A school board in Alabama recently debated the propriety of teaching children to respond to questionings by answering "Yes, sir," or "No Ma'am," the matter having been brought up by the remonstrance of some foolish parents who are afraid their children will be trained to habits of servility if they are permitted to be polite. The trustees agreed with the parents, who probably now will be highly gratified when "yep," "nope," "nit," and "uh-huh" become commonplace and a respectful answer becomes as rare as the courtesy of raising the hat. Parents seem to live in constant dread nowadays that children will not be encouraged to independence, whereas nine out of every ten need restraint, at least in the expression of it. It seems to be assumed that one who is courteous and polite must be hypocritical, and that bluff rudeness is essentially a characteristic of honesty. The rough diamond has been so over estimated that anything rough is presumed to be a diamond whereas the chances are that it is only a pebble or at best, a bit of broken glass.

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Graft of the Past

By Theodore Bonnet

We all have heard so often that history repeats itself and we all appraise so highly the gift of prophecy that it is strange we do not spend more time familiarizing ourselves with the form-sheets of human events, those instructive records of past performances through which may be discerned the shadows of things to come.



This cartoon appeared just before the election of 1870. The "throne is that of Hoffman, New York's Tammany Governor. The "power behind" is the sword of Tweed and the ax of Sweeney. The Tammany coat-of-arms and face of Jim Fisk appear in the background. Reproduced from Harper's Weekly.

A quarter of a century before bankruptcy embroiled the monarchy of France, Lord Chesterfield, a student of history, saw the grim spectre of revolution looming over the walls of Paris. He wrote: "All the symptoms which I have ever met in history previous to great changes and revolutions in government now exist and daily increase in France." History is indeed a wonderful tipster. If the framers of our charter had familiarized themselves with the history of this country the probability is that they would never have put it into the power of Ruef and Schmitz to emulate the example of Oakey Hall and Boss Tweed. Our charter was to prove a brazen serpent in the wilderness whereon whosoever should look with faith and obedience would be healed of all woes. And yet its fundamental principle was essentially the same as that of the charter given by Tammany to New York to enable William Marcy Tweed to organize the most vicious and greedy ring that ever plundered the taxpayers of an American city. The purpose of our charter framers was to concentrate power in the hands of the Executive, the theory being that there was a magic spell in undivided responsibility that would ensure in the person holding it virtue invulnerable. But the centralization of power in this city proved fully as disastrous as it did in New York. To the Tweed ring frequent reference is made nowadays, but the average citizen is more familiar with the exploits of Agamemnon than with those of the great Irish genius who ruled New York state and gave promise of ruling the United States. And yet the exploits of the Irishman were not utterly valueless for epic purposes. No meagre mortal, he. A man of parts was Tweed, an astute rascal, who for all emergencies had his coup. There is much that might appeal to the eye of Prophecy in the epoch made by Tweed. There is much that should interest us, now that we are trying to disperse our own little gang of plunderers. In the history of Tweed's reign we see our own experiences prefigured. Let us ponder them and take hope. In those days men thickly clad in dignity sat accessible to the corruption by which they were environed. There was a corrupt mayor aiding a corrupt boss. With millionaires in their confidence they put through numerous schemes that dawned fitfully and in fragments on the confused public mind. The fourth estate of able editors kept a silence that was broken by one cartoonist and a writer. The two articulate ones moulded public opinion. Then came



A Group of Vultures Waiting For the Storm to Blow Over—"Let us Prey."

This cartoon, which appeared in Harper's, was one of Nast's most telling blow during his campaign against the Ring.

the indignation meeting noisy with the bellowing of a mad populace as from smouldering bosoms getting vent. In the rascals, audacity and hope alternated. There was the same tumid blustering with which we are being entertained, there were citizens of the same



"What Are You Laughing At? To the Victor Belong the Spoils."

After the election that swept the Ring out of power, Nast pictured Tweed as Marius among the ruins.

blinkard character as those now affecting faith in the virtue of Schmitz, but finally, an attorney, Samuel J. Tilden, took up the prosecution, routed the rascals, made them objects of pity to none but themselves and on the strength of the reputation which he achieved by cleaning that Augean stable, a task comparable with the twelve of Hercules, he was lifted to the Presidency of the United States. We are frequently told by magazine writers that we are passing through a crucial period in the history of this country; that the trust magnates have corrupted every branch of the Government and that the life of the Republic is threatened. The authors of these oft-repeated threnodies are unfamiliar with the history of the period



Under the Thumb

Tweed's famous query, "What are you going to do about it?" inspired this cartoon.

when the Erie Railroad and Tammany were united, when Drew and Vanderbilt were fighting for control of transportation between the Hudson and the Lakes, when Judge Barnard issued all the writs and injunctions that Jim Fisk could carry to Albany in a grip. They probably have forgotten that outrageous conspiracy that had its climax on Black Friday, a conspiracy that involved the President and his cabinet. Doubtless they never read the testimony of Jim Fisk in reference to the fight for control of Erie; in short, it is not likely that they are versed in the political history of the epoch which closed with the dissolution of the Tweed ring. It was said of Jim Fisk about that time: "He did not corrupt the courts of New York, he found them reeking with corruption. He found them on the streets, offering decrees and writs to the highest bidder." Those decrees he first saw knocked down to his enemies, whereupon he resolved to outbid his competitors and he did so. He entered into a combination with Tweed and bought up as many courts as he required for his purpose and then kept them so as to have them ready for use whenever needed. He was, therefore, at a moment's notice, by personal application and by telegraph, able to obtain a decree authorizing himself and his friends to do what they wished,



H. G. Diogenes Has Found the Honest Man.

This was Nast's smash at Greeley who had faith in the honesty of Mayor Hall.

or an injunction to restrain his enemies from executing their designs. Corruption was widespread and audacious even before the charter which concentrated power in the hands of the Mayor went into effect. The man selected for the position of autocrat was A. Oakey Hall, a lawyer and journalist known as "Elegant Oakey." In 1870, Hall as mayor, appointed William M. Tweed, the Boss of Tammany, to the Presidency of the Public Works Department, and they dominated the city government with the assistance of Richard B. Connolly, known as "Slippery Dick," the controller of Public Expenditures, and Peter Barr Sweeney, the Commissioner of Parks. These men

(Continued on Page 30.)

The Thriftless

We filled our youth with laughter
And merry-hearted song;
We recked not the hereafter,
And vowed that life was long.

We loved Today. Tomorrow
Was a day to us unknown;
We jibed at pain and sorrow,
And left our fields unsown.

We swore we were the bravest
Who recked not future needs.
Now, in our age, our harvest
Is withered flowers and weeds.

—**Tom Hall.**

Perspective Impressions.

Let us not all swear off at once!

The eager footsteps of love have never been known to keep pace with the cruel stride of ambition.

A colored woman in Missouri, who is 106 years old has sued her third husband for a divorce and asked that she be permitted to resume the name of her second. It would be interesting to know how the second feels about it.

Emperor William says that good cooking is essential to the happiness of mankind. Come to think of it that's a subject that has escaped the attention of Teddy.

New prejudices against the special priviliges of their sex are constantly arising in the breasts of fair women. A few days ago a woman in this city brought suit against another woman for possession of a bed which the defendant had agreed to sell. It is now up to a mere male judge to determine whether the law does not recognize as inalienable the right of every woman to change her mind.

A writer sadly reports that Chauncey Depew cracked only one joke at the Chamber of Commerce dinner in New York. If that one was of the familiar Depew vintage it was quite enough.

Mayor Schmitz believes Judge Dunne to be a very unfair man. Doubtless the Mayor would like to be tried by a judge of his own choosing, a broad-gauged individual of the character of Supervisor Gallager or Judge Conlin. The Mayor, it must be acknowledged, tried very hard to improve the quality of our judiciary.

It is a highly tolerant community that visits not ostracism on those who share the earnings of Cypria and the loot of crime.



Another Earthquake.

—Macauley in the New York "World."



On the Home Stretch.

Letter to a Chinese Gentleman

By Leo Tolstoy.

(Being a translation by V. Tchertkoff from a letter written by the great Russian sociologist upon the completion by him of an exhaustive article on the meaning of the Revolution in Russia and may be regarded as a summary of the contents of the latter work which is now being prepared for publication. This letter is of interest to us indicating as it does something of the sentiment in China which may impel that nation to take a hand in the struggle for control of the commerce of the Pacific.)

I.

Dear Sir:—I have received your books and read them with great interest, especially the "Papers from a Viceroy's Yamen."

The life of the Chinese people has always interested me in the highest degree and I have endeavored to become acquainted with what was accessible in the life of the Chinese, especially with the Chinese wisdom, the books of Confucius, Mentze, Laotze and commentaries upon them. I have also read about Chinese Buddhism and books by Europeans upon China. Latterly, moreover since those atrocities which have been perpetrated upon the Chinese by Europeans—amongst the others and to a great extent by Russians—the general disposition of the Chinese people has interested and does yet interest me.

The Chinese people whilst suffering so much from the immoral and coarsely egoistic avarice and cruelty of the European nations, has until lately answered all the violence committed against it with a magnanimous and wise tranquility, preferring to suffer rather than to fight against this violence. I am speaking of the Chinese people but not about the government. This tranquility and patience of the great and powerful Chinese people elicited only an increasingly insolent aggression from Europeans as is always the case with coarsely selfish people living merely an animal life as were the Europeans who had dealings with China. The trial which the Chinese have undergone and are now undergoing is a great and heavy one but precisely now is it important that the Chinese people should not lose patience or alter their attitude towards violence; so as not to deprive themselves of all the vast results which must follow the enduring of violence without returning evil for evil.

Only "he that endureth to the end the same shall be saved" is said in the Christian law, and I think that it is an indubitable truth although one which men find it hard to accept. Abstinence from returning evil for evil and non-participation in evil is the surest means not only of salvation but of victory over them who commit evil.

The Chinese could see a striking confirmation of the truth of this law after their surrender of Port Arthur to Russia. The greatest efforts to defend Port Arthur by arms against the Japanese and the Russians would not have produced such ruinous consequences for Russia and Japan as those material and moral evils which the surrender of Port Arthur to the former brought on Russia and Japan. The same will inevitably be the case with Wei-hai-Wei and Kiao-chau surrendered by China to England and Germany.

The success of some robbers elicits the envy of others and the prey seized becomes an object of dissension ruining the robbers themselves. Such is the case with dogs, such also is it with men who have descended to the level of animals.

II.

Therefore it is that I now with fear and grief hear and see in your book the manifestation in China of the spirit of strife, of the desire to resist forcibly the atrocities committed by the European nations. Were this to be the case, were the Chinese people indeed to lose patience, and arming themselves according to the methods of Europeans, to expel from their midst all the European robbers—which task they could easily accomplish with their intelligence, persistence, and energy, and above all by reason of their great numbers—it would be dreadful. Dreadful not in the sense in which this was understood by one of the coarsest and most benighted representatives of Western Europe, the German Emperor, not in the sense that China would become dangerous to Europe, but in the sense that China would cease to be the mainstay of your true practical national wisdom consisting in living that peaceful agricultural life which is natural to all rational men and to which those nations who have abandoned this life are bound sooner or later consciously to return.

III.

I think that in our time a great revulsion is taking place in the life of humanity, and that in this revulsion China at the head of the Eastern nations must play a grand part.

Methinks the vocation of the Eastern nations, China, Persia, Turkey, India, Russia and perhaps Japan, if she is not yet completely enmeshed in the net of depraved Europeans civilization—consists in indicating to all nations that true way towards freedom to which, as you say in your book, there is in the Chinese language no other word than Tao—the Way—i. e. an activity in conformity with the eternal and fundamental law of human life.

Freedom according to the teaching of Jesus is realized in this same way. "And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free' is said in that teaching. And it is this freedom, which Western nations have almost irrecoverably lost, that the Eastern nations are, methinks, called to realize.

(Continued on Page 36.)

THE TAILORS

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The Spectator

Sacramento's Impending Atonement

All Sacramento is preparing to hail the triumphant son of Humboldt, the victor to whom belongs the patronage of state office for at least four consecutive years. There is a guest to be speeded but there will be no formality to that little ceremony. Having winded up his destiny in the late campaign Governor Pardee will enter unostentatiously on the broad highway to oblivion. Sacramento has amends to make. It was piqued because Pardee, having actually become a resident of the town during his term of office thereby earning the town's unspeakable gratitude, was denied renomination at Santa Cruz. Blindly was this gratitude for Pardee converted into resentment toward Gillett, and the latter was given a very scanty vote by the county. Now Sacramento is nursing its sorehead in penitential sackcloth and ashes, but it is hopeful of mollifying the man from Eureka by receiving him with a few extra layers of hospitality. The Inaugural Ball is to be a record-breaker in sumptousity. Sacramento will assume a graciosity of manner designed to compel capitulation and Gillett, good, easy man will decorously yield to the blandishments of his hosts. The people will radiate a warmth of glad welcome in the thawing glow of which the frost of frigid dignity will melt into fast flowing streams of amiability. And in that hour, what of Pardee, the irreconcilable? Well, perhaps as usual, he will sulk.

The Day of Reprisal

There will be great doings at Sacramento when the Legislature meets. The account-day is coming. And the settlement will not be replete with felicities for Pardee and his friends. It is a case of reprisal laid up against the day of reprisal. Certain misguided politicians will learn something of the inspiration and mechanics of their profession. Between the opening of the session and the induction of Gillett, the lingering Executive will send in for confirmation the names of two Senators who have been appointed to office—Mattus for Harbor Commissioner and Belshaw for Prison Commissioner. In ordinary circumstances the confirmation would be merely a formalty. Senatorial courtesy is a convention of paramount weight. To illustrate its inviolability and sanctity it is related that in Washington once upon a time, late at night, a reverend Senator en route to his lodgings, found a hapless member of the Upper House, overcome by the fumes of the grape, prostrate by the curbside. The reverend senator tried to rouse the bibulous one, but in vain. Senatorial courtesy asserting itself the sober man stretched himself by the side of the prostrate statesman and kept him solemn company. But senatorial courtesy is not to be so far-fetched at Sacramento. At any rate I trow not. The potent charm of it will doubtless be invoked. In the invocation a huge barrel of eloquence will be broached. Precedent will be cited; perhaps the case of Henry Gesford, whose appointment to the Insurance Commission, by Budd, a Democrat, succeeded by Gage, a Republican. They tried to refer that appointment to committee for strangulation, but the great cloud gatherer, Senatorial Courtesy, shook his ambrosial locks and the Senate quailed. It will probably be different, however, on the day of reprisal, when soreheadism comes up for chastisement. On that day, when the oratorical fireworks are shaking the capitol's foundation stones, Senator George Rolley of Eureka will rise and his utterance will be the keynote to which the sentiment of the majority will attune itself. For Rolley is from Gillett's county and he will voice the views of California's Governor.

The Hosmer Recommendation

If Pardee fail to outmanoeuvre Gillett in the political chess game that involves three superior judges the candidates for the jobs will suffer not the torments of anxiety. Gillett abhors procrastination. He will probably name his men within twenty-four hours after he takes his seat. And Judge Hosmer is not likely to be one of them. Good man though he is and an excellent judge he has had the misfortune to be recommended by the Bar Association. This organization of lawyers was guilty during the recent campaign of a somewhat injudicious performance. It endorsed Judge Maurice Dooling of San Benito for the Court of Appeals thereby sidetracking Judge Frank Kerrigan and making it very hard for that gentleman to get elected. Now Judge Dooling is one of the notable jurists of the state, a man of great learning and of probity as great, but he is a Democrat and the circumstance of so deserving and capable a jurist as Frank Kerrigan being turned down by the Bar Association of his own city occasioned much amazement, excited curiosity and prompted inquiry. Then it was ascertained that this local Bar Association includes among its member only a small percentage of the leading lights of the San Francisco bar and that one of its most influential spirits is Mr. Walter Cope, a gentleman and a scholar but nevertheless a Democrat and a man that takes quite an active part in politics. The prestige of the Bar Association has been somewhat dimmed since election and there are lawyers who desire it to be known that they are not members of it and therefore had no hand in the turning down of Judge Kerrigan. All of which indicates that Judge Hosmer has not been advantaged by the endorsement which he has received, an endorsement which so good a man scarcely needed.



CRAVATS

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Metcalf's Eclipse

Poor Metcalf! His friends are composing threnodies in lamentation of his eclipse. Like Pardee he is in the Down and Out Club. Thus are poor mortals swept and shovelled to and fro! It is really sad to reflect on the shelving of the two stalwart statesmen of Alameda, both expectant of senatorial honors, hopeful that they would some day occupy the seat that George C. Perkins has so contentedly filled for some years. And now there hopes are like the rose that has been analyzed—reduced to a heap of petals, devoid of form and fragrance. It is too bad that Metcalf did not sit down with the California congressional delegation and take a tip from the members. Those gentlemen were in a dilemma fearful of losing Roosevelt's friendship which spells innocuous desuetude in Washington, and incurring the displeasure of their constituents. But they concluded that as they are elected in California it would be indiscreet to take the President's view of the Japanese school question.

In Somnolent Alameda

A gentleman who could not understand why Alameda was called "The City of the Forgotten Dead" moved over there after the earthquake and had his curiosity assuaged. He asserts that it is the most reposeful village under the sun. He heartily recommends it to all victims of insomnia, to unfortunates with nerves; in short, to all in need of the rest cure. He believes that in Alameda he has discovered the cimmerian country of classic song and story, and that in the very heart of it is the cave of Somnus. He is sure that the estuary is the river Lethe, the very murmur of which invites to sleep, its banks fragrant with poppies from whose juices night distills slumbers. He solemnly declares that every merchant in Alameda has taken an infusion of mandrake and that is saying they are all gentleman of leisure. When you order anything for the household in Alameda, desiring to get it on time, you shrewdly put the order in twenty-four hours ahead of time. There is no unseemly rush or bustle in the stores of Alameda. Daily in the mart Somnus who can lull the shining eyes of Jove, waves a branch of Lethean dew, soothing the turbulent spirits of all hasty mortals, bringing them into concord with the restful atmosphere of the place. Take your uneasy virtue to Alameda, is the advice of the new commuter, who was much vexed at first by the listlessness of the butcher and the grocer, and the indifference of the man who irons the creases of his trousers, but who through stern discipline has acquired the leisurely temperament of the community and now points with pride to the cock who defies the traditions of the barnyard and never calls aloud to Aurora.

Express Graft

Verily the prevalance of petty grafting in our midst is leading to the severing of friendships in many and mysterious ways. A friend of mine in a large business is possessed of a number of boxes of a peculiar design which an Oaklander wished to borrow to make duplicates which he wished to use in shipping certain holiday presents. He sent the boxes across the bay under promise that they should be returned at an early date. In good season they were duly expressed back to him C. O. D. He paid the charges with a growl, thinking that his friend was sacrificing good nature to make him pay the expressage after he had gratuituously loaned him the boxes. The man happened to be a family friend and at dinner that night, still having a grouch over the business pressure of the day, he casually mentioned the matter to his wife, with the snappy remark, "Adams may be all right but his smallness in this matter has completely changed my opinion of him; he's pressing the limits of friendship and the chase after cents too far." His wife admitted it was strange and added a little experience of her own with the Thanksgiving turkey as the center figure. For years back a specially fine specimen of that glorious bird had been expressed from a schoolmate's ranch to herself and duly enjoyed by the family. For years back that expressage had been systematically prepaid. The two last years the expressman had demanded the charges, "and Cordelia wouldn't do such a mean thing, I'm sure." The merchant was likewise confident that Cordelia with all her resources and her generous nature was above such petty action.

That evening it so happened that Cordelia dropped in on her annual tour of holiday shopping. After the first exciting volley of home news was asked and answered Cordelia was frankly asked about the expressage on the annual turkey, "why I paid it, of course," she answered, promptly. Adams was an old and desirable friend and several days later when he dropped into the office the merchant related his wife's experience with the expressage on the turkey and asked him if he had had any like experience. He said he had and in an artistic way he blistered several of his business friends with their apparently growing habit in that particular. "How about the return expressage on the boxes I loaned you?" "Why, I paid it, " he declared. Inquiries by both men among their friends and acquaintances showed that the collecting graft by certain express drivers is being worked both widely and extensively. In most cases it is only practiced where women or servants receive the packages. If these petty hold-ups of householders are not stopped promptly and forever it will be because protests at headquarters are of no avail.

The Plagiaristic London

Since Jack London will certainly be accused of plagiarism, whatever he writes, and penny-a-liners are falling over each other in their haste to be the first to shy a missile, we must not let the grass grow under our own feet. In his scheme of circumnavigating the globe in a small boat and turning his adventures to literary account he will but follow the example of Captain Josiah Slocum who left Boston on April 24, 1892, in his yawl-rigged "Spray." Captain Slocum sailed her single-handed forty-six thousand miles, and in 1891 the Century Company published his account of the trip in a volume entitled "Sailing Alone Around the World." The information is given for the benefit of those copy-cadgers who may want to make capital for themselves by means of the "deadly parallel." Incidentally, they will happen on "some mighty interestin' readin'."

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WEDDING INVITATIONS
A. M. ROBERTSON

What They Wish They Had Written

Some symposiast has been digging up copy for himself by sending inquiries to various authors as to which books they wish they had written. Gertrude Atherton confesses that she craves the honor of having produced "The Federalists," and Winston Churchill would like to have been the producer of some of Kipling's first stories. Harold MacGrath longs to have written "The Three Musketeers." Agnes Laut would rather have composed the old Norwegian Sagas than anything else. Mary Wilkinson has quite a list, including "Lorna Doone," "Les Miserables," "Pan Michael," "Anna Karenina," a few of Hardy's masterpieces, "The Scarlet Letter" and "Vanity Fair," but, narrowed down to a final choice, she would be most glad had fate permitted her to have written "Les Miserables." Booth Tarkington says there are several thousand he would like to have seen his name attached to, but "The Egotist" would be his choice, while Meredith Nicholson settles the question by choosing "Thackeray." Now, why doesn't someone inquire which of their own books various authors wish they had not written. There are so many instances in which writers are grievously annoyed by having early and immature work searched out and put on the market by unscrupulous publishers, and there are so many authentic instances of completed work being destroyed that the subject is not without its interesting side. Kipling is known to have burned one book of short stories—"Forty-five Mornings"— because it was pronounced inferior to what he had already published. Hugh Stowell Scott (Henry Seton Merriman) advertised the fact far and wide, when two of his early stories were resurrected, that he had done his best to suppress them; Alfred Ollivant wrote a rather namby-pamby dog story, "Danny," after his great success, "Bob, Son of Battle," but had the good sense to buy up and destroy every copy he could command, and Edgar Saltus succeeded in getting a court injunction which puts him in control of the situation.

San Francisco's Pre-eminence

Among the cities of the union San Francisco continues to hold first place as a source of news of general interest. Ever since last April we have been doing things to keep in the world's eye. After the April disturbance came the street-car strike and before interest in that died out the prosecution of the grafters was begun, and while that was still holding scare-head interest the complications over the intrusion of the Japanese arose. Those magazines that do not keep correspondents in the midst of the life of this bustling metropolis are in constant danger of being shamefully scooped. Frederick Palmer, the correspondent of Collier's who made a hit with us by dubbing Governor Pardee the Weak Brother, regrets very much that he left so prolific a source of "copy," and he recently returned to town to get in touch with occurrences of national interest. He has been probing the graft scandal and will soon supply the readers of the national weekly with a complete history of the Schmitz Administration and of the efforts that are being made to redeem the city from the rule of the grafters.

Geraldine Bonner's Inaccuracy

A gentleman from Australia with a religious devotions to accuracy wished to know why I have not censured Geraldine Bonner for referring to Botany Bay, in her latest novel, as a convict settlement. "Well, isn't it?" I asked, and if I could have been withered by a glance I should now be looking somewhat desiccated. In painful commiseration the gentleman informed me that convicts were never sent to Botany Bay, that Port Jackson, fourteen miles distant, was the nearest point to which they had been consigned, and finally that Botany Bay is a watering place. Geraldine Bonner will please take notice and see that the second and all subsequent editions of her book are unmarred by any such evidence of unfamiliarity with English history as that which shocked my good friend from Australia.

Rousseau's Promotion

The elevation of Civil Engineer, H. H. Rousseau, U. S. Navy, to the chieftainship of the Bureau of Yards and Docks in the Navy Department is well merited reward of high abilities. Although Rousseau has been in the Navy only about eight years he is now at the head of an important bureau with the relative rank of Rear-Admiral. With Capps at the head of the Bureau of Construction, Rogers as Paymaster-General and Rousseau as Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, the Navy Department has three very young but nevertheless very able men at the helms of three highly important bureaus. Rousseau is a native of New York, but was appointed from Pennsylvania, where he earned a high reputation as a civil engineer before entering the Navy. He has been stationed at the Mare Island navy yard for some time.

Fighting Bob's Ambition

It looks now as if the ambition of Rear-Admiral "Fighting Bob" Evans is about to be gratified. Evans has long coveted the rank of Vice-Admiral, a grade which does not exist in our Navy at the present time and has not existed in it since the death of Vice-Admiral Stephen C. Rowan, about sixteen years ago. Evans has been pulling wires and otherwise working diligently toward the attainment of this high station, and now Congress seems inclined to revive the grade in the Navy. Evans, I am told, has been promised the place. The plan, I hear, is to create three Vice-Admirals, one to command the Atlantic fleet, another the Asiatic fleet and the third to be in reserve, so to speak, on some pleasant shore detail. The assembling of most of the vessels of the Navy into two great fleets, each composed of several squadrons, seems to call for the creation of the rank commensurate with the importance of the command.

Blake's Book Store

OR

"AT THE SIGN OF THE LAMP"

WHICH?

The writer of the best letter telling which name is preferable, and why, will be awarded a complete set of Dickens. The judges will be T. F. Bonnet, editor of "Town Talk," and Jerome Hart, editor of the "Argonaut. Address letters to

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When Patriots Get Together

The Japanese and Korean Exclusion League, at its meeting last week, did much to vindicate the report of Secretary Metcalf respecting the animus of the agitation in this city against permitting Japanese adults to mingle with Caucasian school children. Though Secretary Metcalf was inaccurate in some of his statements he was guilty of no misrepresentation in asserting that organized labor has been very active in inciting prejudice against the Japanese. It is therefore unfortunate that we have a Japanese and Korean Exclusion League that receives most of its inspiration from professional agitators. Public opinion on the school question was not moulded by those agitators. But the prominence that has been given to their indignation pow-wows will serve to strengthen the impression in the East that in discriminating against the Japanese pupils of our schools we are merely gratifying the labor unions. That meeting of the Exclusion League last week was dominated by men who are not representative of the sentiment of this community. They are the thrifty bosses of the unions who have brought this city under the galling yoke of a corrupt political machine. The star speaker of the occasion was the shameless Mayor whose Administration has been linked with the profession which has its sanctuary in the brothel and its bureau of finance wherever graft is accessible. Why should it not be said that Secretary Metcalf had reason to doubt the sincerity of a movement which was inspired by men who owe allegiance to the high priest of the Tenderloin, a mayor under indictment, who, to escape conviction for felony must convince a jury that he is an unspeakable ass?



Leoncavallo

The Great Italian Composer, Who is Now Conducting Concerts of His Own Music in This Country.

Some of the Patriots

The worthy associates of his Dishonor the Mayor at that wonderful meeting were the very same men who, a few months ago, uttered anarchistic reproaches against the courts and police officials of a Western State in which efforts are being made to bring to justice the cowardly murderers of a Governor. On that occasion they waved the red flag and talked of wreaking summary vengeance on anybody that dared to enforce the penal statute against homicide. But their patriotism assumed another complexion at the Exclusion League meeting. In the glow of Mayor Schmitz's presence they affirmed their invincible loyalty to the union, their readiness to bleed and die for it. They stigmatized the Jap as a person incapable of becoming a good citizen. Love of country was the keynote of the symphony of sentiment that was poured out under the leadership of that conspicuous exemplar of good citizenship, the Mayor of San Francisco. With so copious an effusion of cant jargon the city has not been regaled since the abandonment of that great forum, the sandlot. Most inspiring were the patriotic sentiments with which the eloquence of the occasion was redolent. And very touching were the expressions of affection for the dear little school children of the city. There was an occasional thrill too when some brave patriot would talk of war. One of them in the fulness of his chauvinism thumped his brisket bravely and affirmed the ability of the Western States to lick the Japanese empire off the map: a tongue-licking was doubtless what he meant for he wields no weapon with deadlier effect than the one he reluctantly sheaths behind his teeth.

The Scoring of Metcalf

Secretary Metcalf is expected to bow discreetly his head in shame and repentance when he learns that he has been pronounced anathema by the patriots of the Japanese and Korean Exclusion League of California, one of whom is the extraordinarily distinguished Schmitz, and most of the others his sponsors in the



George Bernard Shaw's "Cleopatra"

From the Latest Portrait of Maxine Elliott's Sister, Gertrude Elliott, Known in Private Life as Mrs. Forbes Robertson.

councils of organized labor. Secretary Metcalf was not only repudiated, he was denounced as a prevaricator for reporting that a swindling boycott was prosecuted against a Japanese restaurant. There was vigorous denial of the charge by those paragons of veracity who, whenever non-union men are brutally assaulted, assert that the assault was committed not by a representative of organized labor but by a sympathizer. It is to be hoped that after being informed of the meeting of the Japanese and Korean Exclusion League President Roosevelt will realize that the agitation over the school question has been kept alive entirely by our best citizens, by the men who, if they do not voice public sentiment in San Francisco, perform the task of thinking for the element that selects our municipal officials and controls our industrial affairs.

Nob Hill's Future

What the future will bring forth in the way of architectural adornment for Nob Hill is a matter about which nobody is informed. It is known that the Crockers have decided to present the sites of their homes to the Episcopal Church, but what the other millionaires purpose doing if they have conceived any plans, is yet to be revealed. George Whittel, one of the modern crop of millionaires, says he will rebuild if his neighbors do, but some of his neighbors have put "For Sale" signs on their lots and he has gone to Washington intent upon breaking into society at the capital. He has no sentimental interest in San Francisco and even his financial interests in this city are not so great as those that he has developed in the East where he spends most of his time. Whether Mr. Searles of Boston might be persuaded to rebuild the monumental home of the old millionaire who supplied him with a widow and a fortune, is a question yet to be solved. As for the Stanford property, that belongs to the Leland Stanford Jr. University and cannot be alienated by the trustees. What they are likely to do, even they would find it hard to tell. Some weird and wonderful things have been done and are being done in the name of Leland Stanford Jr. University. At present the trustees are restoring the shattered college buildings and it is to be hoped that this time the work is free from graft. Originally it was so raw that during the progress of it, one of the professors used to point it out to the pupils in his department as an example of how such work should not be done. And yet there has been frantic denial, since the earthquake, of the story of graft.

The Flood Property For Sale

But to return from the digression: the one mansion on Nob Hill that was not totally destroyed by fire was the stately brownstone at the corner of Mason which was inherited by Miss Jennie Flood. It was seldom occupied in recent years, and evidently the ruins are devoid of sentimental interest, for Miss Flood is prepared to sell the property. It was offered to the Pacific Union Club at a bargain and that plutocratic organization has taken the matter under advisement. There are members of the club enthusiastically in favor of making the purchase. The walls of the Flood mansion are in sound condition and the building could be easily restored. The Pacific-Union Club is now in a very prosperous condition, having collected $340,000 from the insurance companies and being the owner of a valuable lot at the corner of Stockton and Post Streets. If the lot were sold and the Flood property purchased, the club would have money to burn after fitting up a home.

The Horror of It

It is not unlikely that Nob Hill will become a rallying point for clubmen. It is thought that the University Club will build on the hill, and Union-League Club members are talking of buying a home site up there. Meanwhile the action of the Pacific-Union Club is awaited with considerable interest. Much depends on the suasive powers of the younger members, for some of the influential but short-necked and apoplectic geniuses of the financial world are inclined to panic whenever they reflect on the probability of their having to climb the hill in consequence of the cable road being crippled. It has been suggested that if hill-climbing were compulsory there would be fewer cases of that devastating disease known as pacific-unionitis which has carried off many distinguished well-fed citizens in recent years.

James Writes of Coolbrith Fund

Pasadena, Cal., Dec. 14, 1906.

Editor "Town Talk."

Dear Sir:

It is but recently that your fine tribute to Miss Ina Coolbrith, in your issue of Oct. 20th, has come to my notice. All that you say is true. It does seem strange that so little has been done to show our appreciation of what Miss Coolbrith has done for California. Those who uplift a high literary standard in any country do far more for that country than money can repay. As there have been a great number of wild extravagent rumors both in the public press and by well-intentioned but unkind people as to what her friends have actually done for Miss Coolbrith, will you kindly permit me to state the facts as far as the southern part of the state is concerned. I have seen and heard several times that Miss Coolbrith's friends down here had already given her two thousand dollars

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"Just a reminder—building composed of steel, concrete and marble—" with John McDermott as manager.

in cash, and a well-furnished home. Now why any person or paper should publish such an utterly outrageous and injurious lie is, to me, altogether incomphrensible. It is a lie, pure and simple, and, being believed, has the effect of deterring those who might give from doing their little. Hence when the lie is repeated in the future I hope your readers will instanter nail it on the head and give me as their authority and I will assume all and every responsibility accruing thereto. The Washington Heights Study Circle (a small club of North Pasadena women), has undertaken, with my assistance, to raise three thousand five hundred dollars with which to purchase a lot and build a home to be known as the Ina Coolbrith Home, and the use of which is to be given to Miss Coolbrith for life. Of this amount we have so far raised—not two thousand—but two hundred dollars only, in cash. In addition to this amount in cash we have received sundry autographed books and photographs from authors which are soon to be sold for the benefit of the fund.

In the meantime Miss Coolbrith has had to live. She has not wanted to leave San Francisco. Sufficient money has been given to her for her immediate needs and that is all. The Spinner's Club in San Francisco is seeking to raise a fund which shall be invested, and the interest only of which will be given to Miss Coolbrith for life. But while the money for the home is being raised by her southern friends, and the fund, the interest of which is to be given to her, is being raised by her San Francisco friends, the gifted poet would starve to death if the people who are so industrious in circulating the report that "Miss Coolbrith is already well provided for" had their pernicious way. Such people are more injurious to the well-being of a community than the smallpox and should be shut up until they can speak the truth; for untruths that bring injury to the weak and helpless, who have already suffered to the uttermost, are the most dastardly and cruel.

If any of your readers desire to help forward either funds they may communicate either with Miss Eleanor Davenport, Treasurer of the Spinner's Club Fund, 1981 Pacific avenue, San Francisco, or Mrs. D. W. Lewis, 1036 North Fair Oaks Ave., Pasadena, Cal., and their amounts, however large or small, will be gratefully acknowledged.

Yours sincerely,

—George Wharton James.

A Million Dollar Hotel

Within two years San Francisco will have more hotels than were in existence before the fire. This is the prediction of a hotel man who knows something of the prospective plans of several of our rich men. He says that San Francisco is just awakening to the fact that hotels are of great importance, and that the hotel business has become very profitable. One of the finest hotels to be erected will be at the corner of Taylor and Geary Streets. It will be built by the Baron estate, and is to be a replica of the new Astor House in New York. It will have a frontage of 137½ feet on Taylor Street and 137½ feet on Geary, running through to Williams Street. It will cost over $1,000,000 and it will have three hundred and eighty rooms.

Senator Brown's Erratic Love Affairs

Ex-Senator Arthur Brown, who was shot by Mrs. Bradley in Washington, was very well known here. In fact it was his effort to sever their relationship by sending her to San Francisco that at the last moment

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rendered her desperate and led to the shooting. He had bought her transportation, checked her baggage, and had made arrangements for her sojourn here when she suddenly returned to the hotel and made a final demand that he marry her. Most of those acquainted with this famous Utah liason are perhaps unaware that the divorced husband of Mrs. Bradley is married again and is now living in Nevada. Mrs. Bradley secured the divorce from him and, according to her friends, she did so under the promise of Senator Brown that he would immediately marry her.

Off With the Old Love

Successful as Senator Brown's life has been in a material way it might have been brilliant had it not been for his extremely unfortunate love affairs. Twice married, in each instance he boldly deserted home, position and brilliant prospects and faced notoriety and social ostracism for the passing woman. Some thirty years ago, with a fine practice in Kalamazoo, he deserted his first wife to flee west with Isabelle Cameron. They finally settled in Salt Lake where, after he had secured a divorce, he married her. Later Ann Madison, the present Mrs. Bradley, drifted out from Denver and came into his life. Then as now she was of the slender will of the wisp type, but magnetic and intellectual to a marked degree. At that time she was about twenty years old and found employment in one of the Salt Lake County offices. Some two years later she married William Bradley, clerk in a railroad office. Senator Brown, then as always deep in politics, helped the wife and secured her appointment as Secretary of the Republican State Central Committee of Utah. Thereafter by dint of her forceful character she became a prominent figure in politics. Though not particularly attractive from the standpoint of beauty she was easily one of the most brilliant women in the state.

Her Desperate Fight For Wifehood

All this while the intimacy between the two was notorious. Mrs. Brown made protests of a character to demonstrate that she did not intend to yield her position without a battle. Twice she had her husband arrested for improper relations with a woman not his wife. Before the last case came to trial friends prevailed on Mrs. Brown to withdraw her charge and the Senator was released. In one of the cases that came to trial Mrs. Bradley claimed that Senator Brown was the father of her two children. After his wife's death Mrs. Bradley made repeated efforts to force Senator Brown to marry her. A fortnight ago when he was called to Washington on an important case before the Supreme Court she followed him. In the final scene in his room at the hotel when he thrust the railroad tickets and baggage checks to San Francisco into her hands, he disclosed his unalterable determination to get rid of her and she shot him.

A New Street Car Device

The engineers of the United Railroads Company are investigating a device, which, if the claims of its inventor be substantiated, will enable trolley cars to climb such steep grades as the north Fillmore Street hill and the hills in Clay and Sacramento Streets without the employment of an auxiliary cable. The scheme

TAFT & PENNOYER

Thirtieth Annual Discount Sale

Once again we take pleasure in announcing our annual 10 per cent. discount sale. This being the **THIRTIETH** sale of its kind gives some idea of the solidity of this concern and its ability to conduct such an event. This year we will endeavor to make it a grand success, partly on account of its **THIRTIETH** anniversary, but mostly in gratitude to the wonderful support our patrons have given during the exceptional year. We have contrived so that every department outside of its regular goods has numbers of splendid bargains to offer at prices that are astonishing to a degree. This event begins Wednesday morning, December 26, and closes on the last day of January, **1907.** In order to get the greatest benefit, arrange to do your buying at an early date.

REMEMBER THESE POINTS

1. **The sale opens December 26.**
2. **The sale closes January 31.**
3. **During this time a general discount of 10 per cent. will be given on all purchases.**
4. **This discount does not apply on goods sold "net" under contract with the manufacturer, or Dr. Deimel's and Dr. Jaeger's Underwear, Dent's Gloves, Muslins and Sheetings.**
5. **It does not apply on goods already reduced more than 10 per cent.**

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The Establishment of Guaranteed "Quality"

Broadway at Fourteenth St. Oakland, Cal.

is to magnetize the rails, thus causing them to adhere to the wheels of the cars, and in this manner aid traction. The device was invented by A. A. Heney, formerly of Tacoma, Washington, and according to statement made by Heney's agent, William P. Baer of Chicago, who is now in San Francisco, it promises to revolutionize the operation of trolley railroads in hilly towns. Baer explains the invention as a magnetic device consisting of arms or yokes, carrying electric coils or small wheels. One end of each arm embraces an axle adjacent to the driving wheel, and the other end connects with a small flangeless trailing wheel, or "idler," which can be lifted off the rail. When the electric coil on an arm is energized an electro-magnet of the ordinary horse-shoe type is formed, of which the driving-wheel is one pole, the idler wheel the other pole, and the rail between them an armature. A model trolley car equipped with the device was recently set up in the basement of the company's barn at Oak and Broderick Streets, where a demonstration was made. It is said that the engineers were favorably impressed with the invention, but that they intend to defer their recommendation or condemnation until the results of an experiment to be made in the near future at Los Angeles are known.

C. J. Owen, former business manager of The Call, has been called to Norfolk, Va., to assume the business management of the Jamestown Magazine and incidentally to work up the advertising end of the big exhibition that will be held there early next year. It is a big undertaking while it lasts. After the exposition is over he will go to Portland to look after the advertising of The Journal.

Ada Romer Shawhan

The friends of Ada Romer Shawhan deeply deplore the unpleasant notoriety to which she has been subjected as a result of the attempt made by her ex-husband to end his existence. Those of her friends who know of her courageous and successful struggle for existence during the protracted period of her husband's absence feel that she is deserving of the highest praise. They know her as an ideal mother, a brave industrious woman, and they are indignant that after establishing her independence despite the burdens that were put upon her, the newspapers should aid the father of her children in giving circulation to what they conceive to be groundless and cruel innuendoes. Knowing as they do of the great hardships that Mrs. Shawhan has suffered, of the fact that her young son has had to work to assist in supporting the family they do not take seriously the linking of her name with that of millionaire McCreery. Mrs. Shawhan is not an artist of the Bohemian type.

A Muscian's Plaint

Why is it, asked a musical friend the other day, that while no paper would send to a baseball game a reporter who would be likely to call a bat a mallet or retain the services of a waterfront writer who in an effort to be nautical would speak of a ship coming in with flying scuppers at the same time send to con-

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Mrs. Mott-Smith Cunningham, exhibitor in Paris Salon of 1906, announces that her Studio Shop, at 1622 Pine Street, a few doors from Van Ness Avenue, is now open for the sale of her Jewelry at prices proportionate to their value. Beautiful presents for the holidays of which there are no duplicates.

JOHN A. BOYD H. SCHIMMEL
Schimmel & Boyd

High Class Tailoring
at Moderate Prices
WE HAVE A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF WOOLENS, TAILORED UNDER OUR PERSONAL SUPERVISION
WE GUARANTEE YOU SATISFACTION
543 Van Ness Avenue, near Golden Gate Avenue

TIME TO THINK OF GIFTS
Easy to Make Your Selections While Stocks Are Complete
Particular attention to special orders
FACTORY ON PREMISES
Precious Gems
Artistic Jewels
Back Combs
Necklaces
Bracelets
Bags
Parisian Novelties
In fact, the best of each particular kind manufactured
BALDWIN JEWELRY CO. 1261 Van Ness at Sutter

DUMBRELL'S FRUIT MARKET
2843 CALIFORNIA STREET
Phones: West 571, West 572
JUST RECEIVED
Consignment of Imported Pastes, Mushrooms, Pure Olive Oil, Conserva, Tonno Fish, Bombolati, Bianchi, Parmesant Cheese

certs men who not only know nothing of the musical art but are not even musical. My friend says he has been much amused at the efforts of the critics—critics is good, he said—to disguise their ignorance by devoting their space to the coloring of the wall paper, the hats of the ladies or to some other equally irrelevant subject, but occasionally garbling the shop-talk of music. He called my attention to this comment in reference to a pianist: "To watch him playing the Chopin Dirge was to witness a military funeral, the fierce onslaught of the scherzo melting into the liquid beauty of the march and resuming in the presto." Here, it was pointed out, the critic had taken the separate movements of the light and graceful scherzo and of the rapid presto, the latter a "perpetual motion," musically speaking, to be integral parts of the famous funeral march. It is an outrage, declared my musical friend, that the noble art of music should be treated as a hodgepodge of tinkling sounds fit to be handled by any journalist with an afternoon off.

An Injustice To Phelan

In all probability Mr. James D. Phelan was done an injustice in that interview in the "Examiner" in reference to the aspersions cast upon him by Secretary Hitchcock. Mr. Phelan was quoted thus: "That letter, or a copy of it, was given to me in confidence, but the old fellow has been so nasty with me that I think I am justified in quoting it publicly." I will not believe that so cultured a gentleman as Mr. Phelan would sanction so mischievous an ethical principle as that which is enunciated in the words quoted. He certainly knows that it would be highly immoral to justify a breach of confidence on the ground that by doing so he might severely rebuke somebody that had wounded his feelings.

Jack London's "Wicked Woman"

Once more the deadly parallel is being sprung on Jack London by the argus eyed critics. This time his story of a "Wicked Woman" in the November Smart Set is being compared with "Her Past," a tale published by Josephine Meighan in the New York Commercial Advertiser, some two years ago. Both stories deal with spirited girls who have just been won by their "ideal" lovers, both are at once impressed to confess a dreadful secret of their past, both feel their new lovers draw back suspiciously as the old Don Juan lovers loom into the foreground of the confessions. Each author works up the details as though the regulation denouement "woman's frailty" was to cap the climax. Then comes the sobbing sentence—"He kissed me." The immensely overjoyed lovers groan their relief, promptly grab the over wrought damsels to heart and strive their very best to comfort them with a superior brand of kisses. The same idea is unquestionably used in both stories but the handling is as different as is the sticky, gooey molasses candy turned out by rival manufacturers for the trade typical magazine stories. If Jack London never writes anything better than "A Wicked Woman" and Miss Meighan tries to duplicate "Her Past," the public may gleefully leave them to the punishment of being pilloried to this pricking parallel of both stories.

"Auto Eye"? You Know How Eyes Suffer After Exposure In Sun, Wind and Dust. Neglect Results in Eye Sickness, Redness and Granulation. Be Wise in Time.
Murine Eye Remedy Soothes and Quickly Cures.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS
There is nothing more suitable for a Gift than
Oriental Arts
Curios
Kimonos and
Fancy Goods
See Our Large Fancy Stock
"The Nikko"
1415 BUSH STREET
Below Van Ness Avenue

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH
JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., Ltd., LONDON
People of Refinement and Wine Intelligence ask for and drink
Perrier Jouet Champagne
Treat yourselves kindly and ask for "Blue Top"
VARNEY W. GASKILL, Pacific Coast Manager
Oakland, Cal.

WHEN IS
NAPA SODA
NOT
NAPA SODA?
WHEN IT'S NOT
JACKSON'S

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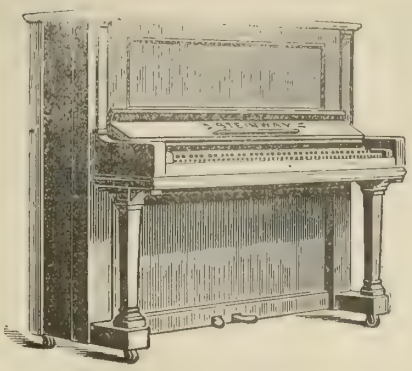
My Hawaiian correspondent writes: H. P. Baldwin, the sugar king of Maui, one of the principals in the sugar factory house of Alexander & Baldwin, has incorporated himself. In this he has followed a custom that has grown considerably of late in the Islands, a custom copied, probably from California. His entire property he has transferred to a corporation created for the purpose and known as "H. P. Baldwin, Ltd." The corporation is capitalized at $1,500,000 and is authorized to acquire property to the value of five times that amount. The process is a familiar one, and the purposes are well known. If Baldwin should die his administrator would be called on to deal with nothing but the stock of a corporation, while the property owned by the corporation would go on being administered just as it was in his lifetime, without any jar or break. In Hawaii these as well as all other corporations have to make an annual report to the treasurer of the Territory, and occasionally there are some very interesting matters in these reports of personal corporations.

His Genius As a Sugar Planter

H. P. Baldwin is one of the most remarkable of the sugar barons of the Hawaiian Islands. He is one of the very few who began by actually planting, cultivating and harvesting the cane. Most of those who have grown rich out of sugar in the Hawaiian Islands have done it wholly from the financial and commercial end. They have bought and sold the sugar and financed the cane-growing operations of others. But H. P. Baldwin began life forty years ago by planting cane with his own hands, working in the fields himself. And he did not stop there. He increased his acreage, he developed and financed plantations. He was his own manager. No man in the Islands has better judgment or skill in the actual operations of the field and the mill. He is a thorough farmer. At the same time he is a skilful financier. He developed Haiku plantation, and then Paia, both on Maui. Then he got control of Hawaiian Sugar company on Kauia, spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in bringing a new water supply and doubled the crop without materially increasing the operating expenses.

The Freezing Out of The Spreckels's

About nine years ago Alexander & Baldwin began quietly buying Hawaiian Commercial & Sugar Company. The younger Spreckels boys, at that time estranged from their father, controlled it and thought they could do anything with the stock on the market. But all at once, to their surprise, they found that Alexander & Baldwin held a controlling interest in the stock and naturally took the management of the company and the plantation. It had been a ten or eleven thousand ton plantation before that, and never paid a dividend. It has now become a 43,000 ton plantation and a big dividend payer. Alexander & Baldwin organized the Maui Agricultural Company, and Kihei Plantation on Maui, and bought Kahuku Plantation on Oahu. They got control of Kahului Railroad on Maui, and extended and improved it till now it controls the transportation of Central Maui. They are now engaged in building a breakwater and dredging Kahului Harbor so as to make that one of the best artificial harbors in the world. The work they are doing will enable steamships to come up to wharves instead of being obliged to load and discharge by means of lighters. Alexander & Baldwin control almost a fourth of the sugar production of the Hawaiian Islands.



STEINWAY VERTEGRAND, $525

A STEINWAY PIANO AT A MODERATE PRICE

The $525 Steinway Vertegrand is an upright that is superior to grands of other makes. It has the same interior as the higher priced Steinways. The economy is in the case. It is the piano for the true musician.

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Between Van Ness Avenue and Franklin Street

Is offering some very fine sets and single volumes in cloth and fine bindings. Suitable for holiday presents.

Social Prattle

By Tantalus

At the Greenway

By all odds the most brilliant social gathering of the season was that of the second Greenway ball at the little Palace. From time immemorial the Christmas dance of the Friday Night Club has been the principal function of each winter; and fire and earthquake notwithstanding San Francisco has never seen a Christmas ball bigger, gayer, smarter or merrier than the one of last week. All of our smartest were there is gowns that were reserved for the occasion. It was really inspiring was this brilliant ball, so eloquent was it of the indomitable character of the people of this city and of the recuperative capacity of their spirits. In that brilliant throng there was nothing to suggest economy or lack of the things which go to make life gay. Society was rather late in starting the ball a-rolling: it was 10:30 before there were six couples on the floor and it was midnight before the latest arrivals emerged from their carriages. But after the first crash of revelry joy was unconfined until many a cock had a soreness of the throat from welcoming the dawn. One missed the big electric-lighted Xmas tree which has long been a feature of this Greenway function, and the beautiful decorations in which the esthetic taste of the Czar so often found expression—they too, were missing, but there were lovely wreaths of holly berries and great soft bows of tulle and a variety of greens to remind of the holiday season. But horrid contretemps! the Czar, himself was in no holiday mood. The valiant Ned was decidedly under the weather. It was from a sick bed that he went to the ball but once on the floor his rubicund countenance radiated good cheer. The handsomest woman at the ball, one without a peer—or is it a peeress?—was Mrs. "Billy" Irwin. During the period of her absence from town, Mrs. Irwin has grown exceeding gray, but the evidence of Time's relentless touch is in this instance not to be regretted, for Mrs. Irwin now looks the Queen, stately, graceful and most pleasing to look upon, for her face has a vernal freshness that might be the envy of her juniors. Mrs. Irwin wore an exquisite silver gown of thin, gauzy, white embroidered stuff interwoven with silver threads, beads and spangles. Around her neck was the most wonderful dog-collar that has ever been seen in a local ballroom. It is a band of brilliants fastening on the left side with a bow-knot, a glorious bow-knot of diamonds. The loops of the bow form the band of the collar, a huge stone in the middle of the knot with two beautiful sash ends of precious stones that stretch across Mrs. Irwin's gleaming shoulders almost to the edge of her bodice. Something of an innovation is the tiny white chiffon ruche worn at the top of the collar. It is a style that should be imitated. Mrs. Timothy Hopkins is another woman who presented a stunning appearance at the hall. She was in a gown of apricot-colored chiffon embroidered with flowers. Mrs. Evan Pillsbury wore a beautiful gown of white and silver and strings of perfect pearls. Miss Phelan's diamonds were a sensation. The Phelan necklace of stones as big as pigeon eggs is well known to connoisseurs in precious stones. Mrs. Frank Anderson looked very stunning in a black jetted gown. Mrs. Will Sherwood was one of the very prettiest of the young married women. She wore a dream of a gown of white chiffon embroidered in gold. Mrs. Henry Breeden looked pretty in blue satin. Mrs. Fred McNear, always a sartorial picture, was in an Empire gown of white chiffon with a wide border in Roman colors which formed the bodice above the encircling Empire girdle. Her sister, Mrs. Gus Taylor, was in a white gown with wide panels of Dresden silk. Mrs. Walter Martin wore an Empire frock of white chiffon with jacket effect of green satin and panels of white silk with great pink roses. Mrs. Alexander Lilley was stunning in white net covered with tiny dew drops and great pink appliqued roses. She is as dainty as all the Williams girls. Her sister, Hanna was absent, but Mr. Hobart was there with all his best dancing steps. Among the girls there were many in picturesque costumes. None received more attention than Helene Irwin, who wore a soft white satin frock embroidered in silver, and a single string of pure white pearls. Her hair was most fetchingly coiffured. It was undulated from her face and fastened in a Psyche knot at the back of her head, a single curl escaping. Mary Keeney was all in white with a wreath of silver leaves in her hair.

Armsby's Vest

The women did not have a monopoly of colors at the ball. "The man with the lavendar vest" attracted as much attention as the most conspicuous belle. Everybody rubbered at the mauve waistcoat worn by George Armsby who has undertaken to inspire us with the courage of New York. Another waistcoat that attracted some attention was worn by Fred Greenwood. It was almost as decollete as some of the matrons' gowns.

Two Striking Figures

Perhaps the most striking figure of the ball was that of Mary Josselyn, who appeared as a symphony in black and white. Miss Mary is the blondest of the blonde Josselyn sister and that means she is no compromise. This blondeness she accentuated by means

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GUMP'S
CHINA PICTURES MARBLES GLASSWARE
ELECTROLIERS FRAMING
BRONZES DESK SETS SMOKING SETS
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Tel. Franklin 624

of contrast. She was encased in a black grown with a corselet effect above which appeared an expanse of white chiffon and lace. Around her white neck was a jet dog-collar and in her pale tresses a high jet ornament was imbedded. Her friend Linda Cadwalader also presented a striking figure in a black frock with her newly acquired pearl and diamond dog-collar and big pearl earrings.

Society's Slang

The verbal antics of the smart set become more freakish every year. Yesterday's slang is as bad form as last season's bonnet, and not to know the argot of the hour is worse than illiteracy. Society girls no longer get a "bid" to a dance—"bid" has been given decent burial and now the proper term is "drag." "Dandy" has been shelved with little lay-me-to-rest wreathes of "daisy" and the girls all say "bully fine" just as energetically as their brothers. The wish may be uncle to the thought, for instead of having a "case" or a "crust" now the coy young things all have "suitors." The good, old straightforward word "suitor" would scarcely recognize its modern application, for a chap may now be a "suitor" without having serious intentions. As we hinted before, however, the dear girls may think that some of the old-fashioned meaning still clings to the word and gives it more matrimonial value than "crust" or "case."

Generous Jennie Crocker

Little Jennie Crocker is going to teach the millioned a lesson in generosity during January. Instead of giving a dinner or tea to her friends she has invited them to accompany her on a trip to Mexico in the Crocker private car. Virginia and Gertrude Joliffe are to be in the party, which will be chaperoned by Mrs. Walter Martin. Mrs. Martin acts as guide, philosopher and friend to the young heiress, and it is too bad that she does not impart some of her "style" to her young protege. Miss Crocker still wears black and her clothes lack distinction. The first night of Maxine Elliott's play little Miss Crocker sat in a box with Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Joe Tobin, Mrs. Walter Martin and the Joliffe girls. Mrs. Martin was all in black too, but she looked very smart whereas even the lovely string of pearls which Miss Crocker wore with her frock failed to redeem her appearance from a hint of dowdiness. Jennie Crocker is not as pretty as poor ill-fated Mary was and unless she learns to dress her good points she will never even get under the newspaper wire as a "beautiful heiress." But perhaps she doesn't care. Her friends say that she has graces of mind and heart that might offset a host of other shortcomings.

Romance of a Banker's Daughter

The slippery porcelain bathtub has been responsible for many tragedies, but it is not generally recognized as an aid to Cupid. Such it seems to have been however in the romance which last week united Miss Mary Fraser, daughter of the Stockton banker, and Edward Pitman of Virginia. Mr. Pitman is a traveling man and while staying at a Stockton hotel slipped in a treacherous bathtub and injured himself. Miss Fraser, who was a guest of the same hostelry, played the good Samaritan by reading to the gentleman while he was laid up for repairs. On Thursday morning last, about a month after the accident, the two went quietly to St. John's Episcopal Church and were married. The father and brother of the bride were the only witnesses

The Severn

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Will Open Saturday, January 5, 1907

1050 GEARY ST., NEAR VAN NESS AVE.

Concert by Engel's Hungarian Orchestra afternoon and evening

Table d'hote dinner every evening between 6 to 8, $1.50

Phone Franklin 2165
Private Exchange

Tables may be reserved by telephone

and Mr. and Mrs. Pitman departed at once for Southern California. While not exactly a secret, so quietly were all the arrangements made that few knew of the approaching wedding until the application for a license appeared in the papers, though Miss Fraser casually mentioned the matter to a few friends at a tea two days before.

Gossip of the Service

A correspondent writes me from Washington: "The Naval and Military butterfly contingent that hovers about the throne of the Roosevelts has undergone several changes since the opening of the season. President Roosevelt's personal aides, Lieutenant Commander Albert L. Key and Colonel Charles Summer Bromwell, retain their respective posts as Naval and Military supports, but the lesser lights will present new faces when the New Year's reception is held. Lieutenant Granville Fortesque has been appropriately shelved as a result of his connection with the notorious Taggart divorce suit, and Lieutenant Harry Lay has been assigned to active duty in the Philippines. The three new members of this ornamental staff are Lieutenant Douglass MacArthur, U. S. A., Lieutenant C. R. Train, U. S. N., and Ensign Semmes Read, U. S. N. The position formerly made so brilliant by Major Charlie McCawley will be filled by Captain Frank McCoy of the Army, while young Phil Sheridan and Fitzhugh Lee have another year to serve their country on the firing, or rather the receiving line at the presidential levees.

Helen Dean To Be Married

All the way from New York by letter comes the news that Helen Dean has capitulated to Dan Cupid. I am informed that she will be married in January to a Mr. Carlisle, but the news is irritatingly meagre, no information being vouchsafed beyond the mere fact that Mr. Carlisle is a man of high social and financial position in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Dean are still at the Waldorf and Mrs. Dean is still quite ill.

No Ostentation For Them

Charlotte Wilson and George Cadwalader will not be married in January as they planned when their engagement was first announced. March is the month now calendared for the event which I hear will be shorn of all display. Not since Lily Spreckels married Harry Holbrook have we had a spectacular wedding with all the trimmings that go to pad the society column. The dressmakers, caterers and decorators deplore the present style of saying "I will" but the girls seem to lisp it just as blithely as though the ceremony perforated the family bank account.

An Ideal Bachelor Establishment

Society women who wear their Mary Ann troubles on their sleeve should pluck the secret of success from Thornwell Mullalley whose household hinges are said never to creak. Most bachelor establishments are run hit or miss by the haughty help, but Mullalley's friends say that things never slip their trolley in the United Railway manager's home. He is a delightful host and most of his entertaining this winter has been against the background of his own house. The other night Mr. Mullalley gave an after-theatre supper for Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Gertrude Jolliffe, Mrs. Walter Martin and an equal number of men.

Any Solid Silverware

that passed through the fire, of which there is a fragment left,

Perfectly Restored

To any person having this work to be done I can show wonderful results at my shop, having restored some of the choicest silver in the city.

Specialty of trophies and presentation cups. Suitable designs submitted on application.

JOHN O. BELLIS

Manufacturing Silversmith

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1624 California St., near Van Ness Av.

Holiday Groceries

Wholesale Rates on Family Orders

Prompt City and Suburban Delivery

Quality Supreme

SMITH'S CASH STORE

16 Stewart St. San Francisco.

JUST AROUND THE CORNER

Lambardi's Opera Company

The new Italian grand opera company—Lambardi's—has received the popular verdict of approval. The popular verdict in this city, in the matter of Italian opera, means that the company by which it was earned is composed of artists of real merit. We have had a large variety of brands of Italian opera served up to us and we have grown critical. We know our Italian operas backwards, and we have developed a keen ear, an ear that differentiates viobrato from tremulo, an achievement that appears to be beyond the capacity of some critics. We have learned something of the tricks that are resorted to when there are vocal blemishes to be covered. We can detect the slurring as well as the forcing of a tone. In short we are not unfamiliar with the essentials of the vocal art. And we have applauded the Lambardi stars in "Aida," that old familiar favorite with which the old Tivoli used to woo the Latin colony from its black coffee at North Beach. The Lambardi's are not the greatest ever, but they will more than suffice. It is not high praise to say that they give a performance superior to some of the performances given in this city by Conried, for that impresario gave us performances with Edyth Walker and Olive Fremstad in leading parts, and they were pretty bad, so bad that they should have provoked a riot, and yet they were tolerated because they came from New York with the Metropolitan brand. But comparisons are nividious and futile. Esther Adaberto is a very acceptable Aida at two dollars a throw. She is an artist with a voice of pleasing quality and she uses it intelligently. Signor d'Ottavi is a tenor with the tremulo habit, but he too has a voice of pleasing quality, and he emits an occasional white note and holds it lovingly. The company includes an excellent baritone in the person of Signor Autola, and a fine basso in the person of Signor Lambardi. On the whole the performance of Aida was entirely satisfactory and evoked great enthusiasm from a delighted audience that packed the Central Theatre.

The Charms of Coronado

The Coronado Hotel has just issued a handsome booklet entitled "Outdoors at Coronado." Coronado is certainly a beautiful place "out-of-doors" as well as in. Its magnificent beach stretches as far as one can see and the warm southern winds make surf bathing a pastime of the entire year. Every season championship events in all departments of out-door sports take place. The royal and ancient game of golf is played under exceptionally favorable conditions at Coronado. The golf instructor is Mr. Alex. Taylor, late professional of Exmoor Country Club, Highland Park, Ill. The new cement tennis courts are admired by all experts. There is yatching, fishing, automobiling, riding, driving, rowing at Coronado; and in fact every out-door sport that can be enjoyed anywhere can be made doubly pleasant there because of the delightful climate and pleasant environment.

A New High Class Cafe

A new cafe conducted after the most modern ideas will open Saturday, January 5, at 1050 Geary Street, just a few doors below Van Ness. This restaurant will be conducted by Mr. W. E. Zander, a man well known in the restaurant and hotel life of this city. No expense has been spared to make this place complete in all the appointments essential to the comfort and convenience of its patrons. Its cuisine will be of the very highest class. Engel's Hungarian orchestra will furnish music every afternoon and evening. A specialty will be the dinner served from 6 to 8 at $1.50.





A SINGLE ORDER OF BOTTLES FOR

HUNTER WHISKEY

IF PLACED END TO END
WOULD REACH FROM
BALTIMORE
TO
CHICAGO
THIS GIVES SOME IDEA
OF THE MAGNITUDE
OF ITS POPULARITY

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NEWEST SHAPES ALL NEW GOODS
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IT'S PURE
THERE'S HEALTH
IN EVERY BOTTLE

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Stage

A Californian's Play

Of a play that was first staged in this city a New York critic writes: "Anyone who braves a storm such as favored New York last Monday night, and trots all the way up to Columbus Circle to see a play, deserves better treatment than Martin V. Merle gives in 'The Light Eternal,' a new piece which Henry Miller has put on at the Majestic Theatre. I say a 'new' piece, because it's so called, though the novelty consists only in a Christmas transformation scene in the third act when the Court of Diocletian is stricken dumb by a terrific thunderclap and a beautiful and dazzling crystal chandelier in the shape of a cross, brilliantly lighted by electricity, appears in the darkened background. It is a 'romantic play of early Rome,' the programme says, and as it was written while Mr. Merle was a student at the Jesuit College in Santa Barbara, Cal., it may be surmised at once that it deals with the threadbare persecutions of the early Christians. In no way except scenically does it surpass any of the so-called religious dramas that have preceded it into oblivion, and if it is intended to convey any sort of a lesson, or to carry any convictions concerning Christianity, it falls many fathoms below its expectations. Surely, except with children, who are still moved to fear by hobgoblin stories, no one nowadays is transported by emotion or swept into heroics by the manipulation of a few electric bulbs and a procession of glittering armor. There is enough romance and charm of scenic splendor about antique Rome to furnish an evening's entertainment and display the modern possibilities of stage spectacle without dragging in the most historic figure in the annals of the world. It does not add one jot to our veneration for the laws and the gospels to hear them mouthed by a young man in pink silk and tights and white kid boots. In fact, it cheapens them rather, and makes them ridiculous. If the author wanted to write a "moral" play, he might have taken any other episode in history, thoroughly thumb-marked as the one he has chosen. He probably would have done it just as badly, but it would not have appeared so ridiculous; the characters would be too obscure."



Irene Outrim
Ingenue and Mezzo-Sporano, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

The Latest From Fitch

Clyde Fitch's latest play is "The Girl Who Has Everything." A New York critic says that it shows that Fitch is improving and adds: "Indeed, in the end he may succeed, if he really wants to, in producing something that touches those real depths of feeling that compel you to remember after you have left the play-house behind you; remember not that you have had only a pleasant evening, heard a lot of people talking epigrams that nobody ever talks, seen some children, who, if they really existed, would be suppressed as a menace to posterity—so prodigiously clever are they—admired some very handsome stage settings, and seen some women show up, very truthfully, various vagaries of femininity, but instead, something deeper and truer and nearer the core of human sentiment than we have, so far, been able to discover in these plays.

"It is needless to recapitulate the piece. Mr. Fitch's plays, at least the 'society' ones, are so similar in plot and action, that the names and characters of any of them might easily be transposed without serious injury to the evening's amusement. Sometimes the people wear coronets and sometimes they are merely strugglers moving down from Harlem, but always they are like as two peas in a pod."

O'Neill In Monte Cristo

After an absence of over ten years James O'Neill will make his reappearance in this city at the Novelty Theatre, on Monday night Dec. 31st. His engagement is to be limited to two weeks. Commencing with Monday night and including a special matinee on New Year's Day and a regular Saturday matinee, O'Neill will be seen in a very elaborate revival of "Monte Cristo." For years James O'Neill has been the recognized American representative of Dumas' hero of "Monte Cristo," and although a versatile and most admirable actor, particularly in roles requring vocal eloquence, he has been forced by public demand to

devote most of his time to this play. He is the ideal Count of Monte Cristo, just as McCullough was the ideal "Virginius," Booth the living "Hamlet" and Jefferson the flesh and blood "Rip Van Winkle." When time cannot wither, or customs stale a play or



Mario Lambardi

Of the Lambardi Grand Italian Opera Company, at the Central Theatre.

an actor's performance, it must be conceded that there are the genuine elements of merit in both... Mr. O'Neill was a young man when he first essayed his dual role—that of Edmond Dantes and the Count of Monte Cristo—yet, it is said, his fire is still unabated and he plays with all that fine dramatic spirit which characterized his early work. His voice, resonant and well modulated, is peculiarly adapted to these elocutionary phrases, and he gives to the quieter scenes a breadth and dignity not often associated with melodramatic roles. Where others shout and tear a passion to tatters, he commands respect by forceful reserve and that impression of genuine feeling so difficult to achieve in theatric plays of this nature. The supporting cast includes a number of competent and talented people, and the production has been described as being one of the most sensational and spectacular that money and modern stage craft can effect. For the second week of his engagement Mr. O'Neill will produce his new play, "The Voice of the Mighty." In this piece he appears in the role of John the Baptist, and from all accounts he has made the same great impression as when he appeared in this city years ago at the Grand Opera House in the Passion Play. "The Voice of the Mighty" is from the pen of James Slevin. It is spectacularly staged and special music has been written for it.

In The Limelight

Miss Isabel Irving has joined the Liebler & Co. forces and hereafter will star under that management. This season she is to use Jerome K. Jerome's piece called "Susan In Search of a Husband." Gottlob, Marx & Co. have arranged with the Lieblers to send Miss Irving and her company direct from New York to this city. Among the cast in support of Miss Irving will be Herbert Standing, Marie Wainwright, Ernest Mainwarning and Hassard Short.

Klaw and Erlanger have completed arrangements for the San Francisco appearance of the big production, "The Ham Tree," in which McIntyre and Heath are starring. The company in support of McIntyre and Heath numbers seventy people. Before many weeks will have passed "The Ham Tree" will be seen in full bloom at the Novelty Theatre.

The Second Week of Opera

The second week of the Lambardi Opera Company at the Central Theatre will see Verdi's famous opera "Rigoletto" on Monday and Thursday evenings and at the Saturday matinee with Sig. Angelo Antela as the Jester; the favorite tenor Dominico Russo as the Duke; Sig. Olinto Lambardi as the Brave; the pretty, piquante song bird Adalina Tromben as the daughter Gilda and Maria Millen, as Maddalena, the brave's sister. At the New Year's matinee Puccini's great work "La Boheme" will be given with Velia Giorgi as Mimi; Bianca Nunez as Musetta; Salveneschi as Rodelfo; Scifoni as Marcello; Lambardi as Schaunard and Cannetti as Celline. Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday evenings Verdi's greatest triumph, "Il Trovatore" will be sung with an all-star cast including Esther Adaberto as Leonora; Matilde Campofiore as Azucena; Fillippie D'Attavi as Manrico; Roberto Scifoni as the Count di Luna and Ugo Canetti as Ferrando. This opera was one of Adaberto's greatest successes in Italy and Russia, and her rendition of the unhappy heroine is said to be one of the finest dramatic and vocal performances on the operatic stage. "Faust" will be repeated on Wednesday evening and at the Saturday matinee with Giorgi, Millon, Patti, Paccini and Lambardi in the cast. The repertoire for the third week will include "La Tosca" with Adaberto; "The Barber of Seville" with Tremben, and "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" with all the Italian opera stars in the cast. For the fourth week several new operas are promised, "Chopin," "Iris," and "Germania," in addition to "The Masked Ball," L'Africane," and "The Elixir of Love."



Frank Bacon

The Popular Comedian of the Colonial Theatre "In His Habit As He Lives."

Orpheum Vaudeville

May Edouin and Fred Edwards will make their first appearance in this city at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. Miss Edouin's mother, Alice Atherton, was a great favorite in the early days of musical

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.—For the half year ending December 31, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1907.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, northwest corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the half year ending December 31, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of three and eight-tenths (3 8-10) per cent. on term deposits and three and forty-two one-hundredths (3 42-100) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. Dividends not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from January 1.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO., corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the six months ending December 31, 1906, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3½ per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907. The same rate of interest will be paid by our branch offices, located at 1531 Devisadero Street, 927 Valencia Street, and 1740 Fillmore Street.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE RENTERS' LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY of San Francisco, Commercial and Savings Bank, Safe Deposit Vaults, 115 Hayes Street, between Van Ness Avenue and Polk Street.—For the half year ending December 15th a dividend has been declared at the rate of four per cent. (4 per cent.) per annum on savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, December 17, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from December 15, 1906.

Also two per cent. (2 per cent.) per annum paid on commercial deposits, subject to check, credited monthly.

C. S. SCOTT, Cashier.

Dated San Francisco, December 4, 1906.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, corner of Market and Church Streets, San Francisco, Cal., has declared for the six months ending December 31, 1906, a dividend of 5 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits and 6 per cent per annum on term deposits—interest on deposits payable on and after January 2, 1907. Interest on ordinary deposits not called for will be added to the principal and thereafter bear interest at the same rate.

WASHINGTON DODGE, President.

WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, Union Trust Company building, corner Market and Montgomery Streets, third floor.—For the half year ending December 31, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1907.

JOHN GINTY, Assistant Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 706 Market Street, opposite Third.—For the half year ending December 31, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1907.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA, 42 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter Street.—For half year ending December 31, 1906, a dividend has been declared on deposits in the savings department of this bank as follows:

On term deposits at the rate of 3.6 per cent. per annum and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3½ per cent. per annum, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal, from January 1, 1907.

HENRY BRUNNER, Cashier.



RACING

New California Jockey Club

Oakland Race Track

Six or more races each week day, rain or shine.
RACES COMMENCE AT 1:40 P. M., SHARP

For special trains stopping at the track take the S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street; leave at 12:00, thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 P. M. No smoking in last two cars which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

Returning trains leave track after fifth and last races.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

1849 1906

SPRINGFIELD

Fire and Marine Insurance Co.

ASSETS, October 31, 1906		**$6,514,533.38**
LIABILITIES—		
Unpaid Losses	$ 248,111.66	
Reinsurance Reserve	3,293,218.71	3,541,330.37
Surplus to Policy Holders		**$2,973,203.01**

RECORD of the SPRINGFIELD in the Settlement of Claims in the SAN FRANCISCO CONFLAGRATION.

Paid Under "Direct" Policies (December 1st)—

Face of policies	$1,443,955.15	
Salvage (4 per cent.)	58,949.34	$1,385,005.81
Paid other companies reinsured		619,680.64
Total amount paid		2,004,686.45
Received reinsurance from other companies		416,221.91
Net paid		$1,588,464.54

Losses In Course of Adjustment—

Direct Policies (1)	$ 2,000.00	
Reinsuring other companies	38,033.60	
	$40,033.60	
Recoverable from companies reinsuring Springfield (estimated)	$16,968.76	23,064.84
Aggregate Losses		$1,611,529.38

The ratio of salvages under "direct" policies (4 per cent.) agrees with the first published estimates made by President Damon on his visit to San Francisco early in June. It is the source of the greatest satisfaction to us, and must be to our friends and agents, that the figures, on final adjustment, do not vary materially from the figures given by the Company under sworn statements to the Insurance Commissioner of New York, as of June 30th.

Quoting from Manager A. J. Harding of our Western (Chicago) Department:

"The Company, at the outset, promptly published the full amount of its liabilities, without attempting to paliate the truth by an over-statement of reinsurance or probable salvage.

"The SPRINGFIELD was one of the first Companies to face the full measure of its liability, and, from beginning to end, it has not taken advantage of the necessities of a single loss claimant by deducting an arbitrary estimate of supposed earthquake damages."

In an interview with the reporter of the San Francisco "Call," published June 5th, President Damon said:

"Our losses in San Francisco are approximately $1,676,455. They have not varied materially from the first report sent on to the home office, when we thought, for a while, that the greatest damage done in San Francisco was by the earthquake. We are proceeding to settle our losses upon practically the same lines that we have followed in settling fire losses in the past."

GEO. D. DORNIN Manager — **GEO. W. DORNIN** Assistant Manager

JOHN C. DORNIN
Second Assistant Manager

comedy and extravaganza in San Francisco and the daughter is said to have inherited exceptional talent. She has a laughing song that is the talk of England and America. Mr. Edwards is a clever and versatile performer and their skit, "A Bachelor's Dream," will undoubtedly receive a warm welcome. Emelia Rose, direct from Europe and one of the most celebrated artistes in her line in the world, will also be new here. She does some remarkable foot balancing and is assisted in her act by two wonderfully well trained and accomplished little canines. The Orpheum Road Show will be seen for the last time with all its wealth of entertainment, including "Menetekel," the extraordinary illusion, Ned Wayburn's "Rain Dears," headed by Neva Aymar, Ed. F. Reynard, the great ventriloquist, Walter C. Kelly, "The Virginia Judge," Work and Ower, the acrobatic comedians, and Wilson's monkey, "Jessie." Such a show is impossible of duplication anywhere and the demand for seats is something phenomenal. On the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, are to be found attractions of every conceivable description. The Circle Swing, "A Day in the Alps." Scenic Railway, trip "Down the Flume" and numerous other amusement devices are popular in the extreme while the Zoo contains one of the finest collections of animals in the United States.

At Idora Park

At Idora Park they are giving the only real holiday production in California this year, the bill being "The Toymaker," with a gorgeous transformation scene full of surprises and beautiful effects and entitled "The Awakening of Folly." Ferris Hartman's portrayal of the character of the old German mechanic is too well known to call for comment. It is his masterpiece, and Hope Wayne as the doll gives the best performance of the part yet seen here. The piece is a work full of pretty music and is well worth hearing. As a holiday spectacle for the children it is just the thing. Especial mention should be made of the splendid choral work done in this production, particularly by the male contingent which has some fine numbers allotted to it. The next opera to be given at Idora is Strauss' "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief."

A series of popular orchestral matinees is being arranged in Oakland to be given at Ye Liberty Playhouse under the direction of Paul Steindorff and with Will Greenbaum in the managerial capacity. A committee of thirty prominent ladies have the matter in hand.

The dates for the Schumann-Heink concerts are January 19 at the Greek Theatre of the University, Sunday matinee, the 20th, in San Francisco, Monday evening, January 21, at Ye Liberty, Oakland, and a farewell in San Francisco Sunday afternoon, January 27. Address all communications to Will Greenbaum, Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

Colonial Theatre

Hall Caine's dramatization of his novel, "The Christian," is drawing crowded houses at the Colonial Theatre and is proving the greatest success of the pres-

THE ORIGINAL VIENNA BAKERY AND CAFE

These sharp days give one an appetite, and an excellent place to satisfy that is The Original Vienna Bakery and Cafe at 1226 Post Street, or its branch on Van Ness, near Geary. Here the best in the market is daintily served, and also the finest pies, cakes, bread and pastry can be bought.

CENTRAL THEATER

Market and Eighth Streets. Phone Market 777
Howell & Dodge, Proprietors.

LAMBARDI GRAND ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY

Matinee this afteernoon at 2:15.....“Lucia”
To-night and To-morrow (Sunday matinee).....“Aida”
To-morrow evening .....‘Faust”

NEXT WEEK

Monday and Thursday nights, Sunday matinee.....“Rigoletto”
Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday nights.....“Il Trovatore”
Wednesday night and Sunday matinee.....“Faust”
Friday night .....“La Boheme”

SPECIAL MATINEE (Tuesday)—NEW YEAR'S DAY.
“LA BOHEME.”

Superb Casts Splendid Chorus
Enlarged Orchestra Correct Costumes.

Prices: $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75 cents and 50c. Boxes, $21; per seat, $3.50. Seats now selling.
Box office open 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

COLONIAL THEATER

McAllister Street, near Market. Phone Market 920
Martin F. Kurtzig President and Manager.

This Week and Next Week.
SPECIAL MATINEE NEW YEAR'S DAY
The Colonial Stock Company in Hall Caine's Famous Play

“THE CHRISTIAN”

FRANK BACON AS ARCHDEACON WEALTHY.

Evenings: 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents and $1.00. Wednesday Bargain Matinees, all reserved seats, 25 cents. Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 25 cents and 50 cents.
In Preparation “The Butterflies.”

IDORA PARK OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop
Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

“THE TOYMAKER”

A Feast of Fun and Good Music. A Genuine Holiday Production.

Ye Liberty Playhouse 14th & Broadway OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop.

Commencing Monday, December 30, Special Matinee Tuesday

“THE MASQUERADERS”

By Henry Arthur Jones
Seats: 50 cents and 25 cents.

NOVELTY THEATER

Corner O'Farrell & Steiner

Sunday Night, December 30, Last Time of “Yon Yonson”
Beginning Monday, December 31—Two Weeks—First Appearance Here in Over Ten Years

JAMES O'NEILL

First Week Including Special Matinee New Year's Day.
Regular Matinee Saturday. Great Revival of

“MONTE CRISTO”

Second Week: “The Voice of the Mighty.”
Prices: $1.50 to 25 cents.

ORPHEUM Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Dec. 30

Matinee every day except Monday
MAY EDOUIN AND FRED EDWARDS
Presenting “A Bachelor's Dream.”
EMELIA ROSE
In Her Novelty Acrobatic Act, and LAST WEEK of the
ORPHEUM ROAD SHOW!

PRICES: 10c, 25c and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Dohrmann's Drug Store, Sutter and Fillmore Streets. Phone, West 6000.
CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. to Midnight. Admission, 10c; Children, 5c.

ent season. It is beautifully, picturesquely and completely staged and the cast, which is one of exceeding merit, proves that the ability of the clever stock company is not confined to comedy, but that it can, when the occasion demands, do the most thorough justice to drama. One of the most interesting incidents connected with the presentation of "The Christian" is the very great hit made by Wilfred Rogers as John Storm. He has astounded his warmest admirers by a performance characterized by realism in intensity and feeling, and he should be credited with being the best exponent the role has had since E. J. Morgan's time. In the fourth act Mr. Roger achieves his greatest triumph and moves the audiences to an extraordinary enthusiasm. Izetta Jewel also achieves a great success and is decidedly the best Glory Quayle that has appeared here. Both she and Mr. Roger are honored with many curtain calls. Frank Bacon amusingly and cleverly sketches the mammon worshipping ecclesiastic Archdeacon Wealthy and A. Bert Wesner gives a thoroughly human impersonation of the faithful apostle Father Lamplugh. Harry Pollard is very good as Horatio Drake. Lord Robert Ure is well acted by Orral Humphreys. Jane Jeffery, who reappears after too long an interval, is a pleasing feature of the cast as Mrs. Callender. She has a thorough appreciation of the author's meaning and the result is most happy. Bessie Bacon wins sympathy and approval as Polly Love and the other parts are carefully and conscientiously portrayed. In consequence of its great success "The Christian" will be continued all next week. There will be a special matinee of it New Year's day.

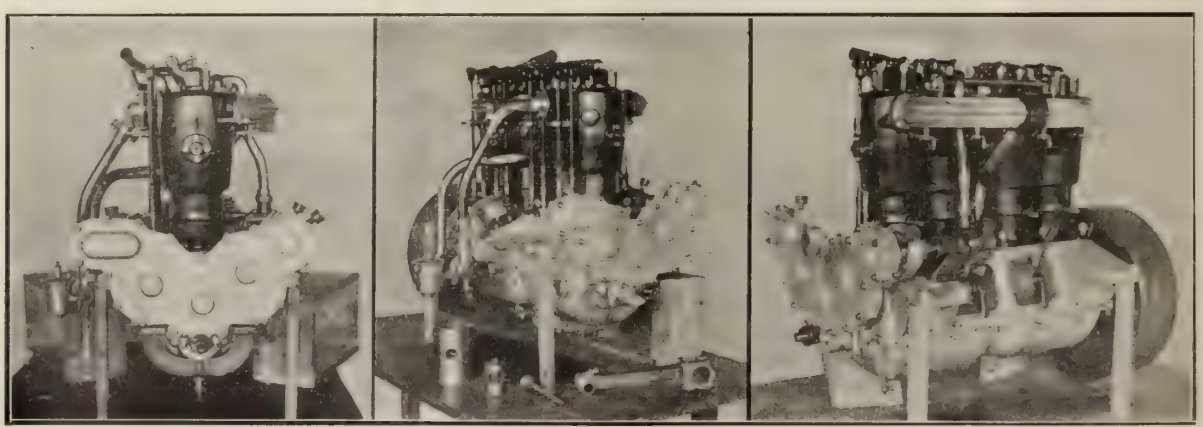
"Wintons everywhere," remarked Mr. H. D. Morton to one of his traveling companions on the recent trip of the San Francisco Business Men's Special to the mines of Nevada. "While on our recent trip," says Mr. Morton, "we found Wintons awaiting us at Reno, Wintons at Goldfield and Wintons at Tonopah. During the entire trip I only had one ride in a car other than the Winton and this ride was disastrous. The chauffeur explained to me the reason why the car was not running well. I accepted his apology, transferred into a Winton and reached my destination in good shape."

A Juvenile

"The Camp on Letter K." offers something of a new environment in boys' bookland. It concerns a township in Northern Maine, near the Canadian border, where the boys are robust and accustomed to outdoor life and more or less roughing it. The camp on "Letter K." was a deserted wood camp left after the logging operations had cleared the section of desirable timber, but made use of indiscriminately by hunters and fishermen, and occasionally utilized for brief periods by shingle makers and other local craftsmen. The boys whose adventures make up the gist of the narrative are well grown lads of sixteen, belonging to well to do farming families. They attend school while it keeps, and help on the farm at other times, finding plenty of opportunity for outdoor sports and such practical jokes and rough play as delights the rustic mind. The author, Clarence B. Burleigh, is editor of the "Kennebec Journal" and the book is rather more carefully written than the average juvenile. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard are the publishers.

The Heredia Sonnets

The comparatively recent death of Jose Maria de Heredia will awaken new interest in the fourth edition of Edmund Robeson Taylor's translations from "Les Trophees" just issued by Paul Elder and Company. As Dr. Taylor remarks in his preface the task of rendering Heredia's sonnets into English is truly Herculean—even partial success is almost a victory. As a master of the sonnet form the Creole poet ranks with the highest, and both the content and the manner of his art could well afford material for critical study. The present translator has brought to his task a sympathetic insight into his author and a passion for perfection in his work. In Englishing the sonnets he has in no way tarnished the jeweled splendor of Heredia's diction. Since the publication of the third edition he has again gone over the work with minute care and has made additions to the notes. Literary San Francisco should rejoice in the scholarly excellence of Dr. Taylor's work.



THREE VIEWS OF '07 POPE-HARTFORD ENGINE

Said to Be the Most Wonderful Motor Ever Installed In An Automobile.

Expert engineers who have inspected this motor pronounce it the most compact and greatest power developing machine yet built. It is the production of three years' scientific experimenting. Even a novice can readily see the reason for the wonderful hill-climbing ability of the Pope-Hartford car when the working of the engine is explained.

The body of this car and vital parts are all made of the best material and by the most skilled mechanics. It is the most satisfactory medium priced and medium powered car yet produced. The local Agents, The Hovey-Boushey Co., are taking orders faster than the cars can be delivered. Every four days, they say, a carload leaves the factory.

The Way of a Man

An Allegory—By Laura Simmons

The Man was young in years, and more than comely; only his eyes were very, very tired, and his mouth hard set, with bitter, sardonic lines cut all around it.

As he paused, just within the Temple door, the good Sage looked up from his desk and scanned him keenly.

"What, here again, my son?" he queried, with some sharpness.

"Yes, sire." The response was sullen, and defiance was writ in the Man's beautiful eyes.

There was a long pause. Then, as the Man seemed loth to unbosom himself without further encouragement, the old Sage ventured: "You didn't get suited, then? She wasn't the woman for you, after all? But you can't blame me; I gave you what you wanted."

"What I thought I wanted," corrected the Man, with sudden, fierce bitterness.

"You told me you wanted a wife who could understand you—or, rather, understand men. Didn't she do all that?"

"Yes, she did—that and more; that's what's the matter. And I don't want her—I won't have her, that's all!"

The old man stroked his long, white beard meditatively.

"Make scenes?" he inquired, at length.

"No; I wish she had. Just excused all I did—everything—and all I might have done, too."

"But didn't she sympathize with you, make allowances for you, and all men?"

"Oh, yes, she did!"—something like a curse was under the Man's breath.

"Didn't she enter into your occupations, your amusements, your sports, and make herself a companion to all your moods? Didn't she play poker, smoke cigarettes, hunt, shoot, climb and rough it with you, encourage the boys to tell their stories, learn to drink cocktails like any good fellow for your sake—?"

But the Man's arm went up suddenly in a wild gesture of disgust, not to say despair. "Yes, and I've had enough! Good Lord! let me try again!" he broke out, in sudden passion, the eager pleading of his eyes making his face boyish and strangely winning for the instant. "I want—something different," he cried. "Give me a woman who can't understand! A woman who—I can't explain what I want—but one that I can't always make out—that I never can make out! A woman that's a woman, with something about her that is different, intangible, mystifying, fascinating; weak, perhaps, and foolish, but loving, and—and a woman. I'll do my best, I swear it—before God I will."

The Sage looked at the splendid, weary eyes, filled now with a desperate pleading, and then back at the book before him.

"It is my duty," he said, slowly, "to send you back to her again, to try to be content."

But the Man's softened face had grown rigid again, and his voice shook with a fierce impatience. "Never! I tell you I will never see her again! I have come a thousand miles to get out of sight of her. And she has her freedom."

"But she loves you, perhaps?"

"Yes, I suppose so"—he hesitated—"yes, I think she does." Then, grimly: "She always gave me free rein to follow any other affinity I might fancy. She's changed her tune, now that I'm off, and free," and he laughed jarringly.

"You mean that she will find consolation elsewhere—that there is another man?"

"No, no; she's a good woman and true; she simply cares now—when it is too late. I find she actually can weep and sob like any other woman." He made a swift gesture as of intolerable annoyance; then the eager look crept back into his eyes again, as he scanned the impassive face before him.

There was a long pause; then:

"You may go," said the Sage, gravely, writing with great deliberation on the outspread page.

Three Years After.

The Man stood again in the doorway of the Temple, and this time the Sage looked up and marveled at the radiance of his face.

"Well, you have found life different, I presume?"

The Man laughed joyously. "Yes, O Father," he replied; "the difference of another world—or another woman."

"I had guessed as much; and yet," musing, "she isn't nearly so much in beauty, or wit, or physique."

"Hush!" the Man broke in indignantly. "She is perfect for me, who am all unworthy," he added softly, with a grave tenderness.

"Drink or smoke?"

"Sire!" A hot flush ran over the Man's handsome face.

"Gives you perfect freedom in your fancies, condones your attentions to other charmers?"

"I—I spoke of such a thing once, once only, in jest," the Man faltered, "and she simply opened her big gray eyes upon me in a scared way, with a bit of a laugh and a bit of a sob, and cried: 'But you are married now and I am your wife, dear—your own little wife, you know!" And after that"—the Man's eyes shone, and shame and tenderness strove within his face—"after that, I vowed she should never know, never dream, if I could shield her, guard her from ever learning the things that be in this cursed world. The knowledge would kill her, I verily believe."

The eyes of the shrewd old Sage sparkled humorously. "And the cocktails, and the boys' jolly stories?"

"The boys are always welcome, because they are my friends, and they worship her, one and all, as one worships a star. She makes all other women better to them—and they are the cynical sort, too, heaven knows!"

"And there is no other affair?" went on the Sage, mercilessly; "she has nobody else sub rosa, you are sure?"

A flame blazed up in the Man's blue eyes, and his face whitened with a sudden agony. "You are speaking of my wife, sire, my sweet girl, pure as God's angels in heaven!"

There was a long pause. The young fellow stood irresolute, as though there were still something left unsaid. Then, "I want to thank you, sire; I owe you much—everything. What can I do?"

"No thanks," said the Sage, a trifle sternly, "save that, as you live, try and appreciate her, to be worthy of her."

The Man stepped close to him, and the shining in his eyes was radiant as the sunlight in Springtime. "There is something else," he said, smiling. "We shall not tramp over the rough places this year; we don't expect to shoot and climb for a long time to come; it's hard work for a gentle woman anyway, and—this year—" His face filled with an eager pride and boyish gladness that were good to see.

"Go, my son, and God bless you both," said the Sage, solemnly, with a kindly hand-clasp. Then, opening his great book and turing to a new page, white and fresh, he wrote thereon: "The Woman who understood—the Woman who did not understand. Which was she, the first or the last, she that could understand?" Then, shaking his white head slowly, he closed the book and strolled out into the April sunshine, and a smile was upon his face.

BABY'S COUGH
BROOKS SYRUP
TWO BITS
It cures Sold at druggists

Graft of the Past

(Continued from Page 7.)

handled all the city's funds and nobody was permitted to scrutinize their accounts. Their methods were simple and primitive. All public work was done by Tammany contractors and Tammany mechanics who, under instructions, multiplied their bills by five or ten and distributed the "swag." But there were numerous sources of graft. Twenty-four armories were leased for the national guard at an annual rental of $281,100. There were only twelve regiments and two companies in the city, so that not all the armories were occupied. The actual amount paid was $46,600. The difference between that sum and $281,100 is what the ring pocketed each year. In one day the Tammany plumber drew out of the treasury, $60,702.32, a bill rendered for "Plumbing in the Several National Guard Armories." The ring stole over $30,000,000 in three years and saddled a debt of $50,000,000 on the city, but what it received from sales of franchises and special privileges is unknown. Once when the New York "Times" called attention to the graft, Tammany invited a committee of six of New York's wealthiest citizens to examine the controller's books. The committee, which, by the way, was headed by John Jacob Astor, made a whitewashing report. Every member of the committee was a millionaire indebted to Tammany for special privileges. The only daily paper in New York that fought the ring was the Times, but the ring's most powerful enemy was Thomas Nast, the cartoonist of Harper's Weekly. He had been bitterly assailing the grafters for several years when in 1870 Editor Jennings of the Times joined forces with him. He began by complimenting his fearless and powerful work, and then by boldly branding Tweed and his associates as common thieves. Then all the other dailies denounced the Times and Harpers as disgruntled organs, inspired by unworthy motives and seeking to create a sensation. But the editor and the cartoonist continued to pour hot short into the enemy until an apathetic public was finally aroused. Meanwhile they made the grafters very uneasy and they were threatened with assassination. The threats had no effect and then they were offered half a million apiece to leave the country, but they could not be bought off. They tried to defeat Tammany in the election of 1870 but failed. In 1871 the ring was at the apex of its power. In that year the Times announced: "There is absolutely nothing—nothing in the city which is beyond the reach of the insatiable gang who have obtained possession of it. They can get a grand jury dismissed at any time, and as we have seen, the Legislature is completely at their disposal." The Ring had imperial power over every public issue and franchise, not only in the city but in the state. The Erie Railroad with Tweed and Sweeney among its directors and with Jim Fisk and Jay Gould as its chief financiers, grabbed everything that was worth taking, but vast improvements were projected for which the public was so grateful that no serious protest was voiced until one morning the Times published an instalment of figures obtained from the books of the controller by a deputy who had obtained a position for the purpose of securing evidence of the Ring's gigantic frauds. These figures were convincing and they created a sensation. Then came the indignation meeting. It was presided over by W. F. Havemeyer who delivered a speech, which if it were repeated in this city today would seem no less felicitous than it was on the occasion of its utterance. He spoke of "wealth

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wrung in the shape of taxes from honest toil flaunting itself in the public gaze to attest the provident, unadulterated, incorruptible and radical democracy of its possessors." "I confess," he said, "I have been a long time surprised at the listlessness and apathy of the people of this city and especially of the mechanical and laboring portion of our population, in not giving the subject which now appears to excite some interest, earlier attention." There were many speakers at the meeting and before it closed a committee of seventy was appointed to prosecute the plunderers. When Samuel J. Tilden took up the prosecution of the thieves they resorted to methods similar to those pursued by our grafters. First they tried to incite the workingmen especially those employed by the city, to mob the City Hall and loot the treasury, an injunction having been served on the controller to protect the funds that remained in the treasury. In one of the newspapers controlled by the Ring the laborers were urged to attack in their homes the leaders of the reform crusade and "pull their houses down about their ears." Mayor Hall made a ludicrous show of virtue, demanding the resignation of Controller Connelly whose office had been robbed and in all probability by himself. Connelly replied in effect that Hall was as much implicated as he was. Tweed was arrested, and released on a million dollar bond supplied by Jay Gould. But the end was approaching. Long shadows of prison walls were reaching out. Commissioner Sweeney fled to Canada. "Slippery Dick" Connelly spent several months in jail and after being released on bail fled to foreign parts. Mayor Hall, brazen, defiant and shameless to the last, was defended by Horace Greeley and James Gordon Bennett, who, despite overwhelming evidence, believed of him as some say they believe of Mayor Schmitz, that he was a catspaw. But Hall, too, became an exile, and years afterward returned to this country, broken in body and fortune, and resumed the practice of law on a small scale, eking out a living by contributing to the comic weeklies. Tweed went to jail and the greater part of the stolen money was recovered through the courts.

FROM THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE

Dear Santa Claus:

Please give me one friend on the jury.

EUGENE.

Dear Santa Claus:

Please incline my attorneys to be moderate in their charges. ABE.

Dear Santa Claus:

Please persuade Mr. Heney to make no investigation of that assessment on Presidio and Ferries R. R. stock.

GEORGE NEWHALL.

Dear Santa Claus:

Please afflict all society with a wine thirst.

NED GREENWAY.

Dear Santa Claus:

Please distribute a few striped suits among the supervisors. THE PUBLIC.

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Letters

Real Soldiers of Fortune

After exercising his imagination on the romantic careers of the Soldiers of Fortune of his own fancy, Richard Harding Davis has written brief accounts of the adventures of half a dozen picturesque characters whose lives are quite as exciting as any of his former heroes. First in the list is Henry Ronald Douglas MacIver, an ensign in the Sepoy mutiny; lieutenant under Garibaldi; captain under Dod Carlos; major in the Confederate army; lieutenant colonel under the Emperor Maximilian; colonel under Napoleon III; inspector of cavalry for the Khedive of Egypt; general of brigade in the army of King Milan of Servia; and with probably twice as many other military titles all earned in active service though the general is but sixty-five years of age, and still able and active. He has served under eighteen flags, and is today, as far as any public recognition goes, a man without a country. Perhaps the most picturesque of all these "vagabond soldiers" is the Baron Harden-Hickey, a native of our own city, who took possession of a dot of land off the coast of Brazil and set himself up as King James I of Trinidad, with all the court ceremonies and pagentry of a grand monarchy—on paper. Harden-Hickey, Mr. Davis tells us, is not to be judged by the period in which he lived. He was always a little boy playing at being someone else, and he believed so firmly in himself. Indeed the story of his career, of his little empire without a harbor and with a coast so unapproachable as to be safe from invasion for months at a time does remind one of the strongholds which boys of twelve construct in the branches of trees, and his prescribed dress for the court functionaries is reminiscent of "Sentimental Tommy" and his Stuart followers, only, poor Harden-Hickey could not persuade any one else to play. One does not usually think of Winston Spencer Churchill as an adventurer, and yet there are few who have taken as many chances as this young Englishman, who has had the luck, or something, to succeed and so to disarm censure. William Walker's career must interest all Californians, for there are few of the adult generation who have not heard something of "Walker's Filibusters," even if it be but the name. Walker, had his career not come to an untimely end, might have made military reputation in the Civil War, as did some of the survivors of his expedition. Though it is now fifty years since his attempted invasion of Mexico, even yet his long march through the peninsula of Lower California would daunt an army, much less a mere handful of adventurers. His undoubted ability as a leader of men, a disciplinarian and a shrewd business man shows conclusively that he was wasted. Evidently it was occupation which attracted him, not money-making and the energy which he displayed would have been put to good account in legitimate enterprise. The career of Captain Philo Norton McGiffen is one which seems peculiarly sad. Captain McGiffen was a graduate of the Annapolis Naval Academy of the class of '85. At that time the Navy Department thought itself over-officered, and in consequence the highest twelve only, of the graduating class were given appointments, the other receiving a thousand dollars apiece, being turned out into the world with a fine technical education and no visible opening for the use of it. The Tonquin war was in progress then and McGiffen made haste to reach China with the intention of offering his services but before the steamer reached port peace was declared. Here was a desperate situation indeed. The captain of the steamer was to make a call on Li Hung Chang, and for lack of anything else to do McGiffen accompanied him. The viceroy subjected the young American to one of his characteristic catechisms, and the impression which his answers made was so good that it secured for him a professorship in the Chinese National Naval Academy, where McGiffen

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remained during the rest of his brief life. He had command of the Chinese Navy in the battle of Yalu, in the China-Japan War, and despite the desperation of the situation, being outnumbered two to one, he succeeded in withdrawing the remnants of the fleet in safety to Port Arthur, thus, four years before Admiral Dewey, he was in command of a modern battle ship in action. McGiffen was so desperately wounded in the affair that, between certain blindness and probable insanity he chose to end his own life. The pathetic part of his story is that though turned out and cast aside by his own country, he never ceased to hope that Congress would right the wrongs of his classmates and give him a chance to return and serve in the American navy. The "General Bromley" to whom he refers in his letter home is, of course, our own "Uncle George," who will be mightily amazed at his military title. Last of the six to be mentioned is Major Burnham, who, when he is at home, resides in Pasadena, but who, at the time of this writing, was prowling around Mexico in search of a buried city. Burnham's career may be said to have begun in infancy, since his father was a pioneer missionary in Minnesota when Sioux were not maintained chiefly as attractions to Wild West shows and monster expositions. Even as a child he began to practice woodcraft, taught himself to use his rifle with either hand, to subsist on a small quantity of food and to go without sleep. He has scouted the Apaches, and Yaquis as well as the savage Africans, and has been decorated with the D. S. O. of England. Mr. Burnham is not the dime novel sort of a scout, saying little and that little in good, well- pronounced English. Of these "Real Soldiers of Fortune," California may claim three, Walker, Harden-Hickey and Burnham. All are Americans, even Winston Churchill being only half British. Evidently romance is far from dead in this prosaic world and Truth is stronger than Fiction. Taken either as history or as romance, though, "Real Soldiers of Fortune" deserves attention. Published by Charles Scribners Sons.

Paul Elder's Books

One of the farreaching effects of the fire of last April was the unavoidable delay which the Paul Elder Company had to encounter in placing their special holiday publications on the market. The work which was well advanced last spring was all destroyed, and the necessity for beginning again, together with the incidental loss of time in establishing a new manufacturing plant in New York as well as that of rehabilitating their local business, has crowded the appearance of their books close to the actual holidays. However, good books, unlike ripe fruit, need not be consumed immediately, and the products of the Tomoye press are just as appropriate for Easter, birthday or other occasions, formal and informal. A brief mention of some of the more important ones will serve as a reminder. The Mosaic Essays, Friendship, Love, Happiness, Nature, Success, have been familiar favorites for several seasons. For 1906 there is a collected edition, including the five. The contents are composed of brief selections, prose and poetical, drawn from all sources. The Philosophy of Ingersoll is a compilation of the epigrams and philosophical utterances of the great agnostic. Something quite new is "A Century of Misquotations," which will astonish many who think they are familiar with works of literature. The automobile Gush Book will appeal to autoists and The Princess of Manoa will make a hit with lovers of fairy tales. But there are books adapted to all tastes and they are worth while.

A Tale of Mining Camp Life

"The Diary of a Forty-Niner" has proved a genuine "find." The editor, Chauncey L. Canfield, vouches for its integrity, as a veritable document, an old ledger which has survived the vicissitudes of fifty odd years, and come to light long after the transcriber of the records has "gone home," and the

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people and places which he mentions so readily are mostly but memories. It is evident that the journal was not begun with any expectation of seeing publication, and some of the records, harmless enough from any other point of view, could not have been meant to meet Puritanical eyes. But the editor has handled his material skilfully and has produced a book redolent of the atmosphere of the mining camp, a work that impresses with its sincerity. Alfred T. Jackson, the diarist, was a hard-headed, common-sense sort of a man, despite his youth, and stuck faithfully to the task he had set himself, to save enough out of his labors to buy the farm adjoining his father's, to make his pile as soon as possible, and then to hie him "home to the states," marry his neighbor's daughter and be happy ever afterwards. He did not risk his money at the gambling tables, nor stampede to new diggings, but was satisfied to do well where he was, as indeed he had reason to be, although every week or two he records that his claim is about to give out and he must seek better dirt elsewhere. Had it not been for the advent of a partner it is probable that he would have done so, the old book would have been left behind or have been destroyed and the world have been the poorer for the lack of this simple, straight account of how life was lived. Anderson, the name by which the "Pard" is known throughout the narrative, was a college graduate and a lawyer, yet, a man whose brains were not all in books, and as Jackson had a share of mechanical ability, the two between them put into practical use the elementary devices which, on a larger scale and with steam or electrical power are the mining machinery of today. To the readers of the later generation highly amusing will be the speculations so freely entered into as to how few months, or at most years, it would take to "clean out the diggings." It was admitted that the soil was rich, but with the miners, the market would depart. It troubled the thrifty New England soul that the residents of Nevada City were contemplating the erection of a brick courthouse, when, in the course of such a little while there would be neither courts nor city, and it was just as absurd to talk of building roads between the camps. "Pard" was of a more hopeful turn than the diarist, and announced his intention of investing money in real estate at "the Bay." He argued that the state had other resources than mines and that a city was bound to grow up. Such was his influence over the younger man that Jackson was induced, against his own judgment, to invest five thousand dollars in Mission sand dunes, which he regretted many a time and oft, as, even if San Francisco did not disappear in a night, he knew it would be a hundred years before it could reach as far as his holdings. Mr. Jackson does not give the location of his purchase, but it would be interesting to know just where it was, since "the Mission," in his day often meant anything on the yon side of Sixth street, and there is many a Pioneer still living to remember his own assertion that he would not have accepted the whole county for a gift if it were conditioned on living so far away from anywhere.

The narrative is by no means entirely personal, but relates the important happenings of the camps surrounding the Jackson-Anderson claim, the comedies and tragedies and mysteries. We get the beginnings of the slickens question, the agitation for the exclusion of the Chinese, the discussion of water rights, first discoveries of quartz and gravel mines, and much else that seems now to have been contemporaneous with Creation. There is a map accompanying the volume, which indicates the territory mentioned by the "Forty-Niner," and just to glance at the old names is a revivor of memories. How many years it is since the names of "Live Yankee, Port Mine, Spanish Dry Diggings, Humbug Creek, Scales Diggings, Red Dog, Town Talk, or Hespsidam" have seen the light of fresh print! It was intended that the "Dairy of a Forty-Niner" be illustrated with contemporary sketches, but the sketches and first drawings met a common fate in the fire

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of last April. However much they might have added to the record, it is by no means dependent on illustration for interest. This is a book which can be recommended to the notice of the California Pioneers, the Native Sons and Native Daughters, the Pioneer Mothers, Daughters of Pioneers, and all the other ramifications of Pioneer and Native stock. There is nothing in the book line which will prove as pleasing to any of the generations who came around the Horn or across the Isthmus, or by Emigrant trail. Published by the Morgan Shepard Company, one of their first issues.

—The Bookworm.

AUTOMOBILE GOSSIP

At the first automobile show held in Madison Square garden the Winton exhibit occupied the central space nearest the main entrance and by an odd coincidence the Winton exhibit will occupy identically the same space at the 1907 show, January 12-19. There will be this striking dlifference, however, that while the early exhibit comprised nothing but single cylinder phaetons, the 1907 exhibit will have nothing smaller than four-cylinder touring cars.

When asked what his firm would do in case the Automobile Club called a run from here to Reno or Tonopah, Homer Boushey of the Hovey-Boushey Company said: "I think an endurance tour of that distance would prove attractive to the large number of motorists in the State who like long tours. We would enter one of our Pope Toledo and possibly a Pope Hartford machine in the contest.

THOMAS FLYER COMES TO TOWN

It Will Be One of the Biggest American Cars on the Market.

By W. H. B. Fowler

The Thomas Flyer, the coming of which has been awaited with a great deal of interest, arrived in San Francisco yesterday. Today it will be on exhibition at the salesroom of the Pioneer Automobile Company. Interest has centered in the Thomas because of the past record of the car, and because this year it will be one of the biggest and most powerful cars made by any American manufacturer. The demonstrators of the 1907 model have been delivered in some of the Eastern cities, and have elicited much praise. Being in its infancy, the car has not yet been tested in public speed and endurance trials, but in appearance it has all the beauty that is claimed for it.

In general design the car follows the well-known Thomas lines of construction. The horse-power has been increased to sixty, and the car, while considerably lighter than last year's model, has been strengthened, refined and beautified. It is also faster, quieter and more comfortable. Perhaps the most radical change which has been made is in the ignition system. Two separate and independent systems of ignition are now used; the first, an Atwater-Kent generator with batteries; the second, an imported Sims-Bosch magneto high tension, which works through a separate set of spark plugs.

The improvements on the car in the way of simplification and refinement are many. Among them are larger valves, with improved spring seats and direct valve lifts; 36-inch wheels with four-inch tires in front and five-inch tires in the rear, which, with the lighter car, will minimize tire troubles; a compression relief system, which will make cranking easier; an improved steering gear; I beam drop forged radius rods; stronger one-piece I beam drop forged rear axle, simplified transmission control, increased space between the front seats and the dashboard, and a tonneau that is luxurious in its roominess and general finish.

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Letter to a Chinese Gentleman

(Continued from Page 9.)

My idea is this:

From the most ancient times it has been the case that out of the midst of peaceful and laborious people there arose savage men who preferred violence to labor and these savage and idle men attacked and compelled the peaceful ones to work for them. So it has been both in the West and in the East amongst all nations who lived the state life and so it continued for ages and continues yet. But in olden times when conquerors seized vast populated spaces they could not do much harm to the subdued; the small number of rulers and great number of ruled, especially when the ways of communication were very primitive, produced upon large areas merely the result of bringing a small portion of the population into subjection to the violence of the rulers, whereas the majority could live a peaceful life without coming into direct touch with the oppressors. Thus it was in the whole world and so until quite latterly did it continue amongst the Eastern nations as well and especially in the vast land of China.

But such a situation could not and cannot continue for two reasons: firstly because coercive power through its very essence keeps continually becoming more depraved, and secondly because the subjected people becoming more and more enlightened see with increasing clearness the evil of their submission to power. The effect of this is further increased by technical improvements in the means of communication: roads, the post, telegraph, telephones, owing to which the rulers manifest their influence in places where it could not otherwise have reached; and the oppressed also, interassociating ever more closely, understand clearer and clearer the disadvantages of their position.

And the disadvantages in course of time become so heavy that the subdued feel impelled to alter in some way or another their relation to authority.

The Western nations have long felt this necessity and have long since changed their attitude to power by the one means, common to all Western peoples—by the limitation of power through representatives, that is as a matter of fact by the spreading of power, by its transference from one or a few to the many.

At the present time I think that the time has arrived for the Eastern nations also and for China similarly to realize all the evil of despotic power and to search for the means of liberation from it, the present conditions of life having become unbearable.

IV.

I know that in China there exists a teaching implying that the chief ruler, "The Bogdikhan," should be the wisest and most virtuous man, and that if he be not such then the subjects may and should cease to obey him. But I think that such a teaching is merely a justification of power and as unsound as the teaching of Paul circulated amongst the European nations which affirms that the powers are of God. The Chinese people cannot know whether their Emperor is wise and virtuous, just as the Christian nations could not know whether our power was granted by God to this ruler and not to that other one who fought against him.

These justifications of power could stand when the evil of power was not much felt by the people; but now that the majority of men feel all the disadvantages and injustice of power, of the power of one or a few over many, these justifications are not effective and nations have to alter one way or another their

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attitude of authority. And the Western nations have long ago made this alteration: it is now the turn of the East. It is, I think, in such a position that Russia and Persia, Turkey and China now find themselves.

V.

And now I gather from your book and others information that some light-minded Chinese, called the party of Reform, think that this alteration should consist in following the methods of the Western nations, i. e. in substituting a representative government for a despotic one, in organizing an army similar to that of Western nations and a similar organization of industry.

This solution which at first sight appears the simplest and most natural is not only a superficial one but very silly and, according to all I know about China, it is altogether alien to the wise Chinese people. To organize such a constitution, such an army perhaps also such a conscription and such an industry as the Western nations have got would mean to renounce all that by which the Chinese people have lived and are living, to renounce their past, to renounce their rational peaceful agricultural life, that life which constitutes the true and only way of Tao not only for China but for all mankind.

Let us admit that having introduced amongst themselves European institutions the Chinese were to expel the Europeans and to have a constitution, a powerful standing army and an industrial development similar to the European.

Japan has done this, has introduced a constitution and extended the army and fleet and developed industry and the result of all these inseparably interconnected measures is already obvious. The condition of its people more and more approaches the position of the European nations and this position is extremely burdensome.

VI.

The states of Western Europe externally very powerful may now crush the Chinese army; but the position of the people living in these states not only cannot be compared with the position of the Chinese but on the contrary it is most calamitous. Amongst all these nations there unceasingly proceeds a strife between the destitute exasperated working people and the government and wealthy, a strife which is restrained only by coercion on the part of deceived men who constitute the army; a similar strife is continually waging between the different states demanding endlessly increasing armaments, a strife which is any moment ready to plunge into the greatest catastrophes. But however dreadful this state of things may be it does not constitute the essence of the calamity of the Western nations. Their chief and fundamental calamity is that the whole life of these nations who are unable to furnish themselves with food is entirely based on the necessity of procuring means of sustenance by violence and cunning from other nations, who like China, India, Russia and others still preserve a rational agricultural life.

And it is these parasitical nations and their activity that you are invited to imitate by the men of the Reform party!

Constitutions, protective tariffs, standing armies, all this together has rendered the Western nations what they are—people who have abandoned agriculture and become unused to it, occupied in towns and factories in the production of articles for the most part unnecessary, people who with their armies are adapted only to every kind of violence and robbery. However brilliant their position may appear at first sight it is a

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desperate one and they must inevitably perish if they do not change the whole structure of their life founded as it now is on deceit and the plunder and pillage of the agricultural nations.

To imitate Western nations, being frightened by their insolence and power, would be the same as if a rational undepraved industrious man were to imitate a spendthrift insolent ruffian who has lost the habit of work and was assaulting him, i. e. in order to oppose successfully an immoral blackguard to become a similar immoral blackguard oneself.

The Chinese should not imitate the Western nations but profit by their example in order to avoid falling into the same desperate straits.

All that the Western nations are doing can and should be an example for the Eastern ones, not however an example of what they should do but of what they should not do under any consideration whatever.

VII.

To follow the way of the Western nations means to go the way of certain ruin. But also to remain in the position in which the Russians in Russia, the Persians in Persia, the Turks in Turkey, and the Chinese in China are, is also impossible. But for you, the Chinese, it is particularly obviously impossible because you, remaining with your love of peace in the position of a State without army amidst armed States, which are unable to exist independently will inevitably be subject to plunder and seizure which these States are compelled to have recourse to for their maintenance.

What then is to be done?

For us Russians I know, I most undoubtedly know what we Russians should not do and what we should do in order to free ourselves from the evils from which we are suffering and not to fall into still worse ones. We Russians first of all should not obey the existing authorities but we also should not do that which is being attempted amongst us by unenlightened people as amongst you by the party of reform—we should not imitate the West, we should not substitute one power for another and organize a constitution whether it be monarchical or republican. This for certain we should not do because it would necessarily bring us to the same calamitous position in which the Western nations are placed. But we should and can do only one thing and that the most simple: live a peaceful agricultural life bearing the acts of violence which may be perpetrated upon us without struggling against them and without participating in them. The same thing I presume and with yet stronger reason should the Chinese do in order, not only to free yourselves from the seizures of your land and the plunder which the European nations subject you to, but also from the unreasonable demands of your Government which exacts from you actions contrary to your moral teaching and consciousness.

VIII.

If the Chinese people were only to continue to live, as they have formerly lived, a peaceful, industrious agricultural life, following in their conduct the principles of their three religions: Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism, all three in their basis coinciding; Confucianism in the liberation from all human authority, Taoism in not doing to others what one does not wish done to oneself, and Buddhism—in love towards all men and all living beings—then of themselves would disappear all those calamities from which they now suffer and no powers could overcome them.

The task which according to my opinion is now pending not only for China but for all the Eastern nations does not merely consist in freeing themselves from the evils they suffer from their own governments and foreign nations, but in pointing out to all nations the issue out of the transitory position in which they all are.

And there is and can be no other issue than the liberation of oneself from human authority and submission to the divine authority.

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The Third Term Movement

Town Talk has received from E. C. Hayek, secretary, of the Roosevelt Third Term National League, a copy of the platform of that organization and a letter containing the information that Mr. Hayek will be glad to receive a copy of the paper containing comments on the movement. The movement does not excite so much interest in the office of this weekly as it might have aroused some months ago. Our enthusiasm for President Roosevelt has somewhat abated. That it has not completely petered out is due to the fact that we are not sure that in the event of his withdrawal from public life the reins of government would not fall into the hands of some statesman less inclined than he to prosecute the war on piracy and graft which he has fitfully waged in those interims of his strenuous life when he was not engaged in bringing the people to respectful consideration of their duties to God, the heathen and posterity. We are less afraid of the whirling dervishes of socialism and the rampant apostles of discontent than of the powerful machinery of spoliation which President Roosevelt is endeavoring to curb and disintegrate. It would of course be a great misfortune if in President Roosevelt's successor we should have an amiable friend of the predatory rich, not that we cannot stand a little more plundering in our present unprecedented prosperity, but that it would be dangerous to make the privileged class more insolent and voracious and the masses more hysterical and indignant. Rather than return to the kind of Administration that preceded Roosevelt's we would rather take chances with the idiosyncrasies, conceits and extravagancies by which the man from Oyster Bay gives vent to his ebullient spirits. For though we have reduced the size of the pedestal which we at one time thought commensurate with his stature, we feel that his imperfections are more than offset by his moral influence upon the country. If he cannot rise to the realization of his own ideals, if at times he is more disingenuous than discreet, nevertheless he is above all things a patriot and his civic virtues may be depended upon to restrain him from doing violence to the trust that he has been called upon to discharge. We do not believe with the Third Term National League that he has become "a public necessity, an essential part of things in the social and political fabric." To insist that he is all that is not to his interest. On the contrary were such a theory seriously advocated by men having the confidence of the President, it would tend to make him ridiculous. Those who have carefully watched his course and rationally appraised his character agree that he is a fine figure of a man but scarcely big enough to be vested with all the power that he craves.

The New British Ambassador

In selecting James Bryce as its representative at Washington the British Government evinces a disposition to cultivate the good will of the United States by something more than mere palaver. Washington has long been regarded in England as a post beneath the dignity of the leading lights of the British diplomatic service. Most of her ministers to this country were men of little consequence and many of them were of exceeding mediocre ability; intellectually, far inferior to the men that have been sent from this country to the Court of St. James. The list of American Ministers to that court is a memorable one, including as it does some of the giants of American history. Among them were John Adams, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren and James Buchanan, all of whom became Presidents of the United States. We have sent thither such great jurists as John Jay, scholars of the Edward Everett type, historians, such as George Bancroft and John Lothrop Motley, men of letters, such as James Russell Lowell, and not the least of our distinguished representatives was Joseph H. Choate. In the early years of our history England sent us only two men that figured conspicuously in her history—Stratford Canning and Henry Lytton Bulwer, and the only two members of the peerage that have come to us since 1857 were Lord Napier and Lord Lyons. The Right Hon. James Bryce is a man well qualified to perfect the work of cementing the friendship of the two countries. He is known to us as the accomplished author of "The American Commonwealth," a work that is appreciated in this country as an authoritative discussion of our laws and institutions. In the present Government he has been occupying the post of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He is recognized as a man of rare ability in economics and in statecraft.

Criticism of Relief Methods

Those competent to pass judgment have about agreed that relief measures as practiced in this city have not been conspicuously successful. After eight months of constant endeavor there still remains a great deal of unnecessary destitution and hardship and making due allowance for the ingratitude of human nature which causes man to complain of the hand that feeds him, it must be admitted that there is reason enough for the upbraidings of the refugees and the arraignment of the Relief Corporation by the city officials. Of course the question of motives is entirely aside from this. None suspects our indicted mayor of pure philanthropy in his war on the relief officials, but at the same time most fair minded people recognize the strength of his position. Even the officers of the Relief Corporation, by changing their plans several times, have tacitly admitted that criticism has been in order. Perhaps there has been too much criticism. Certainly the line must be drawn somewhere and it would be just as well that when it is drawn Dr. Edward T. Devine of the National Red Cross be left on the wrong side of it. Dr. Devine has been criticizing our relief work. From the other side of the continent whither he went after laboring conscientiously but not very wisely in our midst he is hav-

ing his way about the work as it has been carried on since his departure. Commenting on the building of refugee houses instead of permanent dwellings in an article contributed to the Political Science Quarterly Dr. Devine says: "To a sympathetic observer it cannot be made to seem otherwise than that a golden opportunity has been missed and that by choosing to build almshouses instead of comfortable homes the corporation is unintentionally adopting a policy which will tend to fill almshouses and eventually lessen the demand for homes. It is earnestly to be hoped that the barracks and temporary quarters for the aged and helpless which they are now building so hurriedly may safely be destroyed in a year or two at most—and that they will not remain, as has happened under somewhat analogous circumstances in the city of Washington, to aid subtly in creating a class of residents fit and contented to dwell in them."

Blame Rests On Devine

This is exactly the criticism of the relief work which cannot be answered because it is perfectly true. The abandonment of the project to build permanent dwellings in various parts of the city and allow refugees to buy them at reasonable rates was regretted by all who took an interest in the mighty task which confronted the Relief Corporation. But why was it abandoned? None can reply to that question more satisfactorily than Dr. Devine himself and on this account criticism of the Relief Corporation comes from him with extraordinary bad grace. That admirable project had to be given up because the bureaucratic system of administering the relief funds devised by Dr. Devine called for such extravagant expenditures that when the time came to put it into effect there was not enough money to do it with. And when economy was applied it was by lopping off branches of relief work, not by pruning salaries and dropping useless employees from the payroll. Dr. Devine came hither with theories of relief work which did not gibe at all with our crude western notions. He built up an elaborate barrier between the relief funds and the refugees which was well-nigh insurmountable and he sank tremendous sums in the construction of the barrier. It will be remembered that when Allan Pollok suggested giving each refugee a certain sum and leaving him to shift for himself, Dr. Devine and the other theorists threw up their hands in scientific horror and then went right on spending money in temporary schemes. No wonder a golden opportunity has been missed. The Relief Corporation has missed it without a doubt, but Dr. Devine, remembering that his methods are responsible for their failure, should at least preserve a discreet silence if he is not courageous enough to point out his mistake for the benefit of other stricken cities.

What The Doctor Prescribed For Us

Dr. Devine is a splendid gentleman, to be sure—a man of lofty ideals and severe integrity. But like the number eight shoes which macropodous Chicago thoughtfully provided for our feminine refugees, he didn't fit. East is east and west is west; and whatever Kipling may say, you cannot reconcile them to one principle of economics or one theory of sociology. The picayunish money methods of the Atlantic Coast will never do in San Francisco. We are not used to scrutinizing both sides of a dollar before parting with it. So Dr. Devine, bringing a system of relief alien from our notions, was bound to be unpopular and unsuccessful. His way was the way of the Associated Charities which looks askance at applicants for help and must be "shown" before it will loose its purse strings. This sort of charity frowns at the heedless giving of a nickel to a beggar, finding in such an act tremendous harm for the whole social fabric. Also, this sort of charity necessitates an almost endless staff of relief workers who are paid generous salaries to guard all approaches to the treasury, which they do by unwinding weary lengths of red tape for the unpracticed feet of the refugees to stumble over. Up to the 18th of April the pauper class in San Francisco was a negligible quantity. After that date Dr. Devine and his lieutenants made the grave mistake of treating all the destitute as paupers. To acknowledge the need of assistance was to incur immediate suspicion; to receive it was to triumph over an embattled host of relief workers, all grimly bent on investigating you out of patience and tearing your character to rags. With a larger force of clerks than an army department needs Dr. Devine still found it necessary to farm out the most important work of all. The hungry refugees were turned over to the tender mercies of a contractor whose experience as a feeder of railroad section gangs was supposed to guaranty his ability to take care of fifty thousand empty stomachs. As a consequence the refugees were humiliated by needless privations and sickened with bad food in order that the contractor might realize a handsome profit on his investment. All things considered it is rather disingenuous of the doctor to lecture us on relief work; we have already learned much by his blunders.

Oiling The Royal Road

The faculty of the Berkeley High School is talking of cutting English out of the curriculum or else to make it more entertaining to the dear little infants who now find it taxes their brains too severely and as soon as they have reached what in educational parlance is an age of discretion, mark it out of their list of electives. Meanwhile it is not necessary to go into the classrooms to discover the brand of the English which, if taught, decidedly is not learned. Of all the ideas ever entering the heads of educators, that of making English, for English speaking pupils an elective is the most idiotic. Why, in any case, should pupils be permitted such latitude? A decent intimacy

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with the mother tongue is an absolute necessity, no matter what career is to be followed. No doubt many of these pampered ones who are now taking English are studying French or German or Latin; and none of them considers the course in athletics too severe. The educational world needs to take a long step backwards to the period when pupils attended school to learn and the course of study was mapped out to include such branches as all would need at all times. Electives were unheard of and those few solicitous parents of tender buds who could not survive a training in Euclid or elementary chemistry were gently but firmly informed that their darlings lacked the brains to pursue a high school course and had better be removed to some fashionable finishing school where they might learn how to enter a carriage gracefully. Pupils with ambition used to be ashamed to admit that there was any branch of school work that they could not master. All stood on the same level, and there was no such easy path to preferment as is offered now, when children of grammar school age are permitted to eliminate everything that will demand a little mental exertion. No doubt it is flattering to pupils to graduate with nominally high percentages, and gratifying to parents as well, while educators are highly pleased at having all their charges advanced, but there is one phase of this traveling of the royal road which is lost sight of: no one can look far enough ahead to predict which, of all the branches presented for choice will prove the most advantageous in after life. The habit of taking the easy road, moreover, destroys mental stamina; instead of learning to surmount difficulties and to succeed in spite of obstacles there is the weak-kneed tendency to whimper and give up. Instead of cutting English out of the course because the pupils will not exert themselves to master it, there is every reason to concentrate on it.

A Partnership Arrangement

It seems but yesterday since we were soothed with the paeans of victory composed in celebration of the emancipation of Chicago from the thralldom of private ownership. In song and story we were told of the awakening of public sentiment in the metropolis by the lakes, of the dawn of a new era, the great feature of which would be government ownership of public utilities. And now comes the painful news that Chicago's dream of a millenium is not to be realized. The awful street car service of Chicago is not to be improved by putting it in the hands of municipal officials. A settlement of the vexed problem has been reached on the basis of an appraisal of the properties, an agreement that the companies shall spend something like $40,000,000 in improvements and a division of the net proceeds between the stockholders and the city. The old tangle about franchises is wiped out and a new ordinance will grant a blanket franchise for twenty years. There appears to be considerable merit in this plan. It is one that obviates many of the objections to simon pure public ownership. It might be well to test its efficacy in this city by operating a water system on the basis of the Chicago plan of action. Pending the expiration of our street railroad franchises it would be well to improve the service not by grumbling at the management but by rigidly enforcing police regulations. Though the railroad officials may not be entirely blameless we should not shut our eyes to the obvious fact that obstructing teamsters cause many unnecessary delays, and that frequently cars are obstructed in consequence of the overloading of wagons by heartless drivers who should be sent to jail for cruelty to animals. But as the Teamsters' Union is a power in the land we shall probably have to be patient until the roadways are in better condition.

Dunne and Graham

Superior Judge Dunne doubtless regrets that upon learning of the application to Presiding Judge Graham for an order transferring the Schmitz case to another department of the court, he lost his temper and plunged simultaneously into tantrums and print. We appreciate the fact that so immature a jurist as Judge Dunne, who hitherto has been entrusted with no very important litigation, is more sensitive than a more adequately equipped occupant of the bench would be, to the importance of the cases that have sprung out of the graft investigation, and therefore we find it easy to pardon his lapses from traditional decorum. But at the same time we conceive it to be an act of friendship to impress upon him the unseemliness of such behaviour as that in which he indulged when he learned that the Presiding Judge was about to entertain a motion which it was proper for him to pass upon. We abjure any design to censure Judge Dunne, for we feel that he is subject to one of the handicaps of genius, for which we make allowance. It is merely our purpose to suggest that he should school his vitals against automatic agitation. There is no use in filling the air with censure and recrimination whenever somebody dissents. Not only is it highly discourteous but it is rash for one judge to impugn the sincerity and immaculacy of another, for when suspicions prove unfounded, the person by whom they were audibly entertained presents a picture that is not flattering. There is fine material in Judge Dunne and we hope to see him devote his splendid energies to the effacement of every semblance of congenital futility. Moderation is a great virtue, attainable by assuaging the asperities and polishing the rough surfaces of the mind. As for Judge Graham, in his bearing in all the irritating proceedings from the impanelment of the grand jury down to his denial of the motion to transfer the Schmitz case, he has exhibited a fine blending of forbearance and dignity. As his reputation is that of a merciful judge, free from those impulses that incline some judges to make the way of the transgressor hard to climb, the newspapers have betrayed great uneasiness whenever he had it in his power to disarrange the plans of the prosecution, but he has evinced no disposition to comfort the defendants.

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I mourn a land that is not, yet was seen;
A man who is not, yet might have been.

I mourn a sceptre that was never borne—
A throne unpressed—a crown unworn.

At night, when Freedom's dreams imprison me
In castles of my heart Thyself I see,

And read within thine eyes the Warrant's scroll
That doomed to death my whole—yet left me whole.

Within thy kiss, which housed a Devil's lie,
There lay a Truth for which my soul would die;

And therefore cry I: "Come my hands to hold,
I crave your phantom warmth—my blood runs cold.

This World is but a shadow gliding by.
Eternity—'tis Thou—and I."

—**The Maiden.**

Perspective Impressions.

Now its Professor Ross that is afraid we are not breeding fast enough. Don't worry, professor, we'll not run short of the species during your brief engagement on this planet, and as for posterity it may be depended upon to take care of itself.

"I never knew a fiddler who amounted to a hill of beans."—Judge Wofford of Kansas City. To confess that one is not acquainted with Mayor Schmitz is to argue oneself as obscure as a native of Patagonia.

A French essayist says that President Roosevelt is not a superman but a man of average faculties. How absurd! No man with merely average faculties can boast a philosophy that extends from Tophet to Heaven and comprehends every department of human activity from child-bearing to canal-building.

Curfew no longer rings at 11 p. m. in Boston. The dissolute and profligate are now able to get a drink as late as 11:59 p. m. Shades of those Puritan Fathers that first fell upon their knees and then upon the Aborigines, to what depths have the truly pious degenerated!

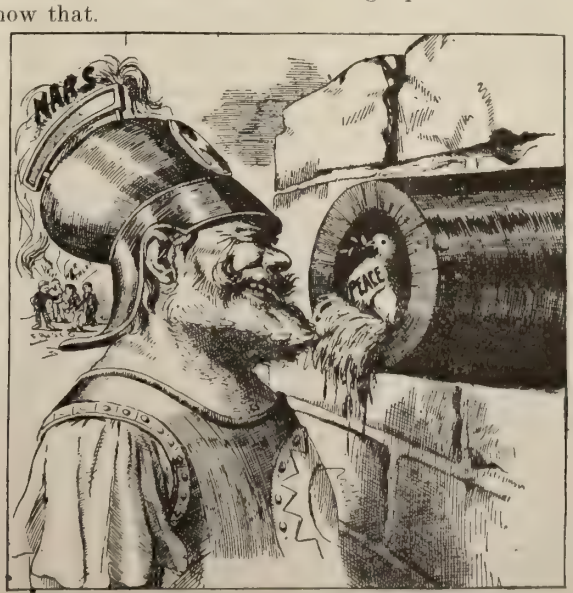


Japan—"But that Statue of Liberty, Uncle Sam?"
Uncle Sam—"Oh, that means liberty for Yankees."
—Fischietto (Turin).

Does Mayor Schmitz wish to amend by striking out April 18, 1906, and substituting January 1, 1907?

A London writer is of the opinion that it is because President Roosevelt knows his audience that he expresses himself in fifty words when ten will suffice and that he pours out platitudes in endless streams. That Englishman evidently thinks we read the President's messages as religiously as the average Britisher wades through the "Morning Times."

Those college professors who have been trying to determine whether it was a lemon or an apple that Eve took from the tree of knowledge should consult their Genesis in which it is related that she "did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat." If a lemon had caused the trouble it would have been sucked, not eaten. Even a college professor should know that.



Mars—"You needn't move out just yet."
—Portland "Oregonian."

Seville, Gem of Andalusia

By Major Ben C. Truman

Seville! Odorous of flowers and fruits—with rarely a wholly sunless day in the year; abundant in remains of Moorish power, luxury and wealth; majestic of tower and dome; incomparable in deliciousness and equability of clime; the port from which Columbus, Cortez, Pizarro and Magellan sailed; the birthplace of Hadrian, Trajan and Theodosius—of Murillo and Velasquez; the heart of Andalusia—the gem of Spain—where, as some voluptuary has caroled, "one crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name." Few cities on the globe possess so many bewitchments of the past—so enlivening and enchanting an aroma of Goth, Visigoth, Roman. Christian Arab and Moor—where wine, women, music, dancing, smoking, cockfighting, bullfighting and religion assimilate in a rapturous twilight of life. Language fails to convey to the mind of the mere far-away reader anything adequately rosy concerning the glamour of the Sevillian past, where every conqueror from Caesar to Bonaparte has left his mark; and where for hundreds of years the Moors and the Arabs created beautiful buildings, fountains and gardens, and festooned the adjacent valleys with vineyards, orchards and farms, and decked the circumjacent hills with the olive, the orange, lemon, mulberry and date. The population of Seville in 1247—the year before it succumbed to Ferdinand, King of Castile—was about 300,000; there were at that time 100,000 farmhouses and olive presses, and there were abundant crops of fruit annually and many silk and other manufactures. Its decadence set in at once (1248), and its decrease of inhabitants essayed an inglorious pace down the footsteps of Time with its decadence; and in a few hundreds of years this considerable republic on the fertile banks of the Guadalquiver had dwindled to less than a third of its former population; its 100,000 olive presses and farmhouses became proportionately extinct; its splendid systems of irrigation went the way of all neglected creations of the kind; its fountains and other public water contrivances fell into permanent unrepair and decay; nearly all of its munificent orchards of citron and orange and lemon withered and died; tens of thousands of habitations returned to their former clay, and with few exceptions the endless objects of Moorish and Arabic architectural, floral and arboraceous charm disenchantedly disappeared forever. The conspicuous exceptions are the Alcazar and Giralda Tower, which are worth going many hundreds of miles to see. The Alcazar is in the most perfect state of preservation of all the Moorish places in Spain, and is so beautiful that one may never tire of it. It is a palace of many halls and apartments—the gem room of all being the Hall of the Ambassadors—and that is literally of alabarter, marble, mother-of-pearl, crystal and gold, from floor to room. Room after room presents the same extraordinary melange of Moorish column and arch and a pomp of fretwork and color. It was erected in the 12th century, on the site of the Roman Praetorium, and is regarded as a masterpiece of Moorish handiwork, although much of its later additions and restorations have been borrowed from the Alhambra.

Charles V. was married to Isabella of Portugal in the Hall of the Ambassadors, and on that account he made many restorations, cultivated and improved the gardens and built the Court of the Maidens. Philip V. also spent huge sums of money in the palace and on the gardens and made the Alcazar his residence for nearly three years.

The gardens are among the most extensive and attractive in the world—not so pretentiously kept and highly modernized as those at Monte Carlo, at the Gezireh Palace in Egypt, or at Del Monte; but so cared for as to perpetuate a Roman, Arabic and Andalusian flavor—a prodigious tangle of orange, lemon, date, pomegranate, accacia, chestnut and mulberry; myrtle, lilac, violet and rose; fountains, baths and ponds—and much more luxuriance and beauty.

The Giralda is one of the most pretentious and beautiful of all towers, and was erected as an observatory—the first in Europe—in the latter part of 1100. The view of Seville and the surronding country from the top is picturesque and rapturous. It is so constructed that a pair of horses may be driven up it abreast. The Cid once rode his horse on a clean gallop from bottom to top, nearly 250 feet. It was formerly the prayer-tower of the principal mosque.

The Cathedral holds the first place in the world so far as spaciousness is concerned; while its massiveness of columns, gorgeousness of 16th century stained glass and other rich coloring, and general impressiveness, makes any one's visit possibly the supremest moment of his life; especially if said visit be on a Christmas eve, and he prolong his stay, as I did, until the midnight Mass of the Cockcrow, when the refulgence of hundreds of giant candelabra, the spectacularity of the ritual, the protration of thousands before the altar, the stentorian outburst of the Gloria in Excelsis, amidst the diapason of organ, drum, triangle and castanet, held me spell-bound and bewildered until the last. I had never before beheld so much majesty and speldor of religious ceremony. This wonderful house of worship was commenced in 1403 and finished in 116 years. It is estimated that its paintings, statuary and other ornaments would fetch twenty millions of francs. It was from this cathedral that Murillo's masterpiece representing St. Anthony of Palua was taken and

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Buried Treasures

By Edward F. O'Day

Can you realize how Ali Baba felt when he stood before the sealed entrance to the cave of the forty thieves and the magic words that would roll back the portal trembled at the tip of his tongue? Can you picture the light of expectation that flashed in his eye? Can you see the ruddy glow of excitement mantling in his swart cheek? And as the tumult of his thoughts, whirled this way and that by anticipation and fear, pleasure and the sense of impending danger—can you reproduce that in your thoughts? There was a mystery to be solved and he held the key; an adventure to be dared and he had the courage; untold riches to be possessed and they were all for him. Realize that moment of crowded thought and feeling in the life of the lowly carrier and you will sense one of those brief emotional ecstacies that lift existence so far above the common level that to return is actual pain.

It is a far cry from Bagdad to Campania and whole worlds separate Ali Baba from the savants of Europe, but the same emotion which must have thrilled the Arabian as he murmured "Open Sesame" lays hold of the classical scholars of all countries just now when they think of Herculaneum.

The expectation, the sense of mystery, the pleasurable glow that precedes the winning of a great treasure—all the emotions of Ali Baba except his fear—they are experiencing as they contemplate the work that is about to begin at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. For the necessary word has been spoken and the seal on illimitable riches is about to be broken. In other words the buried city of Herculaneum is about to be excavated and all its locked-up secrets to be laid bare.

This is an event which the classicists have been awaiting for fifty years; a fact fraught with dazzling possibilities for the immediate future of scholarship. It must be admitted though that it is not one that will attract the popular imagination until the yellow journalists disguise it in the grotesque trappings of the Sunday supplement. The men who toil over codices, collating ancient texts, deciphering papyri and palimpsests and perfecting those wonderful editions of Greek and Roman authors that are the pride of Germany and France and in lesser degree of England, though they are scarcely known in this country, these men are apt to be contemptuously snubbed as dry-asdusts and pedants by workers in showier fields.

But these grave-eyed scholars have their enthusiasms, their adventures, their romances just the same. They toil in realms which the vulgar only glimpse occasionally when the fascinating studies of a Piazzi Smith or the brilliant researches of a Schliemann catch universal attention, yet Troy and the pyramids are but fragments—gigantic fragments, it is true—of a dim and distant past that can never be entirely reconstructed. Herculaneum, on the other hand, belongs to a period of intelligible nearness to our own times. It offers possibilities such as Smith and Schliemann and all the rest of the archeologists never enjoyed. Is there any wonder that the savants of Europe tremble like Ali Baba at the mouth of the wondrous cave?

Pompeii has been explored street by street and house by house with what wonderful results for the scholar, the artist and the archeologist everyone knows. But international jealousies and a complication of other causes have kept the volcanic envelope over the sister city practically intact up to the present day. One spot was broken years ago by English scholars and their very limited researches yielded such a store of bronzes, marbles and manuscripts that the world was amazed. Statues of wonderful beauty and in a state of perfect preservation and more than fifteen hundred manuscripts and papyri were taken from this single excavation.

Ever since then insistent attempts to prosecute the work have been made and at last it is under way. Signor Ricci, Italian minister of fine arts has approved a comprehensive plan of excavation proposed by Professor Charles Waldstein of Cambridge University on condition that while scholars of all nations may participate in the work, the control of it is to rest unconditionally with Italy.

Compared to what Herculaneum will yield the treasures dug out of Pompeii are bound to seem insignificant. It has been cleverly said that Pompeii was the Saratoga of imperial Rome while Herculaneum was its Newport and there is a good deal of justice in the distinction. Not a single manuscript has been recovered from the Pompeiian ruins and the vulgar remembrance of the gay little villa-city usually centers most vividly on its wealth of pornographic decoration. But the single villa excavated in Herculaneum yielded, as has been said, more than a thousand books including two works of Epicurus for which scholars had been vainly sighing for a thousand years. It was a city of the exquisite Greek culture represented for us by Cicero and Lucretius and imagination need not limit its flights when speculating on the treasures which wait within its walls.

Why may we not hope that before the enthusiastic scholars who are feverish with excitement to commence their explorations have uncovered more than half of the ground over which Neapolitan hovels are scattered, many of the ancient writers now nothing but names to us will be placed on the heights beside Homer and Horace and Aeschylus and Plato?

The "learned Varro"—we take his storied erudition on trust. Are we destined to weigh it critically by an inspection of his hundred tomes? Surely they must rest in one of the bibliothecae of the buried city. And old Calabrian Ennius "in whom dwelt the soul of Homer"—do the lost eighteen books of his epic annals justify the traditional reverence of Virgil? Are his tragedies and comedies and epigrams, now vanished like the snows of yesteryear, worthy the extravagant praise they have received? How much did he borrow from the triumvirate of Greek tragedians whose work is only a fragment? and may we some day hope to compare his lost plays with their lost plays? Then old Menander who survives in a line quoted by St. Paul, does the better part of him lie interred for the excavators to recover?

Fancy grows heated with the contemplation of the riches that lie within reach. Sovereigns from Leo X to Louis XIV have striven vainly to recover the one hundred and seven missing books of Livy's history. They seemed irrevocably lost until the project of unsealing Herculaneum was perfected; now the student

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That Awful Conspiracy

By Theodore Bonnet

Much of the manoeuvring of counsel for Schmitz and Ruef, thus far, has been motived in desire to discredit the defendants' accusers and bring disrepute upon the prosecution. This is a practice, for the extenuation of which may be pleaded its antiquity,



Rudolph Spreckels

similar tactics having been successfully employed by that prototype of the modern grafter, the crafty Aeschines, against Timarchus, at a time, when he too, like Schmitz and Ruef was eager for the subsidence of public clamor and desirous of stiffening the vertebrae of timid accomplices. After Ruef's wild effort to capture the District Attorney's office it became important to slacken public resentment and to that end his defenders began hinting afar off at something which to predisposed olfactories smells of private vengeance, but which to the unbiased nose is unmistakably the elixir of civic patriotism. Here are men, say they, with private ambitions and animosities conspiring to send public officials to jail; Shocking! Foul conspiracy this, in the estimation of those virtuous, sympathetic souls that are fretting and fuming over the circumvention of Abe, the judge-maker and keeper of the keys of the Temple of Justice. It was outrageous for citizens to resort to strategy for the redemption of the machinery of the law. Let justice be perverted though the heavens fall! Let grand juries be packed for the protection of crooks, but let no one dare scheme in secret for the impanelment of an honest grand jury, for by such procedure is personal liberty menaced. A conspiracy, indeed! but one that calls for applause, not derision. Conspiracy is an evil-sounding word, but every conspiracy or concurrence of persons for a definite purpose, even when secretly held, is not reprehensible. Not always is it well to rattle drums, unfurl banners and parade in splendiferous costume when men engage to bear the brunt of battle against the enemy of the commonwealth. The surprise of the enemy is occasionally the desideratum to be achieved; as for example when that plot was conceived for the procurement of evidence against Schmitz and Ruef. The conspirators did not invite the reporters to attend their conclave. They were not emulating the public spirited citizens of Athens who, on similar occasions were wont to indulge in a form of public prayer prescribed by law, in which the gods were implored to bless and prosper the consultations of the citizens; also, to destroy and extirpate all persons who were enemies of the commonwealth or who received bribes to defeat the public interests. Unfortunately the local conspirators knew of no such prayer but their consultation prospered none the less. That was the consultation to which, in all probability, Ruef's attorneys had reference, when they questioned Rudolph Spreckels, Fremont Older and James D. Phelan respecting a meeting held in New York. The witnesses made answer that they knew of no meeting in New York; and counsel were not permitted to elicit testimony respecting any other meeting. Grave reproaches were implied in those questions; subtle hints were conveyed of evil designs against the peace and dignity of the Hon. Eugene Schmitz and the Hon. Abraham Ruef. This method of defense is what is known in dialectics as making a diversion or getting away from the issue. It is like Scipio's stratagem of attacking the Carthaginians not in Italy but in Africa. Instead of defending the accused the attorneys for Ruef and Schmitz have sought to show that there was a conspiracy against them. But this is not denied. One of the conspirators was Fremont Older, editor of the Bulletin, who was on the witness stand the other day. He has been conspiring with Mr. Crothers against Schmitz and Ruef for several years. Like the Times of New York, which kept banging away at the Tweed ring for years before any of the other dailies took a hand, the Bulletin has unceasingly lashed the Schmitz administration for its dishonesty and indecency. And during all the period of this anti-Schmitz warfare Editor Older was intent upon landing the grafters behind the bars. He is the pioneer of the conspiracy which has excited the reprobation of the grafters, and he does not appear to be ashamed of the part that he has played. I interrogated him on the subject the other day and he frankly admitted that there had been a meeting at which the undoing of Schmitz and Ruef was plotted. But it was not held in New York. The conspirators actually came together in this city, the home of their intended victims to perfect their designs. When asked why he had promoted an enterprise so prejudicial to the interests of the Mayor of San Francisco, Mr. Older, in a burst of candor, informed me that he was convinced, before the end of Schmitz's first term, that Ruef and his puppet should be in jail, and that during the second term he was seized with the notion that somebody should try to get them there. "To tell you the truth," said Older, "I feel, and I think every man should feel that it was humiliating to be a member of a community so brazenly plundered as this one has been. But it was not until after the third election

that I got really hot. I was a little disgusted before that, but I kept pegging away and all the while I was accumulating evidence that was conclusive of the dishonesty of the administration. I felt that there might some day be an opportunity to use it. I was greatly encouraged when I met Rudolph Spreckels and found that his views coincided with mine. One day shortly before the election of 1905, Mr. Spreckels suggested that it would be advisable to organize a committee of fifteen citizens to institute an investigation of the methods of our public officials and to see that the public money was honestly expended. Mr. Spreckels agreed to round them up. He said he thought he could get together fifteen representative men, men from all elements of the community, professional men, business men and men representative of the labor interests. It was agreed that none but men who could be depended upon in all emergencies should be acceptable and Mr. Spreckels started out to accomplish his purpose." And such was the inception of the great conspiracy. It appears to have been premeditated years ago, and it appears there was a long period between premeditation and performance. During that period indignation and wrath were whetted to a preternatural pitch. The indignation was partly fed by the fuel of Mr. Spreckels' experience as a committee-finder. His interviews with citizens were not encouraging. What men conceive a thankless task they are not eager for. After the election of 1905, when Schmitz received about forty thousand votes, conspirator Older thought of persuading Frank Heney to assist in compassing the downfall of the grafters. He remembered that Heney had publicly assailed the administration and as he had had great success in prosecuting the land fraud cases he appeared to be an ideal man for the job. Heney was then in Washington and Older took a trip to that city to talk the matter over with him. He found Heney quite willing to assist, but the attorney was then busy in the land fraud cases. Heney spoke of Detective Burns as an excellent man for the job of digging up the evidence. Later Older had an interview with President Roosevelt who gave the conspiracy his warm endorsement. After that interview it occurred to Older that if the grafters could be caught tampering with the affairs of the Federal government, the circumstance would afford Detective Burns a pretext to enter into the conspiracy. So on his return to this city he kept a closer watch on Federal affairs and in a short time learned that there were many suspicious circumstances in connection with the landing of Chinese prostitutes. So he hurried back to Washington. That was in January of this year. A few weeks later detectives were detailed by Detective Burns to come to this city to investigate the suspicious traffic and they were not here long before they found a trail that led toward municipal headquarters. Then came the earthquake and for awhile everybody attended strictly to his own business. Also, for awhile, Mayor Schmitz appeared to be disposed to rehabilitate himself. But presently the supervisors became generous with franchises. In disgust Rudolph Spreckels resigned from the Committee of Forty. That was the time when the grafters were in the midst of their briskest play and somebody was needed to furnish the bellows to blow the lukewarmth of a complaisant and pusillanimous community into a flame. One day, meeting Conspirator Spreckels, Conspirator Older asked him how the Committee of Fifteen was getting along. Conspirator Spreckels confessed that he had abandoned as hopeless



Fremont Older

the task of finding fifteen men fashioned of the right stuff. But he had not abandoned hope of redeeming the city. He was, on the contrary, more in earnest than ever. He would go it alone if necessary, and he was willing to furnish all the sinews of war out of his own resources. This, in brief, is the story of the conspiracy which has been seized upon by the goddess of lies who dips her wings in mud and soaring aloft scatters it in the eyes of the multitude; the conspiracy out of which the grafters have sought to fashion stumbling blocks for the path of justice and extract material to check the spirit of resentment and divert shoulders from the wheel. Methinks these conspirators will present no discreditable appearance in the pages of history.

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The Spectator

When the Line Is Drawn

Rudolph Spreckels is finding the dual role of arch-enemy to municipal graft and social leader a very trying one to sustain. In so many cases it is very difficult to see just where graft stops and society begins! A number of prominent men whose social lines are cast in the Spreckels set have interests more or less personal hinging on the Schmitz-Ruef cause. In order to prevent any false impressions Mr. Spreckels has made it a rule not to entertain or to be seen in public with these people. Therefore the audience was very much interested in seeing Thornwell Mullally and Ruloph Spreckels sitting in the same box at a recent play. For Thornwell Mullally, as everybody knows, is the handsome and genial young manager of the United Railroads system which, the daily papers insist, crossed palms with the supervisors before the granting of the trolley franchise.

An Optical Illusion

However Mr. Mullally and Mr. Spreckels did not enter the box simultaneously, nor did they speak during the evening, but their presence at the performance occasioned much comment. I heard afterwards that they were not of the same box party. It was explained to me by a friend of Mrs. Spreckels that she does not entertain Mr. Mullally, but that he visits her sisters and of course that is a matter that cannot concern Mr. Spreckels. As for their being members of the same box party, said their friend, that was an optical illusion. Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels were guests of Mr. Phelan and were supposed to have a box of their own but such was the arrangement of seats that it appeared as though all were members of Mr. Mullally's party. In this connection it should be stated in justice to Mr. Mullally that his most intimate friends are confident that no matter how far the grand jury inserts its probe that instrument will never come in contact with Mr. Calhoun's able representative.

The Deal That Miscarried

Since the refusal of Judge Graham to interfere with the regular order of business in Judge Dunne's court the friends of Mayor Schmitz have been somewhat dejected. And I hear that the friends who expected to put through that deal are among the most influential financiers in this city. According to the very latest rumors these men are developing big financial enterprises, the fruition of which depends largely on the friendship of Mayor Schmitz. Big water and telephone interests are said to be involved, and the men behind them are so daring that it will not be surprising if in consequence they soon find themselves in the very vortex of the graft scandal. To Judge Graham's credit, be it said, he has proved himself inaccessible to these powerful influences.

Captain Seabury's Romance

Fifty years at sea, a great part of the time navigating through the treacherous waters of the Pacific, amid the dense fogs of this coast and over the typhoon-swept routes of the Orient, but never did he fail to bring his ship into port. Such was the record of Captain William B. Seabury who met with an accident on land that shortened his life on the eve of the holiday season, just as he was getting ready for his last voyage. A potent, picturesque personality was this seasoned old veteran of the seas, the irony of whose fate was that after defying the perils of the deeps for half a century, he should stumble over a twig on dry land and receive fatal injuries. Though no accident ever befell a ship that Captain Seabury commanded, he was not denied the thrill that comes with the foundering of a vessel. When he was only twenty years of age—that was forty-five years ago—he was a sailor before the mast getting trained in hardship on the Coast of Japan. It was then that he experienced the horrors of shipwreck, and of that experience he was romantically reminded seven years ago, by a weird episode pregnant with memories of the distant past. One day while visiting a factory in a Japanese village near the coast he was suddenly startled by the sound of a bell. It was the bell that summoned the employees of the factory to their meals. There was something in the resonant tones that awakened strange sensations in the old sailor. Gradually he became conscious of the fact that the clangor had an effect on him akin to an old melody he had not heard in years. His curiosity aroused, he inspected the bell and found that in the metal was cast the word "Viking," the name of the old ship that was wrecked so many years ago. He told the proprietor of the factory the history of the bell, and the Jap said that he was importing from America a steam whistle and that as soon as it arrived he would present the bell to Captain Seabury. About two years ago Captain Seabury received a big box from Japan and when he opened it he found that it contained the old ship's bell. He shipped it to his ranch near Guerneville, suspended it in a tree near his house and whenever he was in the mood, which was quite often, he evoked from his ancient toy sweet music that was doubtless most refreshing to his soul.

Goldfield's Mining King

George Wingfield was made very nervous, a reporter tells us, by the woman who represents herself to be his wife and who has been threatening to indulge in a little gun-play at his expense. That story will excite scepticism in Goldfield, where George Wingfield is



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renowned for his nerve as well as for his wealth, and yet it is not improbable. Men that have, without flinching, met death in its most uninviting guises, men that have laughed at the grim ferryman of the Styx, that were absolutely strangers to the sensation of fear, have felt their courage oozing out through gaping pores while fronting the prospect of a stormy meeting with an irate woman scorned. So why should we doubt that George Wingfield, pursued by an infuriated woman, exhibited his nerves in public? That he is a man of courage everybody in Goldfield knows. But he is not a mining camp bully. He has no private graveyard, he knows not the delight of shooting up the town. His courage is the kind that supports moral conviction, and he has been teaching the Miners' Union the value of it. In Goldfield the Miners' Union stands for what it seems to conceive to be the inalienable right of members to rob their employers. In defense of it the union denies the right of their employers to safeguard their treasure. The most stubborn and aggressive of the mine owners is George Wingfield, who has made it clear that he is not a man to be heedlessly trifled with.

How He Scattered the Miners

Last September there was a boycott on against the Goldfield "Sun." Everybody that entered its office were photographed and their pictures posted outside the Miners' Union hall. In fact, the most active kind of boycott was declared. One night a crowd of miners was annoying two newsboys who were selling the boycotted paper. Hearing the uproar, Wingfield stepped out of his office. Seizing one of the fleeing boys, he took a paper from him and gave him a quarter. The crowd advanced threateningly and at its head was a huge fellow who made a rush at the mining man. Like a flash Wingfield whipped a gun from his pocket, smashed the big man full in the face with its butt, and, so quickly that nobody could see how it was done, had him covered with a second gun produced with miraculous speed from nobody know where. In three seconds there was nobody in the street but Wingfield. Since then no one in Goldfield questions what he does.

The Vicissitudes of Fortune

George Wingfield is today the most notable and interesting figure in Goldfield. He is supposed to be worth about $15,000,000, the most of which he made within a year. Less than a year ago he was vainly trying to sell a big block of Mohawk stock at fifteen cents. Today this stock is worth two hundred times that. Wingfield is only 29 years of age. The son of a Nevada cattleman, he has seen a good deal of the seamy side of life. He has herded cattle, prospected, tended bar and operated a faro layout. One day about eight years ago he walked into a little bank in Winnemucca, Nevada, owned by George S. Nixon, who is now United States Senator, and taking from his finger a diamond ring, threw it on the counter and asked for seventy-five dollars.

"You've got into the wrong shop," said the teller. "This isn't a pawnshop. We don't do that kind of business." It happened that Mr. Nixon himself was behind the counter. Something in the young man's manner took his fancy. Turning to the teller, he instructed him to give the penniless one the $75 he asked and charge it to his account. Moreover, he declined to take the ring. "How do you know I'll ever pay you?" said Wingfield, for it was he.

Senator Nixon smiled.

"Oh, I guess I'll take the chance," he said.

They say in Goldfield that George Wingfield never forgets a friend or forgives an injury. Certain it is that his liking for Nixon began at that time and when he made his big strike in the Mohawk the Senator was the first man he let in on it. Today the firm of Nixon & Wingfield controls not only the Mohawk, but also the $50,000,000 merger of that and four other Goldfield mines. They are in addition the most powerful factors in all the Nevada mining fields. And yet, it is only a few years since Wingfield drifted into Tonopah and got a job as faro dealer. He had acquired a little cash and soon bought an interest in the place. The game prospered and he put in a roulette wheel. Other gambling devices followed, and it wasn't long before Wingfield was $100,000 ahead of the game. Then he went in prospecting and after Harry Stimler, the Indian, had located the now famous Sandstorm claim, first of the Goldfield strikes, it wasn't long before Wingfield located the Mohawk. Not for three years later did he know whether he had a mine or a heap of worthless rock.

Ralston to Become a Broker

So conservative a mining expert as Senator "Billy" Ralston has come to the conclusion that notwithstanding the almost incredible richness of the new mining camps of Nevada they will continue for many years to increase the supply of millionaires in the world. About a year ago Ralston was sent to Nevada to examine some of the little holes in the ground that were yielding ore of a fabulously high grade character, and his courage almost failed him when he was called on to report. He felt that the truth would prove too severe a tax on credulity, but he gave an account of what he saw, cautiously refraining however from making any predictions. It seemed preposterous to assume that there was an abundance of ore of the richness of some of that which had been found, but since then scores of men have dug fortunes out of the earth and there appears to be no immediate likelihood of the yellow metal being exhausted. So sure is Ralston that the bottom is not soon to be reached that he has decided to throw up the Presidency of the Fulton Iron Works and make good use of his seat in the Stock Exchange by becoming a broker. He told me the other day that he was beginning to think that Nevada had just been discovered. He says that there is a new camp called Wonder that promises to prove as rich as Goldfield, and that Manhattan may yield more gold than any of them. "And wait," he said, "until they begin milling that ore which the lessees have overlooked in their

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search for the high grade stuff. It looks to me as if things have just been started up in the sagebrush."

A Lonesome Poet

Joaquin Miller, home again, after giving the residents of the East a treat, says that he is lonely. A remarkable confession, that, for a poet to make. Whoever heard of a genuine poet complaining of lonesomeness? The mere jingler, who lacks that supersensitiveness of the true interpreter of nature, who has never been favored with the divine afflatus, who is on intimate terms with no muse—that mere quack of the rhyming trade, is perhaps lonesome whenever he wanders far from the madding crowd, but not the poet who knows the pleasures of the pathless woods, who has mingled in that society by the deep sea, where none intrudes. Joaquin Miller, being a poet by the grace of God is never without the companionship of his muse. He has sheltered himself across the bay far from the agitations of the outward world, there to find congenial fellowship in the clouds of his fancy. He is blessed with that sense of a life in natural objects which distinguishes the true poet. Otherwise his expression of that sense in words that make sweet music would be nothing more than a rhetorical artifice. I know that Joaquin Miller is a poet because George Wharton James says he is. Mr. James says he is one of the greatest ever, but then, come to think of it, Mr. James refers to George Sterling as one of our lesser poets and ranks him with Madge Morris.

"The Bacchanal's Toast"

"The Bacchanal's Toast" is the title of some verses written by Wilbur G. Zeigler for the Christmas dinner at the Press Club. It would be impossible for me to find justification for their publication were it not for a virtuous desire to bring to the attention of the W. C. T. U. the nature of the spirit that is sometimes let loose at the revels of the Press Club. Fresh stimulus was given to the blaze of conviviality by the reading of Mr. Zeigler's highly indecorous verses, and the author was crowned with holly and champagne corks. These are the verses:

There's so much in the world that is sober and sad,
  Why protest 'gainst the care-stealing beaker?
Why argue that drinking is damnably bad;
  A solace for none but the weaker?
"It stealeth the senses?" Egregious rot!
  We know that the antique medallions
Show wit was ascendant, and dullness was not
  At the banquets of Greek bacchanalians.

If the bezeling glass, with its potion intense,
  Can strip off the husk of the spirit;
Can liberate mind from its fetters of sense,
  And swing us to heaven, or near it,
Let's drink, tho Calamity stalk in our train,
  And raw is our flesh from the sting of its lashes,
Tho broken our hearth-stones, and slowly with pain
  The head of the phoenix lifts out of the ashes.

The past with its graves, and the future obscure,
  Are unfit for our songs or communing.
We are kings of the present with titles secure;
  The liquor is ours; and the flowers festooning
The board and the walls speak of naught to the heart
  But ephemeral things and sensation,—
The pleasure of strutting the stage in our part,—
  The glory of inebriation.

It is fitting we think, 'ere another round sinks,
  Of the sweetness of life as we find it,—
Of music and flowers, of kisses and drinks,—
  An existence as Allah designed it.
We are heritors all of the feelings divine
  Of the rollicking blades with laughter-lit faces
That bend o'er the bowls of nepenthe and wine,
  Eternal in youth, and loved of the Graces.

"Let the world slide, let the world go;
  A fig for care, a fig for woe";
  We drink to the friend, and forget the foe.

No Pardon For Moore

The uncompromising attitude of President Roosevelt toward land frauds of every description is exemplified by the reception he gave an application for the pardon of John A. Moore of Blue Lake, Humboldt County. A few weeks ago I told how Moore, one of the richest and most influential citizens of Humboldt, an ex-supervisor and man of family, had been convicted before a United States District Court at Eureka of perjury. His conviction stunned the people of Eureka, not only on account of his social and financial position, but because hundreds of others had done what he had done—that is, sworn falsely as to the amount of improvement done on a piece of Government land that some friend was acquiring. It was the commonest thing in the world for Smith to say to Brown, "Come along and help me prove up on my claim?" Brown, who had never been on Smith's claim, probably had never heard of it before, would go to the land office and swear that Smith had built a house, and plowed, and fenced, and otherwise improved the piece of land that he was acquiring from the Government. In many cases this was done with the intent to swindle. But just as often the oath was taken as Moore had taken it, merely as a matter of accommodation. So it is no wonder that Eurekans were astounded when Moore

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was convicted. And on the same account it was easy for his attorney to secure signatures for an application to President Roosevelt for his pardon. It was signed not only by all the prominent men of Humboldt County, but by every member of the jury that had convicted him. Then the attorney journeyed to Washington, sure of the pardon. He gained an audience with Roosevelt, but the President, when he found that it was a land case, refused to consider a pardon. An attempt was made to explain that it was not a fraud of the Oregon character, and that Moore had not been engaged in accumulating land through dummy settlers. But the President was obdurate and absolutely refused to consider the matter. An attempt was made last week to have Judge de Haven, before whom Moore was convicted, postpone his sentence indefinitely. But the Judge said that while the State courts had power to take such action the Federal courts had not. He consented to a postponement of the sentence that Moore might make another effort for a pardon. I hear that the President will again be approached in the matter.

No Banquet For Them

Clerks and other employees at the Custom House are mourning over a banquet of which ethics and red tape deprived them. It was to have been a banquet of unusual sumptuousness tendered them by the importers of this city because of the hard work done by all Custom House employees in straightening out the tangle brought about by the fire. It was to be a banquet of appreciation, and it was planned that the liquids of joy should flow unstinted, and that unreason should be made king of the feast. Joseph Bley of C. D. Bunker & Co. was the originator of the idea. He went among the importers, and they fell into line at once. They all felt grateful to the Federal men and were anxious to make gustatory demonstration of their sentiments. But it was not to be. When plans had been about perfected, Bley, as spokesman, went to Collector Stratton and broached the idea. It was there that he encountered red tape—also J. C. Reynolds, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, who was in the collector's office at the time. When the plan was outlined and his consent asked, Stratton looked startled, then emphatically shook his head. While his mind was seeking words that should be diplomatic and courteous yet firm, Reynolds jumped into the breach with a positive quietus. "Such a thing wouldn't do at all," he asserted. "The relations between customs employees and importers make it unadvisable that they should be brought into such close touch with each other as they necessarily would be at a banquet. It would not be for the good of the service." The Collector looked immensely relieved when the Assistant Secretary thus assumed a burden that had threatened to be embarrassing. Bley then told them that money had already been collected for the banquet and, as that had been sidetracked, he was confident the importers, in appreciation of the courtesies extended by the Collector after the fire, would be glad to present the Custom House with a complete set of the Revised Statutes. In reply to this Stratton said with a "please take the hint" glance at Reynolds that the Government should provide these and doubtless would. The Assistant Secretary looked thoughtful. Bley, determined to tender something, said that in the name of the importers and commission brokers he wished to thank Stratton and his whole force for their attention to duty during the terrible days of our great calamity. Stratton refused to accept even thanks. Bowing his head in the most approved hero fashion, he said modestly, "All I can say is that I did only my duty, and I think that in so saying I voice the feeling of every one in the building." Then the Assistant Secretary beamed, and the Collector beamed, and Bley beamed, and the episode was ended. But the clerks didn't get their banquet. Whether the Government will send the Custom House a set of the Revised Statutes remains to be seen.

The Felicitating of Barham

The only news that comes from Los Angeles these days, or at any rate the only news that appears to be worth telling is the news about Guy Barham. There was a time when the news from Los Angeles caused people to believe that the town was inhabited exclusively by real estate agents and tourists, but all news in reference to new townsites has been sidetracked to make way for the Barham special. It is said to be the only thing talked about in Los Angeles. It has usurped in public interest the place formerly occupied by Mr. Huntington's brand newest enterprise. For the present nobody cares a tinker's imprecation where Mr. Huntington is going to spend his next million, or how many new full-bloom cities he has up his sleeve. It's all Barham now, for the fact is that the best groomed man in Los Angeles is in a feverish state of expectancy

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over the prospect of a visit to his domicile from a bird, not a small hot one but a large, lanky one, and he is receiving felicitations from Siskiyou to San Diego from Garvanza to the sea.

The Car Famine

"The best evidence of the wonderful prosperity of this country," said an Eastern railroad man to me the other day, "is the shortage of cars. There is a car famine on practically all the great railway systems of the United States and they cannot begin to handle the freight that is offered them for shipment. So many complaints of car shortage have been made to the Interstate Commerce Commission that it has been decided to make the matter a subject of formal investigation. A large proportion of the complaints laid before the commission charge that the railroads are unable to supply cars for the transportation of commodities that must be moved without further delay, or that they are deliberately discriminating against certain industries. On the other hand transportation experts such as James J. Hill hold that the trouble does not come from discrimination, but rather from the fact that the commercial and mercantile business of this country is developing with such rapidity that the railroads, through lack of facilities, are unable to handle all the business that comes their way.

Efforts To Improve The Service

My informant is an agent of the Pennsylvania road who was sent out to locate the cars of that company and have them rushed home. "The Pennsylvania," he said, "is making an extraordinary effort to head off the shortage of cars on its lines. Its equipment is considered more than ample if it were not so scattered and special agents have been sent throughout the country to gather the cars and send them home as rapidly as possible. To improve the car movement the Pennsylvania has agreed with the Baltimore and Ohio, the Lehigh Valley, the Cumberland Valley, the Buffalo and Susquehanna and other roads representing approximately 1,025,595 freight cars, to increase the per diem charge on these cars to 50 cents. Under the present rate a charge of 20 cents a day is made to railroads for the cars of other lines while in their use or possession. These cars are also to be returned promptly, the cars of connecting lines to be returned direct to the nearest junction point and there accepted. Cars of other lines shall be loaded home or returned via the home route. A car hire charge is also authorized by the agreement of $5 a day for the diversion of any cars to lines other than the home lines."

Keeping Tab On Cars

Continuing, the railroad man said: "Owing to the shortage at the larger terminals of the lines west of Pittsburg men are now scouring the country for cars for the purpose of sending them home immediately. Practically every road in the United States will be visited and the men will travel thousands of miles in order to hurry home all cars that have been unloaded. To relieve the accumulation of freight, especially of grain, lumber and other bulky commodities and supplies, the Pennsylvania contracted in September for 12,400 additional freight cars at an estimated cost of $15,000,000. From contracts previously awarded the company is now receiving new cars at the rate of 100 a day. More than 18,000 new cars have been placed in service this year. Some idea of the extraordinary

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movement now going on over the lines of the Pennsylvania and other great railroad systems may be gleaned from the fact that the Altoona shops reported on October 29 last the repairing of 12,004 cars in the freight department, the largest day's work of the kind except on October 1, when the figures were 12,065. The Pittsburg interchange for October was 6,455, the best on record except June, when 6,575 cars a day were handled. The car movement via Lewiston Junction also shows an enormous increase. The journey of a freight car is now watched and speeded with extraordinary care in order that it may reach its destination without delay, discharge its load and be ready for the use of another shipper as soon as possible. Conductors of freight trains on the Pennsylvania are required to furnish at the end of their runs a complete record of the cars of their trains to enable freight yard superintendents in turn to keep their own records, which show the arrival and departure of engines, the number of cars as well as the engine number, the date of their arrival and departure, and, in fact, furnish a complete account of the movements of every car through the freight yards and the length of time it has been standing there."

Some of The Complaints

Some of the roads upon which there is the greatest congestion of traffic complain that while they have been making every possible effort to meet the demands for cars and have a sufficient supply for their own needs, other lines have taken possession of their cars to such an extent that they are without adequate equipment today. The Pennsylvania Railroad makes the astonishing statement that approximately 80 per cent of its cars are now not in use on its own lines. Some complaints show that the smaller railroads are capturing the cars of the larger railroads and paying the established daily rate for the use of these cars rather than attempt to supply themselves with the necessary facilities. Other complaints are to the effect that an effort is being made by some of the railroads to make a new record in the operating expenses and the hauling of freight, that only the most powerful engines are used and that these are attached to very heavy trains which move not more than an average of twenty or twenty-five miles a day. It is even asserted that traffic does not begin to move as fast as it did several years ago, and that in an effort to bring about economical results the trains are loaded to their fullest capacity.

Because Alice Was Snubbed

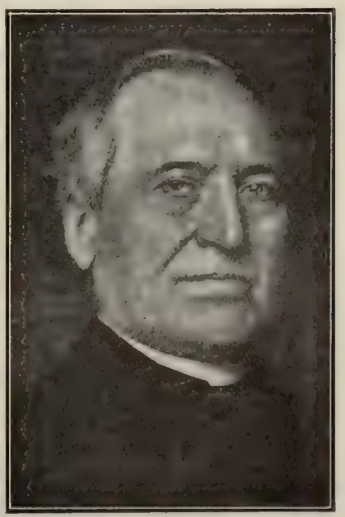
Out of the Roosevelt-Storer controversy has come news of the estrangement of the Roosevelt and Longworth families. To this estrangement has been traced the animus of the President's sudden revulsion of sentiment in the scheme for the promotion of Archbishop Ireland's ambition. It has been charged by the Rev. Father Phelan of the Sunday Watchman that the offense that brought about Mr. Storer's recall was not against the Chief Executive but against his daughter. This is his way of elucidating the matter: "Miss Roosevelt is married to Mrs. Storer's nephew. The latter is the leader of the Longworth clan. After her engagement Miss Alice visited Cincinnati to get acquainted with her new relations. She was not well received. She found her kinsfolk all fled and their houses closed. When women's hands and feet are so active their tongues are not generally idle. Now we are on the side of Alice and her father in this matter. The young lady may have been too lively, and even reckless at times in the eyes of the stern old Puritans of Cincinnati. But she was better than most girls would be under the circumstances, and her indiscretions were venial and should be overlooked. They



Mrs. Storer

The Lady Who is Said to Have Caused the Trouble by Snubbing Her Nephew's Wife, the Daughter of the President.

should be overlooked by the people among whom she was to come to live. They should have been overlooked by Mrs. Longworth, the future mother-in-law, and Mrs. Storer, the future aunt. They were not. Alice was snubbed and Alice's father took up the big stick to



Archbishop Ireland

Who Will Not Get a Cardinal's Hat Because President Roosevelt Carried a Big Stick.

defend her. The husband of the woman who cut Alice did not remain long Ambassador extraordinary at Vienna. We do not blame Mr. Roosevelt. As Alice did what most girls of her age would have done under the circumstances, Mr. Roosevelt has done what any fond

father would do, if similarly tried." All of which is quite interesting even though it is not convincing. The story of the family row is not hard to believe. Hints of it were wafted across the continent long before the marriage of Mr. Longworth and Miss Roosevelt, but at that time it was reported that the objections to the match emanated not from Cincinnati but from the White House. It was not said that the friskiness of Alice had anything to do with the case.

Donahue Goes to New York

James P. Donahue, one of San Francisco's ablest reporters, has gone to New York to become the "Chronicle's" correspondent from that city. Mr. Donahue is a veteran journalist, whose ability has received recognition in every newspaper office in this city. He will doubtless be welcomed by the Californian colony in New York, for it includes many of his old associates in the profession, some of whom have risen to great distinction in the East.

Appreciation of Silver Benefits Uncle Sam

Uncle Sam has his strokes of good fortune. For some time past the Government has been buying great quantities of silver to be coined for use in the Philippines. These large purchases, combined with the manipulations of the silver mine owners, have caused silver to appreciate in value until the pesos used by the Filipinos have become more valuable as bullion than as coins. This state of affairs offers so constant and strong a temptation to the Filipino to consign his money to the melting pot that the United States Government deems it wise to recoin the pesos. The old peso weighed 416 grains and was 900 fine. The weight of the new peso will be 385.8 grain and its fineness only 800. It will contain 308.64 grains of pure silver, whereas the former peso contained 374.3 grains. The result of all this will be that Uncle Sam will make the tidy profit of $215,000 on every million pesos that are recoined in the mints. Two million pesos will reach San Francisco from the Philippine Islands next month for recoinage. Thereafter two million pesos will arrive each month until the whole coinage of the Islands has been reminted—at a profit of $215,000 per month to the benevolent Uncle. Of course, all this happens in strict conformity to the laws of political economy, but isn't it nice?

The Bulletin's Coup

The "Bulletin's" plunge into the one cent field has created almost as big a stir in local newspaperdom as the temblor of last April. It is safe to say that the effects will ultimately be far more reaching. Five cents will continue to be the price on the street but undoubtedly the management serenely contemplates the day when it will be selling everywhere for a penny. This step is by far the most important in the business history of the paper. Never again will it be able to go back into the sixty-five cents a month class. The publisher was determined to have more circulation and he figured out that the penny route was the royal road to get there. It's a business proposition. More circulation means more advertising, or the same amount of advertising at proportionately higher rates. For several years past the "Bulletin's" circulation has reached above the fifty thousand mark but despite all

TAFT & PENNOYER

Thirtieth Annual Discount Sale

Once again we take pleasure in announcing our annual 10 per cent. discount sale. This being the **THIRTIETH** sale of its kind gives some idea of the solidity of this concern and its ability to conduct such an event. This year we will endeavor to make it a grand success, partly on account of its **THIRTIETH** anniversary, but mostly in gratitude to the wonderful support our patrons have given during the exceptional year. We have contrived so that every department outside of its regular goods has numbers of splendid bargains to offer at prices that are astonishing to a degree. This event begins Wednesday morning, December 26, and closes on the last day of January, **1907.** In order to get the greatest benefit, arrange to do your buying at an early date.

REMEMBER THESE POINTS

1. **The sale opens December 26.**
2. **The sale closes January 31.**
3. **During this time a general discount of 10 per cent. will be given on all purchases.**
4. **This discount does not apply on goods sold "net" under contract with the manufacturer, or Dr. Deimel's and Dr. Jaeger's Underwear, Dent's Gloves, Muslins and Sheetings.**
5. **It does not apply on goods already reduced more than 10 per cent.**

Special sales will also be held in every department.

The Establishment of Guaranteed "Quality"

Broadway at Fourteenth St. Oakland, Cal.

its clever high class features and its "circulation schemes" it could not boost its agile leg over the sixty thousand hurdle. The ambitious management hungered for at least one hundred thousand circulation. Will this change to a one cent paper produce the desired result? The managers have given the matter careful consideration, and they are certain that the coup will prove profitable. They will now save the money that they have been spending in premiums to hold their circulation at an unsatisfactory figure and with the paper at so low a price they will surely get some of the subscribers that were on the books of other journals. At present the plan is to turn out daily a twelve-page paper, pregnant with short, snappy news. There will be no Sunday morning issue; a sixteen-page paper on Saturday evening will take its place. The morning field will be entirely abandoned to the "Chronicle," the "Call" and the "Examiner," while the "Bulletin" will devote its best energies to the task of getting all there is out of the evening field. Preparations to this end have been going on since the quake and the management believes everything is in splendid shape to win out. The professional augur has declared that from only one place may a hand descend to mar all these dazzling figures and plans: from out the high towers of one of the morning dailies.

Forcing the Penny

Penny papers have been tried before in San Francisco. Indeed we have two here now. Henry George, mindful of the cent piece as a successful circulation getter, started the "Evening Post" in the early seventies in this city at that price, but in those comparatively early days San Franciscans flatly declined to be bothered with coppers—they regarded them as tokens of hard times and systematically boycotted them. With the advent of the many Eastern settlers here the one cent piece is gradually winning its way as a medium of small exchange; some business men believe that it will finally gain its feet when some of the approaching new transcontinental lines enter the city and bind us more closely with the customs in the East. Not till the "Daily News" appeared did a penny paper make the slightest showing of success in the local field. There are those who declare that the astonishing increase in circulation of that paper may have influenced the "Bulletin" in a way to make its recent move. Anyhow the "News" is crowding ahead on a pair of sturdy legs and will make a hard fight not only to hold its own but to capture more territory.

Frank Hamilton

One of the best and brightest of the local newspapermen ended his late watch forever when Frank Hamilton passed away this week. He died of pneumonia and his passing was so sudden and so unexpected that his comrades who had met him on assignments the day before could scarcely credit the first report of his death. Hamilton was of an inviting personality, a loyal friend and a man of admirable principles that won for him strong friendships that the ordinary friction of everyday life could not wear out. He had been tested and tried severely by misfortune and showed that he was of the true metal. Once he suffered a grievous injustice which instead of embittering his life rendered him the strong and ever vigilant friend of all those who stood in the same way of suffering. He was the author of the Indeterminate sentence law now being adopted by many prisons in this country and abroad, and he also held high rank as a member of the International Board of Prison Directors.

Mrs. Doge And The Candidates

We were at a road-side house in a mountain county of the state, shortly before the last election. The weather was cold, and after dinner everyone formed part of the wide circle before the chimney-place blazing with logs. In one inglenook was the Republican candidate for district attorney; in the other was his Democratic opponent. They were on their circuits for votes, and the sudden on-coming of the October night found them under one roof. There was no discussion on politics, but a member of the group had employed both lawyers in the same cause, and their respective merits were thought to be known by this person at least. She was Mrs. Doge, for fifty years a resident of the county, a matron of sixty-seven, loquacious and self-assertive. Her discussion of them is worth repeating.

Sally Was a Dead Shot

"It was when my daughter and son were arrested for shooting the gipsy. I retained you for a hundred dollars to take the case through all the courts," said she, nodding to one candidate, "and then a log-roller begged me to give you a chance to make your first plea," and she smiled at the other candidate. "I took 'em both," she continued addressing me. "And your daughter?" asked one of the group. "Wal, I've got to go back a little. That gipsy passed the house

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afore the shootin'. I noticed him because he was on horseback and he had the airs of a man whose front was too big to be comfortably covered by any vest you could cut out of Grover Cleveland's overcoat. He swung around in his saddle to note our haystack as he passed, and I saw the handle of a big gun in his uncovered belt. Lawless, careless, desperate, was the impression I got, and this was hours before the shootin'. This was the way I testified at the trial, and they asked me, important like, how many feet I was away from him. Just as though I had stepped the distance! Wal, soon after the gipsy passed, we missed a pitchfork, and my son and daughter trailed him. He had the fork and some of our hay, and when they charged him with it, he reached for his pistol. Sally had her rifle and she's a dead shot, and winged him in the knee before he could draw. She let the skunk off easy. Next day up comes the constable and arrests my offspring. They kept us for four days on that trial before Justice of the Peace Pillpots; an' sich a judge! He adjourned court every fifteen minutes to go and take a drink. It cost me four hundred dollars, and about all that persecuting attorney said when he argied the case agin us was:

'Who are the Doges? Yes; who in h—— are the Doges?'

She Told Him

"And I just drew up to the table where he was a-sitten and swinging his legs as he sneered out these sissy questions; an' restin' my elbows on the top, I answered: 'One of the Doges, an' that's myself, saw Casey hung in San Francisco by the Vigilantes, an' the next week I was settled at the foot of yan mountain, where I have been ever since, twenty-five years afore you could ask for milk.' "And after the trial I roasted the justice to his face, a shoemaker by trade and a judge through rotten politics: 'You a judge,' I said, 'Well p'raps you are—of whisky.' And he looked stupid at me, and bound my girl and boy over to the county court for trial for shootin' with intent to kill. Why, ef that girl had intended to kill, there'd a been a coroner settin' on that gipsy."

"Well did the junior counsel for you argue the case?" asked someone.

"No; he never said a word. You see everyone in that room was a Mason except him and the Doges, and they wouldn't let him open his mouth. Four days trial; four hundred dollars, and one of my attorneys never said 'Boo.' There he sets now. Ever since that the Masons who know my feelins hide their pins and badges when they stop at my house. Some of them advised me to give the gipsy enough money to leave the county before the trial in the Superior Court. I give the rascal a dollar? Not me. I took my witnesses to the county-seat when the case came up, but the gipsy had fled, and after the judge called the case and there was no witness for the State, in a voice as soft as he ever used to make love to a squaw, he discharged the prisoners."

He Had to Call a Halt

Postmasters have heaps of troubles, and of various kinds. Postmaster Fisk is no exception. Without consulting him a lot of people appointed him a sort of intermediary Santa Claus during the recent holidays, and the imposition grew to such proportions that he was compelled to put a stop to it. Day after day packages would arrive on their way to loved ones in the Philippines. They would be sent by express to our postmaster with the request that he repack them and send them on their way by post. In some instances postage would be sent, but in most cases the postmaster would be asked to supply the stamps and send the bill to the consignee. Why these people did not send their packages directly by mail to the Philippines instead of first sending them hither by express none of them explained. The climax came a few days ago when a package as big as a trunk arrived with the usual request to forward to the Philippines. The package contained no less than a dozen dresses and other feminine garments. A suitable box had to be secured and the whole collection repacked and mailed. It was then that the postmaster gave orders to receive no more such packages, letting the express company assume the burden of forwarding them by mail. Not only does such work take up more time than can be spared during the busy holiday season, but it is in violation of the law which provides that nothing shall be received for transmission that is not properly packed, addressed and stamped. Besides this the postmaster, by receipting for them, becomes personally responsible for their safe delivery.

Messrs. Roosevelt & Schuyler, 99 Pearl St., New York, N.Y., desire to invite the attention of their friends and the public to the

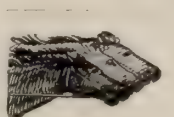
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and

RUINART "CUVEE IMPERIALE"

Champagnes as now shipped by Messrs. Ruinart Pères et Fils, Reims, to the American Market.

The excellent characteristics and bouquet possessed by these wines --the product of the best vineyards—without a doubt render the Ruinart the quintessence of high grade champagnes.



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RACES COMMENCE AT 1:40 P. M., SHARP

For special trains stopping at the track take the S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street; leave at 12:00, thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 P. M. No smoking in last two cars which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

Returning trains leave track after fifth and last races.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

Social Prattle

By Tantalus

A Loyal Californian

The ball given by Jennie Crocker on Wednesday night was all roses and raptures. It was quite the handsomest affair that has bloomed this season down Blingum way. Only those with 24-carat social position were invited, so the general lustre was not dimmed by any of the Transvaal gems of society. Little Miss Crocker is certainly an ardent Californienne. She was urged to come on to New York and share the functions arranged in honor of Jean Reid, the daughter of the Ambassador to England who is spending the holiday season on this side. Then there are the "Mills twins" who are on the highest peak of Gotham prominence and anxious to admit Jennie Crocker to their set. But that fortunate young person seems to find more pleasure on this rim of the world. She and her dear friend "Rosie" are constantly together—Rosie, by the way of identification, is none other than Gertrude Joliffe. It is a pet name which Virginia Joliffe gave the "littlest girl of them all" and hitherto the sobriquet has been for family use only. But now Jennie Crocker calls Gertrude "Rosie" and the rest of her friends are taking their cue. "You're a lucky girl, 'Rosie,'" Miss Crocker was heard saying the other day. "When a man asks you to marry him you won't have to dissect his motives and wonder whether he is a fortune hunter." Which proves that Miss Crocker will register from Missouri on Cupid's roster.

A Dinner Contretemps

Society is marveling at the coolness displayed by a frolicsome young woman who lost a lovely braid of "store" hair at a smart Burlingame dance the other night. The dashing young woman wore an Empire gown and had her hair Marcelled to the last wave of perfection and surmounted by a stiff crown of braids done in the fashion Fritzi Scheff has popularized. At the supper her escort, who was evidently in a sentimental mood, tried to detach one of the artificial flowers blooming in her coiffure for his buttonhole. Evidently the braid was not properly skewered on her head, for in the process of detaching the flower the braid took a tumble and narrowly missed the soup. "Butter-fingers" snapped the young woman at her disconcerted swain and quickly proceeded to readjust her "crown of glory." "May I lend you a hairpin," asked a sticky-sweet little girl who was afraid everyone at the table might not have noticed the incident. "No thank you, my dear," responded the quick witted young woman. "I'm afraid if you take out a pin some of those lovely little pugs and things you yourself wear might fall out." Of course that turned the laugh.

Landfield and His Royal Princess

The recently reported engagement of Dr. Jerome B. Landfield, professor of history at Berkeley, is becoming an affair of international interest, because of efforts that are being made in the Court of St. Petersburg to persuade the Czar to object to the match. Some of the Grand Dukes are said to be indignant at the prospect of a Russian princess's marriage with an obscure pedagogue from California. The professor's fiancee is the Princess Linba-Lofarin, a member of the reigning house of Russia. When the news of the engagement reached this city it was reported that Professor Landfield met the Princess for the first time on his recent trip to Europe, but it is now said that the romance covers a period of six or seven years. Professor Landfield went to Russia years ago to complete his study of modern European history, and at that time met the Princess who was then a girl. The passion then aroused has been kept alive by correspondence and the professor went to Russia last summer to claim his bride. The Princess has been true to her American lover, but the opposition aroused by the court has occasioned some anxiety.

The Taylors Are Here

Many functions will be given in honor of the John Taylors of Boston who recently came to town. Their relatives, the Horace Pillsburys and the Eugene Murphys and others will fete them. Mrs. Taylor was Daisy Van Ness. This is her first visit to San Francisco since she left for Europe two years ago. She looks the same as ever though she now wears her hair in the madonna style, parted and braided in two wide coils.

The Winslow Divorce

When Mrs. Chauncey Winslow's friends learned that her recent trip to Portland to effect a reconciliation with her husband had proved in vain they knew that the last pin feather had been plucked from the white dove of peace. But Mrs. Grundy assured her satellites that there would be no divorce: "Sallie won't give him a chance to marry again, you may wager," quoth the ubiquitous purveyor of domestic news. So the Winslow divorce proceedings came as a surprise capsule which made society swallow hard. And now the gossips are asking why Sallie Stetson Winslow should play into the hands of her husband and there are all sorts of theories, one of which is that if she had declined to sue he would have become the plaintiff. Having established a residence in Portland he could charge his wife with desertion for not joining him there, it being the privilege of the husband, under man-made law to fix the family domicile. And it is also said that he would probably allege incompatibility of temperament, thus presenting himself in the role of

Mrs. Mott-Smith Cunningham, exhibitor in Paris Salon of 1906, announces that her Studio Shop, at 1622 Pine Street, a few doors from Van Ness Avenue, is now open for the sale of her Jewelry at prices proportionate to their value. Beautiful presents for the holidays of which there are no duplicates.

January Discount Sale

—AT—

GUMP'S

Now on. Discounts on everything. New goods which were too late for Christmas have just been unpacked. Open stock dinner ware, pictures, marbles, bronzes, lamps and all varieties of Art Goods.

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a husband with nerves, a favorite role of husbands that believe in the trial marriage, which, by the way, appears to be the sentiment of Mr. Winslow, who was once the husband of Sophie Eyre, the English actress, and who is reported to have no intention of remaining in grass-widowerhood after being released from his present obligations. It is quite reasonable to assume that Mrs. Winslow preferred to sue than to be sued and be called upon to defend her own temper. For of course she has a temper, and doubtless it provoked infelicities, as every woman's temper is said to do at times, and that is why we have divorce cases in this era of supersensitive husbands and wives. Temper is as good a rock as any other to split on when nothing remains but the ashes of a burnt out passion. Mrs. Winslow's friends say that if she has a temper she has managed to hold it pretty well in check during the long period in which her husband has lived in Portland. Mrs. Winslow, by the way, has a sense of humor. When her sister's brother-in-law, Henry Oxnard, married Mary Pichon, who had been employed as a maid by his brother's wife, somebody asked what the sister of the Sugar Kings would say about it. This sister is a sweet tempered woman who loves to talk French. "Oh," said Mrs. Winslow, "she'll be pleased with her brother's wife because of her accent."

The Bigelows

San Francisco society will probably have a chance to entertain Mr. and Mrs. Newell Tilton whose honeymoon plans stretch as far as this city. Mrs. Tilton is a daughter of Poultney Bigelow and her marriage the other day in New York was one of the fashionable events of the season. In spite of their story-writing ancestry the Bigelow girls have always enjoyed a social prominence not achieved by writers' cramps. They are related to the Harrimans and half a dozen other prominent families. The Poultney Bigelows were divorced several years ago and Mildred Bigelow, now Mrs. Tilton, has always affiliated with her father. In order that he might be one of the wedding party the breakfast was given by Mrs. J. Borden Harriman instead of the bride's mother. At the time of the Bigelow divorce the gossips insistently spread the rumor that Poultney Bigelow and Gertrude Atherton were going to marry. They had enjoyed a friendship that included such romantic episodes as capsizing in a boat and Mrs. Grundy was sure that the affair did not spell "platonic." But rumor, as usual, missed the mark. Last year when Mrs. Atherton was living at Tamalpais Tavern Poultney Bigelow visited her and the matchmakers once more breathed rhapsodies about "two souls with but a single pen." At that time Colonel Bigelow, Poultney Bigelow's brother, and his family were living in the little "Goop" house which Gelett Burgess built on Russian Hill and Poultney Bigelow was so charmed with the prospect that he spoke of buying a hill top home by these shores. His daughter, Mrs. Tilton, will no doubt be entertained by the Burlingame people as Mrs. Peter Martin is one of her intimate friends.

Monterey Wakes Up

My Monterey correspondent writes: There certainly have been things doing in Monterey the last few days. A new railroad has been incorporated with a capital of $5,000,000; the breakwater for Monterey Harbor becomes an assured fact; a street electric railway changes hands and plans are made for locating a Brigade Post and purchasing 30,000 acres of land for maneuvers. The Monterey, Fresno and Eastern Railroad Company has already offices installed and draughtsmen and surveyors at work. This railroad will be an independent line and have no connections with any of the transcontinental roads. Monterey will be the terminus and within a year trains will be running to Fresno. Later the line will extend eastward through Nevada and into the Salt Lake district. One would think this enough cause for thanksgiving for Monterey for the beginning of the year but a few days ago two welcome telegrams were received from Congressman Needham regarding the much desired breakwater and they were shortly followed by the arrival of Captain Amos P. Friese, who was sent by the War Department to investigate and report. A banquet was given by the Monterey Promotion Committee in honor of Captain Friese and interesting speeches were made by G. W. Pursell, treasurer of the Monterey, Fresno & Eastern Railroad; Captain Watson, manager of the Coalinga Oil Company; A. D. Shepard, general manager of the Pacific Improvement Company; Frank Powers, founder of Carmel-by-the-Sea; W. H. Powers, general manager of the Monterey County Gas and Electric Company and a number of others. For some time there has been talk of a Brigade Post being established at Monterey, and within a few days steps have been taken to acquire a large tract of land between Monterey and Salinas where maneuvers can be held, and

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the Pacific Improvement Company will probably make a sale of land adjoining the Presidio that it may be greatly enlarged. The Monterey Street Railway last week was purchased by P. E. Bowles and Geo. Heazelton. The line is to be extended to Salinas and possibly to Carmel-by-the-Sea. The power plant will be remodeled, the tracks will be relayed and better service assured. After all these happenings in one short week, Monterey may scarcely longer be called "a sleepy old town—picturesque but dead."

Holiday-Spending

A number of Oakland people came down to spend Christmas and New Year's at Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. McNear and their children are here. Mrs. McNear is prettier than ever though soon she will have a young lady daughter who has inherited the beauty of the Tucker girls and their lovely mother. There is a bevy of pretty girls here just now and such good times they are having together: days off in a tallyho, horseback rides and excursions of all sorts. Miss Marjorie Shepard, who came down with her father, A. D. Shepard and Lieutenant and Mrs. G. P. Hawes, has as her guest, Miss Elyse C. Schultz. Miss Alice Warner, who is spending her vacation with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Holden R. Warner, has visiting her two fellow pupils from Miss Head's School, Miss Alice L. Doe of San Mateo and Miss Dorothy Kincaid of Berkeley. The Charles Stetson Wheelers and their pretty daughters add to the interesting circle of young people. Lillias Wheeler is going to blossom into a lovely woman. Already she has grace and poise and a charming individuality. Mrs. R. J. Hancock with her son and L. W. Westcott and a very pretty girl with red gold hair and peaches and cream complexion, Miss Helen Gray, motored down from San Francisco. Mrs. Hancock is a picture in the lovely grays she affects. All of the young people evidently enjoy their charming chaperone. On New Year's eve Mr. A. D. Shepard entertained a number of friends at dinner. There were fourteen at a table of young people presided over by Miss Marjorie Shepard and fourteen grownups at the other table in one of the private dining rooms. The latter were President and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Lieutentant and Mrs. G. P. Haws, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sedgwick Aiken, Miss Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. Holden R. Warner, Miss Snell, Horace G. Platt and Mr. A. D. Shepard. Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler was lovely in a black chiffon gown flowered in old rose. Mrs. President Wheeler wore a white liberty and some rare old lace. Mrs. Warner, Mrs. Hawes and Miss Snell were all in blue and Miss Hoffman was charming in a white crepe. The old year was danced out and in the ballroom many beautiful gowns were to be seen. Mrs. H. M. A. Miller wore a white embroidered in gold. Mrs. G. W. McNear was radiant in a white net with a beautiful Duchesse lace shawl. The Burlingame set had a curious way of showing its exclusiveness. The women instead of being distinguished by their smartness were quite conspicuous by appearing in shirtwaists and morning skirts. On New Year's night a party of forty came over from the Presidio to dine at Del Monte. At the Post a delightful cotillion closed the old year.

OPPORTUNITY

He'd known her for years, in a social way,
At dinners, at dances, et cet.
But it wasn't until, on a train one day
They rode, that their minds really met.

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Stage

When Playgoers Disagree

"The Great Divide," the play in which Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin are appearing in New York, is the hit of the season largely because it has excited more talk than any of the other new dramas. It was first produced in Chicago and pronounced obscene, and it was such a failure on the road that Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin expected rough treatment in New York, but they were most agreeably surprised at the critical comment and much pleased at the interest that has been aroused. John Corbin writing of the play in the "Sun" says: "But there is a no less marked divide within this great divide. According to the verdicts of its audiences it is the most praiseworthy play of the season, and also the most to be condemned. Of every five who see it, at a rough estimate, two share the opinion of Pittsburg. And the carpers here and on the road are by no means all from the intellectual hinterland. My own experience is that a full half of them are people of the very highest intelligence. Meantime the Princess Theatre is nightly crowded to the verge of the fire laws. On a raw and rainy Monday night in the week before Christmas, when theatrical paper is an obsolete security, there was not more than a single row of empty seats. Of applause there was almost none—scarcely excuse enough for a couple of perfunctory curtains. But while the action was in progress the audience was tense with an excitement such as only the most absorbing drama can produce. Here is a mystery the heart of which is worth plucking out.

"The voice from the hinterland puts the easiest riddle. No Sphinx could take out honest life insurance whose existence depended on keeping it a secret that the high minded American public denies the existence of such things as brutal drunkenness and intended rape on this pinkly proper earth beneath yon sky of baby blue. There should be nothing in a play, according to a popular verdict, which a lad can't take his sweetheart to see, a man his wife. Note the fine assumption that all sweethearts are imbeciles and all wives are prudes! Against stupidity, as Schiller sang, the gods themselves contend in vain. A large part of the people who abominate "The Great Divide" are those who have been encouraged in the playhouse to be imbeciles, prudes and the natural protectors of such. * * * Sometimes the objects of popular abomination are grotesquely trivial. For decades, almost centuries, no French playwright dared to put a bed on the stage of the Theatre Francais, even the most decorous and conjugal four poster. When the innovation was made it called forth a storm of prudish protest. Less than a decade ago a similar outcry was raised here at Clyde Fitch's realistic bedroom scene in 'The Girl and the Judge.' Today the difficulty is to keep playerfolk from putting in beds where they don't belong. When Mr. Belasco does not write a play with a "great" scene centring in a mattress it is a case to be chronicled. Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe represent the bridal chamber of Romeo and Juliet in unflinching detail, though it is manifest to any student of Elizabethan stage management that Shakespeare never contemplated any such disillusioning actuality. And now the bridal bed of Romeo and Juliet has made its way into grand opera.

"For if there is nothing quite as revolting to the popular idea of seemliness as naked new truth, there is nothing as dear to it when it has once become accustomed. In this fact no doubt lies a part of the appeal of 'The Great Divide,' for though it is applauded timidly or not at all, it stirs the audience deeply, and it is provocative of precisely the kind of discussion which makes their friends eager to see it. It is only after a preliminary shock and squirm that 'a touch of nature makes the whole world kin.' "

Italian Grand Opera

The Lambardi Opera Company will present for their third week at the Central Theatre, on Monday and Friday evenings, Rossini's merry opera, "The Barber of Seville," with Adeline Tromben, as the bewitching Rosina; Attilio Salveneschi as the young gallant, the Count Almaviva; Adolfo Pacini as the prankish barber, Figaro; Luigi Bergami as Don Bartolo, and Ugo Cannetti as Don Basilio. The story of the writing of the "Barber of Seville" is of more than ordinary interest. Rossini had engaged to write two operas for a Roman Carnival. The first was brought out December 26, and the same day he bound himself to furnish the second by January 20 of the next year with no knowledge of what the libretto would be. Sterbini furnished him with the story of the "Barber" by piecemeal, and as fast as the verses were given him he wrote the music. The whole work was finished in less than three weeks. The scene of the opera is laid at Seville, Spain, and gives every opportunity for color and gaiety. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings will be devoted to superb productions of Puccini's dramatic opera, "La Tosca," founded upon Sardou's great play of the same name with Esther Adaberto in her creation of Floria Tosca. D'Ottavi and Salveneschi will alternate at Marie Cavaradossi, the painter; Roberto Seifoni will be the Baron Scarpia, the Minister of Police and Olinto Lombardi the Caesare Angelotu, the revolutionist. This opera received the greatest praise as a production of any opera produced during the Lambardi season in Mexico, all the scenery costumes and accessaries having been made at La Scala, Milan, after the original models. In this opera and "Fedora" Adaberto's histrionic work was compared with Duse's in all the cities in which she has played. Her dresses were

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made by Worth and Panquin and are models of quiet and refined elegance. Wednesday and Sunday evenings and Saturday matinee will see the great double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I'Pagliacci" with all star casts; Russo or D'Ottavi, Scifoni or Pacini, Giorgi and Million appearing in the former and Angelo Antolo, Martinez Patti, Pacini, Bianca Nunez, and Maria Millon as Pope. For the fourth week Adaberto will appear in "Fedora," on Wednesday, Friday and Sunday nights. "The Masked Ball" will be given on Monday and Thursday nights and Sunday matinee, with three prima donnas in the cast; "Cavalleria" and "I'Pagliacci" will be repeated Tuesday night and pretty La Tromben will be heard in the charming opera of "Don Pasquale" at the Friday night and Saturday matinee. For the last weeks of the company "Iris" and "Germania" are announced as novelties together with favorite operas.

An Idora Success

The "Toymaker" is having a run at Idora Park, Oakland, very much like it had on its initial production in this city. Crowds are turned away at all matinees and full houses are nightly in evidence. In order to avoid disappointment it is well for people to engage their seats in advance. There is a down-town office at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Oakland store for this purpose. Many are crossing from San Francisco to see this fine production, and dinner parties are given nightly at the pretty Roof Garden Grill over the theatre. The Strauss gem, "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," will be the next offering.

O'Neill As the Prophet

The event of the season will be the presentation of his new play, "The Voice of the Mighty," by Mr. James O'Neill at the Novelty Theatre, commencing next Monday night. The theme is as old as the Mount of Sinai but the treatment is new, says the press agent. The story deals with the birth of Christianity as first taught by John the Baptist. Mr. O'Neill plays the part of John the Baptist, and it is safe to say that he will invest the part with all the solemnity due this forerunner of the Saviour. The scenes are laid in and about the wilderness near the river Jordan, where John met and baptised Christ. The author of Mr. O'Neill's play has taken the incidents of the Prophet's life from the time when he emerges from the wilderness. His announcement of the coming of the Messiah, his denunciation of Herod and Herodias, the temptations that beset him while in prison, his love for Salome and the fulfilment of his prophesies are incidents of this unusually interesting play. As to the production nothing has been left undone. The costumes and scenes are historically correct. Mr. Theodore Feising, who builds and paints all the New York Metropolitan Opera productions, has painted the scenes and Mr. Fritz Schoultz, late costumer of the court theatre, Copenhagen, designed and executed the costumes. "The Voice of the Mighty" will be played for six nights and Saturday matinee.

James O'Neill will give his two farewell performances of "Monte Cristo" tonight and Sunday at the Novelty Theatre.

Olga Is Coming

Arrangements are being made for the appearance in this city of Olga Nethersole for one performance of "Sapho." Gottlob, Marx & Co. had booked the actress for quite an engagement at the Columbia Theatre and her dates throughout the West were altered in consequence of the recent fire. No time was held for this city and owing to other arrangements the appearances of the actress here will be limited to the night of Sunday, January 13. Miss Nethersole makes it a rule not to play on Sunday night, but in order to include this city in her present tour will give way, and San Franciscans will have at least one opportunity to enjoy the great production of "Sapho." Full details as to sale of seats, etc., will be found in the daily papers. Miss Nethersole is to appear at the Novelty Theatre, corner Steiner and O'Farrell.

McIntyre and Heath in the fine Klaw and Erlanger production of "The Ham Tree" will appear at the Novelty Theatre, commencing Monday January 14. This is one of the biggest productions on tour this year, and over seventy people are included in the company.



WYNNE WINSLOW

The Charming Soprano, Who Will be Heard at the Orpheum Next Week.

Colonial Theatre

Henry Guy Carleton's delightful comedy, "The Butterflies," will be the attraction at the Colonial Monday night and all next week. Some time has elapsed since the play was last given here and comparatively few of the present flock of theatregoers remember its great success. The management promises a fine production, and judging from the cast the interpretation will be entirely satisfactory. Frank Bacon should score a hit as Hiram Green, the wealthy and illiterate Chicago pork packer. Wilfred Roger will be Frederick Ossian and Izetta Jewel Miriam Stuart-Dodge. The other characters are allotted as follows: Andrew Strong, W. C. Graves Jr.; Barrington Green, Harry Pollard; Roscoe Bilser, R. Peralta-Galindo; Coddle, Orral Humphrey; Mrs. Stuart-Dodge, Maud Odelle; Mrs. Ossian, Jane Jeffery and Suzanne Elise Green, Bessie Bacon. "The Christian" will be performed for the last times today (Saturday) and tomorrow (Sunday) matinees and nights. Most extensive preparations are being made for "A Cowboy in Petticoats," which will succeed "The Butterflies."

Owing to the uncertainty as to the time of Hekking's visit, Manager Will Greenbaum was unable to exploit the great 'cellist to the extent that he deserves, but nevertheless there will be a big audience on hand this Saturday afternoon at Lyric Hall to witness the great artist's performance. Hekking is one of the three greatest 'cellists on the concert stage. The others are Gerardy and Casals.

The second French recital of literature and music by the Planels will be given this Sunday afternoon at Lyric Hall.

Vaudeville at the Orpheum

There will be a big, new show at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon and the entertainment offered is made up of the very best in vaudeville. The eight "Vassar Girls," who have been seen here before and who are universal favorites, will head the bill. They are accomplished singers, dancers and musicians. Each plays upon several instruments and their act is replete with spectacular and electrical effects. Nonette Lyle, violinist, and Jessica Cree, whistler, are the soloists of the organization. Howard and Howard, "The Messenger Boy and the Thespian," promise fifteen minutes of genuine fun and good singing. They were the principals of the "Messenger Boys' Quartette" which made such a hit here two seasons ago. The Gotham Comedy Four, renowned as being America's most versatile entertainers, will also contribute to the merriment of the program. They are capital vocalists and thoroughly up-to-date in their selections and stories. Wynne Winslow, than whom a more popular soprano never visited San Francisco, will receive a warm welcome. With her perfect blonde beauty, her clear voice with its violin tones and her charm of manner the public sees in Miss Winslow the Lilliam Russell of some years ago. The three Leightons, who made such a hit just before the advent of the Orpheum Road Show with their "One Night Stand in Minstrelsy," will return for one week only. They are agile dancers and serve up the genuine "Hi Henry" article in most approved fashion. Jimmie Lucas, "The Boy with the Dozen Dialects," will make his initial bow in this city. He has a style peculiarly his own and has achieved a remarkable success in the principal Eastern cities. May Edouin and Fred Edwards, who have

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Continued Success of
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With Ferris Hartman in the Title Role.
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Direction H. W. Bishop.

The Charming Play,
"WE UNS OF TENNESSEE"
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Matinee every day except Monday
A BIG NEW SHOW!
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JAMES O'NEILL IN "MONTE CRISTO"
Beginning Monday Night, January 7
JAMES O'NEILL
In the New and Magnificent Production,
"THE VOICE OF THE MIGHTY"
Mr. O'Neill as John the Baptist.
Prices: $1.50 to 50c.
Monday, January 14, McIntyre and Heath in "The Ham Tree."

created such a favorable impression with "A Bachelor's Dream," will appear for the last times and Emelia Rose, in her novelty acrobatic act, and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing many surprises, will complete a varied and interesting programme.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Lad—An adventuress is a woman who is bright enough to beat you at your own game.

Young—Yes; it is possible to be happy though a millionaire, but it is usually a very costly experiment.

Hoosier—The best way to send a small package from San Francisco to New York is eastward.

Beaks—If you are sensitive about the redness of your nose, and are that kind of a man, keep on drinking. It will presently turn purple.

Eager—Replying to your question as to how long girls should be engaged, it seems to me that they should be engaged in the same manner as short girls.

Petty—Though your lot may be obscure, do not despair. Some day you may become prosperous enough to build "a spite fence" around it, and thus get your picture in the papers.

K. Noodle—I am not sure that a girl under the age of twenty-one can be held for debt; but I contend that she can be held—at the right time and place, and by the right party.

Abigail—When a gentleman offers you his seat in a crowded car you should say "Thank you, sir!" Speak the words very quickly, so that you may be all through before he hits the floor; and then add, addressing your fellow-passengers, "Has some other gentleman a pocket flask, from which he will favor the gentleman who has just swooned?" —**The Mentor.**

A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE

"But will you not," asked he, "fond dove,
In some tomorrow cease to love,
And let that heart, now so controlled
By passion's will, grow strangely cold?"

"Nay, as I have in seasons past,
So shall I love while life shall last;
But then, of course, it may not be
The same man all the while," said she.

—**The Smiler.**

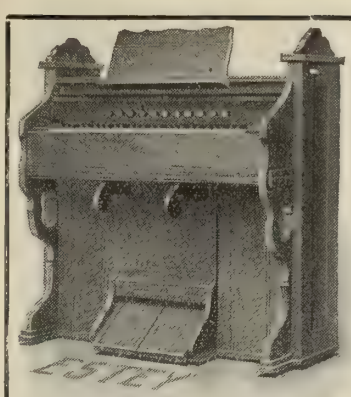
UP AGAINST IT

Crawford—Perhaps nature never errs, but she is far from impartial.

Crabshaw—That's so. Not content with giving a girl red hair, she plasters her face all over with freckles. —**The Masseuse.**

AT DEL MONTE

Among the holiday visitors to Del Monte were: Dr. Benjamin P. Kurtz of Berkeley, Mrs. M. D. Kurtz, Miss Bertha Monro Rickoff, Mrs. P. G. Galpin, Charles Stetson Wheeler and family, Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler and son, the G. W. McNears, the H. M. A. Millers, the Charles S. Aikens, Douglass Grant, the Alexander Lilleys, Mrs. Walter Hobart, the Robert Colemans, the Leonard Chenerys and the William Cluffs.



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James O'Neill

As John the Baptist in "The Voice of the Mighty" at the Novelty Theatre.



Izetta Jewel

As Miriam Stuart-Dodge in "The Butterflies" at the Colonial Theatre Next Week.



Temporary Palace Hotel, Corner Post and Leavenworth Streets

This building, together with the annex across the street, was erected by the Sharon estate for several purposes, the principal being to establish their excellent grill and preserve the identity of their efficient hotel organization. The main dining-room is of most artistic design and is beautifully finished in white and gold. The polished floor has won the approval of the most enthusiastic dancers of the smart set, for the room has been the scene of several brilliant balls. The gentleman's grill sprung into popularity almost as soon as it was opened. The patrons have found that the service and the achievements of the chef are of the same high standard for which the grill in the old Palace was distinguished. The annex will be occupied by the offices of the Sharon estate. Here the plans will be drawn for the new Palace which is to rise on the site of the old one, a more modern and a more magnificent hotel in every respect than the one which was so long identified with the history of San Francisco.



Entrance Hall Temporary Palace Hotel

LASH'S BITTERS
TONIC LAXATIVE

The Girl With the Dimple

A STORY OF A STAGE-STRUCK LOVE.

By Tryntje Du Bois

It was an early August coolish night in Baden-Baden, and the theatre was crowded to see the Carlsruhe Company in their new play.

He had not meant to go to the theatre. He had strolled across from the Conversationshaus, with the intention of boring himself in a new atmosphere for awhile. Like many who travel seeking an elusive pleasure, he had found a multiplicity of ennui; and so he paid for his place with the certainty of leaving at the end of the first act. German plays, when you do not understand German, are tedious.

But in the first act a pretty little figure came dancing out upon the scene—and he stayed until the end.

She was impersonating a waiting maid, and she wore a fluff of white lace in her hair and a system of ruffles up and down the front, a distractingly prim little white collar, two distractingly prim little white cuffs, and, as her dress was black, these little white touches set off her sweet German blondness in a way that——

Well, he stayed to the end. She had blue eyes—heaven's blue—and hair that was the ashy Northern blonde and not the actress blonde. She had a mouth that curved and twisted around its own unkissed kissability, as if it appreciated its advantage over all the mouths that were hungering beyond the footlights—and then she had a dimple—just one!

Yes, he stayed—right through till the end.

She was perfectly intelligible to him, even in German. He understood somehow almost every word she uttered. He was surprised that he had ever thought German less musical than French. He saw now that it was prettier far than French. It was delightfully easy to laugh at her jokes, because the mere dawning of the dimple taught him exactly wherein lay their wit. And when she twirled around and made that adorably pert little courtesy and skipped away——!

He stayed. He stayed—until the very end.

The next day he set out to discover all that mortal man might learn.

It was deplorably little. Her name was Sophie Fischer, and she lived in Carlsruhe; and as to further information——

"But, gracious sir, she has now her vacation."

Mighty was the fall from his hope to—her vacation. But wait a bit—she——

"Where does she spend it?"

"Ah, for that, gracious sir, I think she goes into the North, but the gracious sir can understand that—really——"

He had to give it up. The vacation would endure into September. Interminable! Interminable! And this hole of a Baden-Baden! Dull! Stupid! Impossible! Impossible!

He went away—he went South—he went to Stuttgart. He had the address there of some old friends of his mother's, and his word was pledged to visit them ere he returned home. This was a good time to hunt them up. And Stuttgart was a nice, quiet place in which to reflect further on that fluffy cap, that ruffled apron and that twirl, not to speak of the dimple.

He went to Stuttgart and hunted up his mother friends, lovely, simple people, who would not hear of his going to a hotel, but insisted he should visit them, and forthwith installed him in a quaint and charming chamber overlooking the Neckar-strasse, where there was absolutely no impediment to reflection and much that was conducive to it. Notably an oil painting of a small and rosy girl giving a bluff-looking dog an affectionate choke. The small girl was most oddly provocative of Carlsruhe.

At the early supper that night he found himself the fifth in a small and closely interwoven family party. Father, mother, grandmother and daughter. The father, a retired officer who had won a decoration "before Paris," the mother as rosy and blonde as the painting above stairs or as——

And the daughter like the mother, only less riante, less cordial; in fact, demure to the degree which the French have decided to characterize by the significant word, bete, which expresses a degree of polite nullity unknown to our English dictionary.

The daughter wore her hair so smoothly and plainly compressed about her head that it was evident no idea of curl had ever entered there. She wore a dress of cotton print that was neat and no more, and a black silk tie. One might have expected that the coming of a young stranger from afar would have somewhat heightened the brilliancy of this costume, but it did not even raise her eyes from the tablecloth during the gay dinner chat of the other four. The conversation was in French, and he began to wonder if the young lady was not wholly ignorant of what was being said. He was forced to look toward her, from time to time, because she was directly opposite him, and then she, too—like the portrait—was just sufficiently reminiscent to be interesting; but with all his looking, he never caught even half a glance in return.

The grandmother, who was half French—the French of Lorraine—was lively enough to atone for her granddaughter's deficiencies, if seventy-five ever can make up for the deficiencies of eighteen, and two or three times she pointedly addressed the young girl as if to draw her into the conversation; but the answers were always in monosyllables, and the father or mother quickly caught up the thread of talk and retied it without further calling out their daughter.

Directly the meal was finished the maiden disappeared and did not return until the good-nights were being said.

All of which was strange.

But his head was too full of the prim little white collar and prim little white cuffs to have much empty space to devote to the plain black silk tie, even if the chin above it had been—as it was—round, and soft, and white.

The next morning the mother led him out into the little courtgarden behind the house, and there he saw Charlotte—Charlotte was her name—tending flowers. After a half-hour's conversation in the small arbor the mother was called indoors and the young man approached the young girl.

"Good-morning, Fraulein."

She smiled and replied:

"Good-morning."

He stood petrified, staring—all further phrases fled his utterance. For her smile had revealed one—just one—dimple.

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PHONE EMERGENCY 158

"What is it?" she asked, continuing to play Medusa on his spirit with innocent and unconscious magic.

"Oh, Fraulein," he stammered, "I beg your pardon, but—you are so like one of the actresses of Carlsruhe. It is startling."

Her face became scarlet, her smile faded into a quiver, she turned somewhat aside and said, very low:

"I am glad that it was to me that you said that—not to my father or mother."

"But, Fraulein," he exclaimed, shocked at her trouble, "I assure you—it is a compliment that I pay you. The young lady is most beautiful."

Her blush deepened still further. She clasped and unclasped her hands in a nervous agitation, and, after making two or three fruitless efforts to speak, she managed to stammer:

"It is my sister."

"Your sister!"

"Yes."

He was doubly astonished.

She continued:

"It is my only sister. She is an actress, and here, we never speak her name."

He started to make some impulsive answer—and then he stopped, reflecting that he was perhaps treading the brink of an abyss that possibly formed the family tragedy.

"I only saw Fraulein Fischer once at Baden," he said, as quietly as he could, "but I should like to have seen her again, For I found her very beautiful and equally attractive."

The young girl did not look up, but he saw tears on her cheeks; then her mother returned and she left the garden.

Naturally, this revelation worked a great change in the visitor's feelings, and while many of the new emotions which took their rise during the days that followed were quite inexplicable, or even wholly unknown to himself, still there were others whose development he could but note.

The more familiar he grew with Charlotte's reproduction of the dimple—the dimple—the more wildly curious he grew to be initiated into the mystery of her sister's life. The more he lay awake in the early dawn to gaze upon the painting of the rosy child and her dog, the deeper became his determination to graft his friendship into this particular family tree, to the end that there might be at least some hope of fruition in the distant future.

And as the days passed by they grew one and all really dear to him. He was a nice young fellow who adapted himself quite easily—when he wanted to; and so the grandmother learned to lean on his arm when she walked in the garden of an early evening; the father insisted on his company in the cafe at a somewhat later hour; and the mother greeted them both on their return with two kisses that knew no partiality.

As for Charlotte, he grew to know her simple heart through and through; or at least, he thought he knew it through and through, until one dreadful morning. That dreadful morning was the morning of the day of his departure; he was leaving at noon that day to start North. He could not tell them why, but he had learned that Sophie Fischer was billed somewhere for Monday night, and not all the kindly hospitality of all Bavaria could hold him away from that presentation.

The grandmother was dismal and the father and mother terribly gloomy, but, imagine his horror when, on entering the little parlor of state where no one ever sat—he only went in to replace a book that he had carried upstairs to read—he found Charlotte, dear, prim, frigid little Charlotte, weeping her heart out on the sofa in the corner. If he could have taken her in his arms and kissed her and told her that he loved her, it would have been so simple. But he didn't love her! He loved her sister Sophie, and he grew sick all over when he saw the look on the tear-stained face.

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There was something so pathetic in the smoothly plastered hair and the black silk tie! He knew she was good—ten thousand times too good, and yet—he preferred that dainty reprobate who had danced across his heart and left the print of her high heels crushing into its throbs forever. He might not ever be able even to speak to the bad fairy—the good one was ready to love him forever—and yet—and yet better one chance at that little white collar than a million at the wispy black tie.

He had to pretend to believe poor Charlotte when she said that she had a toothache—recommend chloroform—and just go away. It was the only thing to do.

The next day he spent in Carlsruhe hunting up all possible information regarding Fraulein Fischer, and the main thing he learned was that there was nothing to learn. She had lived ever since her debut the preceding autumn in a small apartment near the theatre, and the old servant who took care of her rooms also took care of her and watched scrupulously over her goings-in and her comings-out. That was all.

But Monday night he saw her again, and the minute she came tripping on to the stage he knew that something eternal for him had its blossoming there in Baden the summer past. To be sure, the cap and the collar and the cuffs were gone, but he now saw that they were not the essentials to his adoration. For she wore a winter costume—carried a muff—and was just as adorable as before.

Oh, that smile—that dancing dimple—that provoking little rosebud of a puckered-up mouth! To think that Charlotte had been taught to regard such a sister as a disgrace!—to think that two human beings could be the parents of such a masterpiece and forbid the mentioning of her name in the family.

While he was in the height of his rapture the curtain suddenly fell, and he realized with a painful shock that the play of that evening was at an end. Actually they must have cut out whole scenes; surely so short a piece could never have been written! But he had to go out with the crowd—just the same as the rest—and return to the Victoria to dream half of heaven and half of hopelessness.

It did look hopeless. He could not see just what he might do, all things considered—his friendship for her family considered, too. And then he really loved her! He hadn't the remotest desire to approach her through any unworthy channel; and he did not see any possible way to approach her at all.

He went the next night and watched her play again. This time she was the ingenue picking flowers in her garden. Oh, shade of Charlotte in her garden with that black tie! All other costumes died to him as he looked on her white muslin and pink bows. She had a little sunshade, too, which she had some trouble in opening, and her frown—well!—it was nothing but some utterly original dimples in a new place.

Naturally, this could not go on. Something must be done. He felt that he would have to write to her father. And yet that might be like going among hot coals blindfolded. He was distracted. He couldn't sleep. He couldn't eat. He couldn't do anything except exist until it should be time to go to the threatre again.

But that night a sad surprise awaited him. She was on the programme, but another took her part. Something must have befallen her. He left the theatre as soon as he fully realized that she was not to appear, and no sort of personal argument could prevent his going straight to that apartment whose street and number he knew so well. He went in the large porte and started upstairs; he knew she lived on the fourth floor, and at the first turning he met her father.

Talk of your surprises! They could only stare for a moment; and then the elder gentleman put out his hand.





"Franz, my boy," he said, thickly, "this is good of you—this is kind of you; how did you come to know?"

"I know nothing," he stammered. "She has met with an accident?"

"Yes; but not very bad, thank heaven! Her mother is there with her. Come with me, I have some purchases to make."

The young man accompanied him as if in a dream. He really could not understand. It was all the blackest sort of mystery. The father betrayed, neither in word nor look, the faintest trace of anger, only a sorrow and relief unfeigned.

The morning after the old gentleman returned to Stuttgart, leaving his wife with the injured girl.

Her lover continued to inhabit the Victoria and call daily at the apartment, leaving flowers and asking for news, which was always good news, and therefore delightfully soul-satisfying. Hope charged boldly across his mental field of vision, pointing straight ahead, and not too discouragingly far ahead, either, and he waited patiently, sure that the closed door would have to open to him soon.

It did open—some three weeks later.

He was asked in to have a cup of coffee, and found his Paradise to be the smallest and plainest of parlors, with a few stiff chairs and a piano. The good mother paused in her joyful greeting to say in a gentle apologetic aside:

"She has to be so economical—the dear child—her clothes for the theatre use up all her salary." And then she came in.

He nearly fell backward.

For it was Charlotte!

Very pale, but quite recognizable, her hair as smooth and shining as ever, her cotton print gown fresh and clean as ever, too, but a new black tie.

He might have had a fit except for a slight circumstance which saved him.

The slight circumstance was a slight twinkle—so slight that the mother never saw it; but he saw it, and blessed it. It told him a long story, and his heart swelled immensely with a rapture untold.

The mother went on to superintend the arrival of the coffee and the hot German coffee-cake—oh, that sublime hot German coffee-cake!—and he snatched his opportunity and her hand, saying:

"Why did you never tell me?"

Her dimple shone forth and threw the awful hair and the terrible tie out of the question.

"Why should I have told you?" she said. "My parents only consent to my acting on condition that during my vacation they regain their unspoiled daughter. They have never even entered our theatre; they have no idea how different I can be."

She stopped and her eyes danced. "But, confess," she demanded, "Charlotte was at a disadvantage."

"Not at all!" he cried, springing to her side; "Charlotte was ideal; I could have loved Charlotte had I never seen Sophie."

"Charlotte wanted so to be loved," the young girl whispered, softly.

"And Sophie?" he inquired, also whispering.

She pushed him away and thought a second, her dimple a little dimmed by sobriety.

And then she smiled, so bewitchingly, so fascinatingly, and as he seized her in his arms she murmured:

"Really, Sophie doesn't object."

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Buried Treasures

(Continued from Page 9.)

may be reading them at college before another generation passes away. And the missing parts of Petronius his Satyricon, the work which Oscar Wilde ought never to have rendered into English, even as hackwork and at the pinch of poverty and hunger—may they not yet add new facts to our knowledge of the perverse in Roman life? For all the sportive authors mentioned by Diogenes Laertius in his fascinating Lives of the Philosophers there is little need, unless they are valuable as illustrating psychopathic tendencies in ancient Greece, but no doubt many of them will be brought to light. Still less do we care for the thousand and one nobodies who felt the fever for expression as hundreds of thousands feel it today and slaked it in the approved fashion by writing less than nothings. They spoiled good parchment and they will add nothing to our appreciation of classical literature. There are enough of them already in the Teubner editions that come out of Leipsic.

But there is one book which, if we could be quite sure of recovering, we might sacrifice all the rest. Surely it rests somewhere in one of those richly ornamented presses of precious wood, preserved intact in the embrace of volcanic concrete, that took the place of bookcases in classic times. It is the book which contains the exquisite poems of Sappho, the greatest poetess the world has ever produced. Besides her wondrous elegy to Aphrodite and the others we know—mostly fragments—it contains the outpourings of her heart to Alcaeus, himself a poet. Did he not call her "violet-weaving, pure, sweet-smiling Sappho"? And it contains the poems addressed to unhappy Phaon for whose sweet sake she took that despairing leap from the Leucadian promontory. If only that single volume is recovered all the millions of money and the infinitude of cares and troubles involved in the excavation of Herculaneum will be repaid a thousandfold. When it comes to be generally realized that that manuscript may be found, not the grave-eyed savants, the dryasdusts and pedants only will feel the emotions of an Ali Baba in the presence of undreamed-of riches, but every youth in the world who has love in his heart and the poetry of love on his lips will share the ecstacies of anticipation and the rapture of the final success.

Revolutionizing the Auto

By An Expert

Is the next great advance in automobile mechanics to be associated with the name of Von Pittler? The question certainly suggests itself after reading the interesting account of the new Von Pittler transmission system published in the current issue of Motoring Illustrated. The leading feature of the system which, it is claimed, does away at once with clutch, gear box, differential, reverse, and breaks, is, it seems, a rotary pump, attached to the fly-wheel of the ordinary petrol motor, of such design that it is capable of pumping oil to a pressure of two and a half tons [!] to the square inch. This oil, under pressure, is led through a tube to the rear live axle, where there is a second rotary pump of the same design. This second pump acts as a turbine, and is driven by the oil. As the vanes of the turbine revolve they turn the axle and so transmit the power to the road wheels. The oil hav-

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ing driven the rear axle in this way returns to the power pump to be again forced back to the turbine. Variations in speed are effected in the simplest manner by means of a cock which opens or closes the oil duct. To reverse, provision is made for turning the turbine in the opposite direction, while, by another ingenious device a most powerful brake is also provided. It all sounds very wonderful, and further developments will be awaited with curiosity. And, seeing that the system is said to have been already patented, tested, and successfully run in Germany, we should not have to wait very long. In any case, the hopes aroused by Herr von Pittler's invention serve to remind one of the revoluntionary changes which are still to be looked for in automobilism. Congratulations have been general lately on the marvellous developments which ten years have witnessed, but nothing is more probable than that another ten years will see changes vastly greater than any which have taken place during the past decade. The petrol car of today can only be regarded as an extraordinary ingenious embodiment of various mechanical devices, some of which are radically unsound. Such, for one, is beyond all question the existing system of transmission by steps, through the agency of sliding spur wheels of different sizes, and the Von Pittler system above referred to indicates, if not the thing itself, at any rate the kind of thing by which it will one day be surely superseded. If the problem of flight is not solved before very long now it will assuredly not be for lack of encouragement offered to inventors. At the present time there are prizes of one sort and another amounting to not far short of $150,000 awaiting the inventor of the first really successful flying machine. And this is a mere fraction, of course, of the ordinary commercial rewards which might be expected to follow in due course. Wonderful reports continue to be published of what has already been accomplished in this way by the Wright brothers in this country, and hundreds of eye-witnesses are, it is said, prepared to affirm that they have already solved the problem. Such a vast amount of mystery is, however, maintained concerning their proceedings that one may be forgiven a certain amount of scepticism on the point until they themselves take the world into their confidence. They are, however, known as exceedingly clever aeronauts who have long been working at the problem.

EXPERIENCED

"I'm not quite sure he loves me, though
We've been engaged almost a year.'
"Not sure? Then, really, as men go,
I'd be quite sure he didn't, dear!"

—The Matron.

NEVER EASY

Mrs. Stocksand—What do the papers mean when they say "money is easy?"

Mr. Stocksand—That, my dear, is the innate love in the American heart for a joke.

—The Bear.

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Seville, Gem of Andalusia

(Continued from Page 8.)

carried by the thief to New York in 1875. The portion that was stolen was restored and has been put back so artistically as to nearly defy criticism.

Another conspicuous building is the tobacco factory, near the park; which, while only 60 feet in height, covers several acres and cost nearly two millions of dollars. Here are employed five thousand girls in cigarette making and every one of them wears a red rose in her hair.

Seville contains about 140,000 inhabitants; all the dwelling houses are white and from two to three stories high, each with a patio containing palms, orange and lemon trees, in huge pots on marble floors. There are no windows looking into the street on the ground floor, and no doors—the entrance to the patio being through a vestibule and a double gilded-iron gate. All the windows above have little iron balconies, and these are filled with dark-eyed beauties evenings and Sunday afternoons.

There are large numbers of cafes and clubs, which are crowded afternoons and evenings. The latter are all on the ground floor, and are luxuriously furnished. At many of the cafes there is Spanish dancing and music from 8 in the evening until midnight.

All the men smoke cigarettes all the time. The barber smokes while shaving you and the bootblack while polishing your shoes. The waiter often has his cigarette in his hand or mouth while serving you. In church, in the stores, in the dining rooms, in the markets, candy and bread shops may be seen the incessant curls from the cigar and cigarette. If the women smoke they do not do so publicly, as I have never seen one indulging in tobacco in any form. Not so many of the young females are conspicuiusly beautiful; but a large number of those that are dark have an abundance of raven black hair and marvelously handsome and fetching eyes.

The principal amusement is bull-fighting, which takes place on all Sundays between April and November, and on all fair fete days. The bull ring of Seville is a splendid arena of stone and brick—seats and all—and has a seating capacity for 10,000. It is claimed that the finest fighting in Spain takes place at Seville, as the majority of the fighters are educated there and at Cordova, and the bulls are of a more ferocious kind than the animals of Aragon and Castile. One of the greatest afternoons ever known in Seville was that of the last Sunday of October, 1900. Ten thousand people went direct from mass to the bull-ring and saw eleven bulls and six horses killed in four hours.

There is a charm about Seville that intoxicates the visitor with agreeableness and joy. There are the same narrow and crooked streets that have withstood a procession of many centuries and many dynasties; but they are kept properly paved and cleaned, so that they are inviting at all hours. There are so many pretty tobacco, candy, picture, lace, grocery, wine, cake, hosiery, comb, fan, cutlery, meat, vegetable, fruit and other shops along the curiously crooked and narrow but always crowded Calle de las Sierpes that no one ever tires of being one of its late or early promenaders—and upon this delightful little serpentine thoroughfare have Haadrutal the Carthaginian, Augustus Caesar the Roman, Euric the Goth, Faith the Moor, Masa the Arabian, Alonso VIII, Ferdinand III, Ferdinand and Isabella, Alfonso I, Alfonso X and

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Cid, Pedro the Cruel, Charles V, Philip II, Ferdinand VII, Pizarro, Cortez, Magellan, Columbus, Wellington, Joseph Bonaparte, Hadrian, Mendoza, Boabdil, Murillo, Velasquez and other noted characters taken their matutinal or nocturnal strolls. Then there are the Plaza de la Constitucion, Plaza de la San Fernando, and smaller parks, where fountains play and flowers bloom every day in the year. Oranges, lemons and pomegranates are everywhere—in public places, in all gardens, in church and cathdral courts, and wherever there is proper space. The big cafe and club house windows all open upon the main streets, and at all hours from nine in the morning until two or three hours after midnight are these places animated by the presence of mirth and music loving and joy and rest seeking crowds. From the windows of any of the hotels may the sounds of guitar, mandolin and castanet be heard intermittently all night. It was some German writer many years ago who said: "Wen Gott lieb hat, dem geibt ein Haus in Sevilla." [We whom God loves has a house in Seville.] On the streets, in the shops, at the cafes and places of amusement, one only sees an orderly, cordial, polite, joyous and lovable people, full of hospitality and congeniality, and with no seeming resentment against any human being. It was to Seville that Columbus came from his first trip to the New World, and here it was that this magician of the sea told to Ferdinand and Isabella the radiant tales of the glowing land where the vivid green of tropical plants grew from mountain tops to emerald isles, where there were Pactotean streams in abundance, and where the monkeys and parrots played ball with cocanuts and alligator pears. It was at Seville where Mozart made Figaro the barber a character of more than average tonsorial account. Bizet obtains his viracious Carmen from among the passionate senoritas in the monster tobacco factory at Seville. And Bryon lets loose his most charming scapegrace, Don Juan, among the ladies of rank in this jocund abiding-place on the banks of the Guadalquiver.

There is surely an ambrosial witchery about this gem city of Andalusia. There is a languor that is not stimulative to hard work—not that dolce far niente of the Neopolitan; for the Sevillian is sprightly and buoyant. But there is an atmosphere of ease, delight and refreshment. There is joy and radiance all around. There are seldom high winds, not very much rain, and never any snows. The summers are sometimes uncomfortably warm; but for eight months there is a climate much like that of Southern California. There are everywhere orange, lemon, fig, date and pomegranate trees; and there are the many notable offerings from the olive and the vine; there is an exhilarating softness and salubrity of air; the rose, the jassmine and the honeysuckle exhale delicious odors every day in the year and the nightingale makes music every night. The people are hospitable, and betoken kindness, gentleness and compassion for everything that has life. They are neither ascetic nor extravagant—they seem to carry out the Hellenic text, "and do nothing in excess." The men are naturally and genuinely well-mannered and polite; the women are modest and courteous. I have never seen a nicer people.

There are two superior first-class hotels which set beautiful tables and furnish free all the sherry and claret that can be drank. Shaving is three cents (in our money, hair-cutting six cents and shoe polishing two cents. There are no barrooms, such as in our country, but there are cafes in abundance, where liquors may be obtained at about ten cents a glass; beer (all imported) six cents; ale twelve cents; coffee and Jamaica rum—a splendid tipple—indulged in by 99 per cent of all drinkers, four cents; while a glass of splendid light sherry (a Motillo or Manzanilla) is served for 15 centimos—a fraction less than three cents in our money.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Letters

Marabel's Philosophy

"The Rise of Man" is a rather long-winded discourse in which William Marabel has succeeded in interweaving bits from all the philosophers and social reformers, beginning with the first and ending with Charlotte Perkins Stetson. It is not to be assumed that this is all in the form of quotation. On the contrary, there is nothing quoted and no names are drawn in. John Barleycorn, who does all the talking, with an occasional feeder thrown in by his man of straw, a Mr. Hampton, who is allowed to speak once or so in a page in order that he may be successfully contradicted and convinced of his error, is one of the type made too familiar by such works of genius as "Coin's Financial School." Barleycorn has evolved everything out of his inner consciousness, and he talks a straight stream of five hundred and sixty-odd pages, all in one afternoon, never stopping to catch breath except when Hampton interjects a query which starts him off again. There is much that is true but nothing that is new in it all. There are five divisions to the monologue, "Life and Literature," "Law and Government," "Marriage and Morality," "Science and Religion" and "Race, Creed and Color," and under one or the other of them nearly every conceivable topic is discussed. Most people who are interested in philosophical discussions prefer to take the goods straight, without the bait of slangy interpretation, poor grammar and more or less reformed spelling, but there is a considerable class who can be coaxed along by such devices after the manner in which a donkey is led by the presentation of a bunch of thistles. As Phineas T. Barnum once remarked, "For people that like this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing they will like." Published locally by the author.

Another Historical Novel

It is a pity that "The Viper of Milan" has been so widely advertised as the work of an infant prodigy, a historical novel of Italy by a young girl who has never visited that country. The book, taken simply as a story, is quite good enough to stand alone, and as a historical novel, though that designation causes the jaded reviewer a shudder, it is as good history as most. Even Sir Walter Scott acknowledged that he juggled dates and facts so that he could bring certain characters and incidents together, and the young lady who, for literary purposes, calls herself "Marjorie Bower" has done no worse. The Viper is Gian Galeazzo Maria Visconti, who seized possession of the Duchy of Milan and removed such members of his family as stood in his way. The epoch which Miss Bowen has chosen to illustrate is that in which Visconti has made himself master of Northern Italy. For the purposes of the romance, he has just defeated Della Scala, Duke of Verona, made his wife, Isotta d'Este, prisoner, and pilaged tne territory of Della Scala and his allies. Della Scala is supposed to have been killed in the siege of Verona, but these military heroes have an unaccountable way of escaping from certain death to harrass their conquerors, and he is no exception to the rule. The commercial cleverness which converts a shoestring into a tan yard is nothing to the success with which one of these medieval knights, standing alone and unarmed, can collect an army. Della Scala, however, was not without allies in the person of his wife's kinspeople, and had the course of events been regulated by military tactics instead of treachery and incompetence, the end would have been different. The little matter of honor and loyalty to a compact does not seem to have troubled the noble gentlemen of long ago, and the desire to be on the winning side or to fill their pockets from any source was enough to bring about the desertion of half an army, so, with victory in sight, the foolish incompetence of one lieutenant and the greed of another de-

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stroyed the last hope of the house of Verona, and even its noble head itself was not proof in the last analysis. Side by side with the picture of Visconti reveling in most devilish cruelty, murdering his parents, reducing his brother and sister to imbecility, torturing his sister's lover, while professing profound friendship, exercising his ingenuity in the concoction of subtle poisons, swift in their action and secret in their administration, we have him masquerading as the humble lover, posing as a painter, and appearing as a devout worshipper, for it is to be remembered that in that age of the world's development religion and morality were not necessarily on speaking terms. One's belief was religion, and if that were orthodox it mattered not what one did. Out of the mass of double dealing, inefficiency, and selfishness, a few characters stand forth like torches in the dark. Ippolyte d'Este, father-in-law of Della Scala, and who, with his last remaining son, meets his death bravely in the watch tower of his castle; and Ligozzi, one of the few who escaped death in the siege of Verona, are a relief from the mercenary captains, the truckling vassals and the blind dupes. No one is simple enough to read historical novels expecting to find them accurate history. The most they can furnish is a setting and background, a fair picture of the life and times when certain events took place. "The Viper of Milan," considered in this respect, compares favorably with any of its kind, and ought to leave us very well satisfied with our own generation of freebooters. The story moves swiftly. There are none of the long, prosy passages of set description or "preachiness" which make such tempting skipping, but the dialogue and connecting paragraphs are so constructed that one has always a sense of color, landscape or architecture. Miss Bowen is reported to have worked on this, her first book, at intervals for nearly four years. If this be so, it is a practical illustration and example to be set before the while-you-wait scribblers who turn out romances in four weeks. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

A Crack Girl's Story

It is rarely that one can conscientiously recommend a new book for girls without the mental reservation that it is simply good of its kind. Authors have a tendency to run to sentimental love making, if they confine their history to one volume, and to padding out with words, if they undertake a series; so that readers are either put off with a solitary incident lost somewhere between the first and the three hundreth page, or else they are induced to waste their mental strength in keeping up with half a dozen or more books in order to piece out enough of a history to feel that they have read at all. Of the scores of "successor to Louisa Alcott," not one, up to date, has succeeded; but Anna Chapin Ray is one of the few whose youthful clients can feel that they are feasting instead of merely chewing gum. Her new series deals with American and Canadian boys and girls, and if the succeeding volumes retain the high standard set in "Sidney" and "Janet," the girls, those between childhood and womanhood, may take courage. There are four young people in "Janet," and the interest is so well distributed that no one can be claimed as hero or heroine. The young people are all lively and active enough, both with muscles and tongues, but there is no hint at courtship and such sentimentalizing, which girls and boys of from twelve to seventeen have no concern with, and the thread of the story is interesting to engage older people. Unlike most separate volumes of a series, it does not begin in the middle and end nowhere, but, though a familiarity with "Sidney" would make a pleasing introduction, it can be enjoyed by itself and there is enough of incident and action to fit out a half dozen of the average girl-stories. Parents who take an intelligent interest in what their girls read will be wise if they make a note of both title and author. Published by Little, Brown & Co. —The Bookworm.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.—For the half year ending December 31, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1907.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, northwest corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the half year ending December 31, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of three and eight-tenths (3 8-10) per cent. on term deposits and three and forty-two one-hundredths (3 42-100) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. Dividends not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from January 1.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO., corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the six months ending December 31, 1906, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3½ per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907 The same rate of interest will be paid by our branch offices, located at 1531 Devisadero Street, 927 Valencia Street, and 1740 Fillmore Street. J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE RENTERS' LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY of San Francisco, Commercial and Savings Bank, Safe Deposit Vaults, 115 Hayes Street, between Van Ness Avenue and Polk Street.—For the half year ending December 15th a dividend has been declared at the rate of four per cent. (4 per cent.) per annum on savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, December 17, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from December 15, 1906.

Also two per cent. (2 per cent.) per annum paid on commercial deposits, subject to check, credited monthly.

C. S. SCOTT, Cashier.

Dated San Francisco, December 4, 1906.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, corner of Market and Church Streets, San Francisco, Cal., has declared for the six months ending December 31, 1906, a dividend of 5 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits and 6 per cent per annum on term deposits—interest on deposits payable on and after January 2, 1907. Interest on ordinary deposits not called for will be added to the principal and thereafter bear interest at the same rate.

WASHINGTON DODGE, President.

WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, Union Trust Company building, corner Market and Montgomery Streets, third floor.—For the half year ending December 31, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1907.

JOHN GINTY, Assistant Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 706 Market Street, opposite Third.—For the half year ending December 31, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1907.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA, 42 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter Street.—For half year ending December 31, 1906, a dividend has been declared on deposits in the savings department of this bank as follows:

On term deposits at the rate of 3.6 per cent. per annum and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3½ per cent. per annum, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal, from January 1, 1907.

HENRY BRUNNER, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

METROPOLIS TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK, 1237 Van Ness Avenue.—For the half year ending December 31, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of 3.65 per cent. per annum on savings deposits, payable on and after January 2, 1907. Interest on deposits not drawn will be added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1907.

F. R. COOK, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter.—Has declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1906, at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal.

EDWIN BONNELL, Cashier.

TOWN TALK

VOL. XV. No. 750 San Francisco, January 12, 1907 Price, 10 Cents



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Beating All Records

Not to taunt the croaking pessimists that were so busy uttering gloomy forebodings some months ago but entirely for the purpose of doing what we conceive to be a duty to many good friends of San Francisco in distant parts of the country, we rise to remark that the progress being made toward rehabilitation exceeds the most extravagant expectations of the most optimistic of our citizens. Those good friends were the men that were drawn into controversy by their faith in San Francisco's future. They scouted the notion that San Francisco would never regain her lost prestige and ridiculed the suggestion that some other city would become the metropolis of the Pacific Coast; and now they should know that their views not only have been vindicated but that San Francisco is beating all records for municipal convalescence. Neither Chicago nor Baltimore, with many far greater advantages, made such rapid post-conflagration progress as this city is making. Earthquake and fire failed to impair our vitality or falter our faith. We were told that it would take twenty years for the city to retrieve its lost fortune and that not before the end of that period would the scars of the terrible conflagration be effaced. But now even the pessimists amongst us are of the opinion that before five years have passed it will be pretty hard to find traces of the late calamity. For of course before the end of that period the present incompetent Administration will be swept out of office and we shall elect somebody with sufficient intelligence to find a way to divert the gaze of tourists from the shattered tower of the City Hall.

That Exclusion League Meeting

The recent meeting of the Japanese and Korean Exclusion League in this city appears to have had something of the effect on sentiment in the East that Town Talk feared it would have. Those friends of San Francisco by whom the President's hostile attitude and blustering manner were severely censured read in the telegraphic reports of that meeting enough to give them pause. Some of them admit that the tone and character of the meeting gave color to the charge that the Japanese have received very harsh treatment in San Francisco. The press dispatches gave many excerpts from the inflammatory speeches of the distinguished leading cits. by whom public expression was given to the sentiments of this highly civilized and orderly community. One Tveitmoe, a patriotic Norwegian, was quoted to the effect that the issue of marriages between the Japanese and Americans would be a nation of gaspipe thugs and human hyenas. The temper of the meeting was indicated by gems of speech that sparkled with war spirit. "If the Asiatics try our patience too much there will be violence," was one of them. "California and the States west of the Rockies alone could whip Japan into a jelly," was another. Of great significance, it was suggested, was the presence of Mayor Eugene Schmitz, who officially recognized the meeting, making a speech in which he said that the Japanese had all the vices and none of the virtues of the Chinese." Commenting on the Mayor's presence the New York "Sun" said: "It was the very last place where the Mayor of San Francisco should have been in the present diplomatic crisis and for two reasons: the Japanese press will connect him officially with the outbursts of race hatred; and as Mayor he may be called upon to use the police power to protect the objects of that race hatred in San Francisco." The "Sun" further remarked: "As Schmitz is the product of the labor unions which are carrying things with such a high hand he would not be expected by them to give the Asiatics a square deal, and there would be precipitated a situation not in the least related to the legal question of the right of the Japanese to receive instruction in the public schools."

Alienating Our Sympathizers

The point made by the "Sun" is one that we should not dismiss as trivial, especially that we know the temper of the President. As it appears to have been made obvious to the world that this city through its official head is animated by racial prejudice there is a possibility of a situation being precipitated, "not in the least related to the legal question of the right of the Japanese to receive instruction in the public schools." So far as that question is concerned and so far as it concerns this city, we need not be greatly disturbed. It must be legally determined. That is the courts must determine whether the Federal Government has any Constitutional right to compel a State to educate anybody, native or foreign. If it has no such right, it has not the power to grant by treaty the right to insist that the State must educate its emigrants. But though the Japanese may not be entitled to mingle indiscriminately with our school children it is our duty to give their lives and property the protection that is guaranteed all our citizens, and at this time we should be careful to give no pretext for Federal interference in their behalf. While no trouble seems likely to arise it is most discreditable to the people of this city that they justify the residents of Eastern states in believing them to be dominated by firebrands eager for the embroilment of the nation. When President Roosevelt talked of compelling our obedience through the army and navy he was ridiculed for his bellicose language, but since our irresponsible labor leaders got together and hurled defiance and insult at Japan, many of the President's critics are inclining to the opinion that it would be wholesome to give us a little rough discipline. Not all of them realize that we, as one paper expressed it, "are between the devil and the deep sea; the deep sea of dubious constitutional construction and the devil of union labor tyranny."

Pulchritude As An Asset

Because the hard conditions of political defeat necessitated the removal from her lucrative position of a beautiful stenographer in the office of the clerk of the Appellate Court one of our enterprising papers pretends that the incoming appellate judges consider her too handsome for the place. It was a well-conceived "story" full of "human interest" and permitted much fine pen-play about the fatal gift of beauty and so forth, but besides slurring the proven chivalry of some of our most popular benchers, the whole thing is obviously ridiculous. Housekeepers for priests and servants in the homes of ladies who are jealous and distrustful of their husbands are the only young women who must not display good looks. In none other of the multifarious avocations open to the gentler sex is beauty regarded with suspicion; on the contrary a fair face is often a positive recommendation when a girl goes a-seeking the means of honest livelihood. It is notorious that a plain girl, no matter what her talents, finds access to the stage-door difficult, while a fine figure and pretty features always command the attention of the theatrical manager. This holds good also in nearly all the other positions for which young women apply. Business men, in choosing their stenographers, are influenced not by acquirements alone but also by prepossessing personal appearance, though they (the married ones especially) are not quite as frank as theatrical managers in acknowledging this fact. Leaving out of consideration some of the more boisterously attired females who are to be found in the offices of some of our gayer business men and whose manifest unfitness for the work they are presumably paid for performing leaves only a scandalous explanation of their employment possible, beauty is a valuable business asset, calmly recognized and cold-bloodedly calculated by hard-headed merchants, brokers and shopkeepers. Just as men and women prefer, all other things being equal, to transact their business and do their shopping in offices and stores that are brightly lighted and attractively furnished, so too they take a natural pleasure in being waited on by young women whose faces exercise a sentimental fascination, however transitory it may be. Appreciation of this simple fact is so strong in the proprietors of some of our smarter shops that they will not hire a girl unless she is good looking and well-groomed. One of the shrewdest and most successful confectioners in town asserts that one-half his business depends on the winning ways of his pretty candy girls who charm dollars from the pockets of susceptible youths for sweets which they never intended to buy until the spell of beauty reached out from behind the counter and enthralled them. Beauty may be a fatal gift to some who are dowered with it more generously than with brains, but it will never embarass a young woman when ambition or necessity sends her out into the work-a-day world.

Giving the Public What It Wants

Whether newspapers make public taste or merely reflect it is a question which editors are always willing to debate but which they answer differently according to the exigencies of the particular argument they are making. It must be admitted that if the press possesses the power so often claimed for it of creating opinion and shaping conduct, most editors carry a burden of moral responsibility that would destroy their peace of mind forever if the editorial conscience were not impregnable to such indirect attacks; while on the other hand if newspapers only mirror the taste of the multitude, they are open to severe criticism for not exercising more judgment in their manner of holding up the looking-glass wherein hoi polloi see themselves. That any editor would consciously increase the vulgarity of the vulgar mind is of course not to be thought for a moment, but that his method of handling news—his "policy," as it is rather grandly called—should tend directly to that unpleasant result is only too often made manifest. An aggravated instance was given a few days ago when a morning paper devoted its first two pages to the glorification of a ball given by one of our million-heiresses. The fact that the affair cost $35,000, that the hostess was worth enough money to keep on giving splendid balls of the same kind every year for two hundred years and that despite this she actually refrained from loading herself with brilliants and flowers and received her guests garbed in simple white and wearing but one jewel—these and other details were carefully dilated on in double leaded display type until the eyes of all the servant girls in town must have popped with wonder as they read and the hearts of uninvited climbers must have throbbed with envy and bitterness as they devoured every word of the article.

Sienkiewicz Tabu

Some lengthy dispatches from the European continent have kept us informed of the state of the case of Henry Sienkiewicz vs. Poland, and it is highly diverting. A few years ago, when "Quo Vadis" raged like a pestilence and everyone was discussing the novel or the play between the intervals of strumming "Quo Vadis" marches and waltzes and quicksteps, and reviving flagging spirits with various "Quo Vadis" concoctions, solid and liquid, the Polish enthusiasts took up popular subscriptions to present their national novelist with a residence and grounds. Sienkiewicz was a greater hero, for the moment, than Zisca or Sobieski or Kosciosko. His fate, however, was like that of all popular heroes who are unwise enough to outlive the demonstrations in their honor. Sooner or later it is discovered that the golden idol is alloyed with baser metal. Sienkiewicz failed to take the popular side in a political discussion, and since then he has been anathema. He is accused now of all sorts of petty meannesses and close dealings in money matters, of tax-dodging, shirking of social responsibilities which

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would involve expenditure, and economies which are permissible only to the rich. His daughter is reported to be the victim of his niggardly policy and to suffer not only material deprivations but mental anguish as well, and doubtless the popular temper is such that no one would be willing to admit that he could derive pleasure from the perusal of one of Sienkiewicz's novels. Sienkiewicz was a member of that Polish colony which was established by Mme. Modjeska on her ranch in this State near Anaheim. The enterprise was on somewhat the same lines as the famous Brook Farm institution, it being intended that manual labor and mental activity should alternate in the management of affairs, but as befalls all such Utopian schemes, it was demonstrated in practice that ripe fruit and grain will not wait upon moods. They must be harvested when ready no matter what beautiful artistic conceptions are left unrecorded—that or face bankruptcy.

The Accurate Times

There are many things in this country that excite the contempt of the superlatively self-satisfied tourist from British soil. It has been ever thus. Not since we failed to appreciate the British system of taxation without representation have we been able to win unqualified British approval. From the British viewpoint this country abounds in things reprehensible but none more lamentable than the typical American newspapers teeming with vulgarities and inaccuracies. No Englishman ever came to this country without deploring our tolerance of a press that seems to place a premium on prevarication. No Englishman ever inveighed against our notoriously unreliable journals without, by way of peroration, pointing with pardonable pride to the accuracy approximating holy writ of that most dignified of all mouthpieces of the Fourth Estate, the "Morning Times." We have heard so often, and in encomiums so glowing, of the "Times'" traditional devotion to truth that long before ever encountering a copy of the immaculate paper we unconsciously absorbed the notion that at the head of its leader column were a cherry tree and a hatchet to symbolize its cardinal principle. When in the course of time, a copy of the famous London journal fell into our hands, we perused it casually, and laid it down with the thought that it had at least the merit of accuracy, for having no way of verifying its ponderous contents we accepted them on faith inspired by innumerable dicta. The credibility of the "Times," its saving grace, having been thus firmly established, imagine our surprise when subsequently, having opportunity in two instances to judge of its capacity for approximating the truth, to learn that in both it absolutely failed to vindicate its reputation. In both instances it purported to inform its readers respecting conditions in San Francisco. In one issue it asserted that the residents of this city were quite certain that this country was on the verge of war with Japan. In another it reported that eight months after the fire most of the burned district was the same as it was last April, though "the great Monadnock, a building which was in absolute ruin in April, has been reconstructed and is now occupied." Let no Britisher ever dare sing again for our ears the praises of his ideal daily paper.

Better Late Than Never

"Bernard Shaw challenges his detractors with the title of his latest outburst, 'Three Plays for Puritans.'" Responsibility for this extraordinary sentence rests with the anonymous pen-driver who skims through publishers' circulars and occasionally glances at books (if their pages happen to be cut) in order to make up a column or so of literary criticism—save the mark!—for the Saturday morning readers of one of our daily papers. That this "critic" really looks into the circulars which publishers thoughtfully provide for overtaxed book-reviewers is not known positively, but only charitably hazarded. Perhaps he hasn't the time even to do that. Certainly he did nothing of the kind when the edition of the "Three Plays for Puritans" reached his desk or he would speedily have discovered that the book was first published in this country about six years ago. How anyone so ignorant of current literature as to be capable of calling the "Three Plays for Puritans" Shaw's latest outburst was ever entrusted with the task of telling newspaper readers about books is a mystery that defeats speculation and excites wonder in ever-increasing intensity the longer it is pondered. Are we to infer that this critic is six years behind the times in all his literary knowledge or does his bookish myopia extend only to the works of the greatest Irishman since Oscar Wilde? Shaw's is rather a conspicuous personality and it would be interesting to know how it escaped the notice of this "critic" until the reprint of the "Three Plays" flashed tardily into his ken. At his present rate of progress it will be just six years more before this timely reviewer becomes conscious of "Man and Superman," twelve years before "John Bull." claims his critical attention, eighteen years before he is ready to descant on "Major Barbara," while Shaw's latest, "The Doctor's Dilemma," will probably be made the subject of an exquisite half-column appreciation somewhere about A. D. 1931. It is just possible that by that time book-reviewing, now fast sinking into desuetude, will have become a lost art; so the readers of the newspaper wherein "Three Plays for Puritans" is so blithely heralded as a new book may never learn of the drama in which Shaw jests with death as he has successively jested with everything else that is conventionally sacred. Meanwhile the slow but sure critic will plod patiently along the literary highway, well-content to walk in the footprints of his brother-reviewers when the dust of their passing has long been laid. He has only one rival in local newspaperdom—the query editor of another morning journal who advertised to find out the authorship of "Danny Deever." Both of these authoritative anonymities have probably been robbed of their only means of appearing learned and well-read by the burning of the newspaper libraries.

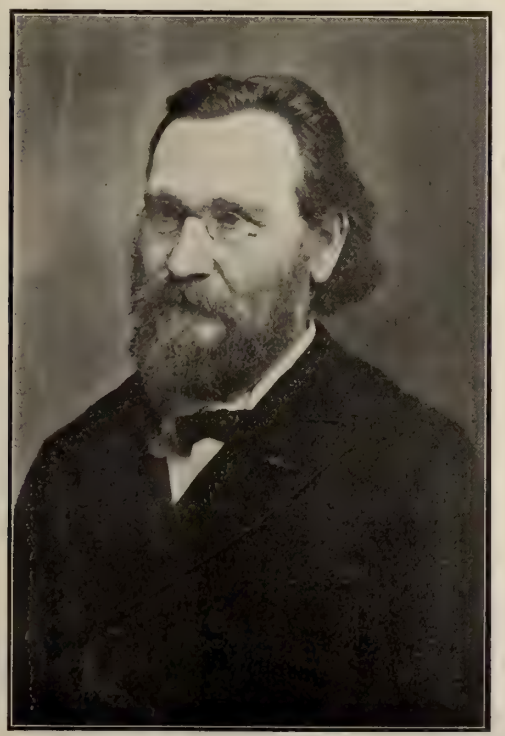
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Latest Achievements of the Great Scientists of the Pasteur Institute

By Dr. Albert Abrams

Have you heard of Metchnikoff and Roux? I doubt it. The trend of the average lay mind is refractory to the revelations of science. In a land where the Goulds, Astors and Vanderbilts are supreme it is not likely that much is known of that purely intellectual triumvirate, Pasteur, Metchnikoff and Roux. Among people that have for their latest caprice, a Teddy bear, giants of the scientific world, are not to be apotheosized. Thoughts akin to these arose when a few days ago your correspondent after tunneling his way on the "Metro" through underground Paris arrived at Pasteur. My companion, an American lady, (not from San Francisco) gazing pensively at the sign, remarked: "Ah Pasteur, we have a filter by that name at home!"



Metchnikoff



Roux

Beyond this, the name was as suggestive to her as a sign in Choctaw. You may recall Metchnikoff, if you have read his book, "The Nature of Man.". It was he who advanced the theory of Phagocytosis, which attempts to explain why some escape and others acquire an infectious disease. Suppose you are exposed to the infection of tuberculosis. The living cells of the body come to your defense and attack the enemy, the germs, and devour and destroy them. If the cells are puissant, you enjoy immunity, otherwise you become infected. In this book an endeavor is made to solve the problem of old age. The living cells (phagocytes) not only do battle with the germs of disease but they also repair weakened tissues. If the phagocytes exhaust themselves in fighting the germs they become too enervated to repair the tissues. Now every man is constantly standing on the brink of a precipice and every moment of his life he runs the risk of being overpowered by poisons generated within his system. The poisons of man are in the norm manufactured in the intestines by the action of germs which are introduced with our food. The germs of the human intestine increase at the rate of 128,000,000,000,000 each day. The dangerous germs which the phagocytes must fight are derived from the intestines. If by any means we can prevent these germs from gaining access to the blood, we spare the energy of the phagocytes which is so necessary for repair and nutrition and thus thwart the advent of old age. A man then, is not only as old as his arteries but as old as all the bodily tissues. Souered milk is advocated because it contains innocent germs which destroy the dangerous intestinal germs. Hence it is a question of the survival of the fittest. He goes further and suggests the use of thoroughly cooked and sterilized food for prolonging life. Verily, the prognostication of "Punch" is realized—Scientists will prove that even food is dangerous to life. The surgeon must not be ignored in the application of this innovation, for it has even been suggested to eliminate the breeding place (large intestine) of the microbes by surgical means, viz.: by emptying the small intestines into the outer world by a more direct route. The name of Roux is identified with the use of diphtheria anti-

(Continued on page 34)

Vigil

When will the morning come?
When I see thee.
Else all the day were dark,
Thou art the light to me.

Dusk settles over all,
Thou art away
If I should meet thee not
'Twould ne'er be day.

Somnus, be with my love,
Night is far spent,
We shall dwell one in heart
Though sunder rent.

—George Ives.

Perspective Impressions.

Mining stocks are again threatening to make Pauper Alley live up to its name.

To picture ex-Governor Pardee as he felt while emerging from office it would be necessary to swathe his head in bandages.

According to the theological editor of the "Examiner," half the clergymen that preach belief in an actual devil do so from a sense of duty. In other words a sense of duty makes liars out of them.

A Cleveland judge enjoined a lady last week from pulling out her husband's hair and whiskers. Now let the Women Suffragists join organized labor in the fight to abolish government by injunction.

In his petition to the Supreme Court Mayor Schmitz asserts that the indictments against him fail to state any public offense. It would be interesting to learn to what length Mayor Schmitz thinks he could go without committing a public offense.

The Rev. Mr. Aked, called from London to the ministry of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, says that he intends to champion American millionaires. Whilst he said nothing about it we presume that he will champion God on the side though the other job will keep his hands full.

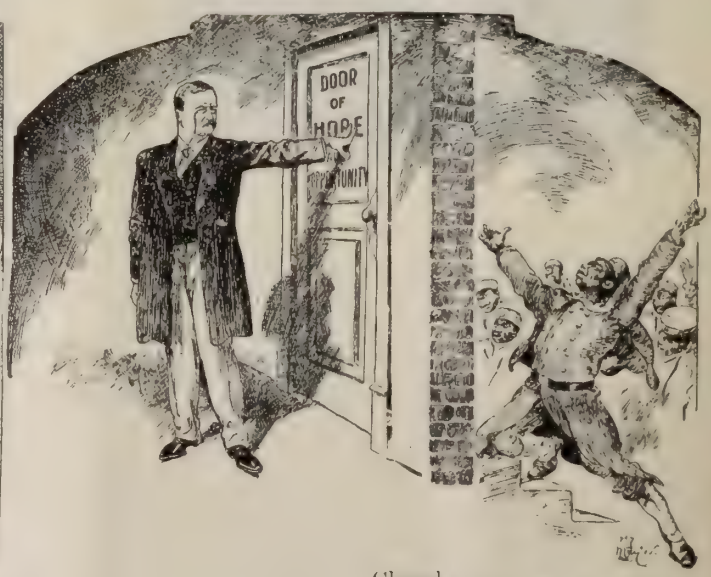
Recently a local newspaper warned a distinguished citizen that if he refrained not from putting through a certain crooked deal he would leave a heritage of shame to his children. The distinguished citizen paused long enough to reflect on the deals of his father and his own heritage and then resumed negotiations confident of the immunity of his offspring.

Dr. Madison C. Peters lamenting the emptiness of the pews in New York, says that Christianity has not yet been taught in the churches and therefore it cannot be truthfully said that Christianity in New York is a failure. But how can it be taught unless somebody knows what it means?

Mr. William S. Tevis modestly intimates that he is a philanthropist, animated by such public spirited impulses that he actually cultivated the friendship of Mayor Schmitz in order to facilitate the bestowal of a water system on this city at a loss to himself of $7,000,000. And yet John D. Rockefeller expects to get himself perpetuated in a stained glass window.



The Storer Incident
—McCutcheon in Chicago "Tribune."



Closed
—Mayer in N. Y. "Times."

Carmona: A City of the Dead

By Bartle C. Frere

The charming little town Carmona near Seville spreads itself over part of a long hill, from whose summit it looks down on all sides upon the surrounding "vega." Along the sharp crest of one extremity of this hill lie scattered fragments of walls and fortifications, which in former times enclosed and protected the town. To the north and east of the hill the eye travels over a flat and cultivated country which has all the dignity of a level landscape, if sufficiently extended, and this is fringed, towards the eastern horizon, by a snow-topped chain of mountains, enclosing the famous city of Granada. The hill is saddle-shaped; and at its western extremity is the Roman Necropolis, dating from the time of the ancient city of Carmo, as the Romans named the place in their day.

The discovery of this extensive burial-ground is due to the distinguished English archaeologist, Mr. George Bonsor, who, with two gentlemen of Carmona, has now excavated some four hundred Roman sepulchres, many of them highly elaborate in design and of considerable dimensions. All are cut out of the solid rock, and it has thus been possible to establish many details of the ancient methods of burial, which in other countries cannot be traced, owing to the perishable nature of the material employed. The largest is called the "Elephant tomb" from the stone figure of an elephant found in it, and which may have been an emblem of long life. Standing at its edge, and looking down into the oblong excavation, one can trace the details of the various parts of the tomb pretty clearly. At one end a narrow stairway, cut in the rock, leads down to the tomb, and descending these stairs you come to a narrow pathway running along the centre of the floor. On each side of this path, a trench about a foot wide is cut in the rock, which in former times was filled with earth, thus furnishing a soil from which creeping plants and flowers could grow up, probably over some kind of trellis-work. To the right—on the sunny side—stands the winter "triclinium." to the left of the path the summer one, shaded from the sun's rays by the side of the pit itself; and at the far end, in a cave cut out of the rock, is yet a third "triclinium" for use in rainy weather.

These "triclinia" may be shortly described as raised tables, suitably sloped, upon which used to lie the guests who feasted, on the occasions of certain annual visits to the tombs. The shape of a triclinium follows three sides of an oblong, its height is about two feet, and the guests were served from the inside of the oblong by the servants attending on them. Cushions were, of course, laid on the stone for the feasters to recline on, and the feet of the latter projected over the outside edge of the couch thus formed. A similar attitude at table prevailed in Palestine at the time of Our Lord; and when we read of Mary Magdalene washing the feet and drying them with her hair, we can realize, when standing by one of these triclinia, how easily she could do this, and how different her movements would be from the contortions which mediaeval painters have vainly endeavored gracefully to portray. Near the winter triclinium is a stone altar, over which the feasters used to pour libations, with the double object of rendering homage to the gods and conveying some of the wine and oil through a hole at the corner of the altar to the chamber below, where the ashes of the deceased and those of his family were arranged, in urns, upon the shelves of the vault. The departed spirit was thus, it was held, enabled to share in some sort in the feast of the friends who had assembled in his memory up above.

In one of the tombs which Mr. Bonsor opened up he discovered a fresco painted in distemper on the wall, the perishable colors of which, alas, but for a short while survived its exposure; he took, however, a sketch of it, when freshly discovered. The drawing was exceedingly spirited. The painting represents a party of friends and relatives assembled to feast at the tomb of one whom they had lost. They lie around on the triclinium, clad in bright colors; some of them are playing on various musical instruments, and some are raising the wine-cup above their heads, as if toasting the deceased, while, from one side, the spirit of the latter approaches them, as it were to join in the festival. The poise of his body seems to lean eagerly towards them, and he carries between his two outstretched hands, and raised high in the air, a sort of wreath or garland. The whole tone of the sketch is most pathetic, and might have suggested Lassen's song of "Allerseelen;" the drawing is full of life.

In searching the ground for these tombs it was found best to run a network of trenches here and there all over the two or three feet of earth which cover the rock.

Carmona contains many other interesting architectural relics of its Roman, Visigothic and Moorish conquerors, notably the magnificent gateway which stands in the middle of the town. Through this arch passed Julius Caesar and many another mighty Roman, then the almost forgotten Visigothic chiefs, and after them the great Moorish leaders who dwelt here and in Granada after the place was handed over by Count Julian to Tarik, during the too short period of the Moorish civilization.

It was in Carmona that the Black Prince received, in part return for his services to Peter, the immense ruby which now adorns the crown of the British King. In those days there were two such rubies; the fate of the second has never been known, and many say that it never left Carmona—is still there if only one could find it.

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Gardiner Astonishes the Critics

By Theodore Bonnet

Professor J. H. Gardiner, a specialist in English literature, of the faculty of Harvard University, has inadvertently called attention to the fact that the Bible along with the old-fashioned belief founded upon it has been losing prestige. I say that he has done so inadvertently because when he made his recent contribution to literature he did not know that it would excite interest principally through misapprehension. His contribution is a work on the literary values of the Bible, which he pronounces extraordinary, and his dictum is discussed as though it were unique. More astonished than when Shaw lamented the undeserved popularity of Shakespeare are the critics over Gardiner's panegyric of the Bible. Professor Gardiner deals with the literary values rather than the theological aspects of the Scriptures; and that authoritative magazine, "Current Literature," reports, as though it were a notable phenomenon, that "If he were a special pleader in behalf of the Bible his tribute could not be more whole-hearted." The same magazine has noted, perhaps with amazement, that Professor Gardiner ranks the Bible above Milton, Browning and Shakespeare, asserting "that above all other books in English the Bible has the power of stirring the imagination and moving the soul," and that under its spell we are awakened to "a sense of realities which are on a higher plane than the affairs of every-day life." The Bible is so generally considered by competent authority to be the premier work of literature that it is astonishing that Professor Gardiner's "whole-hearted tribute" should be more than taken for granted, or examined by reviewers for any purpose other than to ascertain whether he had contributed anything new to the massive fund of thought which biblical commentators have been enlarging through the ages. It was to be supposed that almost everybody had some knowledge of the works of the learned Dr. Lowth, who, in his essay on the sacred poetry of the Hebrews, said there was nothing in the whole compass of poetry, nothing that the human mind can conceive, more grand, more noble or more animated than the sacred writings of the Prophets. The literary values of the Bible were exhaustively analyzed by that eminent French critic Rene Francis Augustus, Viscount de Chateaubriand, who thought they were in themselves sufficient proof of the divine origin of that wonderful book. He was not familiar with Browning, but he went so far as to pronounce the poetry of the Bible superior not only to that of Milton and Shakespeare, but likewise to the immortal verses of the Prince of Poets, the divine Homer. In one of his most delightful essays he made a minute comparison of the beauties of the Illiad with those of the Scriptures pointing out the inferiority of the Grecian singer's masterpiece. So Professor Gardiner in affirming the extraordinary character of the Bible's literary values, opened up no new vein of discussion. Nor, in view of the eminent authorities with whose views his coincide, did he adventure his reputation as a litterateur when he paid his "whole-hearted tribute" to the literary excellence of the sacred books. Great critics are doing that nearly every day, not in this country where the theological critics have the stage centre exploding what they are pleased to designate as gospel legends, but in the academic groves of England and the Continent. Not many months ago Professor W. R. Harper, an Englishman, found enough of literary value in two of the Prophets—Amos and Hosea—to write a whole book on the subject. And Professor Harper, by the way, pronounced the message of Amos, "a lasting contribution to religious truth." These words seem to me worth quoting because the notion is spreading in this country that the phrase "religious truth" is a ridiculous paradox uttered only by the ignorant. This, indeed, is the sentiment of the great American champions of Freethought, who view with pity mingled with scorn everybody that has any religious convictions based on Biblical story and who would probably be shocked at the suggestion that Freethought is itself a paradox since thought cannot be free if its purpose be to arrive at the truth, the laws of thought being as rigorous and exacting as those of mathematics. It is these champions, perhaps, who by their scornful repudiation of biblical narratives have caused the Bible to be so discredited that it has come to be the notion of the illiterate that it has no merit whatsoever. Upon this hypothesis we may account for current comment on the Gardiner book and the characterization of it as a whole-hearted tribute; as though the learned college professor were a man of most amiable impulses who had condescended to acknowledge the merit of a work which has been responsible for the circulation of many pernicious fairy stories touching the origin and destiny of man. It would not surprise me if somebody censured Professor Gardiner for giving the Bible a certificate of character. For here is a book, say the Freethought champions, that inspired creeds by which was checked the progress of the human mind. Their theory is that the human mind progresses only by the casting away of dogmas, whereas what they really conceive as progress is the acquisition of new dogmas. They insist at times, however, that they are absolutely sceptical, believing that it is evidence of great mentality to have no dogmas. It never occurs to them that freedom from dogma or conviction is one of the characteristics of the beasts of the field. But as a matter of fact they do have dogmas. They derive them from the higher critics. One of their dogmas is that everybody is a fool who holds to the old-fashioned and childish beliefs. They remind me of Matthew Arnold, not because of their wisdom, but because of his shrewd retort when told that he was getting as dogmatic as Carlyle. "That may be true," he said, "but you overlook an obvious difference; I am dogmatic and right, and Carlyle is dogmatic and wrong." In this connection I am reminded, that in the interminable discussion growing out of the Crapsey heresy trial it has been frequently asserted that only the feeble minded believe in the miraculous. A correspondent by whom I am imprecated anonymously for my bigotry, all unmindful of his own, called my attention to the assumption of feeble-mindedness, believing

(Continued on Page 35.)

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The Spectator

Say They'll Prove Schmitz Innocent

By what stratagem the attorneys for Mayor Schmitz expect to persuade a jury of their client's innocence is something that it would be worth while for the sleuths of the press to discover. That those attorneys are confident of their ability to perform what at this time bears something of the aspect of the miraculous, I have been convinced. They do not hesitate to assure their friends, with every indication of a desire to maintain a reputation for veracity, and seemingly with no disposition to hazard the respect of those friends, not only that they will defeat every effort to convict their client but that they will establish his innocence to the satisfaction of a jury. To challenge the prosecution to produce a preponderance of proof of a man's guilt is one thing; to show that the man is innocent is another, and it is this latter feat which the attorneys for Schmitz, with every circumstance of sincerity, declare to be quite feasible. More than that; they profess, I am told, to be able to reconcile the innocence of Schmitz with the guilt of Ruef. Far be it from me to suggest that they assume that Ruef is guilty, for as a matter of fact they exclude him entirely from consideration, but they make it obvious that they wish to be understood as saying that graft or no graft so far as the Administration is concerned it will be made clear as a pikestaff that Schmitz had no hand in it.

Heney's Fear

By what species of necromancy or enchantment the attorneys expect to achieve the exoneration of Schmitz, I have not the faintest suspicion. If I were asked to guess I should say they purposed rounding up a jury of feeble-minded citizens. But it is hardly probable they are confident of their ability to exclude intelligence from the jury box. Indeed they profess to have up their sleeve explanations so plausible that they will satisfy everybody—the skeptical as well as the gullible. But they are keeping them dark. And they deny having any intention of convicting Schmitz of imbecility in order to establish a basis for these guaranteed-to-convince explanations. What is more, however, they solemnly insist that they have been eager to go to trial and they assert that Heney hasn't; that he knows that the case against the Mayor is hopeless; that he hasn't been making good and is afraid that Rudolph Spreckels will find him out. All of which is quite interesting. Incidentally I gather that the attorneys for the defense think that the case against Schmitz is weak because it depends largely on the testimony of men that were dismissed by him from office. They evidently do not take into consideration the circumstantial evidence which is quite strong. Or at any rate if they do, they feel that their wizardry is irresistible. They have excited my curiosity to a high pitch and I am beginning to wonder whether we are all destined to spend the rest of our lives in making reparation for all the injustice we have inflicted on our Chief Magistrate, who, by the way, according to his lawyers, is as poor as a church mouse, far from confident that he will be able to keep the wolf from the door. It is all very hard to believe, but even though it should turn out to be true, we that dared to judge in despite of the biblical warning will find balm for our conscience in the reflection that he gave us Abe Ruef and stood sponsor for him at every turn of the road. That is one indictment to which there can be but one plea.

Nipped In the Bud

On that eventful night in Tait's when Edgar Mizner resented the systematic obtrusion of Abe Ruef under the chaperonage of Henry Ach the blushless boss had several narrow escapes from physical chastisement. The tactless Mr. Ach, by his dissemination of his client caused a feeling of bitter resentment to pervade the throng of merry-makers, and long before Mizner called them to task it would have found violent expression had it not been for the presence of feminine relatives of the indignant ones. It was the sense of many that they were being tricked into a false and an unpleasant situation; that they were being cunningly used under color of good-fellowship to rebuke the prosecution of the grafters. And about the time that Mizner came to the rescue the spirit of rebellion was at white heat. Mizner's friends are of the opinion that it was at a psychological moment that he pulled the feathers out of the wing of friendship with which the flame of conviviality was being so ardently fanned, for they believe that precisely at that moment Abe Ruef was going to step on the platform to address the throng which he foolishly imagined had been coddled into a receptive mood. That all his glad-handing was designed to facilitate such a coup is not hard to believe, for Ruef, like Schmitz, has unbounded faith in the magic of his eloquence. Perhaps there were scattered through that throng trained claqueurs ready to start the applause as soon as Ruef should uncork a tirade against Judge Dunne and the civic conspirators. To be sure all this is merely speculation, but it is a fact that just before Mizner launched his rebuke, Ruef and Ach were gravitating toward the platform, and when the Bohemian giant laid his heavy hand on Ach's shoulder Ruef was in position to step up among the musicians.

The Episode at Tait's

New Year's eve was not the first time that Edgar Mizner expressed his opinion of Ruef and his associates. He was first brought in contact with them at the memorable Union Square meeting at which it was

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expected that expression would be given to public indignation. It had been suggested to him that he should preside at that meeting, and as he thought it likely that men of brawn and courage might be needed on that occasion he was early on the scene. The prospect of trouble appealed to the Mizner taste. That is the sort of diversion the Mizners revel in. So Edgar of that clan was on hand to preside or fill any other role from sergeant-at-arms to star orator. But it was not long before he learned that a little programme had been prepared in the interest of the Schmitz Administration, and that he was expected to assist in carrying it out. Somebody handed him a sheet of paper containing instructions. He tore it up and said that he'd be hanged, or words to that effect, if he'd preside at a meeting to be run in the interest of a gang of grafters. He afterwards learned that his words were repeated at Administration headquarters, and so when Henry Ach presented Ruef to him at Tait's he felt that they were looking for trouble. He was at that moment talking to some ladies whose husbands were engaged in conversation at an adjoining table. Ach butted in, slapping him on the shoulder in a familiar fashion and introduced Abe Ruef. Mizner withheld his hand and Ach grew jocular, but the reception was so frigid that he moved on. A moment later Mizner was embarrassed by an unpleasant demonstration which he believed to have been inspired, and boiling with rage he went in quest of Ruef and his satellites, found them, told Ach what he thought of the Mayor's mentor and warned him never to butt in again. One of Ruef's henchmen assumed a hostile manner and Mizner reached over and squeezed his face. That was the only belligerent act of the evening. There was interference before sufficient pretext was given for the sort of execution that Mizner delights in.

Dr. Abrams' Letter

The attention of the readers of Town Talk is respectfully called to the letter from Dr. Albert Abrams which appears on another page. Dr. Abrams perhaps needs no introduction to the readers of this paper, for he is one of the leading practitioners of this city, and a writer on scientific topics whose works have met with great favor. He is now in Europe familiarizing himself with the researches of the greatest representatives of his profession. Before his departure he promised that if the men of science were achieving anything of note he would see that the readers of this paper were informed on the subject. In his first letter some weeks ago he told of the progress that was being made in the study of cancer and exploded some of the sensational reports of discoveries that had been sent out of Europe by newspaper correspondents. In his latest letter he tells of the remarkable progress that is being made in the study of another disease, one that is said to have wrought greater devastation than war. Dr. Abrams being himself a scientist is not unduly excited by what he learns of the achievements of the European savants, but it is evident from his unvarnished narrative that he believes that from their present experiments great benefits to mankind are soon to accrue.

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Sacramento's Great Sacrifice

The abandonment of the time-honored Inaugural Ball because of the death of Governor Gillett's father was a sad blow to the people of Sacramento. It was especially sad because of the popular design to make this year's ball the most brilliant ever held at the State Capital, and because the leading cits looked forward to the ball as the medium through which they would atone to the Governor for trying to defeat him that Pardee might be avenged. As the Inaugural Ball is a public ceremony it seemed rather odd that it should be called off out of respect to the memory of the Governor's father. It has been suggested that it was asking too much of the people of Sacramento to deny themselves their festival night out of respect for a man they did not know. It has also been suggested that Governor Gillett should not have expected public sympathy for him to be carried so far, but as the people of Sacramento were very eager to placate the Governor, the abandonment of the ball in the circumstances was no slight overture to his esteem. It is by sacrifice that the gods are propitiated. What greater sacrifice could the people of Sacramento make than that of the spirits which they had so fondly expected to let loose on the night of the Inaugural Ball? But whether Governor Gillett has been mollified remains to be seen. I doubt that he has. There is a residence at Sacramento, which the State provides and which the Governor expects to occupy. Not until Governor Gillett satisfies curiosity respecting his choice of rooftree will it be known whether he thinks it worth while to bask in the sunshine of Sacramento's esteem. I hear that he intends to live in Berkeley and that the home which Governor Pardee occupied in state will see very little of the Gillett family.

Agnes Tobin's Fame

The devotion of Agnes Tobin to that most sentimental of all poets, the hopeless lover Petrarch, with whom love became a delicate malady, is winning for her encomiums from pens that praise not perfunctorily. In other words Agnes Tobin, who is known to the local literati as one of the smart set and to the smart set as a versesmith, is acquiring celebrity abroad as a favored child of the Muses. Her verse is better known today in London than that of any other Californian lyric artist, and as everbody knows the science of prosody has more exponents in this State than in any other in the Union. If the Hippocrene fountain is not bubbling forth inspir-



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ation somewhere between San Diego and Siskiyou, there is something in the atmosphere conducive to poesy. But to return to Agnes Tobin: She has been rendering more of Petrarch's sonnets into English, and the "Saturday Review," the most austerely critical of British magazines, devotes a whole column to a review of her volume. The critic says that "it must be welcomed as an addition to our literature." But that is the most woodeny and least spirited of all his sentences. I think his highest compliment is contained in these words: "It is not Petrarch, but it is often not only more human but more imaginative than Petrarch. It is Petrarch as if seen through the veil of the 'Portuguese Sonnets,' a man's formal and checked sorrow interpreted and set to gush forth through a woman's tears."

She Excels All Other Translators

No higher praise than that could be given. Petrarch was the father of modern lyricism and here is a critic who attributes to Agnes Tobin a greater imagination than he possessed. To say that in her interpretation she is not Petrarch is to celebrate her achievement, for it means that she has avoided the pedantic practice of converting him word by word into English, a practice condemned by Horace, who said that the proper method of translation was to follow not the number and order of words but the material things and express the raptures in language suitable to the sentiment. That is what Agnes Tobin did in "The Flying Lesson." "It cannot be said," adds the British Reviewer, "that Miss Tobin has treated Petrarch with any respect, though with a great deal of affection. Now all other translators have been scrupulously respectful, but have left their author very cold in his English dress." In other words Agnes Tobin is to all other translators of Petrarch what George Chapman is to all other translators of the Illiad—the best. At any other rate she is so according to the "Saturday Review" criticism, for if all other translators have left Petrarch cold in English dress, they have failed; she alone has caught the spirit of the poet and made it pour out again the ecstacies of an eternal passion. But let the critic himself testify: "Petrarch comes very much closer to us for this woman's loving and petulant interpretation."

London's Plagiarisms

It is an uneventful day in the literary world that does not bring forth another of Jack London's plagiarisms; or, at least, something that some wise scribbler conceives to be a plagiarism and therefore a great discovery ranking in importance with a brand new scientific formula or a comet that has hitherto beamed unseen in the infinite space over the verge of the world. Plagiarizing has been practiced by so many excellent men that one should think that by this time it would be recognized as a legitimate form of industry. It is a practice to which we are indebted for some of the greatest works of literature. Montaigne's essays abound in the loot of other books. Sterne stole from Burton and Dr. Ferriar exposed Tristram Shandy, one of the greatest of novels, as a performance distinguished for its thefts from the Anatomy of Melancholy, a work that inspired two of Milton's poems. Yet Burton himself seemed to sanction the plagiaristic art, for he remarked that "A dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant may see farther than the giant himself;" also, "he that comes last is commonly best." But I am not so much entertained by the latest charge against London that he stole "The Sea Wolf," as by the assertion that the story "was originally the work of one John or Joseph Conrad, a Danish author whose works have been translated into English and have found a ready sale." Here is a chronicler of doings in the literary world who does not know Joseph Conrad, one of the greatest writers of the sea, a man whose style is as notable as his stories. Joseph Conrad is not a Dane. He is a Pole who has wisely dropped his unwieldy surname of Korzeniowski.

A Steady Source of Best-Sellers

Joseph Conrad's works, if translated at all, are translated not into English but into other languages. His works are in the best and purest of English. He is one of the masters of English style, and were his works devoid of other interest he would command attention for that alone, but as to finding a ready sale, every work that comes from his pen is snapped up as soon as it is put on the market. It would interest some readers who think themselves well acquainted with Mr. Conrad's work to be informed which of his many books furnish material for "The Sea Wolf." Mr. Conrad is no unknown whose work can be pilfered and the theft hidden. It is a good many years now since one of the foremost of the literary magazines counselled readers editorially, "Whenever you see a book by Conrad, get it." And many cultured readers have been following that advice.

A Confession of Plagiarism

If Jack London were to acquire a little of the egotism and frank indifference of his contemporary, George Bernard Shaw, he would laugh the scribblers in quest of material for the deadly parallel, into silence. Shaw turned out a Christmas play a few weeks ago with the inevitable saucy preface in which he said, among other things: "Flatly, I stole this play. The one valid excuse for the theft would be mental starvation. That excuse I shant plead. I could have made a dozen better plays than this out of my own head. You don't suppose Shakespeare was so vacant in the upper story that there was nothing for it but to rummage through cinquecento romances, Tounley Mysteries and such like unsanitary rubbishheaps, in order that he might fish out enough scraps for his artistic fangs to fasten on. Depend on it, there were plenty of decent original notions seething behind yon marble brow. Why didn't our William use them? He was too lazy. And so am I. It is easier to give a new twist to somebody else's story that you take ready-made than to perform that highly specialized form of skilled labor which consists in giving artistic coherence to a story that you have conceived roughly for yourself. A literary gentleman once hoisted a theory that there are only thirty-six possible stories in the world. This—I say it with no deference at all—is bosh. There are as many possible stories in the world as there are microbes in the well-lined shelves of a literary gentleman's den. On the other hand it is

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perfectly true that only a baker's dozen of these have got themselves told. The reason lies in that bland, unalterable resolve to shirk honest work, by which you recognize the artist as surely as you recognize the leopard by his spots. In so far as I am an artist I am a loafer. And if you expect me, in that line to do anything but loaf, you will get the shock your romantic folly deserves. The only difference between me and my rivals, past and present, is that I have the decency to be ashamed of myself. So that if you are not too bemused and bedevilled by my reputation for 'brilliancy' to care to kick me downstairs, you may rely on me to cheerfully lend a foot in the operation."

Stevens Rounding To

Ashton Stevens has not taken his last swat at misguided and misfit mummers. His doctor thinks that many a bad drammer may yet be tried upon him without necessarily fatal results and that if his nerves are not proof against the kind of performance that shrieks aloud for retribution on the heads of hopeless mediocrities, they will nevertheless stand some pretty severe shocks. The earthquake with its attendant anxieties and the extra journalistic burdens put upon Stevens's shoulders weakened his constitution, and though he took a long rest he returned to his labors before he had fully regained his strength. As a consequence he collapsed, and so badly shattered was his nervous system that for awhile he was in desperate straits. But he is rounding to and in the course of a few months will be entertaining the readers of the "Examiner" again with his droll comments on the passing show and his confidential chats with the important celebrities of the mimic world. Stevens has been missed. After a performance people were always curious to know the nature of his view-point. They often affected to have little respect for his judgment, but his judgment was the least important feature of his criticisms. After all academic criticism counts for naught in a daily paper nowadays since it is not read. I doubt whether it ever counted for much. The critics of Athens exhausted all the tenses, moods and declensions in exploiting the shortcomings of popular actors but they didn't cure Callipides of his bad habit of turning around when his lines dealt with the flight of the discus. Nor did they persuade Sosistratus to quit ranting. The "Examiner" doesn't employ Stevens for his judgment alone though it is accurate enough but for the popularity of his workmanship. He has many imitators among interviewers, but I know of none that has his faculty for inducing an actor-r- to describe his proud submission to the pains of an excessive popularity and an embarrassment of glory.

Lummis Again a Storm Center

My Los Angeles correspondent writes me that Charles F. Lummis, the curduroyed author, is once more a storm center, trouble over his position as head of the Los Angeles Library having again broken out. When Lummis was appointed librarian some months ago there was much protest, as he displaced a woman, a Miss Jones. Some thought she should have been retained because she needed the work more than Lummis did, and others urged as a reason against the change her superior fitness for the work. But Lummis retained the job, and things seemingly settled down. Now they have broken out afresh, and accusations and counter accusations have been made in the Los Angeles press. According to my correspondent, the uproar started through an interview in the Los Angeles

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"Examiner" with one of the library trustees. He said that Lummis was getting out a library report that was intended by him to be something original, but which, the trustee said, would make the library a laughing stock among other librarians.

His Great Industry

Of course Lummis has not been silent during the controversy. He is out with a statement that he is devoting twelve or fourteen hours a day to the library, which time, he says, could be more profitably taken up in writing. He asserts that he can get a nickel a word for all he chooses to write, and that he could write enough to bring his income above the salary he gets at present—which, by the way, is a very good salary, far in excess of the revenue of most authors. However, all authors are not in the nickel a word class. The opponents of Lummis assert that it would be a good thing if he would leave the library to the charge of some one whose pen is less divinely gifted, and that the library work should not occupy more than six hours a day. What they want, they say, is a trained librarian more than a man with literary discrimination —a man with executive and managerial ability. But Lummis, who, since being appointed librarian, has discarded corduroys and wears a white collar, announces his intention of hanging on as long as possible and letting words at a nickel each go unwritten. He claims that the library has advanced materially under his management, and that for its future advancement he is willing to devote all his time to the work, foregoing further literary honors.

The English Yankee

In sending James Bryce to this country as Ambassador Great Britain is making a strong bid for the personal friendship of President Roosevelt. Bryce's predecessor was not "close up" to Teddy. The German and French Ambassadors are on far more intimate terms. They are the companions of the President in his athletic diversions. He calls Wilhelm's representative "Speck," and he takes lessons from the Frenchman in fencing and in the Gallic style of boxing. There is no likelihood of Bryce's attempting to assist Teddy in developing his muscles, but there is every probability of his occupying a great deal of the President's leisure, for Mr. Roosevelt is more proud of his literary than of his political achievements and Mr. Bryce he regards as a kindred spirit. If the Britisher has not read everything that Mr. Roosevelt has written he will make it a point to do so before he is many days in Washington, for he is a tactful man and has already said some nice things about Teddy's book. He has also said many nice things about America and Americans; so many that he is known familiarly in England as the English Yankee.

His Knowledge of Us

Mr. Bryce has not only told a great many thousands of Americans lots of things they never knew about themselves but also unfolded to Englishmen the real American character and more than any other individual now living he has contributed to develop the good feeling that exists between the two countries. Aside from Mr. Bryce's experience in statecraft, in the field of letters, in law, in active university work for more than thirty years, in social and educational betterment, and his wide range of travel, it is the Americanism of the man that has attracted most attention to him here and has caused the announcement of his appointment to the Washington mission to be received with approval. He has visited this country five times and has made long stays here. For seventeen years before he came the first time, in 1870, he had studied our institutions and he studied the country intimately during his stay. He went everywhere. He studied our election system in New York and went through the wilds of the cattle ranges of the West. He mastered especially our political system and with a philosophical spirit he examined into our social life. He went home with ideas clear about many things, but not yet was he ready to write "The American Commonwealth." He made another visit and another study in 1881 and still another in 1883-84. After the third trip he was sure of his ground. In speaking of it afterward he said that returning from his first trip he had "the usual swarm of bold generalizations, half of which were thrown overboard after a second visit in 1881." After his third visit he confessed that he had "dropped the rest into the Atlantic."

A Boost For the American Woman

One of Mr. Bryce's earliest friends in this country was Theodore Roosevelt, for whom he predicted in his writings a brilliant career, a circumstance that was not overlooked when the British Government was looking for a man to come over here and get close up to our

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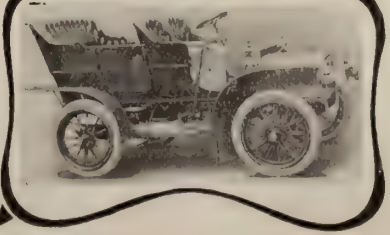
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Chief Magistrate. He also qualified for the post which he is to fill by the compliments which he handed out in his great work to the women of this country. He devoted much space to their freedom, their wit and their vivacity. Among other things, he said: "More resources are open to an American woman who has to lead a solitary life, not merely in the way of employment but for the occupation of her mind and tastes than to a European spinster or widow; while her education has not rendered the American wife less competent for the discharge of her household duties." In speaking of the advancement of women generally in recent years Mr. Bryce said: "If women have, on the whole, gained it is clear that the nation gains through them."

Where They Disagree

There is one subject on which Mr. Bryce and Mr. Roosevelt differ—race suicide. To differ from our President is one of the unpardonable sins; but Mr. Bryce, being a good diplomat, will no doubt be open to argument. He may cement the friendship of the two nations by becoming a convert to Mr. Roosevelt's views. But at this writing he is on record as a believer in the virtue of quality rather than quantity. The views which he has expressed are precisely those which Professor Ross, formerly of Stanford, gave utterance to a few weeks ago. Mr. Bryce's views may be found in these words: "It is doubtful whether the population of the whole earth, or at any rate those parts of it which are best fitted for industrial enterprises, is not growing too large. I confess I am not one of those who regard the growth of population, as it used to be regarded two hundred or three hundred years ago, as being in itself a good thing. It is far more important that those who are on the earth and who will be on the earth in future should be happy than that there should be more of them. In fact, when I look at what has happened during the last century and a half I am sometimes inclined to fear that the globe itself is becoming a congested area."

His Sympathies

Another circumstance that may count somewhat in Mr. Bryce's favor in this country is that he stands well in Ireland, though in recent years Irish sentiment has not had much effect on our relations with England. Mr. Bryce labored for many years for the improvement of secondary education in Ireland. A native of Belfast his sympathies were with Ireland and he was enthusiastic for the Gladstone Home Rule Measure. He was Gladstone's intimate friend. He gave up the post of Secretary for Ireland in the present Cabinet to come to this country. His sympathies have also been with workingmen. In labor matters, as President of the Board of Trade, a post which he occupied for about two years, Mr. Bryce devoted much of his time to the cause of organized labor. He has advocated the opening of breathing spaces, the shortening of hours of work, and especially public arbitration of labor disputes.

Something of a Climber

The British Ambassador is best known in this country as the author of "The American Commonwealth" and "The Holy Roman Empire," but he is a man who has won distinction in many fields. If he were not so

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old (he is 68) he might even keep Teddy busy in his muscle-building pastimes, for he too has made records as an athlete. He is a great mountain climber and has the distinction of being the first man to climb Mount Ararat. He has been as much of a traveler as writer and law lecturer and statesman. He has been to Iceland and written on her institutions. He knows Poland, Transylvania, Western Asia, Asia Minor, Russia and many remote places thoroughly. He knows not only their politics but their topography. Mr. Bryce used to lecture on law at Oxford for something like eight months in a year and then he would go on his jaunts to out of the way places and write about them afterward. He was in Western Asia in 1876. After visiting the fair at Nijni Novgorod he went down the mysterious Volga and ultimately scaled Mount Ararat. The Armenians believed that the snow-capped mountain would never be scaled. They regarded the peak with religious veneration. Mr. Bryce started up the mountain with several companions and six Cossacks. One by one they turned back and when he reached the height of 15,000 feet he found himself alone. He kept on and reached the summit in safety. Two days later he was presented to the Archimandrite of Etchmiadzin as the first man to reach the top of Massis, the native name for Ararat. The aged priest smiled and said: "That cannot be. No one has ever been up there. It is impossible."

As To Title

When the suggestion was first made that the British Ambassadorship to the United States would be offered to the author of "The American Commonwealth" it was stated that a title had been offered to him. It was further stated that he had refused to accept an honor that falls to the lot of nearly every Briton who attains eminence in war, diplomacy, politics, law, literature, painting, sculpture or almost any field of human endeavor, because he believed that he would be more acceptable to American society as a plain commoner than as a man of title. Mr. Bryce knows his United States and his Washington, D. C., too well ever to have made this error. Nowhere in the world is the social value of a title, especially of an honorable British title, greater than at the National Capital. Now it is said that James Bryce will be knighted and will come here as His Excellency Sir James Bryce. If this is so, it must not be supposed that he will be a mere Knight Bachelor, which entitles its holder merely to the prefix "Sir" but not to any affix and does not confer upon him the right to wear a star or ribbon, which set off the dreary black of a man's evening dress so well. Much more honorable than mere knighthood is the conferring of an order, such as that of St. Michael and St. George, the Indian Empire, the Star of India, the Bath, etc. The order of St. Michael and St. George is conferred for services in or connected with the British Colonies or Dependencies, the Indian Empire and Star of India for work in Hindustan. As James Bryce has not been specially associated with India or the Colonies he will probably receive the order of the Bath, of which there are two main divisions, military and civil. Honors in the former division are conferred upon distinguished soldiers and sailors, while the civil division is reserved for eminent civilians. There are three classes in the order of the Bath; the companionship, which entitles the holder to wear the badge and ribbon round his neck, but gives him no title; the Knight Companionship, which makes the holder "Sir" and his wife "Lady,"

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and entitles him to the ribbon and star. The Grand Cross of the Bath confers the same titular distinctions and also the right to wear the star of the higher grade. It is possible that the Victorian order might be conferred on Mr. Bryce. The three grades of this are M. V. O., Member; K. C. V. O., Knight Commander, and G. C. V. O., Grand Cross. This order is conferred on men who have rendered eminent public services that do not seem to be rewarded appropriately by any of the other orders. No sensible American will begrudge Mr. Bryce any honor that his sovereign may bestow or he care to accept. Inasmuch as the diplomatic representatives of all European powers bear titles, either inherited or conferred, an embassador without one seems shorn of something that we naturally expect him to possess. Though titles are refused by more Englishmen than is generally supposed, the reason almost always is the lack of means ample enough to support the position.

The Sullivan Company Financiers

Larry Sullivan, head of the Goldfield Trust Company, whose financial tangles have been exploited in the daily papers so much this past week, is a man with a pyrotechnic past and a somewhat colored present. The two men in the business most closely associated with him are very much of the same temperament. When Goldfield was in its infancy Larry was deep in the game of trying to make a fortune out of a faro layout. He was stacking up a bank account by degrees but the money did not come piling in as it has since. One day there floated into Goldfied a youngish chap by the name of Rice. He was nearly broke, as were most of the newcomers in those days. But he had energy and a good bunch of gray matter under his hat and when his last dollar was gone he struck the editor of one of the papers there for a job. He was promised ten dollars a day for some special work. His last quarter gone, at the end of the day's work, he offhandedly asked the editor to let him have ten dollars on account. "Are you afraid the wind will blow us off the earth tonight?" was the response. "Come around tomorrow: we'll still be doing business here, sonny." Rice explained that he didn't have the price of a supper in his jeans and that he would like to draw a day's pay in advance. Twenty dollars was promptly tossed his way. He went straight for a good square meal, and that finished, he headed in a straight course for the nearest faro layout. Within two hours he had two thousand dollars in his pile and knowing something of life he quit the game for the evening.

The Purring of Larry's Tiger

Sullivan ensconced behind his faro layout in another part of the camp heard of the successful coup of the stranger and sent an emissary around to dig him up and invite him to the Sullivan place of fortune. Rice strolled in there the next evening. Larry, in his private office, treated him like the returned prodigal. He opened a small bottle, produced his very best cigars and invited the young wayfarer to fall to. Rice did, with a guileless smile and a strained effort to be sociable. And later Rice tackled the Sullivan tiger. Sullivan went back to his private office to enjoy a quiet smoke and await results. In the course of a couple of hours the door banged open and Rice blew into the office. "Well," he said, "I've been up against that old buzz saw of yours, and I bit six thousand dollars out of the toughest part of it. Yep, I cashed in for six thousand of your fattest plunks." Larry congratu-

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lated him. A few days later they decided to go into partnership. As the whole community was mine mad they decided to buy a mine and take pot luck with the rest. So they bought a prospect hole and paid some ten thousand dollars down. Rice handled the business while Larry stayed with the certainties of running a faro layout. One day Rice went to him and said: "Look here, Larry, I've taken on another prospect and I've got to pay forty thousand dollars cash down in ten days." "Where's the money to come from?" demanded Larry. "I can't tear a wad like that out of the sky at a moment's notice." The resourceful Rice pursed his brow a moment. "Dig what you can out of your faro game," he advised, "then scratch around among your friends and make up the rest of the forty thousand. At the end of ten days I promise to return every dollar of it to you." Larry handed Rice the money, next day, and the ownership of the claims was cinched. Rice then went to his room and wrote out a dozen flamboyant advertisements which he mailed with the necessary cash to as many papers in the leading cities of the United States. That was the beginning of the Sullivan Company's method of selling mining stock, larded with all kinds of fanciful promises, at any old price. At the end of the ten days Rice turned the promised forty thousand dollars over to Larry, and the Sullivan Trust Company was launched in all its tinsel glory.

The Mines "Made Good"

Though Rice's sensational advertisements were of a character to excite the suspicion and smiles of the wise they brought rich results; for they were alluring to the unsophisticated. But luck was with the company. Good ore turned up in one of the mines and vindicated in a measure Rice's extravagant pen pictures of endless veins of yellow metal. However, the Sullivan Company was generally regarded as a boomer of wild-cat stocks, but so long as it advertised extensively it enjoyed immunity from criticism. Now the company has one or two good mines that will pull the frenzied financiers out of the hole, but the company will be reorganized with responsible San Francisco capitalists at its head. Sullivan and his partners will not be so active in the management hereafter.

A Slight Inaccuracy

Harald Techau, who has lately returned from several years' study of music abroad, and who since his return has caused comment by his marked ability, realizes the truth of the old saying about the prophet and his honor. Techau had an appointment with an Alameda club woman with whom he was to arrange for appearing at some function and was late for the engagement. His prospective hostess, not being able to wait for him, went down town to fulfill another engagement. Techau arrived at the house a few minutes after she had gone and was met at the door by her daughter. "Is Mrs. Clublady at home?" he asked. When informed that she was not he expressed his regret, saying that he had an important engagement with her. "Oh," said the daughter, "I think my mother left a message for you. You are Mr. Zinkand, are you not?" Techau hastened to assure her that she had her restaurants mixed.

These sharp days give one an appetite, and an excellent place to satisfy that is The Original Vienna Bakery and Cafe at 1226 Post Street, or its branch on Van Ness, near Geary. Here the best in the market is daintily served, and also the finest pies, cakes, bread and pastry can be bought.



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Francis McGinn

A Californian to whom has been awarded more laurels than were ever won by an actor from this State, and whose achievements, however, are known only to theatregoers of the East. Francis McGinn is a native of this city and was educated at St. Ignatius College. He began his stage career some years ago with Frederick Warde and he is now Robert Mantell's leading man, alternating with him in the leading roles of Shakespearean plays and by some critics pronounced as great as the star. This may not mean much to the average San Francisco theatregoer, for we know Mantell only as a romantic actor who used to do picturesque work in "The Face In the Moonlight" and kindred plays. He remained away from New York for many years to evade an alimony obligation, and during that period he made great strides in his profession. Recently his ex-wife died and he returned to the metropolis with a Shakespearean repertoire. The



Francis McGinn

critics drifted casually in expecting to hear him spout heroics until the chandeliers rattled, but much to their astonishment they saw a great artist giving a highly intellectual and scholarly performance. That was a little over a year ago. It is now conceded by the critics that Mantell is one of the greatest Shakespearean actors this country has even seen. And the young Californian, Francis McGinn, is his leading man, playing Othello one night to his Iago and the next night Iago to his Othello, and alternating in other plays in his repertoire. When McGinn played Iago, one critic said: "Really, the honors were carried off by Mr. McGinn as Iago. His reading of the thoughtful and crafty lines was well nigh perfect." When he played King Henry to Mantell's Richard III a critic said: "It is seldom there is heard on any stage such a reading of lines as Francis D. McGinn gives as King Henry VI. Mr. McGinn reads them in a voice full of music and strength." Nowhere that he appeared has he not been singled out and highly praised.



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Social Prattle

By Tantalus

Mrs. Clark Is Coming

It is reported down at Burlingame that the Charley Clarks are going to Washington soon to get acquainted with Mr. Clark's stepmother. This report probably grew out of another report to the effect that Mrs. William A. Clark's long-deferred introduction to Washington society was finally to be consummated. The Montana Senator has a residence on Massachusetts Avenue which has not been occupied by his family since he married his ward. Mrs. Clark has been in Paris ever since and every little while it has been reported that she was coming home. But each time the report was followed by another to the effect that she had decided to linger longer. Now it is known that she is on the high seas, or was when last heard from.

New Country Club Organized

The San Rafael Golf Club has caught the fever of expansion with the rest of the world. Very recently the Margarita ranch in Marin County, where its links were laid out, was sold and it received notice to move. At once the leaders of the club got together and decided that the time was auspicious to reorganize on broader lines. The new plan sketches all the possibilities of an up-to-date country club conducted on the broadest lines. With that end in view the club has leased for an extended number of years a wide expanse of the Pedro ranch sloping down to the waters of the bay at famous old San Pedro Point, one of the most picturesque spots on the North Shore. Plans for a handsome club house on an extended scale are already under way. No acreage around the bay offers better opportunities for landscape effects, and every advantage will be taken to make this one of the show places near San Francisco. The unusually handsome frontage on the bay gives the club unexcelled opportunities to add swimming, boating and yachting to their list of outdoor sports.

The Wasp Waist Coming Back

"The wasp waist will be a long time reaching the burned district," wrote a San Franciscan from London to her sister in this city," but it will get there. The dressmakers say that the hour-glass figure must be revived." If so women who would be fashionable will have to reduce the increasing inches of the waist ascribed to the continued popularity of shirtwaists, straight front corsets and the vogue of estheticism.

Caustic Lady Susan

"It is now generally conceded," a correspondent writes me from Washington, "that Lady Susan Townley was responsible for the recall of British Ambassador, Sir Mortimer Durand. Lady Susan is a remarkably brilliant woman, as many of us learned when her husband was an attache of the embassy. She then held sway over a large coterie in Washington and her epigrammatic remarks were on every tongue, some of them quite sharp and some slightly risque. Everybody knew that she disliked Lady Durand and hated to show deference to the wife of her husband's superior. For she is the daughter of the seventh Earl of Albemarle, whose family name is Keppel and quite outranks Lady Durand in England. One of her brothers is George Keppel, husband of the King's favorite. It is an old story that a burglar once visited Mrs. George Keppel's house one night shortly after the King had taken his departure. The burglar was arrested and in telling the story in a drawing-room Mrs. Keppel said: 'Wasn't it a joke on the poor fellow that I hadn't so much as a farthing in the purse he stole?' Then up spoke Lady Susan: 'Not such a joke as he would have had on you had he arrived a few moments earlier and found a sovereign.' Another anecdote involves of James Hazen Hyde who was recently reported to be engaged to a French actress. During a conversation one evening on spiritualism he said: 'The sight of a ghost would turn me into a blithering idiot.' 'When did you see one?' asked Lady Susan."

Gossip From Los Angeles

My Los Angeles correspondent writes: Miss Belle Sumner Angier, a well-known contributor to American magazines and for some time conductor of a department in the supplement of the Los Angeles "Times," was married this week to Walter Lewis Burn, a young artist who is making Los Angeles his home. Mrs. Burn has made horticultural subjects her chief study during her journalistic experience and she is considered an authority in her line in Southern California. * * * Two weddings important in Jewish circles were solemnized during the week at Hotel Alexandria, Miss Lottie Seligman becoming the bride of Henry Harris and Miss Rose Loew becoming Mrs. Louis S. Nordlinger.* * * *. Miss Florence Austermell, a sister of Mrs. Fred R. Dorn was married a few days ago to John McKinlay, the nuptials being celebrated at a large church wedding and on the same day William A. Anderson, a prominent attorney, espoused Mrs. Maude Y. Webster. * * * * News of a recent wedding in Chicago came as a surprise to the many friends of the bride, Miss Gertrude Hill, who is now Mrs. William Rufus Kersey, wife of the Professor of Latin and Greek in the Columbus, Ohio, High School. Mrs. Kersey, who was married at the home of her sister, Mrs. Peterson of "Peterson Manor," is

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also a sister of Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs and member of the executive committee of the General Federation.

The cold snap has proved a fine snap for Mrs. Shorb-White's skating club. Monday night the members of the club made a brave showing and laughed at the coal trust as they swept round the rink working up a very agreeable perspiration.

The de Young Cotillion

The de Youngs gave one of their characteristic entertainments last Tuesday night in their California Street home; characteristic inasmuch as it abounded in novelties and was absolutely free from suggestion of ostentatious display. The cotillion was a substitute for the New Year's entertainment which society looks forward to, and it was enjoyed fully as much as those annual merrymakings have been. The figures of the cotillion were a series of dazzling pictures, effects of great beauty being achieved with the skill of an extravaganza manager. The favors were dainty novelties from Paris, the costuming was most artistic, and the frolic was one continuous round of delightful surprises. The cotillion was danced under the leadership of the indefatigable Greenway assisted by Percy King, Cyril Tobin, William Smith and Charles de Young. There were about one hundred guests who were received by Mrs. de Young, who was beautifully gowned in a creation of the famous Worth. She was assisted by Miss Helen and Miss Constance de Young. The former wore a chaste frock of white tulle embroidered with silver roses, and Miss Constance was in pink chiffon trimmed with white lace. One of the surprises of the affair was an inspiring two-step, the composition of Mr. Charles de Young.

Another Mansfeldt Pupil

Next Thursday evening Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt will present his pupil, Milton Jacobi, in a piano recital at Lyric Hall. The local musical cult need not be informed that when Mr. Mansfeldt presents a pupil a delightful programme will be rendered and the performance will be one of artistic merit.

The Rose Tournament

The Pasadena tournament of roses was a great frost, a correspondent informs me, notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. Elmer F. Woodberry was the queen of it. Mrs. Woodberry is none other than the statuesque Joan Hadenfeldt, who fluttered briefly in the limelight of the Orpheum and later had the misfortune to figure conspicuously in the Aspden tragedy. Some weeks after the suicide of George Aspden Miss Hadenfeldt married Elmer Woodberry, an hotel manager of Pasadena, and there she has become a leader of society. Her great popularity may be inferred from the circumstance that she was made Queen of the Rose Tournament, Southern California's great festival. But notwithstanding her popularity the tournament was not largely attended. There was a measly parade and many empty boxes, but Mrs. Woodberry looked the part and beamed graciously on her subjects.

Charles Warren Stoddard, who has been living at Monterey for some months, was the guest of the Charles Sedgwick Aikens at luncheon last Saturday.

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Stage

Winter's Tears

William Winter, the unco guid preacher of the New York "Tribune," in the columns of which paper he poses as a dramatic critic while devoting himself entirely to the task of inflicting censure on all dramatists that do not prostitute their art to prudery is once more lamenting, the decadence of things theatrical. Hear him moan: "The American stage has indeed fallen upon evil days when the apotheosis of a drunken ruffian is hailed as the Great American Play; when Richard Mansfield became the apostle of Ibsen; when the intellectual John Forbes Robertson elevates the inglorious banner of Shaw, and when Julia Marlowe, almost the only poetic and romantic actress of the time, devotes her ripe and splendid ability to the service of Sudermann, Maeterlinck, and Mr. Gabriel (Rapagnetta), of the Annunciation and the charnel house."

Another Great Russian Actress

Perhaps the most important artistic event of the month, at least in the opinion of the chroniclers, was the debut of Mme. Alla Nazimova as an English-speaking actress in Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." In speaking of her achievement in the role in which our own greatest actress, Mrs. Fiske, has already won distinction, the critics do not hesitate to use superlatives. The New York "Herald" hails Madame Nazimova as "an actress of the first rank;" and Alan Dale, of the New York "American," says: "She did more than Duse ever did. Her name will be a household word." These glowing estimates are echoed by fellow-players who have flocked to see her performance. Blanche Bates found her "a revelation of technique and charm," and John Drew thinks that "her mastery of her art is supreme."

Madame Nazimova came to this country with Paul Orleneff and his Russian company a year and a half ago. The struggles of this little band of artistic exiles to gain a footing in America have been duly chronicled in these pages. Orleneff was compelled to return to Russia, but Madame Nazimova decided to remain on this side of the Atlantic, to learn English, and to win a new reputation on the English-speaking stage. In the opinion of the New York "Times," "she has done something more than learn to speak the tongue, as the phrase is ordinarily understood. She speaks it today better than nine-tenths of the recognized leading actresses in America."

Italian Grand Opera

The Lambardi Grand Opera Company will repeat their successful performances of the great double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "I Pagliacci" at the matinee today (Saturday) and Sunday evening performances of this week with the superb all-star casts. "La Tosca" with Esther Adaberto in her splendid rendition of the celebrated singer, and Salveneschi, Scifoni and Cannetti in congenial roles will be sung tonight. This is a superb scenic and costume production of the musical setting of Sardou's celebrated story. At the Sunday matinee "Rigoletto" will be given for the last time. Next week's offerings will be: Monday and Thursday evenings and at the Saturday matinee Verdi's historic opera, "The Masked Ball," with three prima donnas in the cast—Giorgi, Nunez and Campiflore. A new tenor, Sig. Ciccoti, whom Lambardi has just secured and who scored a great hit at the San Carlos Opera House, will make his debut as Count Richard. Antola, Olinto Lombardi, Cannetti and Marina will be all suitably cast. This opera is one of the greatest ensemble works that Verdi has ever written and abounds in duets, trios, quartettes and quintettes. Tuesday evening "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" will be repeated. Wednesday, Friday and Sunday evenings, for the first time in this city, will be heard Giordano's musical setting of Sardou's famous play "Fedora." This opera has been the greatest success of the past two seasons in Milan, Paris, Londan and New York. "Fedora" is said by all who have seen her play the role in Italy and Mexico to be Adaberto's greatest triumph, both in acting and singing and to excel her performance of "La Tosca." Martinez Patti was one of the originals of the famous role of Loris and to his success in this role owes much of his fame in Italy and Russia. The cast will include the full strength of the company, including Scifoni, Lombardi, Cannetti, Bianca Nunez and Edwardo Lebegott, the musical director who will play the role of Boleslas Lazinski, the polish pianist. The opera is more of a musical drama than an opera and abounds in spectacular and musical surprises. It follows the play closely and is most intense and dramatic. On Saturday evening and at the Sunday matinee by public demand Puccini's famous story of artist life in Paris, "La Boheme," will be repeated. Impresario Lambardi has in preparation elaborate productions of several modern operas, including "Orefice's new work founded on the life of Chopin, Mascagni's "Iris" and Baron Franchetti's "Germania," together with revivals of "Ermani," La Favorita," "La Forza del Destino," "Don Pasquale," "Martha," "Fra Diavolo" and "The Huguenots."

Schumann-Heink

Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the world's greatest contralto, and interpreter of the song classics and in many respects the most wonderful woman on the operatic stage, will give three concerts in this

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vicinity under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum. The first will be the dedication performance at the new American Theatre, a Class A fireproof playhouse located at Market and Seventh Street. This theatre was almost ready for occupancy at the time of the disaster and escaped the ravages of the flames but was injured by the falling of the Odd Fellows' Building, which adjoined it. The building was erected by Senator Charles Felton at an outlay of over $300,000 and is a model fireproof edifice. The date of this concert is Sunday afternoon, January 20, and the sale of



Madame Schumann-Heink

The World's Greatest Contralto and by some critics regarded as the only great vocalist possessed of the pure contralto quality of voice. She will appear at the American Theatre Sunday afternoon, January 20, and at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, Monday evening, January 21.

seats opens next Wednesday morning, January 16, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Van Ness above California, the prices being $2.50, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00. The programme will be a most interesting one, including the arias from Mozart's "Titus" and Wagner's "Rienzi," songs by Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Liszt and Brahms, a special feature being the cycle of six "Hungarian Gypsy Songs," one of the greatest of the Brahms works. By special request the artist has added the "Sapphic Ode" to this group. The only evening concert will be at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, Monday evening, January 21. Hundreds will cross the bay to attend this event, as the programme will be entirely new. At the Oakland concert the special features will be the complete song cycle, "Frauen Liebe und Leben," eight numbers by Schumann and a group of three songs with organ accompaniment besides which works of Handel, Beethoven, Schubert and Richard Strauss will enrich the offering. Seats for this concert will be ready at the box office of the theatre Wednesday, January 16. It has also been arranged to give a Schumann-Heink concert at the Greek Theatre with orchestral accompaniments by the complete Symphony Orchestra of the University under the direction of Dr. J. Fred Wolle. At this concert the aris from "Samson and Delilah," the beautiful song, "The Lord is Mindful of His Own," from Mendelssohn's "Saint Paul," "Die Almacht" and other important compositions will be given with orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Greenbaum is also endeavoring to arrange a return concert a week later. The artist's time is so taken up that she has not a day to spare, but our local impresario has usually been successful in these matters and we may look for an announcement of a special farewell programme.

"The Ham Tree"

McIntyre and Heath will be the attraction at the Novelty Theatre for six nights and one matinee, commencing Monday, January 14, in Klaw and Erlanger's big production of the musical novelty, "The Ham Tree," which has proved one of the greatest laughing successes of the American stage. These comedians have no equals in the delineation of quaint negro characters and they are funnier than ever in "The Ham Tree." The book is by George V. Hobart, the lyrics by William Jerome and the catchy music by Jean Schwartz. Klaw and Erlanger have surrounded their new stars with first-class talent. Prominent in their support are W. C. Fields, the comic juggler, the statuesque Jeanne Towler, Carolyn Gordon, long a favorite with the Daly musical productions; Frederick V. Bowers, the tenor, and Belle Gold. A special feature is the chorus of pretty girls.

Gorton's Minstrels

Gorton's Big Minstrel Jubilee will be the attraction at the Novelty Theatre commencing Sunday afternoon. The engagement is limited to Sunday afternoon and night, as McIntyre and Heath are booked for Monday. Gorton's Minstrels are said to be especially strong this season. The company includes a long list of comedians, singers, dancers and musicians. The first part, I am told, is elaborate and the scenery and effects utilized in this portion of the programme, strikingly original. The musical contingent of the organization will be found better than any heard here with a minstrel company for some seasons back and the olio includes several big acts. The comedy portion of the company includes Jake Welby, Sam Lee, Ralph Kintner and Harry Toledo. Popular prices.

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SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 20, AT 2:30
Box Office Opens Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Wednesday Next, January 16. Regular Season Opens January 21, with the San Francisco Opera Company in "The Strollers."

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE, OAKLAND
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 21
Seats Ready Wednesday, January 16.
PRICES: $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00. Box Seats, $3.00.
Coming: **ROSENTHAL.**

An Editor's Daughter

Carolyn Gordon, who plays the juvenile role in Klaw & Erlanger's production of "The Ham Tree," which comes to the Novelty Theatre commencing Monday night, January 14, for six nights and one matinee, is a very bright, vivacious and artistic young player who made a wide reputation by her excellent work in "The Runaway Girl," "Rogers Brothers in Washington" and "The Toreador," in which she played Dora Selby to Francis Wilson's Sammy Gigg. Miss Gordon is the daughter of a well-known Brooklyn editor and has been on the stage several years.

"waltz king" whose "Blue Danube" is immortal, and who wrote such popular operas as "Die Fledermaus," "The Merry War," "Gypsy Baron," etc. Idora's new $50,000 skating pavilion is rapidly approaching completion and a number of other big improvements are in progress.

Rosenthal Is Coming

The next important musical event will be the appearance of Rosenthal, the pianist whose playing is creating nothing less than a sensation wherever he appears, both in Europe and America. The only diffi-



JOHN C. RICE AND SALLY COHEN

The Eminent Farceurs, Who Will Present "All the World Loves a Lover" at the Orpheum Next Week.

A Record Breaker In Oakland

The opera company at Idora Park is certainly making history in Oakland. A few years ago this town was considered a one-night stand. Now with those energetic managers Harry Bishop and Will Greenbaum in the field a four weeks' successful run is possible, and that is a record San Francisco has not often beaten. "The Toymaker" is about to enter its fourth week at Idora, and from present indications could be continued still longer, but on Monday evening, January 21, one of the prettiest of all light operas, "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," will be given a royal production. This work is full of the most charming and beautiful music of Johann Strauss the great

culty managers handling Rosenthal are experiencing is the securing of auditoriums of sufficient capacity to accommodate those desiring to hear this "wonder of the key-board." Will Greenbaum announces three Rosenthal recitals at the end of February and early in March.

Orpheum Vaudeville

John C. Rice and Sally Cohen, two of the greatest favorites on the vaudeville stage, will appear at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. This season they are offering a farcette by that clever writer, Brander Hurst, entitled "All the World Loves a Lover," and it is said to be a veritable whirlwind of laughter from the

beginning to the end. Mr. Rice and Miss Cohen will receive a right royal welcome when they step on the stage. Pearl and Violet Allen, well remembered here, come with a most ambitious production, "The Traveling Man." They have been making a phenomenal hit all over the East with the skit, which is in two scenes, the first showing the Grand Central Station, New York City. The second is a genuine surprise. Miss Willa Holt Wakefield, who is unknown to San Francisco in her latest and most artistic vaudeville innovation, song readings, is said to be one of the most accomplished artists in the domain of polite varieties. Possessed of exceptional talent and personal magnetism, she is endowed with all the easy grace and charming manners of the real Southern lady. Her musical education was completed under the best masters and the delivery of her readings, with just a soft touch of pathos, win her very speedily a place in the hearts of her audiences wherever she appears. Both press and public have united in declaring her specialty one of the most refined and truly meritorious yet presented. Black and Jones, dancing comedians, bid fair to create a sensation. Concerning them an Eastern critic says: "The one with the Joe Gans hair is so black that you can see him with the lights out. He is a dancer from Dancerville, and he is so loose that he has to hold his face on. The other fellow is fairer in face but even lighter in limb." The eight Vassar Girls, who have made a phenomenal hit, will change their selections. Wynne Winslow, the sweet soprano, will be heard in new numbers and Howard and Howard, "The Messenger Boy and the Thespian," and Jimmie Lucas, the "Boy with the Dozen Dialects," and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a varied and interesting programme.

"The Butterflies" at the Colonial

Henry Guy Carleton's breezy comedy, "The Butterflies," has enabled the clever Colonial Stock Company to win fresh laurels. It is richly staged and admirably acted, and notwithstanding the inclement weather has drawn large audiences throughout the week. This production of the Carleton play is one of the notable triumphs of the Colonial stock. In his portrayal of Hiram Green, the wealthy and illiterate pork packer, Frank Bacon gives additional evidence of his versatility and his artistry. Mr. Bacon's circle of admirers is enlarging with every performance. The part of Frederick Ossian, created by John Drew, is played by Wilfred Roger, who has his own conception of the role and makes the most of it. With youth, good looks and ability among his assets Mr. Roger is in no sense deficient of any of the qualities that are essential to a realistic impersonation. Izetta Jewel invests Miriam Stuart-Dodge with her own personal charm and captivates her audiences. Harry Pollard is effective as the boorish Barrington Green. Jane Jeffrey is sweet and unaffected as Mrs. Ossian. Bessie Bacon plays Suzanne with delightful naivete, and no member of the company fails to contribute to the success of the performance. "The Butterflies" will be given for the last time Sunday night. The bill for next week is Mr. Barne's "The Professor's Love Story," in which E. S. Willard delighted Columbia audiences. Frank Bacon will have the Willard role.

Opera Notes

Esther Adaberto's dresses for "Fedora" were made by Worth and Panquin of Paris.

NOVELTY THEATER

Corner O'Farrell & Steiner

SUNDAY, JANUARY 13
Matinee and Night—Only Times

GORTON'S MINSTRELS

Beginning NEXT MONDAY—One Week Only.
KLAW AND ERLANGER'S
Stupendous Production. A Beautiful Musical Novelty. Direct From New York with An All-Star Cast, Introducing the Kings of Laughter

McINTYRE AND HEATH IN

"THE HAM TREE"

Most Marvelous Singing and Dancing Chorus in the World.
Coming: Isabel Irving.

CENTRAL THEATER

Market and Eighth Streets. Phone Market 777

LAMBARDI GRAND OPERA SEASON

This (Saturday) Afternoon and Tomorrow (Sunday) Night
THE GREAT DOUBLE BILL—CAVALLERIA AND PAGLIACCI
Tonight ..... LA TOSCA
Tomorrow (Sunday) Matinee..... RIGOLETTO

NEXT WEEK
Monday, Thursday Evenings, Saturday Matinee
THE MASKED BALL
Tuesday Evening
CAVALLERIA AND PAGLIACCI
Wednesday, Friday, Sunday Evenings
FEDORA
Saturday Evening, Sunday Matinee, by General Request
LA BOHEME
PRICES: $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75c and 50c.

COLONIAL THEATER

McAllister Street, near Market. Phone Market 920
Martin F. Kurtzig President and Manager.

Monday Night and All Next Week
E. S. Willard's Comedy Success

"THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY"

FRANK BACON AS PROFESSOR GOODWILLIE

Evenings: 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 25 and 50 cents. Wednesday Bargain Matinees all reserved seats 25 cents.

IDORA PARK OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop
Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

LAST WEEK OF "THE TOYMAKER"
Commencing Monday, January 21
"THE QUEEN'S LACE HANDKERCHIEF"

Ye Liberty Playhouse 14th & Broadway OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop.

"AT THE WHITEHORSE TAVERN"

Monday Evening, January 21, Schumann-Heink.
Balance of Week, "The Lady of Lyons."

ORPHEUM Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Jan. 13

Matinee every day except Monday

A GALAXY OF STARS!

JOHN C. RICE AND SALLY COHEN; Pearl and Violet Allen Company; Willa Holt Wakefield; Black and Jones; Howard and Howard; Wynne Winslow; Jimmie Lucas; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week of the
EIGHT VASSAR GIRLS.

PRICES: 10c, 25c and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Sutter and Fillmore Streets. Phone, West 6000.
CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. to Midnight. Admission, 10c; Children, 5c.

Byron Mauzy Piano Co.

Ready for business at

1165 O'FARRELL STREET

Pianos repaired, tuned, moved and stored

Martinez Patti was complimented for his performance of Loris Ipanoff, by the Czar of Russia, when he sang in "Fedora" in St. Petersburg.

Angelo Antola as Renalto in "The Masked Ball" made one of his biggest hits in Los Angeles. He received a double encore for singing "Eri 'Tu," the famous baritone ballad.

Mario Lambardi had his scenery, costumes and accessories for "Fedora" all made in Paris for his present tour of Mexico and America.

Mathilde Campifiore will have a chance to show how good a character actress she is as "Ulrica," the negro sorceress in "The Masked Ball."

—The Playgoer.

SOCIAL PRATTLE

By Tantalus

The Clinton Wordens and Mrs. A. N. Towne, now in the East, have written that they are coming to Del Monte for the winter.

Honoring the Admiral

"Quite a party of army and navy folk and their friends," writes my Los Angeles correspondent, "went up to Santa Barbara last week to participate in the festivities which Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter and their daughter Miss Nina Jones of Los Angeles and Santa Barbara arranged in honor of Admiral Swinburne of the Pacific Squadron anchored at Santa Barbara. A private car conveyed the Potters and their guests north and luncheon was served upon their arrival. A tea at which Mrs. Potter was hostess followed and dinner was the chief event of the day. The second day's programme was carried out chiefly on board ship where tea was served and where a dance was given.

Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler and Dr. David Starr Jordan attended the Y. M. C. A. convention at Pacific Grove. Dr. Jordan delivered an address on "A Sober Mind." The Pacific Grovites consider the sober body of paramount importance.

ENVY

I wondered why this pearly button bore
Four eyes instead of two; but now I see.
'Tis gifted so that it may view the more
Those charms it hides so grudgingly from me.

I cannot blame it, though it serves me ill
By hiding from me what I fain would ken;
For, were I in its place, I'd gaze my fill,
And long to have, of eyes, not four, but ten.

—The Roue.

UNLIMITED POSSIBILITIES

"My hearers," said the impassioned and eloquent woman suffragist, as she gazed defiantly at the vast audience before her, "the time is fast approaching when we shall rule the world. Our power at the present moment is rapidly extending over the domains hitherto under the influence of man; and who can tell what the future may not bring forth? Why, even now, in the New England States, there are 60,000 more women than men, and all of them likely to become mothers."

—The Auditor.



RACING

New California Jockey Club

Oakland Race Track

Six or more races each week day, rain or shine.
RACES COMMENCE AT 1:40 P. M., SHARP
For special trains stopping at the track take the S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street; leave at 12:00, thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 P. M. No smoking in last two cars which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.
Returning trains leave track after fifth and last races.
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.
PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

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Thirteenth and Mission Streets SAN FRANCISCO



A Few of "The Ham Tree" Chorus at the Novelty Theatre.



McIntyre and Heath in "The Ham Tree" at the Novelty Theatre.

Miss Fitzalwinton's Finish

Being the True Story of How a Leading Lady Lost Her Place.

"Women are such impossible things," said the great man, meditatively, as he drew in assertive puffs from the black pipe with the teacup bowl that the Prince had given him.

"Yes, Mr. Swaggersides?" the little ingenue answered, interrogatively. She had interrogative eyes, had this little waif of mime-land, eyes that were plaintive and wondering. Like all ingenues in mime-land she had once loved, "wildly, madly, without a particle of reason," and he had deserted her! Now she listened to Mr. Swaggerside's platitudes and marveled how distinguished she was in thus being admitted into the great man's confidences. She rather gave herself airs over it when meeting with her lesser associates, but she was very fearful in the Presence, lest she should say "yes" or "no" or "I think so, too," in the wrong place, and thus earn her discharge from the company. She felt she would surely die were she to lose the honor of his conspicuous attention.

As for Mr. Swaggersides, well, he had to talk to somebody. Of course, there was his wife, but she was stupid; his leading lady, but she was jealous; his manager, but he fawned and flattered. Besides, the great man repeatedly said that his manager would not hesitate to sell his secrets if the price offered were high enough. He liked to speak of himself and his secrets in this way—as if they were affairs of State. His actors all blackguarded him behind his back, and he would not trust them. His friends outside the theatre did not understand him; they were the salt of the land in letters, art, finance and politics, but they did not comprehend him. He had attempted once or twice to confide in his colored valet, but all the sympathy evoked from that individual was, "Marster, you'se a slidery 'possum, dat's sho'!" and the conversation had ended with a well-directed bootjack.

So it fell out that the little ingenue was the only one to whom he could talk with perfect assurance of a sympathetic hearing and certain secrecy. True, there had been no compact, in fact or implication, between them, not even so much as a hint of fealty and respectful silence when he should choose to unburden his grievances to her willing ear. Mr. Swaggersides knew his audience and would have surprised himself had he questioned her devotion. And she? In her diary she had penned beneath the name-plate: "Right Honorable Privy Councillor and Confidante Plenipotentiary to his August Mightiness Swaggersides IV." And sooner would she have eaten red-hot coals than betray her self-imposed trust. She appreciated her distinction, did little Miss Bertine Pusley.

She gazed at him with wide-eyed admiration, just as she had done for the past two years, the while Mr. Swaggersides puffed on contemplatively. "Impossible, utterly impossible, all you women, I say—all but you, little Bertine—always exacting fidelity, a single love for life, adherence to virtue, vows and—rot; all rot! Women should learn that theirs is a dormant love, passive, dependent, while man's is assertive, active, essentially active. Man is the oak about which the ivy clings—and all that sort of thing, eh? But the ivy has many branches, each equally concerned in sheltering, tending and beguiling the mighty tree, while the king regards all with approval and reaches a protecting arm to every stem. See?"

"But, Mr. Swaggersides, don't you think that some trees lack sufficient arms to give equal care and pro——"

"Man must be free," went on Mr. Swaggersides, oblivious; "he mustn't be hampered; love shouldn't bind. Love is a thing of joy and laughter, to make us happy and forget care. But you silly girls have to cry and groan and rend the air because you can't have it all your own way—and then men grow exasperated and look for new joy and fresh smiles, eh?"

"Yes; but—" timid little Bertine was actually aroused to words—"if a man has a fancy for a new face every other month or so, or a half-dozen different faces all at once—has a poor girl who gives him a beautiful love, her all,— to be content with whatever crumbs he throws her, and think herself quite merry if she's allowed to join the sextet on the—on the—entertainment committee?"

(Perhaps indignant little Bertine was thinking of her own sad experience!.

Mr. Swaggersides took his pipe out of his mouth, suddenly recalled from self and theme to his vis-a-vis, smiled indulgently and patted her cheek. A light of elation came in her eyes, but she did not blush nor stammer nor look down. No; the touch of his hand had merely conferred a new adornment to her already overheaped brow. Nor was Mr. Swaggerside's intention other than conciliatory. Indeed, Bertine's utterly imperturbable placidity had always safely preserved for her the fatherly demeanor, the prosaic, unimpassioned attitude that was now manifested in the great man.

"My child, women should school themselves to contentment under any circumstances. All they have to do is to obey, and look pleasant. Surely—surely that is little enough to ask for all that we give them. Now there's Deenie. Deenie's the most devoted wife in the world—the only friend I've got. There's nothing Deenie wouldn't do for me—nothing's too good for me. And Deenie's content, per—fectly content, if I'm good to her. She doesn't care how many—a—a—well, diversions I have, just so I'm good to her, that's all."

The little ingenue opened her lips, but the next moment thought it better to close them again. She recalled, though, the many years of servitude that had been Deenie's lot, and that, way up toward the first of them, such things as will, spirit and even opinion had been unceremoniously erased and replaced by more tractable and comfortable traits. There was just once when——

"But the trouble with you women," continued Mr. Swaggersides, breaking in upon her recollections, "is that you are not all alike. Now—well, of course, you know, Bertine, of my regard for Miss Fitzalwinton. Miss Fitzalwinton is a very attractive girl, very; she—she fascinates me—I'm very fond of her, indeed; very. But, do you know, last week, in Washington, where, because of the overcrowded condition of the hotel, I was forced to occupy the same apartment with my wife—she flew into a shrewish rage and vowed she'd leave the company—if my wife didn't. A pretty scene for poor Deenie! Now, what could have been more frightfully inconsiderate than that? Could I—could I occupy—oh, well—think of my public! think of my good friends on Fifth Avenue! think of those dreadful persons, the reporters, who are waiting at every street corner to watch what I do, where I go! Bah! it makes me so sick I could close out my season on the spot!"

"Oh, don't do that, Mr. Swaggersides!" exclaimed Bertine, in affright, a vision of her three new gowns, on which only half the payments had been made, obtruding itself.

"Sickening! sickening! I could quit the business for good, go abroad, go in the pulpit—anything!"

"But isn't there some way you could pacify them, Mr. Swaggersides?" ignoring the woful threat that had lost its poignancy through too frequent reiteration. And Bertine's brain suddenly surged with ideas.

"Pacify them! Why, Deenie doesn't need pacifying. She's all right. She doesn't care what I do. She understands my position perfectly."

"Oh—oh, I didn't mean Deenie, particularly; I meant Miss Fitzalwinton. Couldn't you explain that it couldn't possibly happen again—that there aren't Congressmen in another town

(Continued on Page 32.)



Founded June 18, 1862.

Present Location

NORTHWEST CORNER OF CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY STREETS

Eighty-Ninth Half-Yearly Report

—and—

SWORN STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of Its

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

at Close of Business

December 31st, 1906

ASSETS

Loans on Real Estate secured by first lien on properties wholly within the State of California	$16,443,219.64
Loans secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds and Stocks of railroad and quasi-public corporations	1,198,243.26
Bonds of railroad, quasi-public and industrial corporations and of the school districts and municipalities of the State of California	13,727,789.22
Bank Premises	200,000.00
Other Real Estate in the State of California	348,628.70
Furniture and Fixtures	2,000.00
Cash (in Vault and in Bank)	2,355,690.83
Total Assets	$34,275,571.65

LIABILITIES

Capital—Paid up	$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,095,196.74
Due Depositors	32,107,609.95
General Tax Account, Balance undisbursed	72,764.96
Total Liabilities	$34,275,571.65

SAN FRANCISCO, January 2, 1907.

[Signed] E. B. POND, President.

[Signed] LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

State of California
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO
ss.

E. B. Pond and Lovell White, being each separately and duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said E. B. Pond is President, and said Lovell White is Cashier of the San Francisco Savings Union, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

[Signed] E. B. POND.
[Signed] LOVELL WHITE.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of January, 1907.

(Seal) [Signed] FRANK L. OWEN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

AUTOMOBILE GOSSIP

The Winton company will have three exhibits in New York during show week. The principal display, at Madison Square Garden, will include a Model M chassis, runabout and touring car and a Type X-I-V chassis and touring car. At the Winton branch, Broadway and Seventieth Street, will be shown a Type X-I-V runabout and touring car and a Model M limousine and touring car. The third exhibit, the new five-ton truck, will be shown under load on the streets in the vicinity of the Garden.

The new four-story branch house of the Winton company on Sherman Square, Broadway and Seventieth Street, New York, is one of the finest automobile establishments in the world. The building contains 84,000 square feet of floor space and, having been constructed exclusively for automobile purposes, has every conceivable up-to-date facility. The manager of this establishment, C. W. Churchill, was formerly a Clevelander. His elevation to the New York management illustrates the Winton idea of giving preference in appointments to men in the Winton ranks.

The man who buys a 1907 Touring car without careful investigation of the situation as it exists at this time, may find that, although he has bought the latest model of a manufacturer whose cars up to now have been among the leaders, has a car that is quite a little behind what is now known to be the best practice in automobile construction. When the first of the annual automobile shows opens in New York this month the public will find that at least one well known manufacturer has on exhibition a car that will not only mark an epoch in the industry in this country, but in the whole world of motordom. The car in question will not only be the first all American car containing completely and thoroughly the very best practice in principle and design as exemplified in the best French, German and Italian cars, but it will be built entirely of fine Chrome steels, including axles, frame and all produced by our own American steel mills, the like of which in tensile strength is produced no where else in the world.

The 1907 Type XV Pope-Toledo is just such a car, and is decidedly the car of the hour. No manufacturer has ever attempted to combine in one model the high class steels, bearings, features and workmanship shown in this model. The company will build only 500 of this model, although it will tax the utmost capacity of its immense Toledo plant working almost night and day, 1,800 men. This same factory and the same number of men could easily build of ordinary steel 1,000 cars.

The Winton plant is now 70,000 square feet larger than it was last summer, but the output is not to be increased. General Sales Manager Shanks says: "Our big addition relieves considerable congestion and enables us to give Winton buyers the benefit of the improved workmanship that is thereby made possible. Our output is already greatest; but we do not aim to monopolize all the touring car business.

—The Autoist.

It is hard to say which is most tiresome, the bad man or the good. The bad man tells the risque sayings of his lady friends and the good man the cute sayings of his children.

'06 Pope=Hartford

Has not run 1000 miles yet. For sale by owner, who just bought the 1907 model.

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Telephone Franklin 309 COR. VAN NESS AND ELLIS

Miss Fitzalwinton's Finish

(Continued from Page 29.)

to crowd the hotels? Or—give her the star dressing-room, or raise her salary, or——"

"She won't listen to any of that—I've tried it. She's in a perfectly unreasonable mood—delivered her ultimatum. Deenie must go, or she goes."

The ingenious ingenue was silent. The great man's dilemma appalled her.

"Of course, Deenie might just as well be at home with the children—I've told her that a dozen times. In fact, it's the best place for her—she's looking pale and peaked, eh? She can't stand traveling about continually—Deenie's delicate, you know; she needs a restful change. I've had Burton and Miss Fitzalwinton at table and in the car with us recently—I suppose you know? —but even that doesn't seem to brighten her. And Fitzalwinton is clever, too!"

"Yes, I should think she'd rather be at home, too"—Bertine was quick at picking up cues. "I've always wondered when she said she thought she ought to be with the company."

"Deenie is afraid the people won't be conscientious and attentive to work unless she's by to set the example. She's afraid I'm too gentle with them, just because I'm kind to Miss Fitzalwinton. She knows she's of no value to me as an actress; I've told her that so often that she can't possibly have any illusions on that score. But she believes that she keeps harmony and good order in the company and is needed to look after my comfort, so I let her stay."

The ingenue nodded approval.

"But, on the other hand, Miss Fitzalwinton is a most accomplished actress," Swaggersides continued, quickly, lest his confidante's understanding should go too far. "I don't very well see how I could get along without her, really. It isn't always easy to replace such a woman on a moment's notice. You know that, Bertine. Miss Fitzalwinton is an unusually gifted woman. I positively am at a loss how to act."

Bertine pondered. She wished she might dare to say: "Mr. Swaggersides, you should discharge Miss Fitzalwinton at once," just to see the tremendous temper he would get into. But no, she couldn't do it. My! however did such a treacherous thought come to her? So she swung her foot over her knee and ventured: "Why not compromise, Mr. Swaggersides?"

"I, compromise!" the great man broke in, angrily.

"Oh, just pretend to—just promise her that you'll send Deenie home."

"But think, my child, think of my life—after that promise! Day after day her remindings, her questioning, her reproaches, her—yes, even her abuse. I have warned her that she will presently overstep my endurance. Men will not be harassed, my child. And yet—she adores me, poor girl!"

"Ah, yes; I am sure she adores you, Mr. Swaggersides."

"You think so, eh? You think so! Then I'm not too old and ugly to be loved, little Bertine?"

"Oh, Mr. Swaggersides, how can you——"

"Ha, ha, ha! You remember the pretty girl in the box last night—in mauve and yellow? She sent in a note: 'Would I call at her home?' Now, if she had asked me for an engagement I'd have given it to her; a girl in your company is worth six in the parental drawing-room, eh, little Bertine, eh? Then where would Fitzalwinton have been?"

Again he patted her cheek and for a moment looked as if he contemplated kissing her. Her heart fluttered, but he changed his mind, and began walking up and down. Presently he halted before the window and thrust his finger tips in his trousers pockets. "A man," said he, "can do two things with a woman—he can love her or let her alone. Just now I—I've

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H. F. NORCROSS, Agent, 334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

DEL MONTE OFFERS

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel Del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a home-like place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address **GEORGE P. SNELL, Manager, Del Monte, California.**

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The most elegantly and luxuriously furnished hotel of its size in the United States. Now under new management. American and European plan.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

a mind to— Deenie must go home," he broke in, suddenly. "Why—I'd a letter from the doctor yesterday. Little Hortense is sick with the—the—measles, now that I recall it. I'm—I am astonished that Deenie didn't rush to her immediately. I won't have my children neglected, and a mother's place is at her children's side!"

Mr. Swaggersides had become wrathy and pounded up and down the room in a fine frenzy. "What does she mean?" he cried; "why hasn't she gone to the child? Of course, I wouldn't think—not for a moment—of having her go because of this rumpus of Fitzalwinton's; but a sick child must have its mother's care, eh? and I shall put her duty to her strongly. Isn't that right, Bertine, eh?"

"Oh—oh, yes, Mr. Swaggersides; of course. And I'm perfectly sure Deenie must see it that way, too, even if she has not already admitted it. And now that Hortense has taken the measles just in the nick—I mean now that she has them, it would be almost criminal for the darling child to be deprived of her mother any longer. Don't you agree, Mr. Swaggersides?"

"Certainly, certainly; I shall insist that my wife go to her at once. My precious wife, my only friend! Everyone loves her—all but one—or two. How I shall miss her sweet companionship, her loving watchfulness and guidance! We have been together so long—I really don't know, on second thought, how I can let her go!"

"Oh, don't grieve; don't, please—dear Mr. Swaggersides! It is a cruel, cruel parting, I know; but let me urge you to remember dear little Hortense on her bed of fever and not to falter in your resolve of self-sacrifice. It is so splendid and noble of you—I am sure it is for the best, and——"

The conversation was interrupted.

The colored valet, Maximilian, stood at the door.

"Ef you please, marster, telephone from Miss Fitzalwinton."

"Yes?"

"She tuk an' druv out to er—er country club w'at's 'bout nine miles to de norf er here, an' de ho'se run away an' th'ew 'er, an' she ses she's too much hu't to get back fo' the pe'fo'mance t'night—'fact, she ain't likely ter be br'ught back 'fc' mo'nin'."

"What! Good heavens—how terrible! Why, how did she—what possessed— Poor girl, she can't be left in a strange clubhouse all night alone. Here, Bertine—no, Max; send for Burton"—Mr. Swaggersides, in his perturbation, even glanced toward his own hat, but no—it was already a quarter to six—the performance at eight; no, he couldn't go to her.

"'Deed, don't worry, marster. She didn't say no bones is broke, an'—an' she wa'n't alone, neither."

"What?"

"Mr. Fairchild wus with 'er."

"Mr. Fairchild!"

"Yassur; dat juvenile man w'at plays yo' son. He's hu't, too."

Maximilian wondered presently what was wrong, the silence grew so. He must have discovered, too, in Mr. Swaggerside's face, for he turned and bolted down the corridor without troubling to shut the door. Mr. Swaggersides turned to his faithful ingenue.

"Bertine—er—measles are never fatal, are they?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Not serious—quite a common child's malady, aren't they?"

"Oh—oh, yes, sir, per—perfectly common, sir!"

"Humph! Well, I've decided I can't part with Deenie for the present. I've no doubt Hortense will get along all right without her."

"Oh, of course she will! I'm sure she can't need Deenie in the least. I——"

"And, Bertine, stop at Slickem's door as you go by, and tell him I say telegraph for another juvenile man—one with gray hair or a bald head preferred. This one is too young

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for—for men's parts. Besides, he spoiled several of my scenes last night with his bad acting."

"Y—yes, Mr. Swaggersides."

"And go telephone Miss Fitzalwinton mine and Mrs. Swaggerside's regrets, and say we urge her not to hasten back to town until she is quite recovered. Mrs. Swaggersides will play her part, be sure to add. Run along now."

"Y—yes, Mr. Swaggersides." And Bertine, for once, was glad of an escape from the Presence.

—The Comedian.

Latest Achievements of the Great Scientists of the Pasteur Institute

(Continued from Page 7.)

toxine. The import of the latter discovery is stupendous, for it has translated one of the most malignant into one of the most benignant of diseases. Generals who have led innocent victims to slaughter at the behest of a capricious sovereign with orders on his breast and disorders in his blood are apotheosized by the historiographer, whereas the greatest generals of all, the bacteriologists, who are vanquishing armies of germs, go to the vile dust from whence they sprung, unwept, unhonored and unsung. History dare not repeat itself. "Peace hath her victories no less renown'd than war."

But the latest discovery of Metchnikoff and Roux is one of the most important that has been made in many years. They have made an announcement of intense interest to the whole scientific world to the effect that they have found a vaccine against the most terrible of all diseases, a disease, the name of which, Town Talk being an American magazine, is perhaps barred from its columns in deference to the silly prejudices of the preposterous prudes. I refer to the disease which takes its name from the two Greek words Sys and Philos, the disease which Balzac made the motif of his droll story, "The Brother In Arms," and which he referred to as the Neapolitan sickness. Here is a disease which blights our civilization, a social evil of hideous aspect. The law is powerless to cope with the peril. Our attitude toward the disease in America is one of criminal negligence. We dare bury our heads like the ostrich and hug the delusive phantom of hope to offset an evil which jeopardizes the flower of youth and sacrifices thousands of victims. Here in France no such prudery is manifest; no "noli me tangere" action. They realize that the evil can only be combated by educational methods which solicit the co-operation of the public as has been done so successfully in fighting tuberculosis. They have even produced a play called "Les Avaries" (the damaged one) and they have given a matinee so that the students of the lycee may witness the performance. It was an excellent object lesson for the pupils, for to be young when we are old we must be old when we are young. Henrik Ibsen was at one time a medical student, and he could look below the surface of manners and morals. In his dramatic sermon, "Ghosts," he introduces a victim of paresis and in "Hedda Gabler" the symptoms of a psychosis of pregnancy are presented. I dare not even give you a synopsis of "Les Avaries" although I would like to do so. It is by Brieux. It is a piece in three acts, and when the censorial interdiction was raised in 1905 a public presentation was given in Paris at the "Theatre Antoine." In the first scene the manager addresses the audience as follows:

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"Ladies and Gentlemen: The author and director have the honor to announce in advance that this play has for its subject the study of an infectious disease in its relation to marriage. The subject is neither scandalous nor repugnant and not even an obscene word occurs. It can be witnessed by everyone, including women, provided the latter find it unnecessary to be stupid and ignorant in order to be virtuous."

Pathologists have constantly endeavored to study this disease along two main lines: 1. The communication of the disease to animals. 2. The search for the germ of the disease. In April, 1905, Schaudinn discovered the germ. Metchnikoff and Roux succeeded in successfully inoculating a chimpanzee. Now they announce the most important of all discoveries; the finding of the vaccine. It has been suggested that such inoculations be employed in certain countries like Russia where children contract the disease from their parents or while playing with contaminated children. In fact, inoculations can be employed in numerous directions. The discovery of the vaccine may be apperceived by the scientist as epoch-making; by the sociologist as another means of abetting dissipation. The latter view, however, is quite erroneous, for there are other perils equally as vicious as the one the subject of our discussion. I would like to quote the statistics of Fournier, the great authority in France on this subject, showing the prevalence of the disease and the number of innocent victims, but public opinion in our country is not yet prepared for an overt discussion of facts even though such facts are of vital importance. They do things differently in France than they do in America, but it is a distinction without a difference. The ignorant listen with their mouths open and the educated listen through the key-hole. Here in France vice is flaunted openly and at home it is relegated to obscurity and assumes in consequence a more vicious aspect like all things esoteric. As before remarked we must destroy the subtle despoiler of happiness and home by the educational method; physicians must be aided in the combat by teachers, ministers and societies.

Gardiner Astonishes the Critics

(Continued from Page 10.)

doubtless that it was something new and therefore of superior quality. I dare say that he does not know that people have been laughing at the miracle frauds for centuries keeping scholars busy pointing out the puerility of the assumption that the supernatural has never occurred. Gardiner's book, if my correspondent should read it, would probably startle him by its hints at divine interposition. For the learned professor, in the enthusiasm excited by the Bible's astonishing literary merits, writes about it, unconsciously perhaps, as though he considered it the product of superhuman effort. In all probability he scouts the miraculous, but his criticism of the Bible would warrant the inference that he is of the opinion that it is a work which transcends the power of ordinary natural agencies. "Much reading in the Bible," he says, "will soon bring one to an understanding of the mood in which all art seems a juggling with trifles and an attempt to catch the unessential when the everlasting verities are slipping by." In the art of the Bible, he tells us there is "The sense of the constant and immediate presence of an omnipotent God." There are other aspects that Professor Gardiner does not consider, aspects that almost compel the conclusion that the Bible is in itself a miracle. There is this most important of all circumstances that this harmonious work was written by twenty authors at periods very distant from one another, in twenty different styles all equally inimitable and none to be met with in any other literary performance. There is the circumstance that the New and the Old Testaments are vastly different in spirit and yet partake of the same surpassing originality. The extraordinary collection of wisdom to be found in the Scriptures embraces the groundwork of all human sciences, all political precepts for all forms of governments, and moral precepts for all ranks of life. The majestic simplicity of the Bible is its most extraordinary feature, so extraordinary that it moved one learned critic to remark: "God stoops to the language of men to reduce his wonders to the level of their comprehension; but he is still God." This is a view that Professor Gardiner will perhaps not find hard to adopt.



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STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities

—— OF ——

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

(A CORPORATION)

and where said Assets are situated

DATED DECEMBER 31, 1906

ASSETS

1—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is **$29,933,006.78**

The conditions of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its Office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

2—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is **2,590,040.00**

The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-public Corporations.

3—Bonds of the United States, the actual value of which is **13,354,270.37**

The condition of said Bonds is as follows: They belong to said Corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own vaults and are there situated. They are "Registered 4 per cent. of 1907 ($2,100,000.00), 4 per cent. of 1925 ($8,285,000.00) United States Bonds, and District of Columbia ($475,000.00) 3.65 per cent. Bonds"—guaranteed by the United States Government—and are payable only to the order of said Corporation.

4—Miscellaneous Bonds, the actual value of which is **9,451,975.60**

The condition of said Bonds is as follows: They belong to said Corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own vaults and are there situated.

They are:

"Southern Pacific Railroad Company of California 6 per cent. Bonds"	$ 655,000.00
"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent. Bonds"	455,000.00
"Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent. Bonds"	400,000.00
"Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent. Bonds"	334,000.00
"San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent. Bonds"	288,000.00
"Southern Pacific Branch Railway Company of California 6 per cent. Bonds"	240,000.00
"Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent. Bonds"..	50,000.00
"Northern Railway Company of California 5 per cent. Bonds"...	29,000.00
"Market Street Cable Railway Company 6 per cent. Bonds"...	1,126,000.00
"Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent. Bonds".....	503,000.00
"The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent. Bonds".....	167,000.00
"Powell Street Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds"	163,000.00
"Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent. Bonds"	150,000.00
"Presidio and Ferries Railroad Company 6 per cent. Bonds"....	15,000.00
"Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds"....	6,000.00
"City and County of San Francisco 3½ per cent. Bonds"	1,941,100.00
"California State Depot 4 per cent. Bonds"	250,000.00
"City of Vallejo 5 per cent Bonds"	62,000.00
"County of San Mateo Court House 4 per cent. Bonds".....	50,000.00
"Court House School District Sonoma County 4½ per cent. Bonds"	23,000.00
"City of San Luis Obispo 5 per cent. Bonds"	11,250.15
"The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent. Bonds"	1,500,000.00
"San Francisco Gas and Electric Company 4½ per cent. Bonds"	495,000.00

5—Interest on Miscellaneous Bonds, Balance accrued to January 1, 1907..... **54,795.66**

6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco ($97,695.53) and in the Counties of Santa Clara ($38,650.44), Alameda ($40,056.46) and San Mateo ($3,075.72) in this State, the actual value of which is..... **179,478.15**

(b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said Office, the actual value of which is..... **586,165.05**

The condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

7—Proportion of Taxes for the Fiscal Year 1906-1907 chargeable to next year..... **50,454.66**

8—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin, belonging to said Corporation, and in its possession, and situated at its said office, actual value **2,579,809.49**

Total Assets **$58,779,995.76**

LIABILITIES

1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is **$55,196,670.16**

The condition of said Deposits is that they and payable only out of said Assets and are fully secured thereby.

2—Reserve Fund, Actual Value..... **3,583,325.60**

Total Liabilities **$58,779,995.76**

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By JAMES R. KELLY, President.
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, ss.

JAMES R. KELLY and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

JAMES R. KELLY, President.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of January, 1907.
GEO. T. KNOX, Notary Public,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Letters

A Story of Politics and Journalism

The title, "Jewel Weed," taken in connection with the cover design of Alice Ames Winter's novel, is apt to prove misleading, since it is not the name of a heroine, as one might presume. It deals with life in a Western town, St. Etienne, and the theme is the deterioration of character incident on association. There are two couples who divide the attention about equally, as the most prominent in the story, though the relationship shifts somewhat. We have glimpses of society, of politics and of newspaperdom, and conditions which are by no means confined to one community. Richard Percival, fairly well-to-do, and just graduated from an Eastern college, had returned home, bringing with him his best friend, Ellery Norris, who, being without near relatives and obliged to wrest a living from the world, had elected to be a newspaper man and had secured a position through the influence of Percival. Percival's own ambition was to serve his country through an interest in politics. He did not care to hold office and had no need to pile up more dollars, but meant to concern himself with the fostering of good government, and to this end he was apparently wasting his time, strolling about the streets, making friends with the patrolmen and hob-nobbing more or less with ward politicians. The paper on which Norris was serving as cub editor was to be the chief organ of exposure, and this, together with the friendship already established, brought Percival more or less freely into the editorial rooms. It was on one of these business calls that Percival met his fate in the shape of a "lady journalist" who deserves more than a mere mention because she is so typical. Lena Quincy was of the adventuress type. She was conventionally "virtuous" through cold-blooded calculation, for she meant to make the best possible bargain for herself, and she knew that her "virtue" had its commercial value. She had neither breeding, education nor talent, but she was wise enough to know that thus she could be thrown in with a better class of men than she was likely to meet otherwise, living, as she did, with her querulous and ill-tempered mother, in one room of a cheap rooming house, and ekeing out what sort of a living they could from her father's pension. Lena was a beauty, and when that is said, her resources are exhausted. But as long as mankind will assume that a pair of appealing blue eyes and a charming pout, topped by a fluff of yellow hair are a guarantee of all the virtues and most of the graces, and that it is a particularly flagrant shame that one endowed with such charms should have to earn her own living, though it is all in the day's work for the less favored ones, then the Richard Percivals will marry the Lena Quincys, to the dismay of their families and friends, and the disappointment, if nothing worse, of the better women whom they are tacitly bound to. Some day it will dawn upon mankind, both in books and out, that women who have no friends of their own sex are not necessarily the victims of spite and jealousy, but that there is deep-seated reason for it, just as there is when men instinctively turn from those of their own sex, even though they can give no tangible reason for their repugnance. Richard Percival was not actually engaged to Madelaine Elton, but they had grown up together, and it had been assumed both by their parents and by themselves that a wedding would be the outcome of their intimacy in the not too distant future. So it would have been if Lena's yellow head had not intervened, if her employer had not pushed her into notice, and if Richard Percival's taste had not been somewhat vitiated by his political studies. As, since the beginning of time, he could do nothing until he had caught his butterfly, and she was all too eager to be caught though clever enough not to show it. Of course the Percival-Quincy marriage left the estate clear for the more appreciative

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Norris to appropriate Miss Elton. Another character, as true to the time as Lena Quincy, with her ignorance and assumptions, is Mr. Sebastian Early. Early was avid of notoriety. He was the richest man in St. Etienne, a bachelor with a mansion which was a sort of museum wherein he exhibited his treasures. Mr. Early collected many things, amongst the rest, lions of various sorts, and he always had a poet, a painter or something of the kind to exploit. His first success in life was a hook and eye, which brought him fortune, and after that he went in for many things, chiefly art. He had a furniture factory and a pottery and a variety of other enterprises and was the proprietor and publisher of a "fadazine," in which he talked them up. He was also interested in street railroads, light and power enterprises and various other businesses from which he drew the coin which enabled him to carry on his lion hunting. His latest addition to his menagerie and museum was a Swami who gave parlor lectures on the Occult, and established classes amongst the fashionables. That trick has been done so often that it is a part of the history of every community where there are people with money enough to attract one of the fakirs, and the wonder always is whether the exploiters of these mystic geniuses are dupes or accomplices. We are all familiar with the flowing flame-colored robes, the mysteriously priceless jewel with the age long history, the vague outpouring of words that mean anything or nothing, and sooner or later the scandal. This particular Swami turned out to be a clever counterfeiter who was supposed to be in deep meditation and busy transcribing a wonderful book while secluded in a wing of the Early mansion. Though apparently so far away from any earthly thought or desire, the scamp was clever enough to divine the inconvenience it would cause Early to have municipal affairs probed into too deeply, and to effectively close the mouth of Richard Percival, who suddenly found himself obliged to either vote for a lighting contract which he knew to be iniquitous in order to obtain possession of forged documents executed by his vain and foolish wife—that or live in constant dread of a scandalous exposure. It ought to be a tragic picture, the young man with ideals shattered, and the discontented wife, really so much better off and so much more considerately treated than she had any right to expect, yet feeling abused because, if she could only make another flight from her new footing, she could secure so many more things—and things are all she cares about. But men are neither blind nor idiotic, and they have plenty of examples about them to teach them what to avoid. They cannot eat cake and keep it, and in reality there is but little difference between them and the women they select. Each wants the glittering toy, knowing full well that the choice can be made but once. The ramifications by which the political, business and social worlds are all connected are well brought out, and the pictures of society in its various poses leave no room for criticism. Published by Bobbs-Merrill.

A NATURAL SUPPOSITION

"I hope," said Bluebeard, savagely, as he pulled out his favorite razor and proceeded to hone it with care, "that you are satisfied now with the numerous arms, legs and other odds and ends you saw in that room."

"Of course," said his latest wife, preparing for the worst, "I know, now that I have guessed your secret, that there is no hope for me; but really, I had no idea that you were president of a trolley road."

—The Mohammedan.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE RENTERS' LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY of San Francisco, Commercial and Savings Bank, Safe Deposit Vaults, 115 Hayes Street, between Van Ness Avenue and Polk Street.—For the half year ending December 15th a dividend has been declared at the rate of four per cent. (4 per cent.) per annum on savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, December 17, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from December 15, 1906.

Also two per cent. (2 per cent.) per annum paid on commercial deposits, subject to check, credited monthly.

C. S. SCOTT, Cashier.

Dated San Francisco, December 4, 1906.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO., corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the six months ending December 31, 1906, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3½ per cent. per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907. The same rate of interest will be paid by our branch offices, located at 1531 Devisadero Street, 927 Valencia Street, and 1740 Fillmore Street. J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

METROPOLIS TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK, 1237 Van Ness Avenue.—For the half year ending December 31, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of 3.65 per cent. per annum on savings deposits, payable on and after January 2, 1907. Interest on deposits not drawn will be added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1907.

F. R. COOK, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter.—Has declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1906, at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal.

EDWIN BONNELL, Cashier.

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Department No. 10. No. 5390.

JAMES F. STRODE, Plaintiff. vs. LILLIAN STRODE, Defendant. | Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, SEND GREETING TO LILLIAN STRODE, DEFENDANT.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above name Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any further relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2d day of January, A. D. 1907.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

E. L. THOMAS,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
1437 Fillmore Street, San Francisco.

TO EMPLOYERS:

We are carrying nearly 10,000 ads in many papers throughout the Eastern, Middle and Southern states inviting skilled and unskilled labor to come to California. Up to the present time we have placed upwards of 8,000 of these people, but applications are coming in at the present time more rapidly than we can take care of them and we urge upon our members the importance of letting us know when they are in need of help. We make no charge for our services. Kindly notify us and greatly oblige

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Rooms 512-514 Union Trust Building.

TOWN TALK

VOL. XV. No. 751 San Francisco, January 19, 1907 Price, 10 Cents



Eight of the great working chorus of California beauties with the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, musical comedy success, "The Strollers" which will be the opening attraction at the pretty new playhouse, The American, Seventh and Market streets, on Monday next, January 21st. The San Francisco Opera Company with Teddy Webb, Aida Hemmi and many more of the late Tivoli favorites will appear in the initial production.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by

TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY

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Taming The Savage

Quite evident is it that Leopold, King of the Belgians, seeks in vain to avert the storm of virtuous indignation that threatens to break over the Congo Free State. We are told that the gay old monarch, who needs the money that comes out of Congo to promote his Parisian diversions, has spent a lot in maintaining diplomatic bureaus for the manufacture of an amiable foreign sentiment, but the funds thus employed have been scarcely sufficient to offset the influence of the capitalistic powers that have conspired to deprive him of his rich holdings. Belgian rule in the Congo State is perhaps no worse than was American rule over Indian territory or British rule in the countries reclaimed by England from native savages, but the Belgian Government is weak and can be easily dispossessed. And the greedy financiers that dictate the policies of European Governments are much more skilled than Leopold in the art of manufacturing public sentiment. They began long ago to manufacture sentiment in Europe, especially in England, against the Belgians, but it would seem so much like a joke for British statesmen to protest against barbarities in an uncivilized country that it was deemed advisable to pass the buck up to this Republic which has something of a reputation for humane principles and for sincerity in the shouldering of the white man's burdens. The financiers of Europe have financial connections in this country and so it was not difficult to get the matter before the Congress at Washington. Our statesmen will probably find that the natives of Congo have not been handled with gloves and will so report, and then there will be European interference, for the Congo State has an anomalus status which may be easily altered. It was established as an independent State under the sovereignty of the King of the Belgians by the Congress of Berlin in 1885, and it is not difficult of disestablishment. There has been without doubt ill-treatment of the natives of Congo which we should be the last to condone or palliate, but it is no unusual thing for a civilized people to maltreat a barbarous people while enforcing their scheme of reclamation. The stubborn savage, blind to the advantages of a nebulous Christianity and the excitements of a commercial life, often resents the aggressive intrusion of his self-constituted redeemers, and in his benighted eagerness to be let alone inflicts great cruelties by way of benign warning. Not in retaliation, but in the same warnful spirit that animated the savage, the gospel carrier and flag planter resorts to his improved methods of dissuading resistance. Neither the gospel nor the eternal principles of frenzied finance can be properly disseminated in some lands until the untamed individuality of the native has been rendered innocuous. The alleged outrages of the Congo State are no worse than the atrocities of which the Portuguese are guilty almost every day in East Africa, but Portugal is an ally of England and there is consequently no talk of interference. It is the almost universal experience of white men in savage countries that they develop the worst vices of the natives among whom their lot is cast. It will be found that such is the case in Congo, and doubtless there will be found much room for reform, but let us not get excited over such revelations as may be made. Congo must be Christianized, for it is a very rich country, and if in the process physical ills are inflicted upon the natives they will be more than offset by the spiritual favors to come.

Gillett, A Railroad Man

In his introductory message to the Legislature Governor Gillett expressed sentiments from which it might be inferred that he was entirely oblivious to the obligations, which, we were frequently told during the campaign, he contracted at the time of his nomination at Santa Cruz. Those obligations, according to newspaper authority, were imposed in the interest of that Napoleon of the transportation world, Mr. E. H. Harriman. Mr. Gillett, we were told, was chosen Governor of California by Mr. Harriman at a banquet in Washington, and that a little later the local agents of the financial wizard arranged for the ratification of the prandial nomination. Nevertheless Mr. Gillett, after taking an oath to perform the duties of his office faithfully and to the best of his ability, read a long message to the legislators advising them to offer every encouragement to the transcontinental railways that are building into this State and urging that no unreasonable obstacles be put in their way. He went so far as to suggest that inducements be offered to railroad companies to extend their lines and to recommend that facilities for river transportation be increased. Mr. Harriman, as everybody knows, does not hanker for competition. Indeed it is popularly supposed that he has been very busy putting obstacles in the way of competitors. And yet Governor Gillett, the putative protege of the Wall street magnate, urged the representatives of the people to do everything in their power to advance the interests of Mr. Harriman's rivals. It is evident that Governor Gillett is a railroad man, as his enemies have affirmed, but that so far as the interests of the State are concerned he is prejudiced against playing favorites. In other words he is for a square deal.

His Views On Capital And Labor

In his opening message the Governor betokens an independence of spirit such as we have not seen exhibited by a Chief Magistrate of this State for some years. There is not in the whole document the faintest trace of demagogism, but every topic is discussed with forthright directness and not with the air of one inclined to solve great problems at a glance or to be easily influenced by the enthusiasm of wild-eyed reformers. His discussion of the relations between capital and labor was brief, and to the point, but not, one of the dailies tells us, to the satisfaction of organized toilers. This we do not doubt since the

Governor set forth in plain English the duties and obligations of labor as defined by our Constitution. He said that every citizen has the right to sell his labor and that no law should be enacted which would permit organized labor to infringe that right. It is the theory of organized labor that a man who does not belong to a union has no right to sell his labor especially if some union has refused to supply the labor which he has to sell. In the circumstances it is obvious that Governor Gillett, in expressing sentiments inspired by the Constitution, not only failed to satisfy organized labor but actually incurred its displeasure. However we congratulate Governor Gillett, not on the soundness of his views respecting the rights and duties of capital and labor, for his loyalty to the Constitution is assumed, but on his timely utterance of them, it being important that the people of the State should know that he is not to be deterred from the performance of his duty by the casuistries of the promoters of industrial disturbances.

The Direct Primary

If organized labor was dissatisfied with the Governor's message what must have been the state of mind of the vociferous shouters for the Direct Primary when they read what our Executive had to say on that subject? The Direct Primary is the very latest prophylactic against one and all of the innumerable ills that threaten the disintegration of the body politic. It is designed to aid the dear people in getting control of a government which was created for them but out of which they have been swindled. It is the third barrel of the gun with which the people are to bring down the elusive millenium. The first barrel was the Australian Ballot which tore off only a few tail feathers. The second was the Initiative and Referendum the effect of which has not yet been fully ascertained. There are several other barrels in reserve. One is the Recall or Imperative Mandate and there is another called the Preferential System. If all these do not suffice there will be others forthcoming for we are now blessed with the activities of a little group of men known as "fundamental thinkers" who are "effecting forward movements and revolutionary changes" to secure for us the rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in the degree intended by the signers of the Declaration of Independence. They are pressing home upon the electorate "general vital truths." One of these truths is that representative government must be guarded against the machinations of selfish politicians. The Direct Primary which is now in vogue in some thirty odd States will, they tell us, destroy machine domination, but we have not yet heard of its bringing the people of any of the States in closer touch with their ideals. However the information we have received is as incomplete as that which Governor Gillett possessed when he wrote his message. He was somewhat frugal with his views, but confessed that the Direct Primary was entitled to respectful consideration. He wished it to be understood that while much can be said in favor of it, there are many good arguments made against it. Manifestly he is not prepared to stand with the "fundamental thinkers" who affirm the Direct Primary to be the vanguard of a new era of reform. A conservative man is our Governor, very unlike some statesmen we know who are inclined to scatter their wads of wisdom with the destructive profusion of a mitrailleuse.

Effect Of The Direct Primary

Town Talk is unalterably opposed to the Direct Primary System. Not even the advantages that are bound to accrue from the destruction of machine domination shall reconcile us to an innovation one of the tendencies of which is to destroy the character of the American Congress. None deplores more than we the corruption of legislatures in the interest of the plutocratic unfit by which the Senate is being invaded, but we deem it a matter of fundamental importance that the members of the Senate be as far removed from public clamor as the framers of the Constitution intended they should be. One of the purposes of the Direct Primary is to enable the people to dictate the selection of Senators, to render negligible the power vested in the legislature by the Federal Constitution, and such a consummation would in our opinion be fraught with the gravest dangers. Of course the advocates of the Direct Primary will tell us that this being a government by the people it is only proper that Senators should be chosen by direct vote of the people. But while this is a government by the people there are certain checks on the people and one of them is the division of legislative power as well as of other powers. Thomas Jefferson pronounced this a representative government, which it is, and there is a distinction and a difference between a representative government and Sovereignty of the People. Of that distinction and difference the framers of our Constitution were aware. They, too, were fundamental thinkers and they knew something of the philosophy of government. They knew that according to the principle of the Sovereignty of the People, absolute right resides with the majority and that from this principle follows the oppression of the minority; that Sovereignty of the People sees legitimate power in the multitude, whereas Representative Government sees it only in the reason to which the multitude ought to reduce itself. In other words the principle of Representative Government is in restraint of omnipotence, and it was the design of the framers of our Constitution to so regulate the power of the people as to prevent what is known as the dictatorship of the multitude, a dictatorship that is as transient as any other form of tyranny. They had not studied history in vain. They knew the history of the British Parliament and why it was divided into Chambers, why the Knights of the Shire were separated from the great barons. They knew, as Pascal has said that all unity that is not in multitude is in tyranny, and they gave

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KING SOLOMON'S HALL

Fillmore Street, Near Sutter. San Francisco

us a Lower and an Upper House of Congress, one whose members are subject to the whims of their constituents and the other whose members are chosen by a body of men to be selected for their capacity by the people. There is not in theory a vast difference between the two branches of our legislature but it has sufficed. The plutocrats have found a way to defeat the salutary designs of the fathers of the Republic, but the evil is not to be remedied by the Direct Primary. The system prescribed by the Constitution is at least conducive to a permanent government, the proposed innovation may lead to tyranny and dissolution. Perfection is the aim of human nature, but imperfection is its condition. Let us aim for perfection not through revolution, not by defying what history teaches us is inevitable but by constraining our servants to a more faithful performance of their duties. But above all things let us be frank with ourselves. There is no reason why we should seek by disingenuous methods to set aside the Constitution, for to amend it is our privilege. In the words of no less a counselor than Washington, uttered in his farewell message, "If in the opinion of the people the distribution or modification of the constitutional power be in any particular wrong let it be corrected by an amendment in the way in which the Constitution designates." That Washington was fearful of tinkering reformers is to be inferred from his words: "Toward the preservation of your government it is requisite to resist the spirit of innovation upon its principles however serious the pretext. One method of assault may be to effect in the forms of the Constitution alterations which will impair the energy of the system and thus to undermine what cannot be overthrown." There is something of the prophetic in those words, and there is much in that farewell message to assure us that Washington realized the importance of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power. Nor was Washington the only one of the founders of the Republic fearful of the spirit of innovation, and of the indirect method of attack. John Adams significantly affirmed his intention of being loyal to the Constitution until it "should be altered and in the mode prescribed in it." While agreeing with Governor Gillett that good arguments are made against the Direct Primary, we believe the least important of them are those that are addressed to its failure as a scheme for destroying machine domination.

Hearst and His Critics

Two very interesting and very significant utterances have come from W. R. Hearst since the inauguration of Governor Hughes, his late competitor for the suffrages of the people of New York. He has expressed himself as exceedingly gratified to find most of his pet measures advocated in the gubernatorial message to the Albany legislators, regarding this as a substantial triumph for the cause he championed at the last election. Also he has voiced his determination never again to be a candidate for any public office. He will devote himself henceforth, he says, to the promotion of the principles of the Independence League. "It seems to me," thus he phrases it, "that, as patriotic citizens, we need not care particularly what individuals put those principles and reforms into effect as long as they are actually being accomplished for the benefit of our fellow citizens." These sentiments have called forth nothing but incredulity and sarcasm from that preponderating element of the press which can see no good in Hearst and therefore takes occasion to impugn his motives no matter how praiseworthy may be the object of his endeavors. They now refuse to believe that Governor Hughes' advocacy of reforms which were mentioned in the platform of the Independence League can excite in Mr. Hearst's breast anything but the envious and chagrined feelings of one whose thunder has been stolen. They scout the idea that he has given up all hope of achieving the Democratic nomination for the presidency and pleasantly suggest that he is only suffering temporary discouragement due in part to the natural reaction following an unsuccessful campaign and in part to the fact that Hughes has recommended the passage of a law imposing a restriction on the amount a candidate may expend during his campaign. They draw Hearst's attention to the cheering reflection that such a law would not bother or hamper him in a presidential campaign, and that he might freely spend five times as many hundred thousands in striving for the presidency as he did when fighting for the governorship of New York. And they usually conclude with the kindly intimation that he would meet with about the same degree of success.

Hearst's Future a Puzzle

It would be obviously unfair for anyone intent on forecasting what the political future holds for W. R. Hearst to give more than passing notice to these ill-natured and wholly prejudiced comments. That Hearst is not entirely out of the presidential running just yet seems more than likely. For one thing he is lending comfort and encouragement to those Democratic congressmen who are trying to make Champ Clark minority leader of the House in place of John Sharp Williams, one of Hearst's bitterest enemies. But in this he may be actuated merely by a desire for revenge. There can be no doubt, on the other hand, that when Hearst expresses pleasure at Hughes' advocacy of his principles and says that these principles are more important than mere personalities, he speaks with sincerity and is entitled to respectful credence. He is only reiterating what he said at the beginning of the campaign to Lincoln Steffens. He told Steffens that it was his aim to restore Jeffersonian Democracy in this country; that he was running for office as part of that aim; but that if he could find men who would do what he was aiming to do, he would be content to stick to journalism and perform his part through the medium of his newspapers. He said that he was ambitious to be to this age what Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln were to their ages and that office-holding was merely incidental to the accomplishment of this ambition. In that interview Hearst impressed Steffens with his sober sincerity as well as with his strong individuality, and while the famous muckraker was of the opinion that he does not personify the modern American Democratic movement, cultivating, as he does, by means of his papers a class-consciousness among the proletariat, nevertheless it was his conviction that Hearst possesses qualities which make him a man to be reckoned with whenever he projects himself into the political movements of the age. So whether he runs for office or not W. R. Hearst's future will be well worth studying. It is as great a puzzle at the present time as the future of President Roosevelt; and it has possibilities not unlike those presented by the future of Bryan. Like the Nebraskan Hearst has grown more conservative with every defeat. Where he will eventually land none, not even himself, can say.

Dine with the best—Eat the best—Served by the best—At The Severn, 1050 Geary street.

The Noble Lover

The greatest love is the love that veils
A something from the common sight;
The love that loves and always fails
To bring to pass what others might.

That holds its image in a shrine,
A holy hidden sanctuary;
That makes the thing it loves divine
And loves to all eternity.

That does not touch but only longs
In loneliness its whole life thro';
And thinks good thoughts and writes bad songs,
Which lonely lovers always do.

The love that makes life happiness
If only love doth near abide,
And death itself hath no distress
If love die happy by his side.

—A. D. C.

Perspective Impressions.

If President Roosevelt erred in the Brownsville matter, at least he erred on the right side.

The impression appears to be spreading that after all the President's shoes encase feet of clay.

The Legislature being in session at Sacramento the police of San Francisco are enjoying a relapse from the strenuous life.

Now that the fight for Japanese Exclusion is on the California demagogue will be himself again. Julius Kahn is already writhing in the throes of solicitude for our firesides, and Mr. Hayes of San Jose is sweating blood in the agony superinduced by the fuliginous prospect confronting the workingmen of California.

It is said that Corey will be succeeded as President of the Carnegie Steel Company by a Mr. Dinkey—a name somewhat descriptive of the Corey personality.

The Electrical Workers' Union has applied for an injunction restraining the McCarthy Trades Council from suspending the union from membership. This implied approval of government by injunction is little short of treasonable.

Professor Robert Depouy says that in Berkeley patience and cigars are too often the only remedies against dullness. And yet Berkeley is popularly believed to be in intellectual ferment at all hours of the day and night.

"To what committee has that portion of the President's message about race suicide and divorce been referred?" was the facetious inquiry of the Hon. Champ Clark. To the Committee on Our Domestic Relations, we should say.

Though Arthur Matthews, in reprobating the Burnham plans for the beautification of the city, quotes Tolstoi to the effect that the best art is that which appeals to the greatest number of people, it must not be inferred that he acquiesces in that dictum of the eccentric Russian, who is more of an artist than a philosopher, but more of a demagogue than either. Mr. Matthews is too much of an artist to exaggerate the importance of mob criticism.



Advice From One Who Knows.

JOHN BULL (to King Leopold)—"Listen to me; I speak from experience. You cannot colonize a country properly except by morality. I repeat it, by morality."
—Amsterdammer.



In the Rubber Coils.

Scene—The Kongo "Free" State.
—Punch (London).

Snegourka

A Russian Myth of Winter and Summer

By The Allegorist

Ivan Ivanovitch and Marya his dear wife had spent half a lifetime together in warm love and sympathy. One great sorrow alone was theirs; no child had blessed their union. The sound of children's laughter and gay prattling in the neighboring huts had no echo in their home. Yet they sought comfort in the thought that this was surely the will and pleasure of God. Is not the whole earth His blessed creation? and in every step of his way man is led by God alone. The seasons came and went. Ivan and Marya were growing old. Another winter was at hand, and soon the fresh snowflakes of the year were falling round their hut. Silently husband and wife surveyed the merry children who trooped from every other door. In high glee the young ones started making a snow woman.

"Come, Marya," suddenly exclaimed Ivan, "let us help the children."

"So we will," she answered. Wrapped in their sheepskins, the old couple sallied forth. "We won't make a snow woman, though," remarked Marya, "but a little snow child—a snegourka." "Yes—yes, that's it, a snegourka," responded Ivan. Their snow doll was speedily fashioned. Its little head was complete with arms and legs and they were shaping its head. A group of delighted children clustered round them. And now the snow baby's nose and chin were formed, and its two round eye-holes already pierced. Ivan was intently carving its tiny mouth when he paused with a start. For from the little slit beneath his hand, it surely seemed to him as if something like a warm stream of breath was issuing. But no, it could not be; but yes, it was. From the Snegourka's mouth there was actually pouring a streak of living breath. Amazed and shuddering, Ivan stared at the snow doll—and yes, its hollow eye-sockets were filled with a pair of bright blue eyes, and, behold, its lips were slowly expanding into a smile!

"Heavenly Father," he whispered, awestruck—and he crossed himself devoutly—"look, look, Marya, what mystery is this?"

They clutched each other by the hand and peered at the little snow doll. As they watched it, its head moved, and it stretched its wee limbs with the pleasure of conscious life.

"Ah Ivan, Ivan, my husband," ejaculated Marya, "see God has at last sent us a child of our own"; and impatiently she pushed aside the bewildered crowd of boys and girls.

Gathering the little creature into her arms, she nestled it to her breast, brushing away every remaining vestige of snow from its tiny body. There was no doubt of it, it was a wee little living girl, perfect in shape and limb.

"Ah! my sweet innocent, my Snegourka," she repeated, and beside herself with joy she hurried into the warm hut, kissing her precious burden again and again. Ivan, however, shook his head perplexed and troubled as he slowly followed his excited wife. Within these four narrow walls there was indescribable rejoicing that night. The news of the wonder spread through the village. Young and old flocked to gaze upon the miraculous arrival. And Snegourka grew apace—so fast, each hour almost, that before the winter had sped she looked for all the world like a dainty little child of seven. Swift as her growth came also her gift of word and speech. Her voice was sweet and low, and her affectionate, innocent nature endeared her to all. Each day Marya loved and cherished her Snegourka more and more.

"See, Ivan," she would say, "after all God has given us comfort and joy in our old age."

To this her husband only answered gravely, "Here on earth no joy is lasting, but sorrow has no end."

The long winter gradually ebbed and waned. The sun's rays grew warmer. In the thawed fields the new corn was sprouting with a shimmer of fresh young green. And again the larks soared heavenward with rippling outbursts of song. Every living thing in God's wide earth was full of sap and tingling movement. And the village girls assembled joyously to sing their spring songs. But now Snegourka became curiously languid and silent. The faintest tinge of color faded from her cheeks; so white and transparent indeed was her skin, that her whole body might well have been without a drop of blood.

"What ails my darling?" reiterated Marya, caressing her treasure anxiously. "Art thou ill? has the evil eye looked upon thee?"

"I'm well, Matoushka," replied the child wearily, "only I feel numb and tired."

And now the trees were in their full summer garb. The steppes were fragrant with a thousand flowers. Through the short "white" nights of June the nightingales thrilled and sobbed forth their melancholy burdens of melody. Yet Snegourka still remained sad and solitary. Day after day they found her crouching in some shady nook. Like the lily-of-the-valley hanging its head beneath the forest pines, she appeared to shrink from the ardent sun. Her sole pleasure was to run to the spring under the yew trees in the garden, and there she would plunge her fragile hands in the clear cold water as if in a trance of ecstasy. Or when the twilight hour came she was evidently relieved and refreshed. Once when the sky darkened and a sharp hail-storm fell, she rejoiced as if the hail were a shower of precious pearls. "Oh, Matoushka, Matoushka," she repeated,

(Continued on Page 32.)

THE TAILORS

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The Transformation of Cordova

By Major Ben C. Truman

Cordova! Called by the Carthaginians the "Gem of the South"; and it is not improbable that during the zenith of its greatness it was the bright particular star in the Andalusian constellation, for in the 12th century Cordova was the capital of the Moorish dominion in Spain and contained more than a million people. It was founded by a Kaliph of intense energy and sentiment, with an ambition to make it a second or Western Mecca, and provide for a portion of the Pilgrimage. Bridges were thrown across the Guadalquiver, immense mills were erected up and down its banks, canals were constructed for purposes of baths and irrigation, houses were built and gardens were created for a number of miles in all directions; and in a remarkably short time nearly three hundred mosques had been magically raised in the name of the Prophet, a shoulder-bone of Mahomet had been brought here, and the recognition of a Branch Mecca had become a fixed fact. Indeed, the tented town on the banks of the Guadalquiver of the 8th century had spread rapidly over a great area; and mosques, caravanserai, baths and Mussulman homes dotted the landscape over until, at last, or until the 12th century, a million odd Mahommedans dwelt where only 46,000 inhabitants now remain.

It was very natural for such a community—one of the most populous if not the most populous in Moslemdom—to raise a temple that should tower above all others in magnificence, majesty and might; and in 786 was commenced that mosque whose interior is today the superbest, grandest and most impressive in the world, far-surpassing the most pretentious in Cairo and Constantinople—and this after the removal of 200 columns by the Catholic Bishop early in 1500, which act even displeased Charles the 5th, himself a notorious vandal. It has been stated, by the way, that Charles said to the Bishop, when the latter showed the King the gorgeous choir that had been substituted in the center of the mosque (now cathedral) from which the 200 marble columns had been taken, that he had only done there what he might have done elsewhere, and in so doing he had destroyed what was the most unique and beautiful in the world. And then Charles pitched in and did some acts of vandalism on his own hook; and then came a lot of French soldiers early in 1800 who committed further desecration. But there are enough columns remaining, crossing and recrossing in all directions, and yet running everywhere in straight lines, to amaze and entrance the beholder—and I am not so sure, by the way, that the Bishop did not add to the ensemble by his transformation of the center, for he has given the world one of its most elegant, beautiful and ornamental of all cathedral choirs and altars. Indeed, its gorgeous and artistic workmanship would be difficult of proper description. The extraordinary magnificence of the immense altar, the massiveness of the carvings throughout the choir, the enormous value of its paintings and sculpture, the preciousness of all its other adornings—a single solid silver lamp weighing nearly a quarter of a ton—must be left to the refulgence of a radiant imagination.

But I wander from the choir, and leave the eighteen priests, their half score of altar boys (two of whom are slyly indulging in cigarettes), the rare old organist, and just one worshiper (and she a sad-faced young woman, kneeling beside her dog), and again follow my garrulous guide around among the eight hundred odd picturesque columns, who shows me a thousand and one of the ravishing objects of this marvelous sanctuary, not the least of which are the mosaics, the marbles, the arabesques and the exquisite intermingling of old colors, mother-of-pearl, alabaster and gold. I had almost forgotten to mention that this mosque is 400 by 360 feet, and has a great tower nearly 300 feet high. Nearby is the garden of the Alcazar, with fish ponds and fountains, and oranges, pomegranates, palms, accacias, magnolias, roses, violets and ferns.

The Alcazar, even in its best days, was not at all so beautiful or so pretentious as that of Seville. It is only a short walk from the cathedral and was once the royal residence of Abdur-Rahman II and his successors; but it is now in a state of decay bordering on conditions of unrepair. It must have been at one time impressively massive in towers and walls. It is at present divided in two parts—the Alcazar Viejo and the Alcazar Nuevo. The former still exults in ancient baths and conduits, while the latter, which was for a long time the labyrinth of the Inquisition, is now the city prison. But the gardens revel in all the wealth of golden fruit and fragrance and semi-tropical bloom and foliage and much else that harmonizes with the moss-covered walls and crumbling columns adjacent.

There used to be as much a desire on the part of tourists to ascend the tower of Abdur-Rahman's mosque at Cordova as to climb the Giralda tower at Seville. I certainly should have toiled up the numberless steps of the dark, tortuous and crumbling staircase of the former, for the sake of the magnificent panorama of the city, with the placid waters of the Guadalquiver meandering adjacent and the lofty Sierra Nevada mountains touching the kissing heavens in the distance, had I not read a few days before how a Doctor Middleton of London had been compelled to kill a gypsy guide who had attempted to throw him from the top of the tower. Doctor Middleton's account was that when he had arrived at this point his sinister companion, pretending to quarrel, made a sudden attack upon him, presumptively with a view to robbery and murder, and that in self-defense, during the struggle he contrived to get out his revolver and shot his assailant dead. Save the bare fact that the man was subsequently found in this place dead and bleeding from a pistol-shot wound, the story necessarily rested upon the mere statement of the stranger; for, apart from the two principals, no human eye had rested on the deadly struggle. Dr. Middleton, however, lost no time in surrendering himself to the authorities, by whom he was promptly lodged in jail pending the necessary inquiries. Fortunately for him certain facts were

(Continued on Page 36.)

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Science and Marvels

By George Fittock

Whether or not, as suggested in Town Talk last week, the Bible is in itself a miracle, what has occurred in recent years to convict believers in the miraculous of feeble-mindedness? We hear a great deal about the proofs of Science, but what are the proofs of Science? The principal proof of Science, according to the average disciple of the modern pseudo Higher Critic, is that all religion is a bunko game. The average disciple of the pseudo Higher Critic derives his knowledge of the achievements of Science from the Sunday Supp. He will tell you that it has been ascertained that Mars is inhabited and that we have advanced so far as to know that the Biblical account of the Creation is entirely mythical. He would wax indignant if you told him that learned astronomers ridicule the suggestion that there is human life on Mars, or that paleontology has so far produced no proof to support the theory that man has developed from a prehistoric animal; that not a single fossil has been discovered either of the tertiary era or later, which could be interpreted as an intermediate form between the hypothetical ancestor of man and man himself. If Science has done anything it has strengthened the belief of intelligent people in the plausibility of the miraculous, for if by the miraculous we understand that which transcends the forces that come within the scope of Science we must acknowledge with Pasteur that even as to the operations of those forces which Science is able to follow, "everything is a miracle." Science is entirely ignorant of the elements upon which she has to work. She doesn't even know what the law of gravitation is. In the opinion of Sir John Herschel it is the mystery of mysteries fully as profound as the Trinity. Faraday pronounces it a paradox. What does Science know of the realities for which matter, force, ether, chemical reaction, electricity and magnetism stand? Absolutely nothing. From experience we know that the phenomena resulting from these agents are subject to certain laws, but how or why are problems that defy the pundits, the savants, the Higher Critics, the Rationalists and the Materialists. Yet they tell us that through physical phenomena alone, which are subject to observation and experiment, can any real knowledge be obtained, but no man of science pretends that we can hope to know or conceive of the possibility of knowing whence the mechanism of the world has come, why it is here or what there may be beyond it. I cannot see why the scientific attitude toward marvels or miracles should cause any uneasiness among religious people in an age full of the marvels of science notwithstanding the fact that a good deal of what used to be the marvelous has been dispossessed from its hold over the imaginations of men. In one view the marvels of nature are becoming more commonplace, but in another they haunt us with a perpetual mystery of the unseen. There has been a descrescendo of wonder as the inventions flowing from electrical devices have displayed themselves. Why? Because we have beforehand some definite religious conception of a divine person to which to refer those disclosures of higher physics, the truths of which cannot be expressed in terms of human emotion. Now, as to the man who loses patience with the believer in the miraculous, why lose patience with him? If he believes that Science has enclosed in the field of nature what has hitherto been regarded as supernatural then he is indeed pathetically credulous. If he repels the idea of miracles and laughs at the notion of evidence of them that is another matter. But it would be interesting to learn how he accounts for the vast tradition and testimony by which they are supported. If the Incarnation and Resurrection are baseless myths then there is nothing within the knowledge of man so marvelous as the hold which Christianity has upon the world. There is only one aspect of scepticism that I deplore and that is its tendency to develop into bigotry. Sceptics are too often intolerant of believers, and when they become intolerant they are bigots. They are fanatical adherents of the opinion that belief in what they reject as stupidity. Yet the average bigot of this species is a man afflicted with indefinite ideas to an abnormal degree. A man who permits himself to be carried away by indefinite ideas, who, for example gives reign to a prejudice against conclusions the falsity of which cannot be demonstrated, is an ass. There is one thing to be said for the man who believes in miracles, not the one who merely accepts them, but who is convinced that miracles have happened; he at least has definite ideas. He may suffer from excess of credulity but at any rate he has required testimony and weighed it. Possibly he accepted less than a congenital sceptic would demand, yet it is quite probable that he contrived to obtain more than the congenital sceptic would have the ingenuity to find. Bigotry has been called the appalling frenzy of the indifferent, and that definition is especially applicable to the modern smart student of the apocryphal scientific revelations supplied by the Sunday Supp. He is not at all certain what is right but as to what is wrong his infallibility transcends that of the Pope. He sweeps away the foundations of religion by assuming that they have no rational basis but he doesn't pretend to prove them illusory. Though Huxley and King Clifford repudiated the notion that the principle of Theism can be refuted by the data of science, this vague modern, who is more dregmatic than the Neo-Platonist philosophers or the sceptics of the Renaissance, will tell you there is a finality about science that sets at rest all speculation respecting the supernatural. He needs a guardian.

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The Spectator

How Resentment Is Stirred

Once more are we observing the tremendous effect of private grievances on public sentiment. While the city was merely a prey to the sordid and immoral influences of the Schmitz-Ruef combine there was no such thing as popular resentment of the amazing activities that engaged our attention. We accepted our fate with amiable complaisance. It seemed as though we rather admired the effrontery of the men whose pastime was to debauch and plunder. We never lost patience. All the forces of graft were unleashed and they never evoked a protest until the gaspipe thugs went maurauding and then the instinct of self-preservation asserted itself. Then was our majesty offended. Then did it cry aloud for vengeance. Oh, how virtuous we became under the impression that gaspipe and graft were synonymous! And now with the streets impassable owing to the preoccupation of the paragons of stupidity that are guiding the destinies of this wretched city, with horses succumbing to fatal conditions resulting from official negligence and merchants threatened with a shortage of merchandise the Administration is once more being anathematized and hope for the conviction of the city's despoilers waxeth strong. While it would be most unfortunate if teaming were entirely suspended on account of impassable streets, we might find solacement in the consequent incentive to the spirit of revolt against graft and ostentatious indecency. For if our merchants had to close their stores on account of empty shelves righteousness would become efflorescent in the mart. Civic Patriotism would thunder along Van Ness avenue and Fillmore street were a famine to occur in the clothing trade because Jim McNab declined to hazard his horseflesh in the treacherous thoroughfares. Fancy the state of mind of Rosenthal, the shoe dealer, who once had faith in Schmitz, if his stock of rubbers had been exhausted during the damp spell without a wagon in sight! Extremely improbable is it that he would think of Henry Ach, in the circumstances, as a good man for Mayor, though Henry was once his ideal for the job. That was when he was willing to sacrifice himself on the altar of patriotism by becoming a supervisor, feeling that our best citizens, himself among the number, should be willing to serve the community.

When Selfish Interests Weigh

The members of the Pacific-Union Club have not yet decided whether they shall buy the Flood property on Nob Hill or rebuild on the old site at Stockton and Post streets. But the question is soon to be settled. Opposition to the Nob Hill deal, I am told, is fostered by members who own property in the neighborhood of the old site. Their club enthusiasm is not sufficient to overcome their zeal for their private interests, and as they feel that their property would depreciate in value were the club to move to Nob Hill they are strongly in favor of building an imposing edifice at Post and Stockton streets. Meanwhile members of the Bohemian Club are working up a sentiment in favor of selling their lot on Post street and buying the Huntington lot on Nob Hill, adjoining the Flood property. The action of the Bohemian Club in this matter will be influenced no doubt by the decision of the Pacific-Union Club.

Why Lloyd Was Fired

One need go no further back than the recent set-to between the mayor and the relief corporation to explain why Reuben H. Lloyd was not allowed to succeed himself as Park Commissioner. Those who followed that dispute are not surprised that Kirkpatrick got the position which Lloyd has filled so creditably. When the mayor, in an effort to embarrass Phelan and Spreckels and the other relief men, had his everwilling supervisors pass an ordinance making it a misdemeanor to collect rent from refugees living on city property and Phelan wrote his honor an open letter explaining the conditions on which these so-called rents were collected as well as the hardship the ordinance would work, Lloyd had the effrontery (politically speaking) to back up the relief president in another open letter wherein were set forth facts not at all demonstrative of tender regard on Schmitz's part for the condition of park property. This was not all. There followed a meeting between the park commissioners and representatives of the relief corporation at which the mayor was present with several women refugees who told damning tales of persecution on the part of the relief officials. This meeting was held in Lloyd's office and again he had the effrontery to interfere with his honor's little game. He cross-examined the mayor's witnesses and quickly knocked their grievances into a cocked hat. With his pet refugees utterly discredited through their own admissions in answer to Lloyd's keen questions the mayor cut a sorry figure before the park commissioners and the relief committee. No wonder he took Lloyd's scalp at the first opportunity.

When Lloyd Laughed

Besides, Lloyd laughed most inopportunely during the course of that meeting and his ripples of mirth flowed directly toward the mayor. Among others whom Schmitz had mentioned as being badly treated by the relief officials he instanced the Lastro family. The Lastros, husband and wife, the mayor charged, had been evicted from their cottage for not paying the six dollars of rent so cruelly exacted by the grinding relief corporation. Lieutenant Scott, executive officer



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of the department of camps under Rudolph Spreckels, promptly stated that the Lastros were ordered from their cottage for disorderly behavior. Schmitz tried to turn the tables by proving that the relief officials were allowing many families to stay in the parks who were unworthy of assistance. "Why, in my rounds of the camp," he exclaimed, "I actually saw a piano in one of the cottages. A family that can afford a piano has no right in the camp." "That was the Lastro family," answered Lieutenant Scott; "they were the only ones who had a piano and they gave a big musical celebration when the law was passed against refugees paying rent." It was a hit, a most palpable hit and Reuben Lloyd could not restrain a chuckle of merriment. Everyone else joined in and the mayor sat glowering like an animal at bay. No doubt he would have liked to annihilate Scott and his superior Rudolph Spreckels on the spot, but as that was beyond his power he took his revenge on Lloyd instead.

Hart's Singular Valedictory

Jerome A. Hart is as mild a mannered man as ever flourished a blue pencil or manipulated public opinion, and therefore his noisy and somewhat theatrical relinquishment of the editorial tripod is little short of amazing. He was more sensational in severing his connection with the "Argonaut" than he ever was in maintaining it. The "Argonaut" under his management was one of the most decorous of magazines. It was distinguished for its moderation and equable temperament, qualities of preeminent importance. Mr. Hart was never hysterical, but he was often convincing, and it never occurred to me that his pen lacked intrepidity, yet he confesses that one of his reasons for selling his paper is that he differs from President Roosevelt. If I were not convinced of his veracity I should yield to incredulity. But in accepting Mr. Hart's explanation I stand aghast at his scrupulosity, for he conceives it to be his duty either to accept Mr. Roosevelt's usurpation of power or to remain silent. Underlying this conception of duty is a principle that would evoke the rapturous applause of an Ethical Society, but in the Fourth Estate it will provoke a smile. Whoever heard of an editor quitting his job for the reason given by Mr. Hart? Never before that I know of has it been suggested that a Republican editor has no right to reprobate a Republican President, who, in his opinion, has been false to Republican principles. Never before have I heard it suggested that the principles of a President are necessarily the principles of his party. As a matter of fact it remains to be seen whether President Roosevelt's principles are the principles of his party, and such indications as are given by Senatorial utterances warrant the prediction that the next Republican convention will repudiate many of Mr. Roosevelt's theories of government. In all the circumstances I should think that so zealous a Republican as Mr. Hart would conceive it to be his duty to keep his tripod warm and endeavor with subtle pen and the persuasive logic in which he is fertile to guide the destinies of his party into safer hands than those to which of late they have been entrusted. But, as the proverb says, the strong man and the waterfall channel their own path. Far be it from me dogmatically to insist that in the higher ethics beyond my ken, there is not justification for Mr. Hart's abandonment of the field he has so long adorned. Peradventure Mr. Hart is a Savonarola of journalism, hinting at the decadence of the profession. Mayhap his valedictory is a thrilling challenge to the easy conscience of a perverted press.

The New Editor

Bereft though the local field of journalism is of one of its most distinguished products it is pleasant to know that the old "Argonaut" has fallen into safe and sane hands. Mr. Alfred Holman, the new proprietor, is a gentleman and a scholar, a man of the same fine qualities of heart and mind that graced his predecessor. He is an experienced journalist, but not I hope an exponent of so hard a gospel as that preached by Mr. Hart in his farewell sermon. He is the fourth editor that the "Argonaut" has had. The paper was founded in 1877 by Frank M. Pixley and the Fred M. Somers, who afterward founded "Current Literature." Mr. Hart became managing editor of the paper in 1879 and has been active in the management ever since.

A Model For the Priesthood

Great though the services were that Archbishop Montgomery rendered during his life, it was from his death that this community derived its greatest gain. For Archbishop Montgomery was no ostentaious performer in the vineyard of the Lord. Nor is it within human power to exercise so signal and widespread an influence as that which impresses itself upon a large community when a truly good man by his death stirs such emotions as were given expression by word and action when the soul of the Rev. George Montgomery took flight. His deeds were a continual stimulant and encouragement for those that had the soul to recognize their worth; they were lights that illumined the moral atmosphere around them, but they had not the penetrating power with which they were endued by the hand of death. Archbishop Montgomery was known to many who had not the good fortune to closely observe his conduct and discern his motives, as an ordinary clergyman; by the few he was recognized as a representative of that class of men from which flows the true life blood of the nation. Most inspiring is the effect of the death of such a man, for nothing could be more salutary than the plunging of a whole community into mourning for one who leaves behind the example of a stainless life, of a great, honest, pure and noble character, a model for all clergymen to form themselves by. Many clergymen affirmed the nobility of Archbishop Montgomery's character, but it was reserved for Bishop Conaty to dwell upon the most beautiful traits of his nature. "He was a minister of the peace of God," said Bishop Conaty; "he never allowed the bitterness of controversy to alienate friendship or increase the difficulties of truth. His faith in human nature never diminished. There was no meanness nor

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pettiness in his character. His word was cheer and joy to all who heard it." Bishop Conaty might truthfully have added: "He did not believe in censure or condemnation, but in the persuasiveness of example. He never stigmatized men for their imperfections of character, for he recognized the frailty of all, and he realized that the obligations of the priesthood were deeper and greater than those of the laity. With him freedom from wrathful sentiment was not the result of discipline. It was the spontaneous fruit of a generous nature.

The Mining Club

The big mining man's club foreshadowed in Town Talk, last summer, has now advanced so far out of the field of conjecture as to be a thing of tangible plans and specifications. Reid Brothers of this city have been commissioned to produce the architectural plans that will house the new club in royal fashion. Gutzon Borglum, who made the Mackay statue of the Nevada School of Mines, and who has been commissioned by Congress to superintend the mural decorations of the National Capitol will be assigned the task of planning the interior decorations. The new association will consist of one thousand members; the membership fee will be one thousand dollars each, and the annual dues two hundred and fifty dollars. The members will be selected from the cream of the big mine owners, mining engineers, brokers, promoters and the like, men of unimpeachable probity of character and financial responsibility, whose word is their bond in any financial transaction. Back of the movement and animating it is the idea to form an association that will be recognized all over the world as the highest type and authority of its kind in the mining world, an association whose endorsement of a legitimate mining scheme will be the sine qua none of its commercial character. All this is in line with the prognostication that in the near future the Pacific Slope is to witness the greatest era in mining activity that the world has ever seen and that San Francisco is to be the Mecca of the mining giants who are to handle the immense output of the precious metals. As the present plans go this new mining club is to become their home.

Joseph T. Goodman

The readers of Town Talk have a great treat in store for them. For next week will begin in the columns of this paper a series of humorous mining camp sketches by Joseph T. Goodman. The intrinsic merit of these sketches is not all that should appeal to the reader. There is something in the personality of the author that should awaken a sentimental interest, and at the same time, knowledge of the authorship should inspire the reader with a sense of the realities from which the color of the pictures of mining camp life is derived. But perhaps the name of Joseph T. Goodman is unfamiliar to many of the readers of Town Talk. Perhaps many of those to whom it is familiar will doubt that I refer to the writer whom they have in mind. Many years have elapsed since Joseph T. Goodman contributed to the public prints, but the founder of the old Territorial "Enterprise" of Virginia City, is still among the living, not the aggressively living, (for it is in Alameda that he makes his home) and though a gentleman of leisure, he spends a good deal of time on a work that has occupied his attention many years, the interpretation of the Mayan inscriptions of Central America.

When He Edited the "Enterprise"

The Territorial Enterprise was published from 1858 until 1893, and when it suspended publication Arthur McEwen wrote for the Examiner a sketch of its career which contained the following reference to Mr. Goodman: "Of the life of audacious gayety and gambling the Enterprise was a mirror. It was a Comstocker to the backbone. Money poured into its safe, and the owners of that safe were gentlemen who knew how to spend its contents for their own delectation and the good of the town. Joseph T. Goodman, the principal proprietor and controlling editor, was a young man of distinct gifts. A poet of imagination, a dramatic critic, a playwright and a writer of leaders that had the charm of entire freedom from every restriction save his own judgment of what ought not to be said. Everything from his pen possessed the literary quality. Original, forcible, confident, mocking and alive with the impulses of an abounding and generous youth, the Enterprise was to Goodman a



Joseph T. Goodman

safety valve for his ideas rather than a daily burden of responsibility. He hired Rollin M. Daggett to do the editorial drudgery—Daggett, famous then for scissors and seven-up and since Congressman and Minister to Hawaii. To Daggett was left the solemn duty of writing or stealing the necessary, the perfunctory editorials, while Editor Goodman was off criticising the show and banqueting the actors afterward, or constructing a poem, or sharing in the easy converse of the Washoe Club. But if Editor Goodman became seized of an idea that needed expression, if somebody must be roasted, a corrupt judge driven from the bench, the Republican party ordered to adopt or abandon a policy, Editor Goodman attended to the agreeable function himself. There never has been a paper like the Enterprise on the Coast since and never can be again—never one so entirely human, so completely the reflex of a splendid personality and a mining camp buoyant life."

Dr. J. Dennis Arnold

Has resumed practice at 2295 Franklin Street.

He Discovered Mark Twain

"An unknown nobody of a miner," wrote McEwen, "over at Aurora sent in items occasionally. He had humor in him and Goodman offered him a salary to come over and assist Dan Quille as a reporter. He came. It was Clemens—Mark Twain. Than Goodman and Twain no man could be more unlike outwardly. The first was handsome, gallant, self-reliant, but not self-conscious, vehement of speech and swift in action. (He called out the silver-tongued Tom Fitch, then an editor, and shattered his knee with a pistol ball, for instance, in return for an unpleasant article that appeared in the course of a controversy.) Clemens was sloth-like in movement, had an intolerable drawl, and punished those who offended him by a long-drawn sneering speech. But the two were alike at bottom in one thing—both were genuine, and had the quality of brain that enables one man to understand another of opposite temperament and manner. They soon became friends." And they are friends to this day.

Bergin's Poor Memory

It is a tradition that lawyers make poor witnesses. That this is true was illustrated in the United States Circuit Court last week during the trial of the suit that Thomas Bergin, the attorney, has brought against a British fire insurance company. The lawyer for the welcher, one Van Ness, was putting Bergin through a cross-examination, and was trying to ascertain what time the latter left his residence for his office on the morning of April 18th. Bergin was as ummanageable as a man who had never seen the inside of a court room before. "What time did you leave your house?" asked the lawyer. "Well," said Bergin, "I will explain that. I—" "Explanations are not what I want," said the cross-examiner. "All I want is a plain, straightforward answer to my question." This Bergin seemed unable to give, and after a lot of parrying, in which he insisted in telling things in his own way, a privilege which was denied him, Bergin said he did not remember what time he left for downtown. He insisted that he could not even approximate the time. When asked if it was before noon he said a little testily that of course it was. Through a long course of questioning, the succession of statements was elicited that he left home before eleven, before ten, before nine, before eight. He then acknowledged that the time was after seven, and finally that it must have been about half past seven. There was no reason on earth for dodging the issue. For that matter nothing was to be gained by asking the questions. They had no more bearing on the case than Bergin's breakfast menu on that disturbed and uproarious morning. It is merely illustrative of the quibbling by which lawyers seek to impress their clients and the spectators with a sense of their thoroughness and acuteness. Bergin, who wears a Horace Greeley beard, is an attorney of the old school, and was a partner of Hall McAllister. In the old days they had a very large share of the big cases, Bergin doing the work attending their preparation, and McAllister drawing tears from the juries. Garret McEnerny is Bergin's attorney in the case under discussion. A candidate for the jury box, being asked if he knew either the plaintiff or his attorney, said that while he had only a nodding acquaintance with them, he considered them the leading lights of the San Francisco bar. Van Ness took on a reflective air, Bergin looked not at all surprised, while McEnerny said: "You'd better reserve your opinion until you see how this case turns out."

But Let Us Hope Not

The labor baptism of a Chicago infant whose life was dedicated to the cause of organized toil under the auspices of the Allied Printing Trades Council of that city, gives us pause and causes us to ponder the potentialities of this phase of union fanaticism. In the olden times religious mania found vent in frenzied nomenclature. Thereafter it was not unusual to make the acquaintance of Increase and Multiply Jones or Praise God lest Ye be eternally Damned Brown or Lamentations of Jeremiah Smith. So why may we not, since history repeats itself, expect to meet some day, Look for the Union Label O'Toole, Patronize Fair Houses Duflicker and Down with the Citizens' Alliance Mazzoni.

When Labor Unions Fall Out

In contrast with its highfaulting utterances stands unionism as it is practiced. There are even now several hundred high class mechanics in San Francisco, who served long apprenticeships in England and Scotland, members of an international union affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, as well as several hundred members of an American Union, who, through the action of the local Building Trades Council are denied the right to earn a living. Matters have reached such a pass that open war is apt to result between the Building Trades and the Labor Council, whose rival union of steam fitters is treated as a "scab" organization by the followers of P. H. McCarthy. Both unions are branches of the American Federation and are in equal good standing. There are half a dozen rival carpenters unions working in harmony in the Building Trades alone, yet in order to hog all of the jobs the plumbers belonging to the Building Trades have refused to work along side of the Labor Council pipe fitters. A few days ago bricklayers, carpenters and hod carriers struck on a new laundry building because Labor Council men were installing the machinery. The result may mean the formation of a rival building trades council and a union war—in which the common people may get their dues.

THE ORIGINAL VIENNA BAKERY AND CAFE

These sharp days give one an appetite, and an excellent place to satisfy that is The Original Vienna Bakery and Cafe at 1226 Post Street, or its branch on Van Ness, near Geary. Here the best in the market is daintily served, and also the finest pies, cakes, bread and pastry can be bought.

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May Command The Nebraska

The relief of Captain C. P. Perkins by Captain James H. Bull in the command of the naval training station at Goat Island indicates that Perkins is slated for a command at sea, his tour of sea duty being now due. The rumor has it that he will have the battleship Nebraska, recently built at the Moran Bros. shipyard in Seattle, and nearly ready for commissioning. The Nebraska will be the finest and most formidable man-of-war on the Pacific Coast when fitted out, but it is the intention of the Navy Department to send her to the Atlantic at an early date, which means that Captain Perkins and his family will bid adieu to San Francisco's social world. Captain Perkins was widely criticised during the day of the earthquake last April for not making special efforts to lend assistance to the stricken city. It appears, however, that Perkins was in a peculiar position. Most of the men under his command at the training station are young, erratic boys in their "teens," who, if they had been sent to San Francisco during the exciting, disordered times, might have gotten beyond control and might have done more harm than good. Perkins therefore decided to send only his older men, as many as could be spared. He also sent the tug Vigilant and quite a supply of much needed articles. When the Navy Department had investigated his conduct, it was satisfied that there was little ground for the criticisms, and the matter was accordingly dropped.

From Stage To Peerage

In the dispatches last week brief mention was made of the death of the wife of the Earl of Clancarty. Her death evidently caused much less of a sensation than her marriage, for when the lady, who was Belle Bilton, a London music hall dancer, married the Viscount Dunlo, eldest son of the Earl of Clancarty, the titled aristocracy of England threw a conniption fit and the London press made almost as much fuss over the event as was subsequently made over General Buller's fiasco in South Africa. Belle Bilton attracted no attention as a song and dance artist until after her marriage, when the curiosity of fashionable folk was piqued. And a little later she became a great drawing card because of the notoriety resulting from an action for divorce. Her husband named Isidor Wertheimer, a young bric-a-brac dealer, as co-respondent. The trial proved a farce as Lady Dunlo proved conclusively that the charges against her were untrue. At the conclusion of the trial Lord Dunlo took his concert hall bride in his arms and asked to be taken back. He said he brought the action because his father had cut him off on account of his marriage. All this served to get Belle talked about, and London fell all over itself in crowding stuffy music halls to see her dance and sing in an absurd burlesque called "Venus" that would have needed the protection of a net in some parts of this country. Belle Bilton, however, was making $500 a week, a remarkable salary for her kind at that time in London, and drove to and from the theatres in the gaudiest turnouts ever seen in the city. When her titled husband wasn't handy young Wertheimer rode in the tawdry equipage with the singer, and some folks were mean enough to refer to the divorce proceedings as a "put up job." When the Earl of Clancarty died in 1891 Belle Bilton became a peeress and retired from the music hall stage. Four children, three boys and a daughter, were born to the Earl of Clancarty and his music hall bride.

Oakland's Trade Worth While

Ever since the fire San Francisco and Oakland have been entering into closer commercial relationship, and from present indications it will not be long before the two communities will be very much of the same temperament. It is one thing for a city to achieve metropolitan proportions and quite another for it to divorce itself from its village conscience and parochial complexion. Los Angeles illustrates my meaning in that it has grown without becoming in spirit and temperament anything more than a big, prosperous, thriving, bustling village. It has all the elements of a city save that imponderable quality vaguely described as the metropolitan air, which bears the same relation to communities that style does to women. And that is the thing that Oakland is getting. San Francisco had it before she was as big as Los Angeles and she has been communicating it to the town over the bay along with some of her population. You see it in the cafes and in the stores, and you sense it in the newspapers. San Francisco merchants have discovered that there are good spenders in Oakland and several of them have decided that the trip from Oakland to Van Ness Avenue is more than a customer should be expected to make. So they are going to open stores on the other side of the bay. Roos Brothers, the Emporium, S. N. Wood & Co. and several others are reported to have negotiated for leases along Broadway, and it wouldn't surprise me to hear that some of the Oakland merchants decided to return the compliment by bidding for San Francisco trade. Taft & Pennoyer have been getting trade from this city for many years and could easily cut into the dry-goods business in San Francisco. O'Neill & Embree, the haberdashers, who revealed to Oakland the fact that a man with a high priced scarf is more than half-dressed, intend opening a store in this city, but they are not to be lured away from Oakland. Meanwhile rents along Broadway are on the

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burning wing, and the financial outlook is so good that the Wells Fargo Nevada National bank people are talking of opening a branch East of Goat Island.

The Intolerant Faddist

London vegetarians and slim diet faddists have held a mass meeting for the purpose of severely denouncing Professor William D. Haliburton. The professor's crime was that he differed from them and was rather disposed to joke at the expense of vegetarians and no-breakfast fiends. Such is the intolerance of food faddists. Professor Haliburton, although an eminent man, has no patience with people whose notions of diet differ from his. The people he criticised have as little patience and less sense. There is no harm to the community in people going without breakfast if they want to, and they may have fried sawdust for luncheon and raw tripe for dinner, if their appetites incline in that direction, without any injury being done to the world in general. But, not satisfied with having their own way, they want every one to follow their example. I have known only one exception, but he was such an extremist that he probably had no hope of making converts. His regular breakfast was buttermilk, bread and butter and syrup. But while faddists din and bore and preach about what they eat, insisting that what agrees with them should agree with every one else, people who eat normally have a contempt for faddists which they are not slow to express. Why not let people eat what they like? Let the vegetarians and one-meal-a-day fiends pursue their starving way in peace—if only they will keep still about it. All should remember Jack Spratt, whose aversion to fat gained him immortality through the medium of Mother Goose, and his wife, whose dislike for lean earned her equal glory. If Jack had attempted to convert his wife to the lean theory, or had she tried to make him fond of fat, the storied platter might have been shattered instead of licked clean.

Made Millions Inside a Year

Mining men the world over are discussing the exceedingly rich Hayes-Monnette lease which has just expired on the famous Mohawk mine in Goldfield. The lucky lessees took $5,000,000 out of half an acre of ground since the eventful earthquake last April. The day before the quake, April 17, they made their first little shipment of ore. It netted them $25,000, the sum they had paid for their entire lease of sixteen months. Their last shipment to the Selby Smelter, on last week's clean up, netted them one million dollars. The day before the big fire, last April, Mohawk stock was selling for less than 20 cents a share. This week it is quoted at $17.75.

The Luck of Four Cattlemen

It all sounds very much like a tale out of the Arabian Nights now. But ten months ago it seemed a very cold, hard mining proposition to Hayes-Monnette and the two men they subsequently drew into the lease with them, Smith and Benedict. All four of them were cattlemen. Monnette had once been a miner. He took a trip to the Goldfield diggings just to see what was doing. He saw his fill and was starting home when he ran against his old friend Hayes. Hayes, among other trivial things, told him of a lease he had recently acquired on a hole in the ground called Mohawk. He invited Monnette to go in with him on the proposition. Monnette looked the prospect over and said, no. Later he started back home but when

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he got as far as San Francisco the Hayes proposition, which had been rolling over in his mind, had gained such headway that he wired back to Hayes to meet him at once in Truckee with the necessary papers to form the partnership.

Lassoed By Fortune

The two men, full of ardor, flung themselves into the Mohawk shaft. But as the days passed headway seemed to get harder and the funds in their pockets certainly grew lower. The future began to look blue. One day along came a friend, John Smith, who had a lease somewhere else. He began to brag about his holding and ended by dragging Monnette over to inspect it. At the shaft they found Harry Benedict who had gone in with Smith on the deal. A long colloquy over leases and mines ended in Smith and Benedict going over to examine the Mohawk prospect. Hayes and Monnette took advantage of their visit to prevail on them to join in the lease. They declined and started back home. Singularly enough on the way they were racked with the same uncertainty that had afflicted Monnette. The result was that when they reached Mina they wired back: "Changed our minds; count us in on the lease."

Tapped The Richest Shoot In History

The term of the lease was sixteen months and the lessees plugged away six months before they caught a gleam of light. Several times it was tip and toss whether or not to drop the whole thing. Then came the first discovery, No. 60 ore on the 150 foot level, a big find in those days, April 15, three days before the big quake. But they had tapped the richest bit of ground of its extent ever worked in mining history. The farther they went the richer it grew. Their biggest output for one day was $60,000; the highest assay was $100,560; the greatest select assay was $268,000 and the largest production for any one month was in October last when they took out $1,300,000. The general run of ore was $400 to the ton by the car. During the past few months the four owners had 130 miners working day and night for they were anxious to get out every pound of ore possible before the lease expired on January 7. Bare facts these but they tell the story of four lucky cattlemen who drifted into Goldfield looking for prospects and made over a million dollars each within a year. There are thousands of others on the ground now all looking for Mohawks.

Science vs. Sentiment

Every little while something occurs to make us wish that the Society for the Suppression of Butters-in would take some of our local charities in hand. These occurrences are generally due to the substitution of intellect for heart, and system for compassion—"scientific charity" the faddists call it. Yet in the King James Bible the word charity must be construed as love, as every Sunday-school boy knows. The other day a little waif of doubtful nationality was up in court. He had been given by unscientific charity workers to a well-to-do and semi-Americanized Chinese family for adoption in the belief that he was part Chinese. In its Chinese home, the baby was attended in its little illnesses by an American physician and received the tender care and loving attention usually bestowed only by affectionate parents on their offspring. At the end of thirteen months, science stepped in and wrested the infant from its foster parents filling


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them with unspeakable sorrow. System said that baby was not of Chinese origin, but was perhaps a mixture of Portuguese or Mexican with Indian. Precedent should therefore turn the infant over to the charities, where it might be placed with Portuguese-Indians. This would be the proper classification. Besides, the Chinese might easily obtain another infant undisputably of their race for adoption. But fortunately in the Judge's scale of justice, Chinese tears outweighed dehumanized sociology.

Writing Her Way Around the World

Mrs. Elizabeth Gregory, the newspaper woman who has just created such a stir in Kalamazoo by flatly refusing to attend prayer meetings in one of the local newspaper rooms, is well known here for her independent, self-willed character. Her life has been a checkered one, full of all sorts of strange experiences even for a roving newspaper woman, and a roving newspaper woman she is, every inch of her. She is the widow of a well known Kentucky newspaperman. During his last sickness she helped him with his work and thus learned the rudiments of the business. After his burial she decided to see the world. She had no funds but experience had already taught her that lack of funds is of small matter when one has ideas. She went to the editor of the paper where her husband had been employed, told him her plans and he assisted her northward by giving her transportation and an assignment to do some important work in the Wisconsin lumber camps which were then being cleaned up by the lumber kings preparatory to their recent descent on the Pacific Northwest.

Came Back for the Big Quake

That was her first flight. She zig-zagged across the Canadian border, stopping in all the interesting towns and paying her way by work done on the local papers. In this same way she saw the big cities of the Northwest, remaining longest in Seattle. From there she came to this city, about a year before the quake. She worked on the papers here till she decided that she had seen enough of the bay cities and then she struck out for Los Angeles and the picturesque Indian villages in Arizona and New Mexico. All the while she carried a note book in which she skeletonized likely stories and worked them up for publication at opportune times. As her luck would have it she got back here in time to get the extraordinary experience of the big earthquake and the fire. As she expressed it she was always lucky in catching big things, and she was a veritable Hetty Green in getting cash values for them. Instead of lounging about and moaning "Isn't it perfectly dreadful," among a lot of skirted refugees, she wired all the stories of the disaster that her Eastern papers would take, gathered up a valise full of notes and scrambled East as far as a free refugee pass would carry her in those days.

Always the Storm Centre

And now she's the storm centre of indignation in Kalamazoo. I wonder if she went there filled with curiosity to see if the town looked like its name? She follows her fancy and you are as likely to hear of her in Oostioog Veleeke tomorrow for as good a reason. She is self-willed enough to defy all the ministers and all their tradition in Kalamazoo just as she did the military during the period following the big fire in

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this city. At that time she invaded places and defied orders while hunting stories in a way that almost snapped the temper of many officers. Her sex saved her every time as she knew it would with Private Brass Buttons and Captain Shoulder Straps. The ministers in Kalamazoo are running a paper there this week on which Mrs. Gregory is employed. They are striving to conduct it along religious lines, and in order to practice what they preach they have issued an edict that the editorial staff must report each afternoon for prayers. Mrs. Gregory has steadfastly kept away from these editorial prayer meetings. Her act at once evoked special attention as she is the one who regularly reports the religious meetings for the paper. The ministers cannot understand how she can report religious meetings and not catch the fever of religion. It is very evident that they do not know Mrs. Gregory. And it is also very evident that when the excitement of the affair is over she will have enough stories and enough notes covering it to yield a very pretty trip around Europe. As she said as she hurried from here after the earthquake: "Keep moving and you're sure to strike something big. Watch me scoop 'em."

His Past Performance

Paymaster George Martin Lukesh of the navy, now under arrest at the Mare Island navy-yard, charged with drunkenness and other scandalous conduct, has not the most creditable of records to fall back on in the present emergency. Indeed this is not his first transgression of the proprieties that obtain in our navy. About five years ago, when he was attached to a ship on the Asiatic station, he misapprehended the nature of an entertainment given to the American officers, and being under the impression that it was a bacchanalian revel, he pulled out the puritanical stop and raised Cain in the presence of ladies unaccustomed to anything more demoralizing than an Oolong debauch. What Lukesh did on that occasion I should blush to tell. Or at least I should blush to repeat the minute description of his performance with which I have been regaled. Suffice it that at the court-martial which followed there was a shortage of testimony owing to the circumstance that the civilian witnesses were averse to being involved in the unpleasantness. There is a story current in the navy that the ladies were in great distress at the prospect of being called upon to supply a narrative that would do justice to the officer's red, white and blue performance. In consequence of this modesty Lukesh was found guilty of only enough to justify a public reprimand by the Secretary of the Navy, and at general muster, on every ship of the navy, and at every naval station, the story of his highly indecorous stunt was read in general orders. It spread a blush over the whole navy and thereafter Lukesh was consigned to coventry. Not long ago he was coldbloodedly snubbed in a local club by a lieutenant in the navy. Officers of the navy have been watching for him and they appear to have caught him.

Formality Resented

The newspaper boys are laughing over an episode in which Van Smythe, a new reporter on the "Call," was one of the chief actors. Smythe is an Englishman and has not been here long enough to become thoroughly acquainted with our customs. He was sent to see Judge Graham the other day and invested the visit with far

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more ceremony than would be employed by an American reporter. Instead of simply "dropping in" on his honor he went to Bill Kennedy, the bailiff of the court, and handing him his card, said: "Say, my man, will you please take my card to the magistrate." Now it may be that the bluff Bill resented the "my man," or it is possible that he was foggy as to what a magistrate is. At any rate he took offense and consigned the Englishman to a region far warmer than his own London. Smythe thinks that our courts totally lack dignity and the other reporters are disposed to laugh at his attitude. For my part, I think that Smythe is entirely right. There is far too much informality among our judges, and they allow familiarities that an occupant of the bench should not tolerate. As a consequence, the judiciary receives little respect—as much, though, as it demands. I remember that many years ago Judge Campbell, who received much notoriety through the broad witticisms he delivered from the bench, had a girl arrested for shouting "Hello Judge" to him as he passed along the street. She was some trull who had been before him for vagrancy and who on such occasions was the subject of his witticisms. She did not suspect him of having any dignity and consequently saw nothing wrong about her public salutation of him. And, considering the circumstances, neither should I. Undignified judges cannot complain of lack of respect when their attitude does not inspire it.

Devlin's Lost Shears

United States District Attorney Robert T. Devlin and his assistants are in disgrace with the Government. There is no danger that they will lose their official heads, but there is a big, black mark against them that nothing less than months of faithful service will wipe out. They have been careless enough to lose two pairs of office shears belonging to Uncle Sam, and our uncle wants to know how and why. Considerable official correspondence has passed back and forth regarding this loss of seventy cents worth of supplies, and the Government has finally been persuaded that the earthquake is responsible. It was before the earthquake that Devlin informed the supplies department at Washington that his office was in need of seven pairs of shears. In time they were forthcoming, and in the next semi-annual inventory of office supplies sent to Washington the seven pairs of shears were duly mentioned. When the next inventory was forwarded mention was made of only four pairs of shears. In due time came a letter from the Attorney-General's department, in which it was stated that the absence of three pairs of shears was noted. "You had seven pairs," said the letter. "Now you have only four. What has become of the other three? Please advise this office at once." The letter was written more in sorrow than in anger, nevertheless it was imperative. So the office force went on a wild hunt for shears. One pair was found, leaving two missing. This startling intelligence was communicated to Washington, and the opinion was respectfully hazarded that the earthquake might have shaken them out the window or that, in the confusion attending the calamity, the office force not being able to exercise its regular vigilance, and many strangers being in town, there was a bare possibility that they might have been stolen. The Government shook its head doubtfully, then remembering what a bad city San Francisco is, how it elects grafters to office and is rude to Japs, the conclusion was reached that our inherent wickedness was responsible.



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Social Prattle

By Tantalus

A Rumored Engagement

Softly rippling over the waves that splash between us and Oakland comes the news that the announcement of an engagement may be expected any day. When it comes it will arouse more interest than is ordinarily evoked by bulletins of similar import from Cupid's Court. For the news that is promised in this instance will engage the attention not only of society but also of the financial world, the gentleman to be felicitated being none other than Mr. Frank M. Smith, the borax king and the wizard whose magic wand has transmitted many a doubtful substance into the stuff that glisters and is gold. Partly through a desire to fillip the curiosity of my readers and mainly because I am reluctant, despite the softness of the impeachment, to ascribe without authority matrimonial intentions to a lady, I will refrain from putting the name of the rumored fiancee of the distinguished Oakland millionaire into print. Suffice it that she is a very sweet and cultured young woman well qualified in every respect to impart dignity and grace to the artistic home of Oakland's foremost citizen. Last week Mrs. Frank C. Havens gave a delightful dinner in honor of Mr. Smith, the pretext being, so it was said, his impending departure on a pleasure trip to the West Indies. I half suspect that it was also in honor of the bride-to-be, for she was among those present. Why the engagement was not then and there announced, I know not, but I am told it will not be long delayed. Nay, it may precede the appearance of this paragraph, for it is only Monday and many things may happen before the end of the week.

Such a Coincidence!

Society is not suffering the blight of a common interest. Indeed so diametrically opposed are most vested interests that the hostess has to juggle her guest list with rare diplomacy to keep the atmosphere above frappe point. The semblance of intrigue which is now given to the most commonplace action has banished ennui. Women love the spice of harmless intrigue and the fact that So and So no longer speaks to This or That person only adds zest to gathering them all under one roof and turning on the electric currents. Perhaps the most difficult situation to handle is when Thornwell Mullalley and the Rudolph Spreckels foregather. The popular manager of the United Railways is very attentive to Miss Virginia Joliffe, Mrs. Spreckels' sister, and as I have heretofore intimated there are circumstances that tend to keep Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Mullally apart. However the Herbert Moffitts are very friendly with the interesting, handsome and popular young railroad magnate, and the other night just as a theatre party was being made up with Mr. Mullally as one of the number, a call was made for the services of Dr. Moffitt, who by the way, is one of the most brilliant and successful of our young medical scientists. His services are very much in demand but on this particular evening it was an odd coincidence that they should be required by none other than Francis J. Heney. Verily we live in a very small community.

Some University Music

One of the best musical performances in many a long day was the Chopin recital given last Sunday by Eula Howard, one of the pianists of the Mansfeldt Club, at Hearst Hall, Berkeley. The recital was to have come off in the Great Amphitheatre, but the inclement weather necessitated the change of place. Miss Howard has on former occasions been referred to in these columns as a player of true musical insight, but her playing on Sunday showed wonderful improvement. She is now a real artist, and one of rare charm of individuality. Her first number, the G minor Ballade calls for much technical equipment, more sentiment, and above all—temperament, and Miss Howard's fulfillment of these demands conclusively



Miss Eula Howard

proves that she has quite left the ranks of amateur pianists. The D flat Nocturne which followed was played with entrancing poetry—indeed the Nocturne, Berceuse and Black Key Etude under Miss Howard's magic touch were strongly reminiscent of de Pachmann and many comments did the similarity of treatment evoke. Other numbers were the B minor Scherzo which the performer invested with some splendid big sonorous tonal effects, and the seldom heard Tarentelle which was given a vivacious interpretation and enabled the young pianist to exhibit a facinating verve in addition to her other attributes. Miss Howard is a pupil of Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt and it must be gratifying to that master to witness her public success.

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Harrison Captivated By a Grass-Widow

The engagement of Francis Burton Harrison and Mrs. Mabel Cox which was reported in the dailies early this week has been the subject of rumor in the East for several weeks. Two weeks ago the report was denied by one paper which stated that Mrs. Cox had been divorced from her husband, Dr. Rowland Cox Jr., only two weeks. A writer in the same paper said: "That Mr. Harrison should fall under the hypnotic influence of the languorous, dark-eyed Mrs. Cox is not surprising, since for some years she has divided with Mrs. Alfred Norris the honor of being Brooklyn's greatest beauty, but it is rather astonishing that Mr. Harrison should elect to wed again so soon after the tragic death of Mrs. Harrison, and within a few months after having received over a million and a half dollars outright from her estate which she inherited from her father, Colonel Crocker, of California, and the custody of another million and a half willed to his two children." Mrs. Cox was formerly Mabel Judson. She married Dr. Cox five years ago. One New York writer, in discussing the rumor of the engagement, said: "If ever a woman was devoted to her husband it was the late Mrs. Harrison. Their pretty wedding, the smartest in the history of Tuxedo, seemed a love-match pure and simple, and the Crockers and Alexanders, relatives of the late Mrs. Harrison, cannot be greatly pleased with the Cox-Harrison matrimonial arrangement, if true, and there is a possibility that it may have its effect upon the young man's future political career. Dr. Cox is a young and popular physician with a large practice. His summer vacation is a vacation in name only, and he is so loyal to his patients that one summer in Maine he made an all-night trip of over fifty miles in a canoe to the bedside of a sick woman. His name came before the public eight years ago when a Miss Colgate, of Manchester, N. H., shot and killed herself. Dr. Cox was engaged to her, and it was never quite clear whether the shooting was suicide or an accident." Another Eastern chronicler had this to say: "When Mrs. Harrison was killed in an automobile accident last year, her husband donned mourning of the deepest variety. The story of his rapid recovery from his grief began to circulate when Mrs. Cox was seen disporting a magnificent ruby ring that had belonged to the late Mrs. Harrison and which had been among her most precious possessions."

Edward Sympathized With Them

"The latest explanation of the recall of Ambassador Durand," writes my Washington correspondent," is that the Perry Belmonts could not get the entree to the Britisher's drawing-room. King Edward entertained the Belmonts last summer at Ascot, for he does not draw the line at American divorcees, not even when the divorce is accompanied by such unpleasant notoriety as that which attended the scandal in the Sloane household. It will be remembered that Mrs. Sloane, wife of the furniture man, married Perry Belmont after her divorce."

The Hopkins's Dinner

Even the most indurated dinner-goer felt a thrill at the dinner which E. W. Hopkins gave the other night. There were some new culinary stunts to exhilarate the jaded palate accustomed to a weary round of dinners prepared by the same caterer. Mr. Hopkins was assisted in receiving his guests by his daughters Mrs. Gus Taylor and Mrs. Frederick McNear. Mrs. Will Taylor is living very quietly at her home in Menlo Park this winter. The stork is resting on the roof top and overlooking the making of a wondrously dainty layette for the welcome arrival.

Dine with the best—Eat the best—Served by the best—At The Severn, 1050 Geary street.

The Sequoians In New Quarters

The Sequoia Club has not been dead, only hibernating. New rooms have been rented at 1625 California street, and the members were summoned by President Allan Dunn to a reunion Thursday night of this week. Mr. Dunn issued a call for the reunion in two kinds of ink and cadenced language. He informed the members that the Sequoia, the emblem of their gatherings, is never destroyed by fire: "Though its trunk be charred, its limbs withered, yet does the stir of life remain, pregnant, invulnerable. Presently, green, tender shoots will spring and grow and spread until scars are covered, beauty renewed and, clothed in a verdant mantle, the Sequoia reigns once more in beauty and dignity, a Monarch of the grove." And he added: "So with us, Sequoians."

Cupid Cuts In

Authentic word, from Gertrude Atherton, of Maud Fay's success in opera at Munich might be further seasoned with a romantic flavor. A friend in Munich informed me some time ago that Miss Fay's engagement to a handsome young attachee at the American legation is not denied by the interested parties. The talented young Californienne has a delightful niche in Munich society and is received in the most distinguished circles. When she first went abroad so much of her time was given to social diversions that her teachers insisted she was hazarding her operatic career and now she does not go about as much. Her success will be eagerly watched by her old San Francisco friends who have always predicted that she would some day sing great roles.

The Minetti Orchestra

Giulio Minetti, concert master of the Greek Theatre Symphony Orchestra, at the earnest solicitation of music lovers, has decided to reorganize his famous orchestra. Before the April disaster the Minetti Orchestra was one of our pet institutions. We are indebted to it for many fine musical events and for its influence as a stimulus to musical culture. Many people will rejoice at the news that it is to be revived. Applications for membership will be received at Mr. Minetti's studio, 1765 Post street, or at Rehearsal Hall, Kohler & Chase's warehouse, Franklin street between Sutter and Bush streets.

Dine with the best—Eat the best—Served by the best—At The Severn, 1050 Geary street.

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Stage

The Latest Fitch Play

Clyde Fitch's latest play, "The Truth," written for Clara Bloodgood, was produced in New York last week. "It marks," says a critic, "a definite and important advance in Clyde Fitch's growth as a dramatist. The step is not altogether firm and decisive. Mr. Fitch's development has been as irregular and seemingly haphazard as he is prolific. He has still to write a play that stands solidly on the even ground of excellence. Yet the present play comes appreciably nearer the goal than any of its predecessors. Like 'The Girl With the Green Eyes,' which it most nearly resembles, it is a study in the obliquity of feminine character. Not jealousy but constitutional lying is Becky Narder's foible. As she says herself at the outset—and it is about the only true word for three and a half acts—she has never in her life told a malicious lie. She is a passionately devoted wife, an affectionate daughter and a warmly generous friend. But she is the daughter of an artistic liar and she inherits his talent. She lies with imagination, finesse and conviction. She lies in the smallest as well as in the greatest crisis. And she ends in breaking down her husband's stanch faith in her and making him believe far worse of her than the facts justify. It is the liar's version of the old fable of crying wolf. It is not a play of large calibre. At best it is a theatric portrait painted in the manner of miniature. It has no essentially dramatic appeal, no large outlook on society in general. An attempt was repeatedly made in the acting to pull out the emotional stop; but it left the audience cold and resulted in the only instances of exaggeration and falsity in the evening. Mrs. Bloodgood, as the heroine, and Mr. W. B. Mack, as her father, whose performances were otherwise marvels of finesse and truth, were the chief offenders—perhaps the chief sufferers, for the error was quite unlike them, and was probably the result of the author's instructions."

A Monster Benefit

An immense fair will be held at the Metropolitan Opera House during the entire week commencing Monday, May 6th, in aid of the Actors' Fund of America, one of the most useful and broad-reaching charities in the world. Frederic Thompson, who plans amusement enterprises upon a gigantic scale, has accepted the position of Director General. His fertility of invention will result in something unique in the history of theatrical benefits. Nothing so elaborate and comprehensive in scope has ever before been planned. The Metropolitan Opera House for that week will be converted into a universal exposition, with contributors from ocean to ocean. The co-operation of every theatrical manager from the big cities to the one night stands is assured. In addition to the scores of novelty booths and other bazaar features there will be a great variety of entertainments, practically continuous throughout the week, in which the most famous players will appear. The Lambs Club, the Professional Womans' League, the Twelfth Night Club and kindred organizations will offer distinctive features. The Fair Committee, of which Charles Burnham is Chairman, has opened permanent offices at room D. in the Holland Building, 1440 Broadway. These are in charge of Milton Roblee, General Manager of the Fair, who is experienced in handling vast enterprises. E. D. Price of the Inter-State Amusement Company directs the department of promotion. Here will assemble weekly for general discussion the Trustees of the Actors' Fund. Daniel Frohman is President; Joseph R. Grismer and Antonio Pastor, Vice-Presidents; H. B. Harris, Treasurer; Frank McKee, Secretary; with a directorate including Heinrich Conreid, Al. Hayman, F. F. Mackay, Joseph Brooks, Milton Nobles, Ralph Delmore, Marc Klaw, Alf. Hayman, Percy C. Williams, Clay M. Greene, Thomas McGrath, Wm. H. Crane, Chas. Burnham, De Wolf Hopper, Harry Harwood and Frank Howe, Jr. During the twenty-five years of its existence the Actors' Fund has expended over a million dollars in relieving the sick and disabled and burying the dead in the theatrical profession. It also maintains the Actors' Fund Home at West Brighton, Staten Island, established in May, 1902, where nearly forty time-worn veteran players are now being cared for. The liberality of the theatrical profession is proverbial. Its members are always ready to appear at benefits in time of individual need or public calamity, or to aid worthy charity. The Actors' Fund Fair will be the profession's appeal to the entire Nation. Its offering will be so vast and unique as to deserve an overwhelming response, and the financial return should be unprecedented.

Miss Irving And Her Play

Isabel Irving, a talented comedienne, at the head of a star cast, will be seen at the Novelty Theatre, for two weeks commencing next Monday night in "Susan in Search of a Husband." Miss Irving is a strong favorite with San Francisco theatregoers. Her last visit here was made as the star of "The Crisis" when that production opened the Majestic Theatre. "Susan in Search of a Husband" is an adaptation from a story by that most captivating of all English humorists, Jerome K. Jerome. The adaptation was made for the American stage by Eugene W. Presbrey, who is best known for his masterly dramatization of "Raffles," the famous Hornung tale of the amateur cracksman. Miss Irving is no tyro at starring for she was for two years the chief member of the company that presented the play, "The Crisis," and she is recognized as one of the most distinguished of the younger school of actresses. The splendid company supporting her includes those who were in the New York cast and among them are such notable players as Hassard Short, Ernest Mainwaring, Herbert Standing, A. G. Andrews, Marie Wainwright, Jessie

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Izett, Essex Dane and E. W. Lyons. There will probably be a very fashionable audience in attendance at the opening performance. This is the first of the New York comedy hits to come hither this season. Theatregoers are making a big reservation of seats.

Old Favorites Return

Of exceptional interest will be the dedication to Thespis, Monday night, of New San Francisco's first modern, up-to-date playhouse, the new American Theatre, on Market street near Seventh. This is a Class A building of reinforced concrete and steel, as fireproof as modern ingenuity can approximate such a consummation. It is a handsome theatre, of beautiful design, the decorations of which are by Benvenuti, the artist who decorated the Empire Theatre and Metropolitan Opera House of New York. The opening attraction is one that should arouse considerable sentimental interest, the players being of the San Francisco Opera Company which was organized immediately after the April disaster by Frank Healy of the Tivoli who rounded up nearly all the old favorites of the Eddy street playhouse and took to the road. The company enjoyed prosperity from the start and made such a record in Seattle that the people of that city tried to induce Healy to establish a permanent musical comedy house there. The Seattle success was subsequently repeated in Denver and now the old familiar faces of the Tivoli merry-makers are back in town eager for the Monday night opening. Among them are Aida Hemmi, prima donna sporano; Teddy Webb, comedian; Joseph Smith, tenor; Maud Beatty, soprano; Francis Carrier, baritone; George Kunkey, character comedian; Aimee Leicester, contralto. The musical director is Mr. Edward Buechner, who was the last of the Tivoli's baton wielders. The company will appear Monday night in "The Strollers," a New York success by Harry B. Smith and Ludwig Englander. This piece abounds in whistleable musical numbers.

A Notable Institution

"The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," one of the gems of standard light opera, will be sung at Idora Park during the week commencing Monday evening. Oakland is very well satisfied with itself these days, so great has been the impetus to its growth received since April and so numerous are the evidences of the city's progress, but I doubt that it fully appreciates the significance of the successful venture of Messrs. Greenbaum and Bishop at Idora Park. Here on the edge of the western sea remote from the great centres of population is an institution, the only one in the whole United States permanently devoted to the cultivation of public taste for light opera. All over the country taste is being vitiated by those vulgar musical monstrosities known as musical comedies that depend for success on horseplay and legs, while at Idora Park musical history is being made by classic revivals of the works of great composers. To Oakland's credit be it said the theatre is receiving liberal support, but that is not enough; it should excite more interest and call for detonating expressions of local pride. "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" is one of the immortal works of Johann Strauss who knew something of the sensual appeal in music. The cast will include Sybil Page, Hope Mayne, Bernice Holmes, Georgia Knowlton, Eugene Wiener, Arthur Cunningham, Walter de Lew and Ferris Hartman.

New Operas To Be Heard

The Lambardi Grand Opera Company will sing Rossini's most popular light opera, "The Barber of Seville," at the Central Theatre for the matinee this afternoon by special request. In the music lesson scene Adelina Tromben will introduce a new waltz, especially composed for her by the musical director, Chevalier Fulgencio Guerriero and her exquisite English adaptation of the popular ballad "Violets" by Ellen Wright. The cast will also include Russo, Pacini, Bergami, Cannetti and Marina. Tonight and tomorrow matinee



EDGAR ATCHISON-ELY

The Eminent Comedian, at the Orpheum Next Week.

"La Boheme" will be repeated with its fine cast and complete accessories. Sunday night the success of the season, Giordano's lyric drama, "Fedora," will be sung. Monday, Thursday, Sunday nights and Saturday matinee the tragic opera "Ernani" will be heard. Wednesday and Friday nights and Sunday matinee Thomas' opera comique "Mignon" will be presented. "Fedora" will be repeated on Tuesday night and "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" on Saturday night, with Ester Adaberto as Nedda. She will also sing in "Ernani" and "Fedora." Antola will be heard



Marie Wainwright



Jessie Izett



Isabel Irving



Hassard Short



Ernest Mainwaring

Isabel Irving and Some of the Members of Her Company in "Susan in Search of a Husband," at the Novelty Theatre

in "Ernani" and Campofiore and Tromen in "Mignon." A "special feature of this opera will be the harp solos by Mme. Louisa Camim, the great harpist. Great preparations are being made for the first production in America of Orefice's romantic opera "Chopin," founded upon the life of the celebrated composer, which will be the novelty of the next week. This work has been the great success of recent years in Italy and has raised its composer to the highest pinnacle of fame. Mascagni's Japanese opera "Iris" is also underlined for an early production together with Baron Franchetti's prize work "Germania." A special production of "Otello" will be given with Antola as Iago and D'Ottavi" as Otello. By special request "Il Trovatore" will be repeated at an early date and "Carmen" sung for the first time this season. These two operas are to be sung at the request of the patrons. Matilde Campofiore will be heard as the Gypsy girl and Russo in his great role of Don Jose, with Antola and Scifoni alternating as "The Toreador." The Central Theatre can now be reached by all cars direct or by transferring and is warm and well ventilated. The Lambardi Opera Company are doing much toward the musical education of our public in the works of all the modern composers.

The Peerless Schumann-Heink

The unprecedented demand for seats for the Schumann-Heink concerts is something to felicitate ourselves upon for it tokens our appreciation of the real thing in the vocal art. Schumann-Heink is not one of the showy song birds of the stage. Popularly the contralto does not rank with the coloratura soprano, but here is a woman who enjoys such distinction of voice and who has achieved such perfection of art that she occupies a niche by herself in the temple of song. Those singers that have sufficient intelligence and sufficient knowledge of the vocal art to be able to observe how effects are achieved can from no singer obtain a more valuable object lesson than is to be had at a Schumann-Heink concert. Manager Greenbaum is very unfortunate in not being able to accommodate more people than will attend the opening concert Sunday afternoon at the new American Theatre at Market and Seventh streets. Monday evening the great artist will appear at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland and Monday afternoon she will give a recital with orchestral accompaniment at the Greek Theatre. Manager Greenbaum expects to make arrangements for a farewell concert on Madam Schumann-Heink's return from Los Angeles, probably on Sunday afternoon, January 27.

"The Professor's Love Story

The Colonial Stock Company is making a very effective appeal this week to lovers of the quaint and tender in comedy, the vehicle being J. M. Barrie's delightful play, "The Professor's Love Story." This dainty comedy is very gracefully presented at the Colonial and its sentimental pictures are very deftly contrived. Frank Bacon has caught the spirit of the character of Professor Goodwillie and gives it realistic expression. As the prematurely aged scientist, who gradually succumbs to the influence of the sentimental passion, he exhibits all the simplicity of the typically ingenuous plodder along intellectual paths, and the character sketch is one of most effective shading. Mr.

Done with the best—Eat the best—Served by the best—At The Severn, 1050 Geary street.

SCHUMANN-HEINK

This Sunday Afternoon, January 20, at 2:30.

AMERICAN THEATRE

Market and Seventh.

Monday Evening, January 21, at 8:15

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE, OAKLAND

Farewell Concert Sunday Afternoon, January 27.

Watch daily papers for particulars.

NOVELTY THEATRE

Corner O'Farrell & Steiner

SUNDAY NIGHT—LAST TIME
McINTYRE AND HEATH IN "THE HAM TREE"
Beginning Monday, January 21. Matinee Saturday
The Comedienne
ISABEL IRVING
In Jerome K. Jerome's Comedy
"SUSAN IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND"
Adapted by Eugene W. Presbrey. Direction of Liebler & Co.
PRICES: $1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c and 25c.

CENTRAL THEATRE

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THE LAMBARDI GRAND OPERA COMPANY

Matinee Today at 2:15
"THE BARBER OF SEVILLE"
Tonight and Sunday Matinee
"LA BOHEME"
Sunday Night
"FEDORA"

NEXT WEEK
Monday, Thursday, Sunday Nights, Saturday Matinee.
"ERNANI"
Tuesday Night
"FEDORA"
Wednesday, Friday Nights, Sunday Matinee
"MIGNON"
Saturday Night
"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA AND PAGLIACCI"
PRICES: $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75c and 50c.

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"YOU CAN'T ARREST THE MAYOR"
Monday Night and All Next Week
Ezra Kendall's Laugh Compeller
"THE VINEGAR BUYER"
JOE MILLER FRANK BACON
Evenings: 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 25c and 50c. Wednesday Bargain Matinees, all reserved seats 25c.
In preparation, "IN THE PALACE OF THE KING."

AMERICAN THEATRE

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Western States Amusement Company, Proprietors.
WALTER SANFORD, Manager
New San Francisco's First Modern, Up-To-Date Playhouse.
Built of Steel and Reinforced Concrete. Absolutely Fire Proof.
GRAND OPENING NIGHT, MONDAY, JANUARY 21st.
MATINEES SATURDAY AND SUNDAY.
The Management takes pleasure in announcing as the Opening Attraction the
SAN FRANCISCO OPERA CO.
Composed of the Best Singers of the Grand Opera Houses Co
THE BEST COMIC OPERA ORGANIZATION IN AMERICA
Presenting for Their First Offering the New York Knickerbocker Theatre Musical Comedy Success
"THE STROLLERS"
ONE CONTINUOUS LAUGH SET TO MUSIC.
PRICES: 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Uptown Box Office, Kohler & Chase's, Sutter and Franklin Streets.

Bacon's support is all that could be desired. Izetta Jewell as the merry and attractive secretary, is captivating as usual, and very successful with her Scotch dialect is Jane Jeffrey as the maid. One of the most convincing performances is that of Bert Wesner as the fashionable London physician, Dr. Cosens. Marie Baker is deserving of high praise for her counterfeit acidity in the role of Agnes Goodwillie, and Maude Odelle contributes in no small measure to the success of the performance as the Dowager, Lady Gilding. Next week this excellent company will be seen in "The Vinegar Buyer," which Ezra Kendal wrote for himself. Frank Bacon will be seen in the most congenial role of Joe Miller.

New Musical Literature From Leipsic

Professor Joseph Beringer who is something of an authority on modern pianoforte literature was lately presented with a number of the latest compositions of his friends and former teacher, Adolf Ruthardt of the Royal Conservatory of Music in Leipsic. Professor Ruthardt is a prolific composer whose works are fast finding their way into the numerous conservatories of Germany, Austria, England and America. Professor Beringer has used his earlier works in his lessons with most gratifying success and he intends to bring out some of the new selections in concert.

Dine with the best—Eat the best—Served by the best—At The Severn, 1050 Geary street.

IDORA PARK OAKLAND
Direction H. W. Bishop
Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

Commencing Monday Evening, January 21
"THE QUEEN'S LACE HANDKERCHIEF"
By Johann Strauss.
Friday Evening, January 25, Opening of the Skating Pavilion.

Ye Liberty Playhouse 14th & Broadway OAKLAND
Direction H. W. Bishop.
Commencing Tuesday, January 22.
Matinees Saturday and Sunday.
"THE LADY OF LYONS"

ORPHEUM Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Jan. 20

A VAUDEVILLE JOLLIFICATION!
NED NYE AND SIX ROLLICKING GIRLS; Warren and Blanchard; Edgar Atchison-Ely; Marzelo and Millay; Searl and Violet Allen Company; Willa Holt Wakefield; Black and Jones; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week of
JOHN C. RICE AND SALLY COHEN.
Special Notice: The Orpheum will move to its New Class "A" Theatre Building Monday evening, January 21.



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New California Jockey Club
Oakland Race Track
Six or more races each week day, rain or shine.
RACES COMMENCE AT 1:40 P. M., SHARP
For special trains stopping at the track take the S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street; leave at 12:00, thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 P. M. No smoking in last two cars which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.
Returning trains leave track after fifth and last races.
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.
PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

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It has the scent of fresh cut Violets.



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C. L. Hogue, Optician, formerly 211 Post Street, now with us.

A Star of Other Days

Miss Marie Wainwright, who is to be seen here in the support of Miss Isabel Irving in "Susan In Search Of A Husband" at the Novelty Theatre, will doubtless be remembered by many theatregoers for she once enjoyed great celebrity. For years Miss Wainwright was starring at the head of her own companies, and was also for some seasons co-star with Mr. Louis James in magnificent revivals of some of the Shakespearean dramas. Her last starring venture was in a great production of "Amy Robsart." For some years, during the first appearances in this country of Mr. E. S. Willard, the noted English actor, Miss Wainwright was his leading woman, and she made hits of the most pronounced character in such plays as "The Professor's Love Story" and "The Middleman." Of late years she has been in partial retirement, save for a few appearances annually in New York only.

Some Great Vaudeville Artists

Ned Nye and his "Six Rollicking Girls" will make their first appearance in this city at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. They have a singing and dancing specialty the praises of which have been enthusiastically sung by Eastern critics, and they bid fair to create a vocal and terpsichorean sensation here. Warren and Blanchard, "the comedian and the singer," are old favorites in this amusement loving community and they will be cordially greeted on their return. Fred Warren is, without doubt, one of the best impersonaters of negro character in the country. Edgar Atchison-Ely, a high-priced English comedian, who was formerly Mary Irving's leading man, promises a unique act. He was here four years ago and had San Francisco in a spasm of laughter for two weeks. Marzelo and Millay, celebrated for their hilarious performances on the horizontal bars and burlesque wrestling exhibitions, will complete the list of newcomers. John C. Rice and Sally Cohen will continue their highly amusing farcette, "All the World Loves a Lover."

In The Limelight

"The Virginian" will be seen here shortly, presented by one of the strongest casts now appearing in any play in this country. "The Virginian" made a big hit when first seen here at the Columbia Theatre last season. This story of the West holds a special fascination for theatregoers.

Work upon the new Van Ness Theatre is going rapidly ahead and the firm of Gottlob, Marx and Company hope to have the new playhouse ready for occupancy within a few weeks.

McIntyre and Heath will give their final performance of "The Ham Tree" at the Novelty Theatre on Sunday night.

"Buster Brown" is coming to town. The comedy has been playing to immense business on its tour westward.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will be an early attraction here.

—The Playgoer.

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The same excellence in cuisine and service that obtained in the Old Palace is duplicated in the new "Little Palace."

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE RENTERS' LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY of San Francisco, Commercial and Savings Bank, Safe Deposit Vaults, 115 Hayes Street, between Van Ness Avenue and Polk Street.—For the half year ending December 15th a dividend has been declared at the rate of four per cent. (4 per cent.) per annum on savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, December 17, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from December 15, 1906.

Also two per cent. (2 per cent.) per annum paid on commercial deposits, subject to check, credited monthly.

C. S. SCOTT, Cashier.

Interest Paid From the Day That All Deposits Are Made.

OUR STANDARDS

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Golden Gate Extra.

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Sati

By H. F. P. Battersby

This is another man's story, and thus one's telling of it begins with an acknowledgment. Yet a story so simple, so tragic, is really a part of no man's belongings; it is of the genius of the people by whom it came; it is for all the world that can hear and pity. The man by whom the account is handed on to us had no part in its happening. He is one of those over-burdened workers on whose shoulders the administration of India most nearly rests. He was travelling through his district, from camp to camp, hearing cases, assessing disputes, a lonely figure, without badge of power or pomp of office, the least authoritative emblem of the most indeterminate authority that the history of conquest can show. He had been disquieted the same day by a woman's trouble, a story of perfidy and betrayal, common enough to our Western ears, but so rare in the East as to be without a remedy; of a woman who had listened to an offer of marriage, made with the vow of the clasped hands—which is never broken—by a man of her own caste, a bachelor and owner of the estate on which she, a stranger and but lately come to the district, worked. She was only eighteen, still with the proud good looks which went with her attractive independence, but, cast off and with broken health, her life had nothing more to hope for. She prayed the Sirkar to give her the marriage she had been promised, or to punish her betrayer. But the Sirkar could do nothing.

The civilization of Hindustan has not reached the stage when actions for breach of promise become necessary or even possible. For all the queerness of its marriage customs, India needs in the protection of its women no goad from the law. So for this poor girl there was no legal remedy, nothing but the Commissioner's charity and his good counsel, both of which he feared would be wasted as he watched her drag her feet disconsolate through the bustle of the breaking camp. So it was that he rode in a thoughtful mood through the thirsty country, where everything that moved trailed after it a silvery veil of dust, reflecting on the curiously mingled fineness and futility of woman's empire in the East, with a mind which might have seemed prepared for the revelation of one secret of its power which awaited him in the village by which his next camp was to be. He was met by the headman at the entrance to the village with the news that the two wives of one of its members had committed suicide in their husband's absence. The police not having yet arrived he was led to the house and ordered the door to be broken open.

Across the faint scented smoke-film that dimmed the room the light showed the figures of two girls swinging; the elder handsome and tall, the younger strikingly lovely, and of an age when English girls are still but children; both dressed as for a fiesta in their finest saris, their faces, which turned to the awestruck onlookers as the ropes by which they hung relaxed to the heat of the admitted air, perfectly calm and decked with all their jewels. The man who saw them describes those gaily dressed bodies in their tinsel and bright colors turning silently round and round in the dim mid air, as producing an impression of utter unreality, as of marionettes in a show, succeeded by a sense of overwhelming horror. He had once before felt the contiguity of the same emotions on seeing a friend mauled by a tiger, and just as his initiative had been paralysed for an instant then, so he could not for a moment now issue the necessary orders, but stood watching the twisting figures as though he had been at a play. He learnt the story later from the accounts of the villagers and the husband's confession. The man had married a wife, and finding her childless, had taken another. He was apparently ashamed of his precipitance, since he had run away with the second; but a reconciliation had been effected, he had brought the younger wife back to his home and the three had lived happily together. He was of that long, lithe, clean-limbed northern type, with distinguished features and compassionate eyes, which makes the loosely made, undersized English soldier seem so inconceivable as its conqueror; and he came of a family which had earned distinction in the past, and even in the present counted for not a little. But he had accepted a position more lowly than should have contented him, and his wives, whose lineage was as distinguished as his, had acquiesced in the necessities of his altered station. They followed the Gosha habits of their high-born families. He kept no servants; so they rose at four, lit the fire, drew water from the well, and served him with a warm bath an hour later, and at six had a cooked breakfast to set before him. In those two hours they had also found time to groom, feed and saddle his pony, on which after breakfast he would start for the day's work. The elder of his wives was but twenty, the other four years younger; both were noted for their good looks and the younger was a musician and knew the vernacular and a little English. The man had thus a home with more than the ordinary resources of content; but he took to drinking, and his affections began to stray. In his cups he would ill-treat the elder wife, treatment which she, already resigned to the inferior place, accepted with religious resignation, an example which the younger, who had angrily resented his earlier obliquities, forced herself in the end to follow. But the man's inconstancy only thrived on their complacence. He was openly to be seen with an elderly lady of the bazaar who had not even good looks to commend her, and added a final insult by bringing her to his house and forcing the wives to wait on her. They, poor things, could not reprove him to his face; that was forbidden to every instinct of their honor; but they pleaded with him to return to his old home, and take them with him. But he refused to listen to their prayers, told them that they could go by themselves if they wanted to, that he had no further use for them, and, at last, finding their entreaties importunate, threatened to shoot them. But he slept at home that night, and the girls as usual got up at four, bathed him, fed him and brought his pony. When he was gone they consulted together and agreed that there was no hope left of winning back his wayward love. All their

(Continued on Page 32.)

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WHY do Diamond Tires always lead, in all important events?

We had no knowledge of what the Palace count would be when the show opened.

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THE UNPARDONABLE

Above the diminishing turmoil of the dying day boomed the sonorous voice of a distant steeple clock, sounding the hour of six. Softly, musically, the bronze timepiece on the mantel chimed a reluctant echo.

At the sound the man, who had waited an hour, halted in his restless, agitated pacing up and down the room, and gazed with straining eyes from a window that commanded a view of the street.

"An hour!" he muttered. "An hour I have waited, and She has not come!"

His pale face worked convulsively. With a sigh that was half a groan he turned from the window and wandered aimlessly about the room—Her room—in which every ornament, every book, every little personal belonging, spoke of Her. For the twentieth time he turned the leaves of a volume of kodak views wherein he was numerously represented. The pictures recalled other, happier times, and moved him deeply. His labored breathing was distinctly audible in the intense stillness of the apartment.

"An hour!" he repeated. "An hour I have waited and She has not come! This is the awakening, the disenchantment, the end!"

Even as he spoke a door below stairs opened and closed, and there came to him the sound of fast-tripping feet and the rustle of silken skirts on the stairs. The next instant She floated in, flushed, animated, radiant.

"Oh, Jack! I am so glad—" At the sight of his haggard face She paused.

"I have waited an hour," he said, in a hard, even voice.

"I am so sorry, but——"

"Where have you been?"

The flush faded from Her cheek. She nervously strained at Her glove.

"Well, I——"

"Why do you hesitate? Is it so hard to confess? . . . Never mind, I know all!"

Suddenly he took a step toward Her, his eyes blazing.

"How could you?—oh, how could you?" he cried.

She cringed before the movement and the look.

"I—I didn't think——"

"Do you know what you have done? You have destroyed, utterly, my faith in woman! You, of all women! You, whom I believed the essence of constancy, the embodiment of truth!"

His voice rose, and beads of icy perspiration stood upon his brow.

"You," he continued, "who swore to be faithful! You, who seemed so devoted, so worthy of perfect trust! I am absent but two days, and I return to find——"

It seemed he could not give utterance to the great wrong he had suffered. Only by a supreme effort could he articulate.

"I return to find you—you, the loving, the true, the devoted, the constant, the faithful—have gone driving—Beelzebub only knows where—with your husband! By heavens, it is too much!"

Madly he rushed from the room, swiftly snatched a kiss from a housemaid who chanced to be passing through the hall, and dashed out into a black night that had settled upon a sad world.

—The Valet.

NEW ISSUE

The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co.

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10 H. P. Delivery Car	1150.00
10 H. P. Runabout	900.00

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Sati

(Continued from Page 29.)

relatives were hundreds of miles away. Their family caste had prevented their making any acquaintances in the station. Love, and with it the hope of motherhood, was the only tie which held them to the world. Now that that was broken beyond repair there was nothing left, as it were, to excuse their being, to justify their remaining useless chattels in the world.

A Western woman would have found in a like case ample reason for existence; she might even have descended to coquetries to regain the affections of her spouse. But these simple souls had inherited the instincts of a more spiritual code. They could not descend to the market-place to bargain with jealousies and pretences for a man's affections. Sex all over India is a nidden mystery; love is the one commodity you cannot find in the bazaar. So having decided that love had no further use for them, with calm deliberation they prepared for death. None but the man who had caused them knew anything of their silent sufferings, their hopeless struggles; and there was none to suspect the likelihood of their final sacrifice. Their husband was to return home only after some days, so that even on his account there was no need to hurry. They washed and dried his linen, and laid his clothes and theirs away in a box. Flowers to decorate the room were brought in from the garden, the dog which usually slept indoors was tied up in the yard. Then they bathed and put on their bridal ornaments and apparel; their hair, freshly braided, was anointed and adorned with flowers, each doing the other's, sisters as they were in sorrow. The sacred Kunkuman was put on their foreheads. Then, as brides again they dressed themselves, for this wedding of death, though they were probably far too simple so to think of it, and only wore their best in reverence for their solemn deed. The elder took all their unused ornaments and to save them from being stolen tied them beneath a clasp of gold at her waist, and with them her husband's medal, the most valued of their possessions. Then they climbed up on to the wall by which the room was partitioned, hung two nooses to a beam in the ceiling, and so, with just a kiss, perhaps, and a good-bye, in uncomplaining fortitude went their way into the silence. It was an act into which no bitterness nor enmity entered. They had no wish to punish or even to bring shame upon the author of their woes. As widows used to make an end of themselves by burning, when death took their husbands, so these poor widows of the soul offereu themselves in sacrifice when life took their love. They thought themselves of such small account, of such lowly service, that no further use seemed left to them. And yet they set so high their immortal office that they would not, could not live without it.

And so, with the lids fallen lightly over their eyes, they seemed in their strange espousals merely to have fallen asleep, and on tneir dead faces was no pain nor terror, only the peace which they had sought.

Snegourka

(Continued from Page 8.)

"how happy I am, how happy I am! And, running out of doors, she stood stretching out her bare arms, and hollowing her palms to catch the frozen grains. When the sun emerged and melted the hail, then all at once Snegourka's slight frame was convulsed with sobs, and she shed such bitter tears that it seemed as if she too must melt away. She might well have been a brother or sister mourning over the loss of a dearly-loved brother. At last St. John's Day dawned, and once more the young girls met together, this time to

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sing their summer songs in the verdant woods and groves. On their way they paused at Ivan's open door, and thronging round the threshold they begged and entreated for Snegourka to accompany them. Marya was loth to grant their boon, neither was the child herself eager to join their frolic. Still, Ivan said it was churlish to refuse—besides, what harm could befall her? Let her go and sing and dance with the rest. Unwillingly therefore Marya consented. Snegourka was attired in her holiday garment, and bid speed away with the rest. "And you," said Marya to the revellers, "watch over my little Snegourka, and bring her safely back to me. Remember, she is as the apple of my eye." "Yes! yes," they shouted, "we'll look after her, never fear." And clasping the timid, shrinking child by a hand on each side, away they all scampered. In the woods they busied themselves plaiting garlands and wreaths, and through the still air rang the long wild cadences of their songs, now sad, now gay. Snegourka stood apart, watching them in silence. As the sun sank, they began piling together dry grass and brushwood to make a bonfire. Then, each crowned with a wreath, they began to sing and dance round the flames. "Come along, come along, Snegourka," they urged. "Look, see how we dance and leap, and so must you, you silly child!" She tried to elude them, but in vain. They forced her into the ring. Fast and furious went the whirling dance round the flaming, crackling fire, till at last at a given signal they let go hands, and started vaulting one after the other over the tongues of flame. Higher and higher they bounded, panting and screaming. But on a sudden there rang out from their midst another kind of scream, a short, sharp cry as from some one in acute pain. Hushed and alarmed, the girls desisted in their weird course. Questioningly they looked at each other. Whence that sharp wail of anguish? And where was Snegourka? She had vanished! In a moment of panic at this discovery they forgot the shrill cry, and thought only of their loss. "She is hiding," said one. "Yes, yes," cried another. And reassured they rushed to look for her in brushwood and thicket. They shouted and hallooed, but all to no purpose. No Snegourka answered or showed herself. "What can have become of her?" they asked each other, distressed and frightened, and again they resumed their search. Then one of them suggested that she had only run off home. They hastened forthwith to the village. But no Snegourka awaited them. Many hours were spent in woful quest on all sides. Had some fierce and cunning beast issued from the gloomy recesses of the forest and carried Snegourka off to its lair, or had some mighty bird of prey swooped down and clutched her in its talons to devour in its lonesome eerie in the crags high above the sea? No. None of this had happened. It was simply that when her companions dragged her near the fire in an instant she felt its heat intolerable. The scorching flames were killing her. In a death agony she gave vent to the one piercing cry which had so thrilled them all, and in the twinkling of an eye her slender little form had melted into vapor. Unnoticed by the young girls, a spiral of mist rose, as it were from Snegourka's place, and swiftly a cloudlet flew upwards till it reached the evening sky.

* * * * *

Long, long did Ivan and Marya mourn and weep for their Snegourka. Wandering disconsolately through the forest they reiterated her name till it sounded like the cuckoo's melancholy refrain.

"Ah-ou Snegourka!
Ah-ou Snegourka!"

They could not guess. They did not dream it even. How should they?—that Snegourka had returned to her snow-cloud home whence she came.




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More of Dorothy

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BULLETIN FROM OLDSMOBILE BLAZING AWAY FROM NEW YORK TO FLORIDA.

The "Mud Lark" and party left Rock Hill this morning over fine macadam roads which extended southward toward Columbia, S. C., for seven miles. The weather, which was not any too promising in the early morning, soon cleared off and became an ideal day on the Sunny South. After leaving the macadam road out of Rock Hill, we encountered sand roads which were by far more preferable than the red clay roads over which we had been ploughing. Only one stream was encountered which was too deep for the "Mud Lark," but this difficulty was soon overcome when, after some searching, we found a bridge three miles up stream.

Today we had a taste of what our much dreaded red clay roads were like in the summer time, as we struck some of this road upon which no rain had fallen for several weeks. This road had become as hard as brick, and as smooth as glass, making an ideal automobile speedway.

In Columbia, S. C., we were welcomed by people of this city who had been awaiting us, having learned of our trip in the various newspapers. It was not long before several hundred people were gathered around the car asking all sorts of questions. Columbia was our destination for the day, but as we had made good time and it was but 3 o'clock we decided to tackle some deep roads of which we were told and 6 o'clock found us in Batesburg, S. C., making the day's mileage 115. Total, 914.

Car still in perfect condition, likewise tires.

TELEGRAM

Waycross, Ga., January 9, 1907.

Olds Motor Works:

Just arrived. Mud Lark has first complete involuntary bath; water to the seats; very deep fords; crossing Altamafa Swamps wheels buried to axles most of time. Leaving for Jacksonville. RALPH R. OWEN.

The first shipment of the new Diamond Anti-Skid tires has just arrived at the local branch of The Diamond Rubber Company. These tires are quite different from the leather covered non-skid tires which have been considerably used in that they are entirely of rubber and fabric. The anti-skid feature consists of four parallel rows of special steel studs extending around the tread and securely riveted. This tire has been developed by The Diamond Company to meet the increasing demand for an anti-skid tire of extra strength and efficiency. The practice of equipping at least one wheel of a car with anti-skids is more and more becoming a common one among motorists for both winter and summer use.

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The Transformation of Cordova

(Continued from Page 9.)

brought to light which left no reasonable ground to question the accuracy of his version of the affair. It was also discovered that some years before another English tourist had been induced to ascend the belfry tower by the same guide, and this gentleman's mangled body was shortly afterward found on the pavement below, and the explanation given by the gypsy was that the stranger had in his presence suddenly thrown himself over the railings of the gallery. It is significant that there were no circumstances in this case to explain the suicide. Therefore there seemed little room to doubt that if Dr. Middleton had been overpowered there would have been in Cordova in January, 1891, another mysterious case of alleged suicide from the railed gallery of the belfry tower.

From the reign of the Mohammedan Moor to that of the Spanish Christian, is a pathetic descent along the gallery of Time—and is nowhere so painfully visible as right here on the banks of the Guadalquiver. Not all the rapturous hyperbole of the Arabic winters and the plaintive poesy of the chroniclers of the 19th century can adequately delineate these ultra-inharmonious transformations and conditions. Here was a metropolis of more than a million of superior people—and now there is a scant one-twentieth of that imposing multitude, nearly a fourth of whom are mendicants and beggars and halt and lame. Here were leagues of habitations and rising three hundred places of divine worship—now there are a few acres of homes and fewer churches than can be counted on a single movement round the disfigured dial in the tower. Here were fertile fields and fruitful orchards, many mills and methods of extensive irrigation, and blushing landscapes as far as the vision could penetrate in any direction—now only barren hillsides, uncultivated sketches of valley, and mocking ruins remain. It was Juan de Mena, nearly six hundred years ago, who called Cordova "la flor de saber y de caballeria," and Theophile Gautier, five hundred years later, who declared concerning the fallen city, that it was nothing but "le squelette blanche et calcine." Indeed, the one may be compared to the flowers in the bosom of a beautiful young bride and the other to the decaying posy in the neglected path.

But with all its departed greatness Cordova is not disappointing. Its walls and its mosques are generally crumbled; its sciences and arts and culture have vanished; its solares and fountains and gardens have also all passed away; and where Romans, Carthaginians, Visigoths, Moors and Spanish conquerors have succeeded each other in power and all added some glory or other charm to a glittering rosary, only misery and want and sluggishness remain—excepting, of course, the cathedral, by all doubts the most magnificent and realistic monument of an imposing Moorish past.

There are a few pretty houses and patios tangled up in the narrow and crooked streets and here and there may be seen a person who looks as if he had had enough to eat. But the majority of people are poor and wretched. There are hundreds of licensed beggars that beset one at every turn, while thousands of unlicensed ones swarm about the stranger even when accompanied by a guide he has paid to fight them away. There are a number of stylish cafes, where a good cup of coffee and rum may be obtained for five cents (in our money) or a generous glass of honest Montillo or other famous light sherry for three cents. The first-class hotels serve a delightful native wine with both meals and the food is abundant and well cooked. Not to spend a day or two in Cordova would be a blemish on one's tour through Spain.

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Letters

A Biblical Story

The title "Saul of Tarsus" is self-explanatory. It is a biblical romance dealing with the early days of the Christian Church, the persecution of the first followers of Christ, the oppression of the Jews, and the conversion of Saul who, from a persecutor of the new sect, became the main pillar of the temple. The scenes are laid in Jerusalem, Alexandria, Rome and Damascus, and the characters include Saul, the Roman Emperor Tiberius, Herod Agrippa, grandson of Herod the Great, and Marsyus, a young Essene, who, in time becomes a member of the new sect. Though the death of Stephen, the first martyr, forms a part of the plot, unlike most of the novels dealing with this period, the pages do not run with gore, nor are roasted Christians served up in every course. The story deals more with the political life, the intrigues of proconsuls, the setting on of one faction against another, and the private wire-pullings by which public events are made to serve narrow ends. The interest settles chiefly about Marsyus, friend of Saul and of Stephen, whom he loves equally, and who tries to save Stephen from his fate. Marsyus has vowed to destroy Saul in revenge for the death of Stephen, and in order to secure for himself a powerful ally, attaches himself to Herod Agrippa. It is through this association that he finds himself in Alexandria, and later in Rome, where fortunes vary. The historical end is, of course, no mystery. Saul and Marsyus meet again when both are followers of the Nazarene, but meantime the young Essene neophyte has learned and seen much more of the world than when he, in his first innocence, had determined on a life of celebacy and study. A chaste love story with a deservedly conventional happy ending underlies the main current. Elizabeth Miller, the author, has published another biblical romance, "The Yoke," which had for its theme the bondage of the children of Israel. She seems to be thoroughly conversant with Bible history, and as she writes plain English without any effort to reproduce in a modern tongue the phraseology of another time and language, her books do not make painful plodding for readers. Illustrations are by Castaigne. Published by the Bobbs Merrill Company.

Another Douglas Book

"Helen Grant in College" continues the history of a popular girl heroine, taking her through her freshman year in a girl's college, and showing the students, nominal and real, in their infinite variety. Amanda M. Douglas has made her book a vehicle for the discussion of the question whether college education militates against marriage, as well as the advisability of a college course for all girls independent of their temperament. Helen Grant has been well prepared and is taking her course with the intention of devoting herself to teaching as a profession since she will have to earn her own support. Her roommate, who has been a good student in her home high school, may be said to be the victim of an aunt, a teacher in an English college, who, coming to America on a visit, rather upsets her brother's quiet household. Evidently she is one of the born old maids who think boys a mistake of the Creator, and an education and a career the only proper course for girls. So she has offered to pay the expenses of her niece, and the girl, half-hypnotized, is pleased with the prospect, but once away from the aunt's immediate influence, she is shy, homesick, and unhappy, she wants to go back to her own ideal, a course in a normal school, a year or two of teaching to help along at home and then a fireside of her own and domestic problems to solve instead of algebraic equations. There are other girls who have entered for the fun they can find away from home. They have no intention of staying to graduate, and indeed, with the

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regularity with which they succeed in failing, it would take them a decade to climb to the top, if the faculty could have patience with them, and there are still others who are too weak of will to cut out the "spreads" and frolics which interfere with the legitimate work. The author shows, conclusively, but not obtrusively, that it is not the college but themselves who are at fault and that the hoidens who expect to carry on, as school girls in a way that they could not under any other designation; the girls who are the victims of family vanity, and those who are without originality or initiative, but capable only of learning by rote the set text book tasks, however well they may average in the preparatory schools, do not belong to college life. Incidentally, all the girls of real intellect, the ones worth while, are looking forward, if not to the consummation of an existing engagement, to the making of such a contract sometime not too far in the future. Those who have read the previous volumes will be pleased to meet Juliet and Daisy Bell again, and the little twins, Elma and Wilma who Juliet has undertaken to mother. Helen Grant has proved ere this to be a sensible girl and a good book companion to those of her own age. Published by Lothrop Lee and Shepard.

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James Clarence Harvey, who scored such a success last year with "In Bohemia," has compiled a booklet of bon-mots, toasts and clever epigrams. These are all original with the author, so that one is not haunted with the fear that, after all, the contents will prove but stale beer, if not flat. Indeed, the comparison should have been with a more sparkling fluid, since "Over the Nuts and Wine" is one of the attractive shaped booklets issued by H. M. Caldwell, the design being a bucket with the neck of the bottle appearing above the ice. The pages are appropriately decorated with vine and nut leaves, and the contents sparkling enough to justify the implied hint of champagne. The epigrams and verselets are rather humorous than witty, since they lack the sting, though they are likewise devoid of honey. "Over the Nuts and Wine" will prove acceptable to people of all ages and both sexes who can appreciate bright trifles, and the paragraphs are all brief enough to lend themselves to apt quotation. An appropriate gift for any occasion, to an appreciative one.

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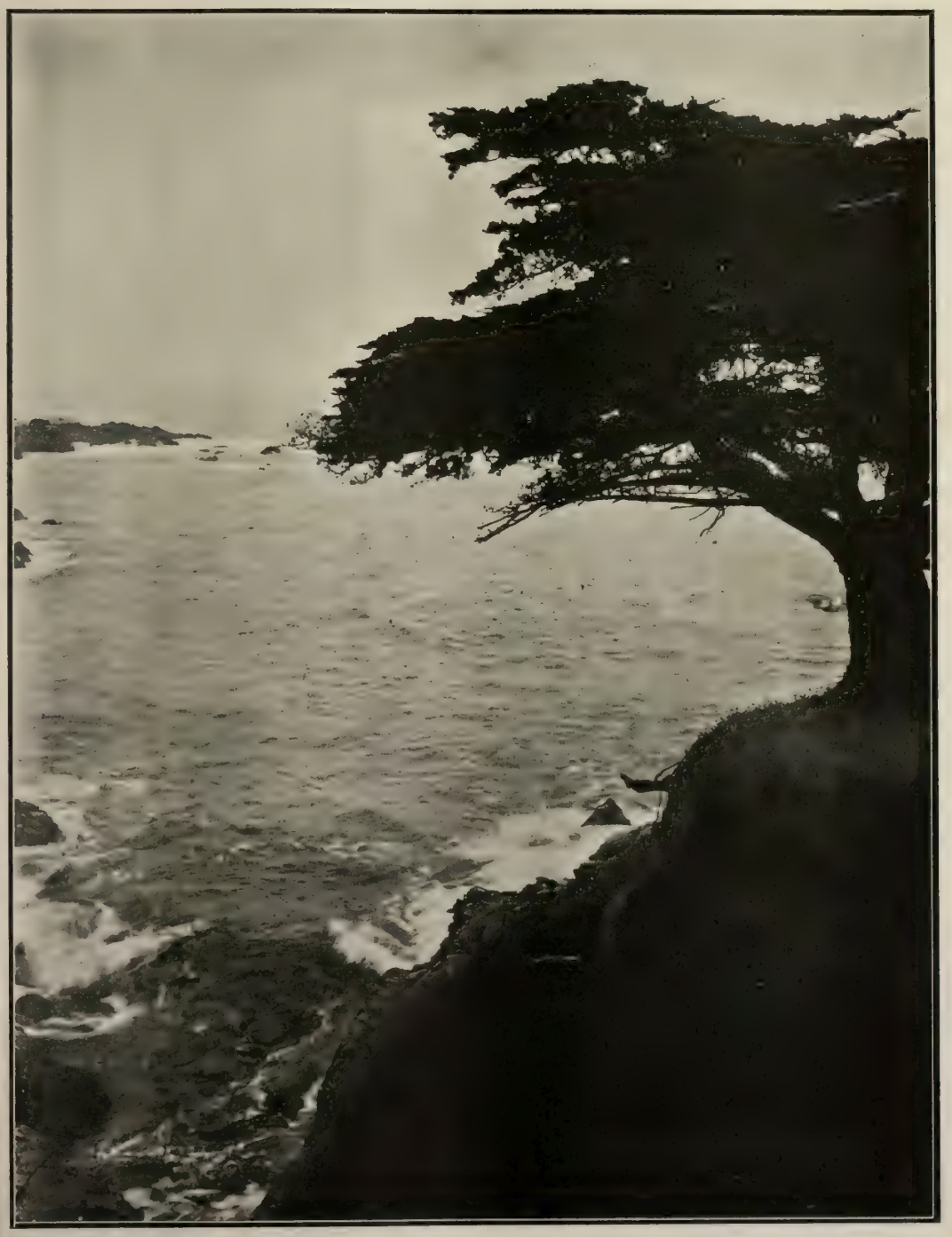
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TOWN TALK

VOL. LV. No. 752 San Francisco, January 26, 1907 Price, 10 Cents



AT CYPRESS POINT

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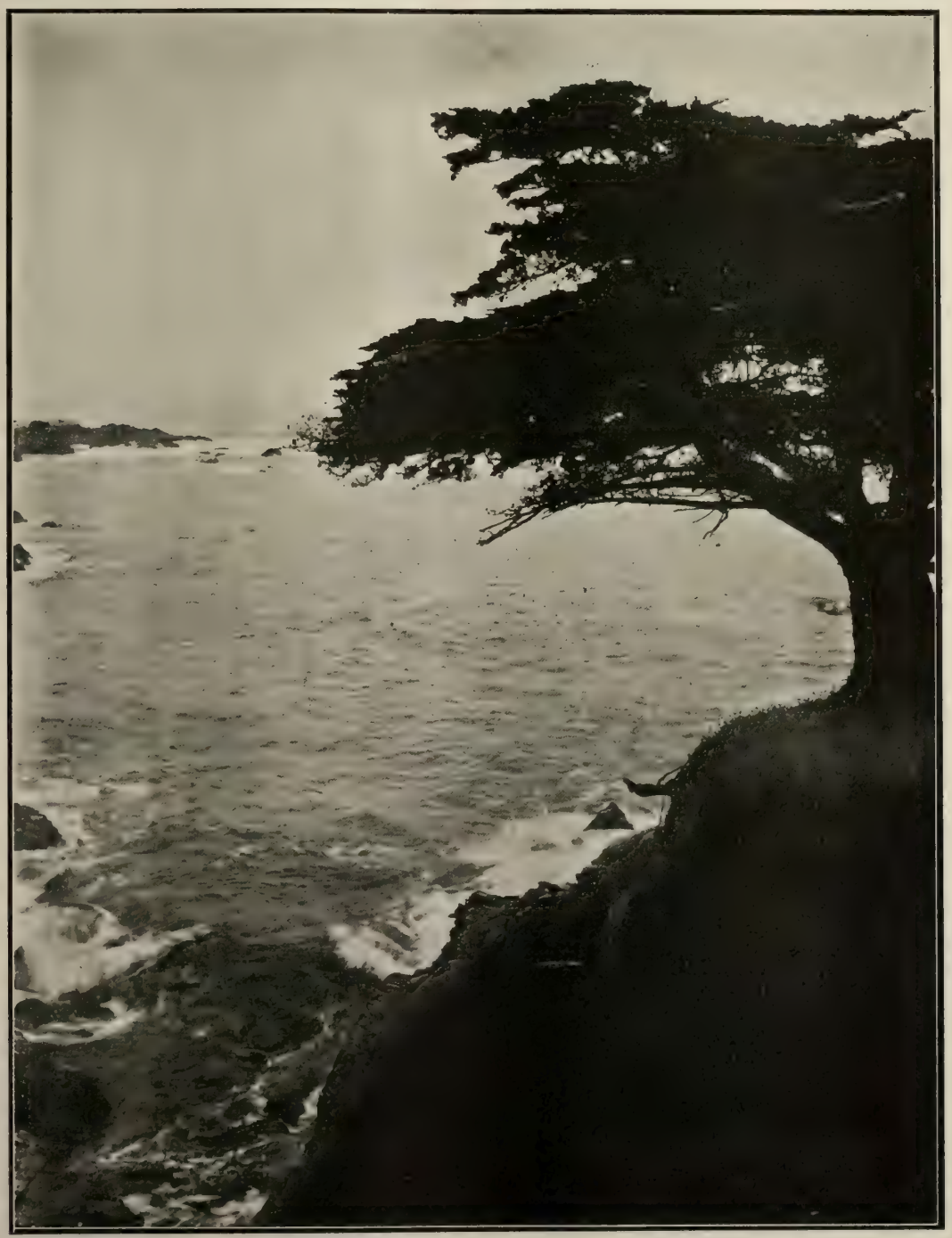
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Theodore F. Bonnet ..... Editor
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The Chesty McCarthy

One of our esteemed daily contemporaries, with whom the wish was father to the thought, reported last week, during the session of the Building Trades Council at Stockton, that the Hon. P. H. McCarthy was in danger of being deposed from the presidency of that organization which embodies much of the dignity, intelligence and patriotism of labor. It turned out, as we expected, that McCarthy's soft snap was not, for an infinitesimal fraction of a moment, in jeopardy. There may be other men in the Building Trades Council with sufficient ability to preside over the destinies of that labor trust; peradventure there are members eager to succeed the Hon. P. H. McCarthy; among them may be men, who, under ordinary circumstances, could continue to get themselves elected to the presidency of such a trust, but the Building Trades' Council is a personally conducted political machine, the spirit of which the Hon. P. H. McCarthy incarnates, and to challenge his supremacy it would first be necessary to alienate from him the bosses of the several unions who are indebted to him for political and other favors. The Hon. P. H. McCarthy has imported into the Building Trades' Council the methods of the political boss and the status which he has achieved through those methods is something in the nature of that of an irremovable pastor. A man of no intellectual attainments, he is cunning in council, feline in strategy and onslaught and makes the average pestiferous demagogue look like a befuddled chawbacon in respect of discipline. Through many lush and memorable years he has held his job and through it he has become a big, stalwart, potent personality in the community. Other labor leaders may be repudiated by their constituents, but removed is he from the vicissitudes that attend inferior creatures. No pitfalls beset his path. Power and plenteous comfort are his, and not singular is it that today he should present an abnormal girth of the chest; for the evolution of McCarthy has not been superinduced by haphazard fortuity. He is the architect of his own fortune and that fortune has been reared methodically and in strict accordance with plans and specifications designed by himself. Never has he been inhospitable to opportunity. Hence his systematic metamorphosis from an humble wage-earner to a prosperous taxpayer, influential and high-salaried labor leader and distinguished representative of civic bodies. Most men achieve power through wealth; McCarthy achieved power first, confident that prosperity would follow.

The Beguiling of Labor

The real and transcendant importance of the Hon. P. H. McCarthy is comprised in the fact that he dominates the Building Trades' Council. To that circumstance alone may be ascribed his political importance. It was because of that circumstance that the Hon. James D. Phelan, in the furtherance of his political interests, appointed McCarthy to the Civil Service Commission. When Schmitz first ran for Mayor McCarthy remained true to the Phelan machine, and at the following election he was against Schmitz because he believed the latter was an enemy of labor. Subsequently he was converted to the Schmitz-Ruef industrial theories and by making it appear that he won for the Administration the profligate applause of the susceptible multitude of wage-earners won for himself the substantial gratitude of his Honor the Mayor. To the Hon. Eugene Schmitz the Hon. P. H. McCarthy has been a very serviceable friend, especially since the Mayor was so unfortunate as to get involved in the current unpleasantness. To him has been assigned the task of persuading his highly perspicacious followers that the prosecution of the grafter is a Machiavellian conspiracy for the disruption of organized labor. The dissemination of this notion among the toilers is deemed important. It is a conception that has the thrill of inspiration in it, the theory of the grafters being that public sentiment shall be divided so long as the toilers are successfully deluded. To this end the Hon. P. H. McCarthy has exuded much bosh and has put through the Building Trades' Council a set of dithyrambic resolutions inveighing against the designing capitalists and unscrupulous newspapers that are trying to destroy organized labor through its tried and true heroes, the Hon. Eugene Schmitz and the Hon. Abe Ruef. But the adoption of those resolutions is not conclusive of the beguilement of the toilers by the McCarthy transparent balderdash. In the municipal campaign a year ago the McCarthy vociferously affirmed the saintliness of his patron, but when the votes south of Market street were counted Abe Ruef confessed that his protegee was beaten. It was not until the votes of the enlightened merchants north of Market and of the distinguished corporation managers and rug-buyers of society were counted, that the Administration was vindicated. McCarty rules the roost in his air-tight compartment yeleped The Building Trades' Council, but that he sways the great army of toilers with disingenuities we do not believe.

Canteen Legislation

There is a movement on foot to reinstate the army canteen and blessed as it is with the support of the war veterans and their women auxiliaries it will probably be successful. Of course it may meet with some opposition from the W. C. T. U. but resistance even from that source will be feeble. So universal is the sentiment that the abolition of the canteen was a wicked and deplorable blunder that the society which was responsible for it will scarcely have the temerity to combat an effort at reparation. Some of the more benighted and stubborn reformers connected with the W. C. T. U. will doubtless insist on the importance of the principle at stake and shut their eyes to the fact that instead of abating they have fostered intemperance by closing the canteen, but their sophistries are not likely to carry much weight before a Congress that has become heartily ashamed of the cowardice that yielded to the importunities of misguided reformers.

The abolition of the canteen was a contemptible bit of demagogism. The measure was voted for by statesmen whose sentiments were hostile to it and who ignored the dictates of conscience and judgment through fear of incurring the displeasure of a powerful society. But the gloomiest forebodings of army officers having been abundantly realized, great publicity having been given to hospital and guard house records showing that the closing of the canteen was a stimulus to the business of bawdy houses and groggeries, the President having come out in defense of the canteen, and above all public sentiment having expressed itself in clarion tones in favor of redeeming our army posts from the scandalous condition to which they have been reduced, our statesmen at Washington will proceed to the performance of an obvious duty.

The Law of the Case

When President Roosevelt announced that if necessary he would use the military forces of the United States to compel us to permit the attendance of Japanese at the same schools as are open to native and foreign white children we were inclined to scoff. Indeed we did scoff; also we did berate our blustering Chief Magistrate for his bellicose utterances as well as for his lamentable ignorance of the doctrine of State rights. On the spot we became Strict Constructionists and advised the Big Stick prophet to familiarize himself with constitutional history so that he might learn that the power to regulate the public school system was not one of the powers delegated to the Federal Government. We have since taken lightly the news of the legal proceedings that have been started to determine the extent of Federal authority, but the probability is that we shall soon be awakened from our dream of security and come to realize that President Roosevelt was not coining absurdities when threatening us with a visitation from hostile troops. Constitutional law is not one of the simplest of the sciences. Nor is the doctrine of State rights free from perplexities. There is an argument to be made in favor of the President's position that is by no means obvious to the casual reader of the Constitution or to the average person with a superficial knowledge of the boundaries of Federal authority and the extent of the sphere abandoned to it by the States when they surrendered their sovereign rights. That argument has been outlined by a writer in the North American Review and it is not easy of refutation. On the contrary it compels the conclusion that the only question involved is whether our treaty with Japan has been violated. The Japanese Government says that it has and this averment is acquiesced in by the authorities at Washington. If the courts should so hold no public school will be inaccessible to the Japs. The question, whether this State has exclusive jurisdiction over its schools is one that has already been determined, and determined adversely to the position assumed by our Board of Education. For though the public school is a State institution the States have given to the Federal Government the power to make treaties and the Federal Constitution has made a treaty the "supreme law of the land." Such in substance is the argument of the North American Review authority and he supports it with numerous extracts from decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. One of the decisions was rendered in the case of Ware vs. Hylton. By that decision was affirmed the doctrine that a State law must yield to the "supreme law of the land," whether that supreme law be expressed in a provision of the Constitution, or in a statute passed by the Congress, or in a treaty. Justice Chase, writing the opinion of the Court, said that a treaty is "paramount and controlling to all State laws and even to State constitutions wheresoever they interfere or disagree." In Foster vs. Neilson the Court decided that a statute of Congress must yield to a treaty of subsequent date. The fact is that the treaty-making power is greater than the law-making power of this country for it may accomplish by treaty what Congress, through Constitutional inhibition, may not do by statute. A treaty defeating the laws of a State by provisions which, if embodied in a statute, would have rendered the statute unconstitutional, has been sustained by our Supreme Court. So if we have violated our treaty with Japan there will be no enforcement of the order segregating school children; not, at any rate, unless the Supreme Court repudiate the doctrine that all treaties have the force of the Constitution itself. For if the decision be against our contention it will be in the power of President Roosevelt to enforce the supreme law of the land just as it was enforced by Mr. Cleveland when the Chicago rioters interfered with the passage of the mails and obstructed interstate commerce.

Japanese Exclusion

If eventually we be denied the privilege of relegating the Japanese to the Oriental school, then doubtless we shall have recourse to the only remedy, that of securing from Congress the passage of legislation modeled on the Chinese exclusion act. Whether that remedy will be accessible is another matter. Congress is likely to be very reluctant to adopt a policy that will provoke the resentment of the Japanese. The inexpedience of incurring the displeasure of the Tokio Government by passing an exclusion act is already being discussed in the Eastern States, and intelligent effort is being made to create sentiment in abatement of agitation for the proposed legislation. It is not that anybody fears that the Japanese would make an exclusion act a casus belli, but rather that in their wounded vanity they might make a change of commercial policy. It has been pointed out that the effect would be disastrous on the cotton mills of New England, the Carolinas, Georgia and Alabama. With those States fighting against an exclusion act, the representatives of the Pacific States in Washington would be able to do little more than

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make political capital for themselves. However there is congenial work ahead for our Japanese and Korean Exclusion League, the leading lights of which, unfortunately, are the well-fed and autocratic moulders of organized labor sentiment. True they are basing their hostility to the Japanese mainly upon their zeal for the preservation of the purity of the Caucasian blood, but their misgivings respecting racial contamination are not infectious. Nobody outside the ranks of the labor agitators of the Japanese and Korean Exclusion League is alarmed over the prospect of a futile effort to assimilate the impregnable subjects of the Mikado. The paramount objection to the Japanese is that they threaten to invade the labor market and effect a mischievous revolution in industrial affairs. The Jap is repugnant to us for several reasons; he has not an agreeable personality, nor is his moral obliquity offset by the traits of character that command the admiration of the Jordans and other broad-minded cosmopolites, but we could tolerate him in large numbers if he were not such an aggressive competitor. Moreover if he were less obtrusive he would not encounter so much hostile public sentiment as has been aroused; for many people to whom he is now repugnant are so blindly prejudiced against organized labor that if the opposition to him appeared to be entirely from that source they would be inclined to compassionate him. These blindly prejudiced ones, conscious though they are of the economic importance of keeping up the standard of wages, are so resentful of the tyranny of unionism, of its political aggressions and its intimidation of the press so long regarded as the palladium of our liberties but now too fearful of union influence to faithfully perform its functions, that they have come to the conclusion that whatsoever may be fatal to organized labor should be welcomed as a boon to the nation.

The Criminaloid

Trust magnates who have been subjected to the indignity of indictments and captains of industry whose activities have engaged the attention of Interstate Commerce and other indelicately inquisitive commissions owe a heavy debt of gratitude to Professor Edward A. Ross, erstwhile of Stanford University. Professor Ross is a scientist and has all a scientist's horror of inexactitude. He has become mightily exercised over the broad generalizations indulged in by the muckrakers of the magazines and the iconoclasts of the daily papers who are more vigorous than polite in characterizing the methods of high finance. Professor Ross has only a lukewarm enthusiasm for the voluminous literature of exposure that is being built on the ruins of millionaires' reputations. Shocked at the careless bandying of the discourteous word 'criminal' so often tagged in these forthright times to the names of grayhaired senators, oil kings, railroad barons and insurance presidents, Professor Ross has put his terminological resources at their command and has invented a euphemistic noun for their consolation and encouragement. They are not criminals, says the professor, these venerable millionaires against whom such a tremendous popular outcry has suddenly burst forth—they are not criminals but merely 'criminaloids.' By this hybrid term the professor understands one who has suddenly become the victim of an awakened public conscience. Take George W. Perkins for instance. For years he pursued the stealthy tenor of his way, waxing wealthy through two admirable qualities—his ability to command special privilege and his scorn for the scrupulosity that deters so many other men from availing themselves of their opportunities. A series of regretable circumstances quite recently led the impulsive public to a new understanding of his position and has finally resulted in his indictment for forgery. But Mr. Perkins need not be castdown. His consciousness of rectitude is supported by the remembrance that the Grand Jury which found true bills against him had the excellent good taste to apologize for their crude and unworthy behavior; and besides he has the assurance of a great scientist like Professor Ross that he is only a 'criminaloid.' The word is certain of hearty welcome in that exclusive set which keeps the Federal prosecutors and the Dakota divorce mills busy. It is a word of good cheer, for a criminal may go to jail while a 'criminaloid' is seldom subjected to any greater punishment than the attacks of muckrakers and iconoclasts whose blows are heavy but not necessarily fatal. It is true that the offenses of which the great financiers of the country have been found guilty frequently find place in the penal code, but in consequence of Professor Ross' pronouncement a new code will probably be formulated for the particular use of trust magnates and captains of industry. It might be called the "penaloid code" unless Professor Ross has a better name in petto. Meanwhile all that pride themselves on keeping abreast of the times will condemn as reactionary and old-fashioned the assertion of William J. Bryan that the trust magnate is on the same moral plane as the highwayman.

Boston and Her Blue Laws

The Boston of the past and the Boston of the present are being brought face to face in a most singular manner through the activity of District Attorney Moran in enforcing the blue laws against the violation of the Sabbath. With the surmised intention of demonstrating the absurdity of retaining these strict enactments on the statute books he has ordered the arrest of all who perform manual labor on Sunday and the courts have been congested in consequence. Men have been arrested for removing baggage and scenery from the theatres, for carrying ice cream, laundry, coffins even. No music is allowed at the hotels, photographers and florists must close, bakers cannot bake, bootblacks cannot ply their trade, the fruit stores cannot supply customers. Used as Boston has been to Sunday closing in its customary Eastern features this tight fastening of the lid has caused great protestation and the enforcement of the laws will probably have the desired effect of hastening their abrogation. For the spirit of the age is wholly lacking in sympathy for any observance of the Lord's Day that conflicts with its pleasure or its business. Even in Boston where the effects of Puritan rule linger to soften the crudity of religious indifference so apparent elsewhere in this country the people are restive under laws that their ancestors obeyed not only without question but with a fervor of acceptance that the irreligious man of today can neither understand nor admire. There was much intolerant bigotry behind the blue laws, without doubt, but there was also a spirit of Christian piety that is rarely manifested now. Attendance at church service on Sunday morn-

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TWO BITS
It cures Sold at druggists

ing is usually considered the only tribute to religious faith that need be paid on the single day of the week on which men condescend to bother at all about any but purely material things. And the proportion of our population which yields even that concession to religion would shock the men who made the blue laws. Boston will emancipate itself from the troublesome statutes as a matter of course. The complexities of modern life make the cessation of all labor on any day impossible; but Boston has a conscience that is just a little more tender than the consciences of our other big cities and it must feel a slight twinge at realizing how far the city has traveled along the ungodly road since the time when Bostonians in all literalness remembered the Sabbath to keep it holy.

Perspective Impressions.

Dr. Albert Shaw tells us that the theory of State rights is "an obsolete curiosity." It was until Roosevelt made it a live issue.

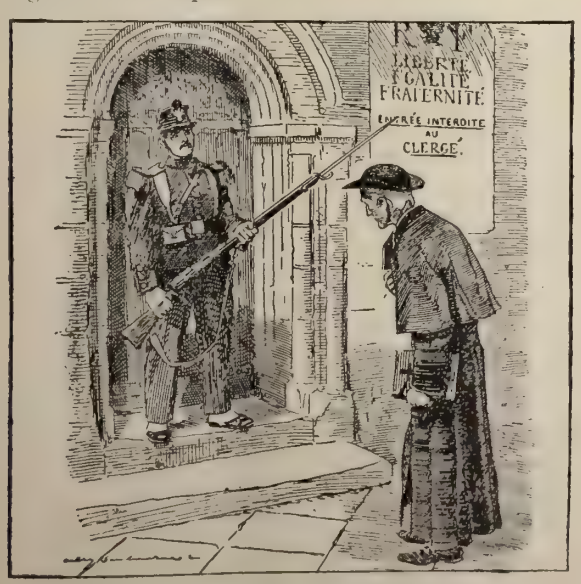
The very rich are classified by Dr. Felix Adler among the insane. What a great yearning there is for lunacy in this country!

Miss Beeson, a teacher in the St. Louis public schools, is to be retired after fifty years of service. She is now about ripe for admission to the faculty of the Girls' High School of San Francisco, the members of which, it is said, seldom die and never resign.

Pardee has been telling the people of Oakland all about the dangers of bossism. They are great but not greater than those to be apprehended in the case of a Governor afflicted with too much solicitude for his own political advancement.

The City is paying $98,000 a year for temporary offices worth less than a quarter of that amount while the City Hall remains in ruins for lack of funds. That was exactly Tweed's way of doing business and it was exactly what caused all the trouble. And yet we are told that Schmitz is a very much maligned man!

There is a suggestion of atavism in the news that pigs have been received in Chicago society and banqueted at the family trough. And yet it may be nothing more than an advertisement designed to counteract the unsavory reputation acquired by the commodity that made Porkopolis infamous after the slaughter-house expose.



The Triumph of Democracy!
—Punch (London).

Perhaps when Governor Swettenham asked Admiral Davis to withdraw he was thinking of the tactless precedent set by President Roosevelt when England, through motives of humanity, desired to contribute to the relief of this stricken city. President Roosevelt was not sarcastic but he was none the less offensive.

The telegraphic news from Seattle informs us that the latest book which "Vincent Harber" has offered the public has been impounded by the police as unfit for circulation. No particulars, not even the title of the book, have been given, and the probabilities are that the "immorality" has been scented out entirely on account of the recent divorce proceedings brought by Mrs. Adams. At all events, no better advertisement has yet been devised than that of giving out that a book is unfit for circulation.

A writer laments the heaping of abuse on our beloved President. One of the privileges of the American citizen is to damn the President. And we usually do that out of respect for the memory of Washington, who, during his second term, when aspersions were being cast on his private character, when he was accused of showing incapacity during the Revolution, and of having embezzled public funds, declared that he would rather be in his grave than in the Presidency. Exemption from abuse might lead an egotist in the White House to imagine himself better than the man who was sometimes referred to as the step-father of his country.



Shakespeare and Tolstoi
The Immortal William—"My dear Goethe, if I had only known about him in time, I would have made him a clown in one of my plays." —Ulk (Berlin).

The Annals of Pickeye

(In Seven Chapters)

By the Editor of the Old "Pickeye Trumpet"—J. T. Goodman

I

Pickeye As It Was At the Advent of the "Trumpet"

There is no more telling how population will drift than which way a frog will jump.

In '50 we all were dead sure that Ragtown would be the emporium of the Southern Mines.

With the perspicacity of the early bird I rushed some type and an old press there, and started the "Ragtown Trumpet."

But within three months the Pickeye diggings were discovered, and the course of empire turned that way.

It required little observation to satisfy me that Time's latest offspring was his best, and that to be in the swim at all I must go with the tide.

If I had called my sheet the "Eagle" or "Mud Turtle"—or anything else locomotive—it mightn't have been so difficult to get a move on it.

But the "Trumpet" had blared for Ragtown until the citizens of that place felt they had a vested right in it. It is only fair to state that most of them had.

In consequence, when I announced my intention of removing to the new metropolis, a qualified but very effective embargo was proclaimed—that is, I might go to Pickeye or to Tophet, if I liked, but the "Trumpet" office should remain in Ragtown.

I considered this an open assault on the freedom of the press, and resented it as became the sole representative and champion of the noble fourth estate in that region.

When a Coriolanus is turned down at home what recourse has he but to go to the Volscians? I went to Pickeye, and told my wrongs. The response was what first revealed to me the loftiness of its public spirit.

Business was suspended in the town; work ceased in the surrounding camps; and three thousand armed men, with seven prairies-schooners carrying their blankets and commissary-stores, moved against Ragtown.

There were no Roman matrons to supplicate me and save the town. Powerless to defend itself, Ragtown passed under the yoke, and the "Trumpet" office was borne off to Pickeye.

Then and there I vowed to dedicate my talent and my fortune to Pickeye. It would be immodest to speak of my own achievements. I will only say that the "Trumpet" became a power in the land. But now that the flower of manhood which flourished there has almost passed away, and I am but a last leaf, I feel it incumbent on me to perform my final votive duty.

The name of Pickeye hasn't figured in history to any great extent up to date, but future historiographers may discover in the annals of that place a veritable mine. The map and the whole earth might be searched in vain for the town now. Time set a dela mark against it, as it did against Troy and Carthage. The melancholy epitaph "Pickoculus fuit" or "Delevitus est Pickoculus" might be inscribed upon its site. But the stirring events and heroic deeds of its palmy days still live in story, and will continue to live while memory holds a seat within the book and volume of many an old-timer's brain.

It was one of those mining camps which sprang up like mushrooms in the early days of California, just a bedley of houses, cabins and tents, on the bank of the Tuolumne, where the river had formed a long flat. Its population was only a few thousand, but that was no measure of the town's importance. When the surrounding mining camps poured in their additional thousands it became a theatre where unrestrained human nature exhibited itself in every phase of comedy and tragedy, as the mood or occasion prompted, and it was recognized as the metropolis of the Southern Mines.

It's modest name was derived, like so many others in those days, from a trivial circumstance. The supposed discoverers of the place found the shank, or eye, of a rusted pick imbedded in the gravel many feet below the surface. The incident gave rise to many conjectures and to the name of the locality. The former died away in futile discussion, but the name survived. It was a homely and foolish name, but to the archaeologist it may become in course of time as pregnant with meaning as Palenque or Persepolis. And, after all, what's in a name? We have it on high authority that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. The persons and events that give pomp and circumstance to history are what consecrate the name of a city, and in this respect Pickeye will ever be as famous as if it had borne the most high-sounding appellation in the world.

If, mindful of the unhonored dead and striving in these artless tales to relate some of their intrepid doings, I fail to impress the reader with a sense of their illustriousness, let the failure be imputed to my lack of skill, not to a want of grandeur in the deeds themselves. The greatest actions dwindle in importance if poorly told. The Trojan war would seem a tedious affair but for Homer. Except for Xenophon the retreat of the Ten Thousand would be an uninteresting occurrence. I am neither a poet nor a historian, but I have done my best. Should the glory of Pickeye sink into oblivion it will be because I am not gifted enough to depict it properly and the true genius never arises to write its Iliad or Anabisis.

The files of the old "Pickeye Trumpet" (the only possession I have managed to retain during a lifetime now fast yellowing) have been of great use to me in verifying names and dates, but in little else; for doing the editing, composition and presswork all by myself was not favorable to extended reports of events, even if there had been no other restrictions.

But those were times that tried the editor's nerve as well as his brain. He had to run the gauntlet, as it were, with every issue of his paper, and he learned to be circumspect.

But if there be no full reports in these faded old files, I find something better in them—the lavender-fragrance of a time that is vanished. In turning them over I breathe again the aura of my youth, and the glory of those days and of Pickeye rises like a beautiful apparition from their tattered leaves.

Of no less service has been the manuscript collection of the late C. Augustus Dinkey, bequeathed to me as literary executor of the lamented Foothill Bard. So far I have been unable to find a publisher willing to

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The Jacobins and the Vatican

A Controversy in London That Throws Some Light on the French Anti-Clerical Campaign

London, January 2, 1907.

Editor Town Talk: There has been so much discussion in America of the French Separation Law that perhaps you would be pleased to inform your readers of British sentiment on the subject. Therefore I have herein reported the salient features of a somewhat acrimonious controversy in England that has grown out of the anti-clerical campaign across the channel. By following it one may get fairly accurate knowledge of the animus of the hostile attitude of the Clemenceau regime to the Vatican as well as sentiment here respecting the conduct of the French ministry. That critical literary journal, the Saturday Review, edited by a communicant of the Anglican church, recently took the British press to task for sympathizing with the French Government in what it conceives to be the scheme of Jacobin politicians to transform their countrymen into not only a non-Christian but an anti-Christian nation. Certain Conservative journals defended their position by asserting that the stubbornness of the Vatican was inspired by the influence of the German Emperor who is England's most bitter enemy. To this the Review made reply: "If the German Emperor be indeed the remorseless enemy to England that certain writers proclaim him to be, could a worse service be done to the interests of this country than to link his name with the cause of faith against atheism, and to hold him up alike to the believing and the unbelieving, even in Morocco, as the new Charlemagne who has come to the rescue of Christianity in its hour of need?" The Review dubbed the French statesmen "pigmy Robespierres and Dantons" and charged that the Protestants of England were willing to see Christianity injured so long as Papists suffered, and he entered vigorous denial in these words of the assertion that the Pope has been the aggressor:

"The truth is that throughout the struggle the Republic and not the Pope has been the lawbreaker. The very pretext for the Separation Law was the Pope's interference to abate a grave ecclesiastical scandal which no Church in Christendom could tolerate. The dissolution of the Concordat without notice to the Holy See was in the circumstances a discourteous violation of the diplomatic usages of civilized nations. The Separation Law violated the spirit of the Concordat in a most dishonorable manner. The paltry salaries paid to the French clergy under that treaty represented the nation's shabby compensation for the great wealth with which the piety or penitence of the pre-revolutionary ages had endowed the Gallican Church, and of which the Revolution robbed her. If the Concordat was to be dissolved, justice and logic required that from a pecuniary point of view the Church should be placed again in the same position in which she stood in 1789. Practically no doubt this would have been impossible, still in view of past guarantees it was the duty of the State to make compensation not only to the individual clerics but also to the Church as a corporate body on a generous scale. Practically the Republic offered no compensation whatever to the Church, but allowed the ecclesiastical fabrics to be leased to associations cultuelles who were to be responsible for public worship, and whose orthodoxy was to be vouched not by the bishop of the diocese but by a council of state nominated by the Jacobin government of France."

It is upon this point of the power of the State to determine the orthodoxy of the associations that the Review lays special emphasis. The editor asserts that because certain bishops considered whether it was possible to form associations under the Separation Law on a canonical basis, it was reported that the French Episcopate was inclined to accept the Government's proposal, whereas those bishops gave up the task as hopeless. Finally he charged that the British papers in their comments on French ecclesiastical matters "are tuned by the Jewish financial rings on the Continent, their representatives in Paris being mostly Jews and very seldom Christians. He mentioned the Times as one paper represented in Paris by a Semitic gentleman."

These comments evoked from one of the Parisian correspondents, A. Beaumont, a Catholic, a letter of protest. He denied that the correspondents are hostile to the Catholic Church, or that they are Jews or in the pay of Jews. "The fact," he added, "that one or two correspondents may be Jews does not imply that they are not gentleman. It is not a question between Jews and Catholics, but between an atheist Government and Catholics. It has not yet been proved that all Jews are atheists." And then he proceeded to discuss the situation in France from the standpoint of a Catholic who does not approve the Vatican policy, not because the Government is right but because it has the advantage of superior physical force, and for the further reason that religious sentiment is not strong in France. He thus describes conditions in France:

"To be a sincere and practicing Catholic one should follow the laws and precepts of the Church and accept its doctrines. As regards both these points Frenchmen are miserably in default. The Church commands its adherents to attend Mass, under pain of mortal sin and excommunication, every Sunday, to fast and abstain every Friday, to confess and receive communion at least once a year at Easter time. As regards these precepts it is notorious that perhaps not one out of twenty or may be even out of a hundred observes them. Not one out of twenty is even conscious that he is violating the precepts of the Church. As regards her doctrines the immense majority of Frenchmen scarcely know them. To mention only a few, how many Frenchmen believe in the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, heaven and hell, purgatory, the Holy Trinity, the divinity of Christ, the mission and authority of the Church, the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, the inspiration of the Bible, etc. They have a vague notion that these things were taught them when they were children when their indifferent parents sent them to church and catechism. On the whole the priests are looked upon with suspicion, the doctrines they teach are regarded by adults as 'boniments' and there it ends. Their religion is confined to going to church for a wedding or a funeral. This is the state of mind at least three-fourths of Frenchmen are in. Has the Pope been well advised to believe that there will be a re-awakening of religious belief on the part of this immense majority of so-called Catholics? Let facts answer. The only faithful that remain in France are the thirty-six thousand priests, and their small con-

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The Alhambra

By Major Ben C. Truman

The Alhambra! When Washington Irving gave to the English reading world, some seventy-five years ago, his "Tales of the Alhambra," he not only painted the lily but he forever restrained all succeeding writers who had not dismissed their reasoning faculties from further descriptions of this turbaned monarch of all romantic ruins. But when one stands on the throne of Nasr, or ascends any of the time-worn towers; or lingers among the alabaster columns and under the fretted arches of the transcendently beautiful Court of Lions with the water of its fountains plashing upon the marbles and mosaics; or draws into the Sala de dos Hermanas and Hall of Ambassadors, he feels as if he should not have been restrained from presenting his impressions by the incomparably-written "Tales" of the exuberant romancer who has told us all about the sculptures and paintings, the mosaics and marbles, the porcelain and arabesques, the columns and pilasters, the finials and bases, halls and galleries, audience rooms and harems, baths and fountains, and of the other innumerable richly endowed and highly decorated objects, many of which are in an excellent state of preservation and as beautiful as when the "white arm of some mysterious princess beckoned from the balcony," or some "dark-eyed beauty of the harem gazed unseen upon the entertainment below." From my apartment in the hotel across the street from the Alhambra I felt as Irving did when he said:

"From earliest boyhood, when, on the banks of the Hudson, I first pored over the pages of an old Spanish story about the wars in Granada, that city has ever been a subject of my waking dreams, and often have I trod in fancy the romantic halls of the Alhambra. Behold, for once, a day-dream realized; yet I can scarcely credit my senses, or believe that I do, indeed, inhabit the palace of boabdil, and look down from its balconies upon chivalric Granada. As I loiter through these oriental chambers and hear the murmur of fountains and the song of the nightingale; as I inhale the odor of the rose and feel the influence of the balmy climate, I am almost tempted to fancy myself in the paradise of Mahomet, and that the plump little Dolores is one of the bright-eyed houris, destined to administer to the happiness of true believers."

It takes a good half day to do the Alhambra thoroughly—and one can hardly tire of such half days, not the least enticing parts of which are the views from the Tower of Comares, the Balcony, and the Tower of Las Infantas. These views embrace a munificently-bestowed valley, (the Vega) running many miles in all directions and dotted with vineyard, olive and orange tracts, many old and new mills, towns and villages, churches and convents, the City of Granada at our base, with the "Generalife" (the summer palace of the occupants of the Alhambra) a little way off, a parallel spur of foothills full of cavehomes of gipsieri and, rising over all, the snow-clad Sierras, 12,000 feet in height, from which gush innumerable rivulets of inexhaustible water. And then there are myriads of gardens of ornamental and flowering trees and flowers of all varieties, and much else to intoxicate the senses even used to beautiful and long-drawn panoramic sights. Not a single object of Granada or the Alhambra is disappointing—and those of the latter are seemingly endless; to be sure, the Hall of the Ambassadors and the Court of Lions are the most gorgeous and renowned. Of the former, Pedraza, the Granadine antiquary, observes, that "No monarch, whether Christian or infidel, ever possessed a more magnificent apartment than that called the Hall of the Ambassadors." Of the Court of Lions I present one paragraph from Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra:"

"* * The alabaster basins still shed their diamond drops; and the twelve lions, which support them, cast forth their crystal streams as in the days of Boabdil. The court is laid out in flower-beds, and surrounded by light Arabian arcades of open filagree-work, supported by slender pillars of white marble. The architecture, like that of all the other parts of the palace, is characterized by elegance rather than grandeur; bespeaking a delicate and graceful taste and a disposition to indolent enjoyment. When one looks upon the fairy tracery of the peristyles, and the apparently fragile fretwork of the walls, it is difficult to believe that so much has survived the wear and tear of centuries, the shocks of earthquakes, the violence of war, and the quiet, though no less baneful, pilferings of the tasteful traveler; it is almost sufficient to excuse the popular tradition, that the whole is protected by a popular charm."

Two or three hours may be rapturously discharged by a ramble through the "Palacio de Generalife" and its gardens. These are on a hill to the east of the Alhambra, a hundred odd feet higher and a short mile away. Through these gardens run vast volumes of snow water direct from the Sierra Nevada mountains. Here are noble trees, one of which, a cypress, is nearly seven hundred years old; while orange, lemon, olive and pomegranate are festooned with silvery lichen and the Castilian rose, and the terraces and grottos and footpaths are fantastically embroidered with vines and shrubs. An umbrageousness of leafage is insufficient to ward off all the sunshine, and, so, vagrant beams and shadows chase each other all day for mastery. The Generalife is only second to the Alhambra in matchlessness of site and handiwork. The view is even more commanding than that from the Comares Tower, as a westerly sweep of the vision embraces all the Alhambra as well as additional features of Granada and a greater circumjacence of bordering hills.

I shall never forget a highly enjoyable afternoon and evening I spent at the Generalife;—for when the fugitive moonbeams stream fully into its gardens the magical charms and transformations entice the enraptured pilgrim to linger longer than he had planned. Gradual shimmers of demulcent gleams sparkle and flash daintily through the leafy interstices of the giant cypress and accacia and the lichens become silvery embroideries upon tree trunks and rocks. The spray from innumerable fountains floats off every arbor and Calustrade like mists of infinitesimal pearls and the gurgling water meander their artificial courses in a glister of translucent light. And the nightingale sings meanwhile.

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The Spectator

The Swatting of Jordan

Poor David Starr Jordan! he appears to have got himself into a terrible mess this time, and all because of his fatal gift of speech. Something awful were the series of swats administered by way of rebuke for what seemed to me but a minor transgression immeasurably out of proportion to the punishment. If a merely disinterested witness like myself squirmed and involuntarily groaned under a realistic conception of the force of the impact of editorial wrath that thundered out of the blue what must have been the sensation experienced by the distinguished victim of the onslaught! I profess as little reverence as anybody but there are certain outward observances of respect due to deities of all grades and conditions. Dr. Jordan is no inconsiderable Joss within the sacred and academic precincts of Palo Alto and the disrespectful treatment to which he was subjected away from home by an irreverent press, was most deplorable. Dr. Jordan is a being darkly wise and rudely great, fulfilling, therefore, Pope's idea of a man and he is entitled to that respectful consideration which is usually vouchsafed the genius that kindles and the fame that inspires. He came to San Francisco to teach us that to be a gentleman it is essential among other things to get rid of national prejudices. It is part of the duty of a college president nowadays to irradiate the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his thoughts and this, it appears, is no placid and untroubled occupation. Indeed it is sometimes a hazardous one, especially if the learned gentleman be inclined in the enthusiasm of the moment to wax censorious. Editors have an aversion to censure compared with which that of the devil to holy water is a coy reluctance. Consequently it was an unseemly temerity on the part of Dr. Jordan to infuse into his discourse certain aspersions on the mentality of American journalists. Nevertheless in my humble opinion the retort pertinent was sounded more vehemently and with a more evenly sustained power of execution than the facts warranted. But then I am prejudiced against the pursuit of trifles with what might seem to be vengeance. While to forgive is as arduous a pitch as human nature can arrive at, offenses that are given over the nuts and amid the fumes of black coffee compel cognizance of extenuating circumstances.

His Fatal Facility

Dr. Jordan appears to be encumbered with an unfortunate faculty for propagating double entendre. So susceptible is he of misinterpretation that one might pronounce him fructiferous of unintentional equivocation. This is a most remarkable phenomenon in a renowned scholar, one who is something of a Lord of Language, who knows words and the ideas for which they stand, who is familiar with the accuracy of periods and the nice counterpoise of diction. Despite his scholarly attainments Dr. Jordan may be tracked through life by the words he has dropped inadvertently. He is continually being involved in misunderstandings even in the olive grove of Academe where the Attic bird trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long. Even to the learned professor himself it must be manifest by this time that he has not the gift of imparting his meaning. For an example of his fatal predilection for employing language to sequester his thoughts ponder his assertion of the other night in reference to the shaping of the national policy within the shadow of the penitentiary. I will not attempt to quote his words. They are too elusive for me. But I submit that what he said seemed clear enough until after being ruthlessly assailed he attempted to explain that what he meant to say was quite different from what was inferred from his utterances; and that thereafter we were hopelessly involved in a maze of jargon from which extrication was impossible. Sincerely disclaiming intention of giving offense, I am constrained to suggest that Dr. Jordan came nearer expressing his real sentiments in his original speech than in his apologetic emendation.

The Basis of the Charge

It is to be regretted that Dr. Jordan did not stick to the letter and spirit of his homily and after the swatting solace himself with Heine's philosophic reflection: Wherever a great soul gives utterance to his thoughts there is Golgotha. For why should this Zeno of Palo Alto, whom the Cynics of San Francisco deride, have retracted? His language applied to the Board of Education was insulting, but not devoid of the color of truth, for though, in my opinion, the members of that body are conscientious in their attitude toward the Japanese, they are unfortunately identified with the Schmitz Administration, and under our charter Mayor Schmitz, who is figuratively within the shadow of San Quentin, may dictate their policies. That is what I thought Dr. Jordan meant to say, and while not attempting to justify such language, I lament what appeareth to me as artful and unnecessary dodging.

Irish To the Rescue

In this view of the matter I am sustained and soothed by no less an authority than our irremovable Naval Officer, the erudite but worldly-wise, Colonel John P. Irish. The Colonel has not communicated with me on the subject but I have divined his sentiments with the aid of a curious set of circumstances. I'd not hesitate to stake my reputation as a mind reader

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against Irish's fee simple title to his political job that Jordan forfeited more than an iota of the esteem in which he was held by the Colonel when he courteously disavowed intention to rile our school directors. It is now a matter of record that Colonel Irish was among those conspicuous at the Unitarian banquet and that while gracing the occasion of Dr. Jordan's lambent irradiation of the vexed school question, it never occurred to him that something in the nature of a pons asinorum should be used as first aid to interpretation of the great piscatory authority's meaning. And the Colonel, who is no mean philologist, not only construed, but concurred in what he assumed to be the obvious purport of the language; a fact to which the columns of the veracious Oakland Tribune bear witness. That paper, it appears, had taken occasion to dissent from Dr. Jordan's pro-Japanese sentiments expressed at an earlier date, and Colonel Irish fresh from the banquet and big with the droppings from the Jordan larder of wisdom took up his trusty and dauntless pen and unburdened himself in these words:

"Now the government of San Francisco stands impeached of looting legitimate interests and of taking toll from the vice and crime, the sin and sorrow, of a great city. The head of that government and other of its officers are under numerous indictments for many felonies. Being under indictment, they stand in the shadow of San Quentin, and from that umbrage attempt to dictate the foreign policy of the United States. Dr. Jordan's statement was the well-considered and conservative utterance of a positive and absolute truth. Its truthfulness is what makes it hurt and causes the wrathy outburst of the members of the government of San Francisco."

The day of the publication of the foregoing Dr. Jordan recanted in the San Francisco dailies. So the joke was on Irish, but the Colonel should have no trouble in bearing it if Dr. Jordan has shown no signs of distress.

The Billingsgate Habit

I cannot approve of Dr. Jordan's language, (the first edition) because it was offensive without being argumentative. This city will never escape the grievous reproach of provincialism while our public men find it impossible to differ without vilifying one another. In politics of course the exchange of personal abuse is inevitable. The glorious privilege of free speech guaranteed by the founders of our institutions allows political adversaries to indulge in insult, lying and slander to their heart's content, provided only they stop short of the point where the police might be called in. This city is not alone in conducting its political campaign on the theory that a man's private life may be exposed by his adversary for the purpose of prejudicing voters against him. But while the other big cities of the country show signs of gradually outgrowing this method of campaign San Francisco adheres to it as pertinaciously as Podunk and Kokomo. And it applies the same antiquated method of argumentation in other than political discussions. It has not yet reached a pass where public officials, members of the judiciary, college professors and others whose notions of dignity ought to transcend those of professional office-seekers can express their disagreement with one another's positions without resorting to the peculiar sort of argumentum ad hominem that made Billingsgate Fish Market notorious. So we must stomach the disgraceful spectacle of the president of a university protesting against the formulation of this country's Japanese policy by men who stand in the shadow of San Quentin and of the officials in question retaliating that the president of the university is a bibulous incompetent pensioned by the trustees of an indulgent estate. We see a superior judge rushing into print with the statement that the whole local judiciary is incompetent and ought to be impeached by the Legislature. We see an indicted political boss hiring halls to denounce his prosecutor as an assassin and a monster who preys on the virtue of young girls. With the present war on graft waging so bitterly perhaps this intemperance of speech is unavoidable, but it is none the less disgusting to those who conduct their disputes in a gentlemanly fashion and who long for the time when we shall have outgrown the methods of frontier journalism and pay more attention to the arguments of our adversary and none at all to the pregnable parts of his private life. Our public officials and our leading men will never command the respectful consideration which their grievances merit at the hands of the more polished East until they set a strong curb on the unruly member.

A Forbidding Picture

But now that it is all over it is hard to ignore the estimate that has been put upon David Starr Jordan's imperfections. For if his unsavory opinions were a stench to the editorial nostrils what shall be said of the fragrant disesteem in which he is held in newspaperdom. Dr. Jordan is president of a great and growing institution in which the young idea is taught how to shoot. He is hired for his moral worth as well as for his great intellectual qualities, character being the principal asset with which parents expect their offspring to be equipped at Leland Stanford Jr. University. If the newspapers have not slandered Dr. Jordan he is hardly the man to train the perceptive faculties of young men and women and quicken in them that sense of direction which discriminates between the broad and narrow paths. The Call has solemnly affirmed that throughout newspaperdom the reputation of Dr. Jordan for repudiating his own word is firmly established. Other things equally harsh were uttered by the local press, but they did not approximate in severity the criticisms of the Oakland Tribune, published, by the way, previous to Dr. Jordan's comment on editors. He has "more than once," said the Tribune, "shown a disposition to dodge, evade and deny the truth." In discussing the Japanese question, according to the Tribune, "he is not honest with himself any more than he is honest with the public he addresses;" his "love of tuft-hunting has prostituted talents of the highest order:" he lacks "moral stamina and mental rectitude:" his flacid moral integrity is responsible for tergiversations that, in summing up, can only be properly characterized as falsehoods;" he is not overwhelmed with shame because "his weak and tepid moral nature" is "encased in an armor of moral hypocrisy." I haven't quoted it all. I haven't even given a lucid condensation, but I've not exaggerated the ferocity of it. It is to be hoped that Dr. Jordan is

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not quite so black as he has been painted; that there has been some misapprehension. I should rejoice to learn that there are two Dr. Jordans—one the President of Stanford University, an eminent scientist and moralist who has rendered splendid services to his country, and the other, an impostor who has deceived the newspapers and caused much unfortunate misapprehension.

Mizner Wasn't Asked

Mr. Isidor Jacobs, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Potrero Commercial and Manufacturer's Association, informs me by letter that I was in error in asserting that Edgar Mizner was asked to preside at the Union Square meeting called to express public sentiment in respect of the maladministration of municipal affairs. Mr. Jacobs gives the history of that meeting as follows: "The said Union Square meeting was the culmination of certain meetings of citizens called through the Potrero Commercial and Manufacturers' Association, of which the writer was chairman. The municipal administration had no connection in any shape, manner or form with any of the said committee meetings, or with the said Union Square meeting proper. We believe that this Union Square meeting was the first move to bring about the culmination of the charges against the Administration leaders, as committee meetings spoke on these subjects in no uncertain tones, and the results of the Union Square meeting showed up the boldness that might be expected on the part of the corrupt administration. When the meeting was held at Union Square there is no doubt that there were a large number of people present like Mr. Mizner who had determined to give expression to their indignation. Before the meeting was called to order the committee met and were informed by the Rev. William Rader that Mr. Older phoned him that a gang of men were distributed around the meeting for the purpose of creating a disturbance and breaking up the meeting, and that an organized effort would be made in this way, so as to give it the impression that the citizens were not a unit in this matter. Under the Rev. William Rader's advice, and that of others, it was decided to be advisable to pass the resolutions presented by the committee and then adjourn. The writer personally was opposed to this, as he was satisfied that the citizens who represented the best interests of the State were largely in the majority, and that they should have been given a chance of expressing their indignation. It was however afterward proven that perhaps the action by the committee was the wisest, as there would undoubtedly have been a tremendous row raised at the meeting. Many "so called" labor leaders close up to the Administration were present determined to raise a fuss, so that there were several distinct elements in the gathering, and although the determined citizens outnumbered them by a big ratio the action of the committee prevented a row. What happened after the meeting adjourned was not part of the meeting itself, and the note referred to (handed to Mr. Mizner) must have been handed to him after the meeting adjourned, asking him to take charge of the gathering, which he probably wisely refused to do. The only man that was tendered the chairmanship by the committee was Rudolf Spreckels, Esq. He declined at that time and reserved his decision as to whether he would lead the movement later. As already stated the committee spoke in no uncertain tones and without equivocation of any kind, and in justice to them, it is hardly fair that you should leave these aspersions which might be construed from the article mentioned as indicating that they had any connection with Ruef, Schmitz, or any of the Administration, in any shape, manner or form.

I remain, Yours very truly,

ISIDOR JACOBS,
Chairman Executive Committee.

A Reasonable Inference

The foregoing letter does not necessarily convict me of inaccuracy. In asserting that Mr. Mizner was asked to preside at the meeting I merely repeated what Mr. Mizner himself told me. And, as to the truth of the assertion Mr. Jacobs can only offer the negative testimony of one who knows that Mr. Mizner was not asked by the Potrero Association to preside. But there is no issue between Mr. Jacobs, and Mr. Mizner, for according to the latter's testimony he was asked to preside by someone connected with the Schmitz Administration who handed him a programme for the occasion. It is reasonable to infer that the men who, according to Mr. Jacobs, were on hand to raise a row were also on hand to capture the meeting and that they picked out Mizner as a man of the right stuff to hold adverse possession of the chair if he could once establish squatter sovereignty.

The Strap-Hangers' League

While our people have a real grievance against the United Railroads, it is hard to see what the Strap Hangers' League hopes to accomplish in the way of reform. If the company were to imitate the custom of European trams and allow only so many to take passage as might be seated then there would be a howl that would be a howl. But conditions being as they are, the public is glad enough to ride on the fenders, whatever its state of indignation. Perhaps in this fact lies the weakness of the league. At any rate, the freemasonry of Strap Hanging has no grand high-sign of distress, it would seem, whereby brothers are called to aid brothers who refuse to part with their nickels unless given seats. I have been much amused to observe the alacrity with which the undersized Strap Hanger removes his red "no-seat-no-fare" button as he takes the measure of a husky conductor. It is a matter of common knowledge, also, that Strap Hangers

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true to their principles have been bounced to the pavement without a show of protest from their fellow-passengers. The exception has been in the gang of toughs that boarded cars in the unprotected burned district and refused to pay at all. That is the sort of anarchy the League will bring about, if it does not die a-borning.

A Prolific Source of Trouble

Without apologizing for the United Railroads and its inadequate service, I do not hesitate to pass the buck in the case of its all too frequent blockades, to the police department. Before the fire the ordinance making it a misdemeanor to block the tracks was enforced with more or less firmness. Teamsters observed the warning clang of the motorman's gong and took care to keep out of the way of the cars in stopping. Nowadays they appear to take delight in blocking traffic. They leave the track when they please, keeping on a little longer than necessary to show their independence. When they load or unload they usually leave their horses standing in the way or else let enough of the wagon project to threaten the steps of the car. There is no limit to the delay the driver may cause, for a policeman in the unburned district is almost as rare as the dodo. The police department is not so hard up that it could not place a few mounted men here to cope with the nuisance, were it not for politics. A teamster arrested is a vote lost and an enemy gained. That's the answer.

Verdi's Mantle Not For Giordano

Although San Francisco has been the readiest of American cities to receive new operas of merit, Giordano's "Fedora," in my opinion, will never be accorded a place in local favor with "La Boheme, "La Tosca," "Cavalleria," "Pagliacci" or even Giordano's earlier "Andre Chenier." Unlike the other operas mentioned, "Fedora" contains nothing that tugs the heart-strings. It is a tragedy of plot in libretto and score, without the daring contrast of humor, or even of lightness except in a small degree. The music carries the impression of being made to order, the product of ingenuity rather than of inspiration. In no opera that I know does the language of the instruments play so mechanical a part. There are long sweeps of the strings in strange, minor transitions that betoken the yearnings of the soul; solemn blasts from the trombones in tragic proclamation; prophetic blares from the trumpets. The bull-fiddles and 'cellos grumble an undercurrent of sadness, punctuated with sobs from the french horns and melancholy tootles from the bassoons and oboes. While of the typically modern Italian school the orchestral climaxes to the pantomime of the singers contain more of Meyerbeer than of Wagner, who made the school possible. The blare of the brasses and the thunder of the timpani is at times almost deafening. Certainly "Fedora" does not indicate Giordano as the musical Moses of Italy. Indeed he gives no promise of equaling the earlier performances—incidentally their best—of Leoncavallo, Mascagni or Puccini. The Italian who is to step into the shoes of the Verdi of the Otello period has yet to appear.

Senator Guggenheim

Simon Guggenheim having made his way to the United States Senate by the most feasible way of getting there in this year of grace is being held up to public execration for spending his money in the gratification of his political ambition. It is of course most discreditable for a man to defray the expenses of candidates for the Legislature with the expectation of having them vote for his election to the United States Senate, but it is somewhat hypocritical to wax wildly indignant over the elevation of Simon Guggenheim to the Senate. It would have been impossible for him to reach the Senate by any route other than the one he took, and if he had not taken it someone else would. And it is more than likely that if he had not been fired with political ambition a far less worthy man would now be occupying the seat to which he was elected. There is some solacement in knowing that if Mr. Guggenheim's scruples respecting the means to be employed to achieve political ends are no better than those of the average citizen of easy conscience, he has many qualities of mind and heart that commend him to the respect and confidence of his fellow-men. That he is the possessor of those qualities I am assured by a citizen of Denver, who is so enthusiastic an admirer of the new Senator that he believes it would be hard to beat him for any office in the gift of the people of Colorado if the politics of that State were absolutely pure. "Guggenheim," says my informant, "has said that he is going to the Senate not to represent the smelting trust, but as a plain citizen to represent the people of Colorado, and I believe that before long it will be seen that he has spoken the truth.

The Heritage of Honesty

Senator Guggenheim, according to my informant, is a man of exceptionally high character. He comes from a Philadelphia family that has long been distinguished for its probity and its philanthropic proclivities. His father was a man that won the respect and admir-

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ation of the business world for his invincible honesty. He ordered his household after the manner of one of the patriarchs of ancient days. He believed his sons would wield authority and amass wealth and he brought them up so that they might not misuse what power and affluence came to them. Each of the seven sons he taught to deal justly with his fellow men and to prize the family name.

It was sixty years ago that Meyer Guggenheim landed in this country, coming from Switzerland. He lived first in Philadelphia, began business there and married there. All of his seven sons were born in Philadelphia. They are Isaac, Daniel, Murry, Solomon, Benjamin, Simon and William. All are married and all but the last named have children. The family moved to New York in 1890. Simon Guggenheim came to Colorado eighteen years ago. He was then 21. His father and his older brothers were in the importing business in New York and were prospering. Simon Guggenheim came to Colorado with two of his brothers to look after his father's interest in some mines in Leadville. The Guggenheim family soon began to embark in the mining and smelting industry as systematically as they had taken up other lines of trade. They used their own money. They secured only the best expert advice. They told no one of their plans. The result was great success. Meyer Guggenheim died in March, 1904. The seven brothers carry on their business on the principles which he laid down. They maintain the good name of the family at whatever cost. It cost them $1,500,000 to do it in the recent Nipissing deal, but the money was cheerfully paid.

His Philanthropic Acts

"Simon Guggenheim," says my informant, "is a millionaire of the plain people. He is a man of a most sympathetic nature, and I do not exaggerate when I say of him that he goes about doing good. On rare occasions have his charities been of a character that invited publicity. He prefers to help deserving persons with whom he has come in contact and his habits are such that he meets and mingles with the humblest and knows them intimately. This has been so ever since he came to Colorado, eighteen years ago, long before he ever thought of entering upon a public career. Consequently he is more popular with all classes of people in the State than any other man in Colorado's public life. The public school system is his constant study, and when he saw the need of improvements at the State School of Mines he gave $80,000 to meet it. When he was married he had a feast served to all the poor of Denver, several thousand sitting down to the tables which were laid in the best hotels in the city. The family trait crops out strong in Mr. Guggenheim in his relations with those he employs. He uses the same old fashioned methods of dealing that have made the family successful in the financial world. He pays salaries not according to what the custom is, but according to what the man is worth to him. The men who work in his offices feel that he has more than an employer's interest in them. The firms who deal with his companies learn that he wants them to make a fair profit. The company workmen are partners in the business, and last year more than $500,000 was distributed to them. Do you think a man of that character will turn out to be a very dangerous servant of the people?" I confessed that I do not.

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A Lively Desert Melodrama

A visiting Nevada miner brings a story from the desert that will undoubtedly cause as big a stir in Los Angeles and San Francisco circles as it did among the mining camps bordering Death Valley. It deals with the highly melodramatic experience of Helen Johnson, a niece of "Lucky" Baldwin. According to the narrator "Lucky" Baldwin outfitted his niece and her husband, Robert Johnson, with a complete rig to go to a certain place in the desert for the purpose of locating a claim that inside information reported to be fabulously rich. The whole proceedings were supposed to be purely formal, the claim covering a remarkably rich ledge was there and all that was required was to drive up, run the stake lines, post the proper notices, and file the necessary papers with the recorder. It promised to be such a simple affair that Mrs. Johnson was allowed to go along just to enjoy the lark. Afterwards she would be able to relate to her admiring friends in the parlors of Los Angeles how she had bravely dared the horrors of Death Valley in search of one of the greatest gold mines of the West. It would be a chance to rival anything that Munchausen "Scotty" ever told.

The Denouement

Andy Lawson was the squire who was to pilot them to the new Goleonda. How it happened no one knows, but as the trip into the desert extended Lawson and Johnson fell out. The two men let their strong feelings express themselves in strong words. Six-shooters were always kept within reach and the fair Helen did not dare smile for fear of starting a Death Valley feud that might rival that of famous Troy. This high tension became more and more strained till the party reached Saratoga Springs, at the extreme southern portion of the Funeral range. There the tension snapped. Watching the moment when Lawson's back was turned in camp duties, Johnson drew his gun and disarmed his adversary. Having placed Lawson off to one side with his hands in the air, Johnson proceeded to bundle a select lot of supplies into one of the wagons. Then he and his wife triumphantly drove off, Johnson tossing a few words of scornful bandinage to Lawson as he whipped up the team.

The Catastrophe

The family camp that night was made under a sulky, threatening sky. Just as dawn was breaking something struck the sleeping Johnson in the side and a sharp voice commanded: "Throw up your hands; it's your turn now." The startled Johnson awoke to find himself staring into the muzzle of his own Winchester, now in the hands of the vengeful Lawson. The latter had taken one of the pack mules and trailed the fleeing Johnson, biding his time until the psychological moment. Johnson was posted in a position with his outstretched hands trying to reach the sky while the zealous Lawson overhauled the camp kit and selected what he claimed as his own private property. Then he got into the rig and drove off but not alone. The thrilling part of the story is that he kidnaped Mrs. Johnson. Latest reports are to the effect that Johnson obtained a horse and an arsenal and is now scouring the desert for his wife and her captor.

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Passing of a Noted Pioneer

What a pathetic end was that of Francis S. Malone who died last week in one of the refugee tents. His end was typical of our time, the thoughtlessness of friends and the slights of fortune. Time was when Malone was one of the biggest men in the state, socially, politically and financially. That was in the early sixties when Sacramento was the hub of the State and the biggest men in mining, cattle, politics and gigantic schemes made it the Mecca of their winter sojourn. Those were the days when Stanford, Crocker, Huntington, Hopkins and that band of coming Titans in the Western railroad world were beginning to exploit their immense plans. Among the ambitious capitalists were Latham and Haight, who afterwards became governors of the State. Malone was hand in glove with them all. Among the politicians he was reckoned one of the powers in that section of the country and it was due to his influence as an active Democrat that both Haight and Latham reached the goal of their ambition. He was a pioneer of '49, was a veteran of both the Mexican and the Civil wars, and he knew everybody worth knowing in the State.

Lost His Fortune in Stocks

Mining stock speculation eventually broke him in health, spirit and purse. In the big bonanza days one of the big operators let him into the secret that a fat body of ore had been struck in sinking a winze in the Best & Belcher mine. The proof appeared so strong to Malone that he bought freely of the stock all the way up from forty to sixty dollars a share. As the work advanced his friends dropped out under the belief that the ore body was not extensive, but Malone stuck to the ship, stuck to it till he had sunk a quarter of a million dollars. Later on he gathered another fortune and lost it in backing another mining venture. He went into the livery stable business here in San Francisco but he was never the same man and the big quake landed him, as it did many another broken notable of forty years ago, among the wreckage cast up by the past into the new era.

Good Judges and Bad

Judge Hebbard's impassioned arraignment of the Bench before the bar of public opinion was not more astonishing than its reception. From his appraisement of the judiciary one might imagine that judges were selected in San Francisco upon the principle enunciated by Lord Jeffreys when he said to Robert Wright, who was notorious for his ignorance and his knaveries: "As you seem to be unfit for the bar or any other honest calling, I see nothing for it but that you should become a judge yourself." But I am inclined to think that Judge Hebbard was in an ultra-pessimistic mood when he dashed off his sensational phillipic, and that in his dour musings he magnified the shortcomings of his brother jurists. It is possible for a judge to be too good, as was the case with Chancellor Osmond of whom Lord Campbell tells us, he was inordinately severe with penitents owing to his own immaculate life. It is well for a judge to have infirmities for which he desires forbearance. There are judges so conscious of their rectitude that they conceive their elevation to the bench to be a special and blessed interposition of Providence. We don't want judges of that type in San Francisco. And I don't believe we have many. Indeed I am convinced that our judges are men of great forbearance. Perhaps they carry their forbearance too far for the good of the bench.

Lawyers and Their Ways

Week after week the preliminary hearing on the motion to set aside the indictments of Ruef and Schmitz has dragged its weary length along and the prospect of a trial seems as remote as ever. The boss continues to manifest a perfect patience in the presence of interminable legal delays while the mayor, recently aflame with eagerness to make his plea and find his vindication before a jury, now seems wonderfully content that the ponderous-stepping law shall take its most roundabout course. The prosecutors chafe at every fresh obstacle that stops the progress of the car of

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justice, the judge shows a temperate displeasure occasionally, but the attorneys for the grafters are as cheerful in the face of obstructions as a United Railroads motorman when a team blocks the track. Meanwhile the layman with a passion for finalities is demanding what the laws are for if they can be twisted into such grotesque shapes to impede the trial of indicted corruptionists—a question as old as law and never satisfactorily answered, but possessing more than usual pertinence just now because the solons of the State are busily engaged in writing new statutes into calf-bound tomes that already groan with the useless load they carry. No less an authority than the learned if acerbitous Sir Edward Coke is authority for the statement that law is the perfection of reason. "Organized common sense," another jurist has called it, and the great lexicographer set down in his dictionary that law is "the last result of human wisdom acting upon human experience for the benefit of the public." Consideration of the Ruef-Schmitz trial is calculated to make one sceptical of the value to be attached to these definitions. What is there in the Fabian maneuvers of Mr. Ach to suggest the perfection of reason? Are his tactics worthy the designation of organized common sense or should they not rather be termed organized impudence? And are we actually being treated to the spectacle of the last result of human wisdom acting upon human experience for the benefit of the public? If we are it must be admitted that a large part of the public is shamefully lacking in appreciation of the benefit it is receiving. Remembering Sir Edward Coke's fondness for humor of a brutal sort and recollecting some of the satirical passages that crept into Doctor Johnson's dictionary, one is almost tempted to suspect that both men were joking when they set down their definitions of the word law. But perhaps the steady accumulation of legal lumber since their distant days is responsible for the perversions of justice that are contrived by attorneys in their zeal for their clients. In that case one may well sympathize with Montaigne when he says that "it were better for us to have no laws at all than to have them in such prodigious numbers."

The Ruins of the Palace Hotel

For weeks past groups of interested spectators have been watching the work of razing the walls of the Palace Hotel, which, though more than thirty years old, was one of the most solidly constructed buildings in San Francisco. The bricks are of excellent quality and were set in a mortar made of lime and cement, strips of Norway iron and steel cables adding to the strength of the structure. A hundred girders, each weighing seven tons, were used in the building. The work of razing the walls began early in November, and the ruins will not be cleared off till the end of February. Two hoisting engines, each of thirty horsepower, equipped with one and a half-inch cables and having the pulling strength of several thousand men, were employed in tearing down the walls. The window arches of a wall were severed and a small blast was fired to weaken the structure. Double cables were then passed round the wall and the engine began to pull. After a great strain had been brought to bear the cables were relaxed and the next great pull generally brought the wall down. The walls fell in large sections, the bricks sticking together even after striking the ground. It was necessary to use a pick or

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A January clean-out at absolute cost or less.

An assemblage of Children's Sailors that were priced to $1.50—Special **50c.**

One selection of about 150 Ready-to-Wears, priced to $3.50—Special **50c.**

A very desirable lot of desirable shapes in untrimmed Hats—Special **25c** each.

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Pure Irish Linen Wedding and Note Paper, with Envelopes to match. Two sizes—regular 25c value—**Special This Week, 15c lb. Package.**

Envelopes to match above. Special **10c** package, **3 for 25c.**

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Three good numbers:

Fine grade of 5-inch French Taffeta Ribbon, broken colors—worth 60c—**Special 35c Yard.**

A lot of good, all-silk Taffeta Ribbons, 6 inches wide—worth 75c—**Special 50c Yard.**

Changeable Taffeta, with wide satin edge; 5 inches wide; good colors—worth $1.00—**Special 65c Yard.**

Broadway at Fourteenth St. **Oakland, Cal.**

chisel to separate them. The mortar adhered so tenaciously that the work of scaling the bricks could not be done by a machine but required hand labor. Some idea of the vast quantity of material that must be removed to make room for the new hostelry can be obtained from the facts that there are ten million bricks and two hundred tons of fire-escapes. The structure contained one hundred and twenty thousand cubic yards of material, which will make eighty thousand wagon loads. The wrought iron girders which supported the glass roof of the great court that was the most striking feature of the hotel fell in a tangled heap to the floor and cannot be removed by hoisting. In order to cut them into pieces that can be handled the electrical arc process is employed. Electricity generated by a huge dynamo produces a heat of five thousand degrees and quickly melts a cut in the metal, about twenty minutes being required to sever a one-foot girder. The glare produced by the electrical cutter is so great that the men are compelled to shield their eyes with goggles. When the workmen first began digging below the sidewalks surrounding the hotel, about six months after the fire, they discovered spots where wood, plaster and mortar had combined to form a sort of charcoal which still smoldered. In other places hot water was found.

Russia vs. United States

Comparisons are odious but Truth cannot be overcirculated.

Leo Tolstoi—noble in spite of his titled birth—has just written and published:

"Two governments hostile to one another now rule you and they both summon you to take part in cruel, unchristian deeds. What can you do but reject all government?

"People say it is difficult and even impossible to live without a government, but you, Russian workmen—especially agriculturists—know that when you live a peaceful, laborious, country life in the villages, cultivating the land on terms of equality, and deciding your public affairs in the commune (mir), you have no need at all of a government. The government needs you, but you—Russian agriculturists—do not need a government. And therefore in the present difficult circumstances, when it is equally bad to join either government, it is reasonable and beneficial for you, agricultural Russians, not to obey any government."

Emma Goldman, noble and of working parentage, at a public meeting in Clinton Hall, New York, on January 6, in the 1907th year of Christianity, was saying: "It is ridiculous to think that society cannot exist without a government, for long after, when there are none of us left, it will be proven that government is ridiculous. We will say to government that that which belongs to us we will take in peace if possible; if not, we will take it by force. As long as I live and can talk I will oppose government."

At this point a policeman in private clothes blew a whistle and immediately a lot of burly police in disguise rushed to the platform and arrested the brave woman and cast her into prison, where she is still, according to latest accessible information.

Leo Tolstoi is beloved by Russian workers and is enjoying perfect freedom in Russia.

Emma Goldman is beloved and admired by all American workers who know of her work and consequent sufferings for the cause of freedom, and she is in prison in the United States,—boasted as "the land of the free."

Several other comparisons could be drawn but space forbids, to-wit, the kidnapping of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone of the Western Federation of Miners by the Governor of Colorado and the Governor of Idaho, who still hold their men in prison—eleven months without a hearing—accused of a murder which they could not by any possibility have committed, and these two corporation tools know this.

Two decades of corporation greed have reduced the toilers of the United States to a more degraded, inhuman state of wage-slavery than that of the old chattel-slave.

Compare the uprising in Russia against His Buteship the Czar, with the quiet submission of the free? and independent? and intelligent? U. S. workers, who vote at each election for a continuance of present unbearable conditions, and the Russian would flush with pride, but all USONAians should blush for shame!

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He then proceeds to a table to enjoy his luncheon, and when passing out pays the cashier the amount of the check. Waiters are eliminated—there is no delay, no mistake—you are as independent as you are in your own home.
We anticipate a great increase in our patronage because of the many advantages offered under the new style of service.
There have been Cafetiers in Eastern cities for several years; those established in Los Angeles have met with more than usual success; we therefore anticipate a like success in the Alpha Cafetier.
Lunch will be served from 11 a. m. to 2:30 p. m.
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DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE RENTERS' LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY of San Francisco, Commercial and Savings Bank, Safe Deposit Vaults, 115 Hayes Street, between Van Ness Avenue and Polk Street.—For the half year ending December 15th a dividend has been declared at the rate of four per cent. (4 per cent.) per annum on savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, December 17, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from December 15, 1906.

Also two per cent. (2 per cent.) per annum paid on commercial deposits, subject to check, credited monthly.

C. S. SCOTT, Cashier.

Interest Paid From the Day That All Deposits Are Made.

Social Prattle

By Tantalus

Notwithstanding Mrs. Martin's Strictures

Notwithstanding the virtuous disapproval of a self-righteous and unblushingly thrifty Legislature and the mild rebuke of Mrs. Eleanor Martin the bridge devotees of local society show no signs of abating their zeal for the great national pastime. Mrs. Frank Deering, one of the most independent of the younger hostesses, has issued cards for a bridge party to be given at her beautiful home on Larkin street, next Wednesday, and it is safe to predict there will be no vacant chairs, for when Mrs. Deering gives a function it is worth while. The same may be said of Mrs. Frank J. Carolan's house affairs and when she gave a bridge party at "The Crossways" in Burlingame last Tuesday, there was a great rush from San Mateo, Menlo and this city. Mrs. Martin was not among those present. She does not play cards. Card games are too slow for her. The Dowager Queen of the 400 loves excitement and everything that is edifying and instructive, but she draws the line at the mental dissipation involved in the game of bridge. Hence her approval of the legislature's threatened inhibition in language that caused something of a sensation in society, but that was not taken seriously by her intimate friends who know that she has a very keen sense of humor. One of them informed me that she was amiably satirical at the expense of the Examiner, her purpose being to give a mild imitation of Ella Wheeler Wilcox which she did in this language: "When children return from school or even when only one returns from school, for one is as precious as six, I think the mother ought to be there to welcome it. But if she is bending her energies toward winning the stakes at a card party the homecoming must be, without the mother's welcome. And if a woman shops in the morning, goes out to luncheon, has a bridge whist affair on for the afternoon and a dinner engagement, with a ball or theatre attachment for the evening, I do not quite understand at which place during the day she finds time to teach her children their prayers and to study her husband's temperament. I do not believe the men at Sacramento are going to accomplish much by the mere limiting or preventing of stakes at bridge whist affairs, but if by so doing they lessen the interest in the game and keep women at home they will have done a good work. I must say, however, that they have selected a surprisingly indirect way of accomplishing their end."

Engagement Rings

Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith is wearing a ring that looks provokingly like a token of Cupid but as yet she refuses to let the inquisitive pry open the secrets of her heart. Apropos of engagement rings the diamond solitaire is no longer pinnacled high in the favor of the engaged girl. Charlotte Wilson's ring is a row of sapphires surrounded by diamonds and is considered a rare example of jewelcraft. When Walter Martin presented Mary Scott with a wondrously beautiful emerald as an engagement ring that part of society which would rather break the ten commandments than bend one of its pet conventions was shocked at the slight shown the solitaire. But the girls have gradually emancipated themselves from the rule of the solitaire and it is now considered quite respectable to wear rubies, sapphires, emeralds or any other stone as an engagement ring.

Miss Crocker Was Sceptical

I hear that little Jennie Crocker was very indignant when she heard that the rumored engagement of her brother-in-law, Francis Burton Harrison, and the fascinating Brooklyn divorcee had been consummated in a wedding at a London church. Until the marriage bells echoed across the pond she stoutly refused to believed that her sister's memory had been so soon effaced. The day that the cabled report of the wedding reached San Francisco Miss Crocker and her guests left in a private car for Mexico. Harry Simpkins, who has been devoted to the young heiress all winter, was a member of the party and it is believed that a little tramp called Cupid will steal a ride on the brakebeam in spite of the chaperonage of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin. There are others who fancy that it will be difficult to uproot Miss Crocker's determination to "live and die an old maid." Like her friend Jean Reid she is obsessed with the idea that it is the lure o' gold that animates her admirers. When Dorothy Eells married Mr. Coffin, the millionaire minister of Boston, Jean Reid remarked that only girls like Miss Eells, who were not great heiresses, could hope for happy marriages untainted by monetary inducements.

Polo Tournament at San Mateo

The polo tournament and race meet to be held at El Palomar, the San Mateo country-house of Charles W. Clark, on February 21, 22, 23 and 24, promise to be the most brilliant events of their kind ever held in Northern California. All the notable polo clubs of the State will be represented, those of Southern California having promised to send strings of excellent polo ponies and the best of their racing animals as well. Northern California will, of course, be at its strongest, as all the most skillful poloists of this part of the State live round San Mateo and Burlingame. Rudolph Spreckels has ordered six ponies into training for the

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races, while Charles W. Clark has five and Frank J. Carolan three in preparation. E. J. Boeseke, captain of the Santa Barbara polo team, is having some of his fastest ponies put into condition, the best being Blue Knot, which won the Spreckels Cup at the meeting held at Coronado Beach in March, 1906, and Wild Rose, a thoroughbred by imported Bruce. The Santa Barbara polo club, which beat the Burlingame team in 1904 but was defeated by it last year, will be represented by two of the Boeseke brothers, J. Colby and E. Wickenden. The Riverside team will be selected from R. L. Bettner (captain), R. Nave, W. L. Roberts, M. E. Flowers and H. C. Pattee. Santa Monica will have the same representatives as at the Coronado tournament last year, viz.: W. E. Pedley, Frank D. Hudson, A. N. Redwayne and H. G. Bundrew.

Our Crack Players

The Los Angeles representatives will be picked from B. N. Smith Jr., H. Messmore, L. Weiss, H. Weiss and B. Weiss. The Burlingame and San Mateo teams will be chosen from the following: R. M. Tobin, C. R. Tobin,, E. J. Tobin, Walter S. Hobart, T. A. Driscoll, F. J. Carolan, John Lawson, Lawrence McCreery, Maurice Du Val and Captain de Crespigny. Lawrence McCreery has lived away from California a good deal and was a member of Walter Buckmaker's crack English team. Maurice Du Val is considered one of the strongest polo players in France and Captain de Crespigny was a member of the Hurlingham Club team which visited California some years ago and has won the military steeplechase in England more than once. Maurice Du Val and Captain de Crespigny will be the guests of Charles W. Clark, from whose fine stable they will be mounted for the polo games and the races. The expenses for transportation and living of the players, grooms and ponies from Southern California will be defrayed by the northerners, the fund coming chiefly from the pockets of Charles W. Clark, Rudolph Spreckels, Francis J. Carolan, Walter S. Hobart and Thomas A. Driscoll, all of whom own high-class ponies. On one day the games will be played on Charles W. Clark's polo field at San Mateo, while on the next they will take place on the field at "Crossways," Frank J. Carolan's home near Burlingame. On February 23 the races will be held on Charles W. Clark's track, which runs round the polo field at El Palomar. Overlooking the six-furlong course is Charles Clark's private grand stand, sixty yards long and having three stories. Below are dressing-rooms, lounging-rooms and other conveniences for the polo players and contestants in the races. Above will be sloping seats for spectators. The stand was designed by a New York architect and is the finest private grand stand in the West.

Possart's Great Promise

Friends of Grace Llewellyn Jones, who have had a prescience of fame for her which Gertrude Atherton's published letter does not belie, find their only surprise in the fact that she is going on the German stage. Mrs. Atherton says that Possart, the foremost German actor, who is too rich to have any ulterior motive, and who does not as a rule take pupils, is training her for the Hexanlied and says that with a few months more study he can make a great actress of her. Let us hope he will prove a wizard. Miss Jones has lived in France and Italy long enough to roll their Latin vowels with

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savor but the gritty consonants of the German tongue were new to her until about a year ago. In a time scarcely long enough for the average linguist to learn to eat Weinerwurst Miss Jones felt equipped to play an important role in a German play which was produced here last year. A friend who took part in the same creditable performance told me at the time that it was positively uncanny the way Grace mastered the German language. Her improvement during the short time spanning the rehearsals was nothing short of wizardry. If Miss Llewellyn-Jones realizes Possart's predictions for her she will be the first American girl to make a dent in German dramatic art. A precious few have received recognition in art and music but no one has shone on the dramatic stage.

A Pertinent Query

The Berkeley society women who recently presented a French play in the college town have discovered that even the laurel wreath has its thorns. During the rehearsals of Moliere's masterpiece several pleasant acquaintanceships were bent, if not broken, and it will take more than glue, according to the college gossips, to mend the shattered friendship between Mr. Childs, an instructor in the French department, and the wife of a university professor. The lady is a very charming, cultured woman whose life lines have not always been cast in the right little, tight little confines of a college town. Since her residence in Berkeley she has become a leader in the set that "does things" and it was largely through her efforts that the French play was given. During a rehearsal the musical director and Mr. Childs, the stage manager, had several conflicts. According to an amused spectator at the rehearsal, Mr. Childs persisted in setting a stage scene while the musician was endeavoring to play for a dance. Finally the pianist refused to go on unless there was perfect silence.

"I must attend to this now" insisted Mr. Childs and then turning to the wife of the university professor he said: "Wont you please tell the musician who I am?

"But who are you, Mr. Childs?" coldly inquired the lady and needless to say the banging of chairs ceased —but the echo of the affair still lives in the highways and byways of the college town.

Pardee's Welcome Home

The reception given to former Governor George C. Pardee and his wife by the Starr King Fraternity of Oakland on Thursday evening was a most enjoyable affair. About two hundred people gathered to welcome the ex-Governor back to Oakland, and they gave eloquent testimony of the high esteem in which Dr. Pardee is held by his fellow citizens. Henry A. Dodge, President of the Fraternity, had charge of the reception and made a most felicitous speech of welcome. Miss Florence Wyman Gardner, the well know soprano, contributed to the enjoyment of the evening, and was enthusiastically applauded for her performance.

Generous Mrs. Carolan

The social lethargy which has camped all season at the "Crossways" was routed this week by two smart bridge parties at which the Carolans entertained their friends. A thrill of joyous expectancy always stirs society at the announcement that the "Crossways" will be thrown open to revelry. But even more delighted than the invited guests are the Carolan servants, who, if thy had their way, would make the "Crossways" constantly resound to gay entertainments. The servants in most smart establishments hate the fuss and drudgery of extra entertaining but Mrs. Carolan knows how to sandpaper the edges of the temper below stairs. She is the most generous mistress in society and never experiences any difficulty in procuring capable servants. Last year the Carolans gave a hunting party and the service at the breakfast was so satisfactory to Mrs. Carolan that she impulsively presented the cook with a tip of twenty-five dollars and bestowed ten dollars on every other servant in the house. Mrs. Carolan, I hear, has successfully protested against the generous cushioning of her husband's pink and white loveliness, and the Master of the Hounds has been successfully working off superfluous flesh until he can now see over the third button of his waistcoat.

A trio very often seen dining at Del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Faull, and Mrs. Faull's mother, Mrs. N. E. Earle. The Faulls have a cottage in Pacific Grove which they are now remodelling, and they very often run down from San Jose for two or three days of life by the sea.

The engagement is announced of Charles Rosenthal Jr. and Miss Estelle Graf of San Francisco.

Miss Shepard and Miss Evelyn Shepard, of Berkeley, who have been staying at Carmel-by-the-Sea, were at Del Monte last week, with their friend, Miss MacCullum, of London, Canada.

IN COMMERCIAL CIRCLES

Mr. J. M. Taft of Taft & Pennoyer, Oakland, left Thursday morning for the East. Mr. Taft, who has been under the weather for a short time, thinks the trip will improve his health, but the main purpose of the trip is to buy spring and summer goods for the firm.

Mr. Duane Bliss of Lake Tahoe is in town, also Captain Pomine, the gallant skipper of the "Tahoe," the large pleasure and freight steamer of the Lake Tahoe Railway and Transportation Co.

The New Coliseum Rink at Oak, Baker and Fell streets was opened Wednesday. This is said to be one of the largest rinks in the world. It is a huge pavilion. No expense has been spared in preparing the building for the highest class skating rink in the country. Professor Morgan will be the instructor of skating devotees. **—The Rounder.**

AUDITORIUM RINK

The Auditorium, under the management of Mr. Frank Rittigstein, late of the Dreamland Rink, has developed into far the best managed rink in the city. Mr. Rittigstein appears to know what the people want in a skating rink and he gives it to them to their satisfaction. The rink extends from Fillmore to Steiner and there is consequently no crowding. On Tuesday night there was a polo match between San Francisco and Crocket. It was a very one-sided affair, the Auditorium team winning easily. The sport, however, was as exciting as it was exhilarating. There will be many similar contests in the near future. Zarrow, Fraviolo and Grey, trick cyclists, furnish much amusement to the patrons of the Auditorium.

Stage

The Latest Nora

Mme. Alia Nazimova, the Russian actress who has been pronounced, by New York critics, greater than Duse, has been giving her conception of Ibsen's Nora. A distinguished critic wrote of the performance as follows:

"Two passages especially stood out from previous interpretations of the part as if in a gleam of lightning. On learning of the matter of the forgery her husband had first rounded on her in selfish, egotistic rage, and then, when the danger was past, had approached her again with the old caresses. 'In that moment,' cries Nora, 'it burst upon me that I had been living here these eight years with a strange man, and had borne him three children.' The actress's whole body quivered with the sense of a soul contaminated—of all that stands with true women for dishonor. Confronting him at first with hatred, she ended by quivering and collapsing within herself in the rage of shame. It was an outburst that fired the heart and illumined the understanding, an outburst of which only histrionic genius could have been capable. A moment of calm succeeded, but all the more tense and tragic. Torvald, subdued by fear for his own happiness, pleaded for a reconciliation—for at least an attempt at a truer life. 'Then,' Nora answers, 'the miracle of miracles would have to happen.' For a moment her brain pictures it. 'That communion between us shall be a marriage.' As she spoke these words Mme. Nazimova's countenance was suffused with a vision beatific, transporting. Her face was the face of a prophet, of a saint transfigured. Then the world of reality smote across her. The seer of visions vanished, and in its place was the new Nora of every day, passionately grim, austerely heroic. 'Good-by,' she said, quite simply; and for the first time motive of that abandonment of husband and children was made plausible in the playhouse."

The Industry of Fitch

Clyde Fitch produced two new plays in one night last week and made curtain speeches that night at both the Broadway theatres at which the plays were performed. This was an unprecedented feat even for the most prolific of our playwrights who is said to be blighting his talents by overworking them. John Corbin of the Sun says of Fitch: "He has persistently tried to develop his talent along original lines, and incidentally to raise the level of the American drama. And usually it is his most earnest work that comes in for the soundest basting. It is bad enough to be shamelessly and unpretentiously mediocre, but for prolific mediocrity to show flashes of originality and power is unbearable. If he would only write half as much, he would, by the easiest mathematics, write twice as well. In the eye of the easy judging public the flashes of his talent only serve to illumine his mercenary waste of it."

Theatricals Looking Up

The makeshift playhouse is soon to be a thing of the past. San Francisco theatricals are getting on their feet again, and managers are once more able to invite mummers coastwards without blushing. Two beautiful and substantial auditoriums were opened this week and it will not be long before Belasco and Mayer have their new Alcazar ready for a continuous season of first-class stock. Meanwhile Gottlob & Marx are erecting a temporary but substantial theatre on the St. Ignatius College site in which they will accommodate the best of the syndicate attractions until the completion of the new Columbia at Van Ness and Geary. It will not be long before the Grand Opera House Company begins the erection of a new theatre on O'Farrell street which will be devoted each year to a season of drama and a season of opera. Considering the shortage of playhouses there has been no dearth of theatrical entertainment, but the artistic drama has been held in check and some weeks must yet elapse before it shall again be efflorescent.

Opening of the American

One of the events of the week was the welcoming home of the little aggregation of old Tivoli favorites comprised in Frank Healy's San Francisco Opera Company. Interest in the function was heightened by the circumstance of its taking place in the new American Theatre on Market street near Seventh. This is one of the playhouses that has come to stay and doubtless it will be the scene of the making of much interesting theatrical history in new San Francisco. Architecturally it expresses the latest achievements of the genius that is devoted to the task of bringing theatre interiors to the height of perfection. This is a genius of no small importance, for comfort and environment contribute much to the sensations of pleasure that are experienced during the progress of the illusions across the footlights. Teddy Webb, Aida Hemmi, George Kunkel and Aimee Leicester, evidently appreciated the honor of creating American Theatre tradition, for they were all in fine fettle on the occasion of the opening and gave a snappy and delightful performance in "The Strollers." If you've never seen or heard this musical comedy, it may interest you to know that it is one of the ephemeral variety. It is a contemporary of "Florodora," and that it has survived until this day in this age so fecund in musical comedy is evidence of its worth.

The New Orpheum

The other playhouse warming took place on Ellis street near O'Farrell and it was somewhat in the nature of a public demonstration, one that might cause you to imagine that the whole community had turned

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out to dedicate a temple of Civic Patriotism. But the assembled throng comprised only the most enthusiastic and sentimental of Orpheum habitues, men and women who are enthusiastic lovers of artistic vaudeville and



Maude Lee

Who Will Appear with the Herbert Kelcy Company in "A Tale of a Turkey" Next Week at the Orpheum.

who were eager to lend eclat to the return of the old Orpheum from the fog belt. The ceremonies were entirely informal but they partook of the nature of a grand family reunion with John Morrissey and President Meyerfeld on hand to do the honors and receive congratulations, and the batonless Resner to indicate by the familiarity of his personality that while the scene has shifted none of the atmosphere has escaped. It's a good show they have at the Orpheum this week, but you will be more interested, perhaps, in learning, that above all things the management has provided something more than a simulacrum of comfort. The seats in the new Orpheum are not to be blamed if your pulse fags. They are seats that will enable you to tolerate a stunt a few degrees below mediocrity.

Irving and Wainwright

"Susan In Search of a Husband," the comedy in which Isabel Irving is filling an engagement at the Novelty Theatre, is a play abounding in fresh thoughts and ingenious concerts of fancy. It is from Jerome K. Jerome's pen and it has all the charm so characteristic of his work. Miss Irving is delightfully effervescent in the leading role and holds her audience captive from start to finish. The action of the play is swift, the complications plausible and intensely amusing, and the company gives a highly meritorious performance. Conspicuous as ever for its artistic finish is the work of Marie Wainwright, a lively memory of whose triumphs in old San Francisco still survives. Marie Wainwright was a great star in the days before stars were made while you wait, and the glory of her performances is enshrined in the best traditions of the American stage.

"Buster Brown" and forty companion players will be seen at the Novelty Theatre during the week commencing Sunday night, February 3. This is a musical comedy show which has been doing a big business all over the East.

The World's Greatest Contralto

Schumann-Heink, the magnificent, burst into song Monday afternoon, at the Greek Theatre, under God's blue sky, in the balmy air warmed by the sun and redolent of the green trees; and in this exquisite environment the music of that glorious voice seemed full of that "Dionysiac" element which so seldom appeals to the senses within theatre walls. Music in the Greek Theatre is still that refreshment which it was before it became febrile and took to ravishing instead of solacing the nerves. Though for years a Schumann-Heink enthusiast I never enjoyed her quite so much as last Monday, and I seemed to derive special elation from her presence within the boundaries of the University; for here, I mused, is the world's greatest contralto, whose art, through long study and the exercise of the faculties of the mind has reached the height of perfection; here, I reflected, stands this great artist, giving a delightful object lesson in her art within the precincts sacred to the development of the mind and of the perception of the beautiful. The vast audience would not be satisfied on Monday, until Mme. Schumann-Heink responded to an encore at the close of her fine and arduous programme. She graciously gave Schubert's "Erl King," and with such dramatic intensity that toward the close a little child wailed out pathetically. I wondered whether it might have been one whose German ears were affrighted at the tale of the elf king, or just a little musical soul awed and troubled at the wondrous tones and intonations, the rhythmic eloquence of the tragic story. The University Orchestra, under the direction of Mrs. Wolle, accompanied the diva delightfully and rendered its own numbers, as usual, with musicianly skill and charm.

ORPHEUM Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Jan. 27

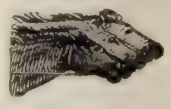
Ellis street, near Fillmore
ABSOLUTELY CLASS A THEATRE BUILDING

MATINEE EVERY DAY

ALFRED KELCY & CO.; MADDOX and MELVIN, THE LABAKANS; CHRIS SMITH and the two JOHNSONS. Last week of WARREN and BLANCHARD, EDGAR ATCHISON-ELY, MARZELO and MILLAY and NED NYE and Six Rollicking Girls—New Motion Pictures.

PRICES: Evenings, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c; box seats, $1.00. Matinees, 10c, 25c and 50c.

PHONE WEST 6000.



RACING

New California Jockey Club

Oakland Race Track

Six or more races each week day, rain or shine.
RACES COMMENCE AT 1:40 P. M., SHARP

For special trains stopping at the track take the S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street; leave at 12:00, thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 P. M. No smoking in last two cars which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

Returning trains leave track after fifth and last races.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.
PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.



Scene from Isabel Irving's production of "Susan in Search of a Husband" at the Novelty Theatre. This is one of the most delightfully interesting and entertaining plays seen here in years and is acted to perfection by the star cast. It goes for another week.

Schumann-Heink

The farewell concert by that great artist, Schumann-Heink, will be given this Sunday afternoon at Dreamland Rink, at Post and Steiner streets. The capacity is over four thousand and there will be lots of the cheaper priced seats so that those who were disappointed at not being able to secure admission at her previous concerts will have ample opportunity at this affair. The acoustics of Dreamland are as fine as those of any opera house in the country. An entirely new programme has been arranged, including the "Prison Scene" from "The Prophet" and some of the great Wagnerian numbers from "Rheingold" and "Gotterdamerung." Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and on Sunday from 10 a. m. at the rink. Manager Greenbaum had great difficulty in securing a place of sufficient seating capacity to accommodate all who want to hear the world's greatest contralto and he feels he owes much to the management of Dreamland for this opportunity, as the regular skating patronage on Sundays is very large. The usual evening skating session will be held as the best pavilion will be cleaned and ready at 7:30.

Colonial Theatre

Laughter is king this week at the Colonial Theatre, where Frank Bacon is convulsing his audiences with his droll and dry impersonation of Joe Miller on the Ezra Kendall comedy, "The Vinegar Buyer." As Mildred Arlington, Izetta Jewel has a role it is apparent she delights in. A. Burt Wesner again makes a hit; this time as Aleck Stripe. Orral Humphreys is to be complimented on the admirable manner he impersonates William Henry Stripe. Jane Jeffery, who is one of the best character actresses on the coast, achieves a distinct triumph by legitimate means as Mirandy Talbot. The other roles are well acted. Next week the Viola Allen dramatization of Marion Crawford's Spanish romance, "In the Palace of the King," will be elaborately produced with Frank Bacon as Adonis, the deformed court jester.

At Idora

That operatic gem, "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," beautifully staged and artistically sung, is being enthusiastically received at Idora Park. This resort is increasing in popularity every week. The new skating pavilion was opened Friday night of last week and over five thousand people thronged the grounds on that occasion. The management now has "The Wizard of the Nile" in preparation for production after "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief."

Coming Vaudeville Performers

The Orpheum for next week, beginning this Sunday matinee, will be full of novel and artistic stunts. Alfred Kelcy, who will be remembered as a comedian of rare ability and a great favorite, will appear in his latest triumph, "A Tale of a Turkey." It is said to abound in witty dialogue and amusing complications, and Mr. Kelcy's support is particularly commended. The ludicrous sketch, "The Messenger Boy and the Actress," will be contributed by Maddox and Melvin. It will be the first appearance of these artists in this city, but in the leading vaudeville theatres of the East they have a high rating. Among the other new people are "The Labakans," grotesque acrobats and their wonderful dog "Folly." They are recent arrivals in this country and have come with a great Continental reputation. Chris Smith and the two Johnsons, Billy and Leonce, will be seen in a one-act musical comedy called Astorbilt's Home. Though ranking among the most talented of colored performers they have never been seen here. It will be the last week of Warren and Blanchard, Edgar Atchison-Ely, Marzello and Millay and Ned Nye and his six rollicking girls. Attention is called to the fact that matinees are now given daily at the Orpheum.

SCHUMANN-HEINK

AT DREAMLAND RINK, POST AND STEINER

This Sunday Afternoon, January 27, at 2:30.

FAREWELL CONCERT—GLORIOUS NEW PROGRAMME

SEATS: $2.50, $2.00, $1.50 and over 1,000 good seats at $1.00.

Box Office: Sherman Clay & Co.'s, Van Ness above California. Sunday from 10 a. m. at rink.

COMING: ROSENTHAL.

NOVELTY THEATRE

Corner O'Farrell & Steiner

Beginning Sunday Night, Second and Last Week
Matinee Saturday.

ISABEL IRVING

In Jerome K. Jerome's Comedy Success

"SUSAN IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND"

One of the most delightful plays seen here in many seasons.
Sunday, February 3: "Buster Brown."

COLONIAL THEATRE

McAllister Street, near Market. Phone Market 920
Martin F. Kurtzig President and Manager.

Heated by latest invention Dry Hot Air

Monday Night and All Next Week the Viola Allen Dramatization of F. Marion Crawford's Historical Romance

"IN THE PALACE OF THE KING"

FRANK BACON AS ADONIS THE COURT JESTER.

Evenings: 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 25c and 50c. Wednesday Bargain Matinees, all reserved seats, 25c.

AMERICAN THEATRE

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Western States Amusement Company, Proprietors.
WALTER SANFORD, Manager.

New San Francisco's First Modern, Up-To-Date Playhouse.
Built of Steel and Reinforced Concrete. Absolutely Fire Proof.

EVERY NIGHT—MATINEES SATURDAY AND SUNDAY

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Composed of the Old Favorites of the Tivoli Opera House Co.
THE BEST COMIC OPERA ORGANIZATION IN AMERICA
Presenting for Their First Offering the New York Knickerbocker Theatre Musical Comedy Success

"THE STROLLERS"

ONE CONTINUOUS LAUGH SET TO MUSIC.

PRICES: 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Uptown Box Office, Kohler & Chase's, Sutter and Franklin Streets.

IDORA PARK OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

"THE QUEEN'S LACE HANDKERCHIEF"

The New Skating Pavilion Now Open.
Next: "The Wizard of the Nile."

Ye Liberty Playhouse 11th & Broadway OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop.
Week of January 28

"OLD HEIDELBERG"

PRICES: 75c, 50c and 25c.

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Real Estate Agents

54 GEARY STREET

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TELEPHONE TEMPORARY 1642

We are now permanently located in our New Office Building.

Leasing downtown properties a spe=cialty.

We have a special department for tak=ing entire charge of office and business buildings.

Insurance placed in first=class com=panies.

The Jacobins and the Vatican

(Continued from Page 9.)

gregations. The Pope has sacrificed these thirty-six thousand priests, has allowed them to be deprived of what small ecclesiastical patrimony remained to them, and has exposed them even to the loss of the churches. They have nobly and heroically responded to his call, but will their example move the immense inert mass of indifferent Frenchmen, Roman Catholics only in name and unconsciously to themselves and without open acknowledgment by the Church excommunicated ipso facto long ago from that Church? It is as if the Pope punished the faithful for the sins of the unbelieving. The result has been disastrous so far as a revival of religious sentiment is concerned. The Pope may have been misled by the sporadic movement excited in the course of the Church inventories. The reactionary and religious press represented the opposition of the Catholics at that time as ten times more important than it was. There were some uprisings but principally because they were stimulated and helped by the reactionary political parties. Whenever the Church has appealed to the religious sentiment the result has been very meager and when it allowed political anti-republican factions to help in its crusade the result has been still more disastrous as was proved only too clearly at the last general elections. Would it not therefore have been far better to wage the war on purely religious and doctrinal grounds? The atheistic State wanted to boast of its liberality and impartiality; it offered the Church the use of ecclesiastical property by going through certain formalities, constituting associations which would be invested with a legal title to such property. There was nothing to prevent these associations from being formed by the clergy themselves in each parish who, as a matter of protest might have formulated the religious and doctrinal grounds on which they formed these associations. The doctrinal war could have been carried on without sacrificing the property of the Church and whatever rights the Church still held in the opinion of the Government."

To Mr. Beaumont the Editor of the Review made reply:

"It is not for us to interfere between the Pope and his loyal subject. We are rather glad our correspondent is not an Anglican. His letter evades, and by implication establishes our charge against the correspondents, that they deliberately fail to put before English readers the truth, which our correspondent in this letter admits, that the motive of the 'atheist' French Government is anti-Christian. Our correspondent's conception of the business of a Church is seen in this letter to be precisely what we have always attributed to Catholic loyalists of his type—how it can most easily make its place with the world. That is not the doctrine on which Christianity grew up, and it will not be restored on it."

—**A. S. Stevenson.**

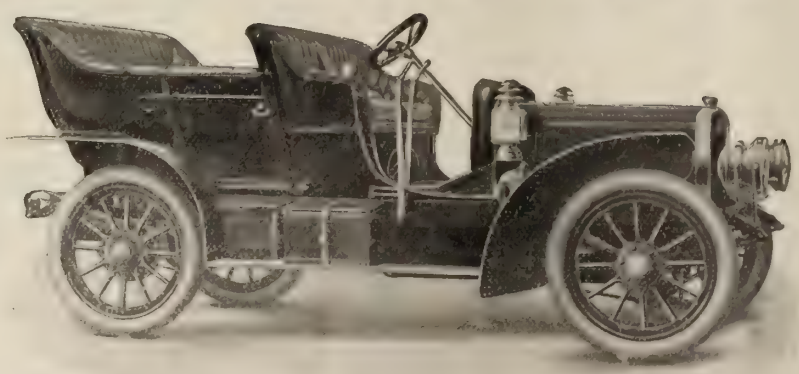
Madge Carr Cooke in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is coming.

Mr. A. W. Foster, president of the California and Northwestern Railway, is growing to be a great user of motor cars. He recently purchased a Cadillac Touring Car. President Foster has done a great deal for motorists in Marin county recently.

"Auto Eye"? You Know How Eyes Suffer After Exposure In Sun, Wind and Dust. Neglect Results in Eye Strain, Redness and Granulation. Be Wise in Time. Murine Eye Remedy Soothes and Quickly Cures.

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WINTON



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The **Winton** Model K was the most popular car in California in 1906. **Type X-I-V** is its successor. **Model M** is a 40-horse-power, seven-passenger car. Its price is $3650. Both models on exhibition.

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The Guest

Adapted from the French of Maxime Gorky

By Francis S. House

It was in a dingy tavern that I met him. He looked tired and hungry. His clothes were in shreds and ill-smelling. Of body he was slim, small and bony. His head was bald and badly formed, and his cheekbones were very prominent. Innumerable wrinkles ran across his forehead. His eyes were small, but still glistening with intelligence and passions. The nose was long and wrinkling fearfully whenever he smiled in an ironical fashion.

I had an idea that his must have been an interesting life, and so I asked him to tell me a little story embodying one of his vagabond experiences.

He looked at me in a quizzical sort of way, laughed raspily, and then said: "I suppose, since you are paying for my lunch and drinks, it is my duty to please you. I have no objection to telling you a true story. But it will probably be well for me to prune and to abbreviate. Long stories are not appreciated. In looking backward, it seems to me that I have lived too much and too long. My life has been one of excitement, poverty, sadness and ennui, in short, that of a vagabond. But, before I begin my story, would you care to please me by ordering a little more wine? I need a stimulant to clarify and to exhilarate my mind. To go down into the past is no more agreeable for me than would be a descent into the city's sewers. Too much filth and rottenness, you know."

And this is the story which he told me.

One Christmas Eve, Jachka and I were running through the streets of Moscow, shivering and half-starved. Jachka had a little money in his pocket, which, I suspected, he had secured by means not very honest. Jachka was not scrupulous, but in good spirits that night.

I did not know, but I agreed that ham was a very desirable thing to have on Christmas Eve. After looking around for some time, we succeeded in finding the right place. "Give me a ham," stentoriously, ordered Jachka. "A ham please! One that is not too big; but it must be good and succulent. Excuse me, but I think you pushed me a little too hard. I know what is impolite and what is not. I also know that politeness is difficult to find in a place like this, crowded as it is. What's that you said? I touched your pocket? I beg your pardon! You are mistaken. Your hand accidentally touched mine—that's all. I pay cash for what I buy here, and I presume you will do the same."

Jachka at last secured his ham. It was a really nice piece, and not too dear. Just what we needed. While he was still haggling with the salesman, I secretly appropriated a box of marmalade, and a bottle of Provence oil, and also two long, beautiful sausages.

"Well, here we are!" shouted Jachka, as we left the store. "Now for the celebration. This will be a glorious Christmas Eve for us." He at once struck up a lively gait. His eyes fairly twinkled with unrestrained joyfulness. I must acknowledge that I felt in fine spirits myself during that walk to our lodgings.

We lived in one of the remotest sections of Moscow, in a house that was almost ready to fall about our ears. When we reached the suburbs, we suddenly noticed a man marching ahead of us in a zigzag manner. He was evidently under the influence of liquor. Jachka looked at him for a few seconds, and then said, with a light chuckle: "He is drunk, and he has on a fur coat."

For about ten minutes we followed him without saying a word. We noticed that he was tall and broad-shouldered, and evidently a powerful man. At times he talked to himself in a loud voice.

We were right upon his heels, when he, very unexpectedly, stood still and almost made us bump our noses against his shoulders. In a deep, penetrating bass voice he exclaimed: "I am he whom nobody loves!" At the same time, he threw up his arms towards the starry heavens.

We were trying to sneak back away from him, but he had already noticed us. Leaning against a fence, and thus protecting his back, he quietly asked: "Who are you? Ragamuffins? Vagabonds? Thieves?"

"We are poor devils," replied Jachka. "We are beggars."

"Beggars! Well, I am also a beggar; I am one of the poor in spirit. Where are you going?"

"We are creeping back to our hole," said Jachka.

"Well, I shall go with you, no matter where. I have no particular place which I could call home. Take me along and I shall give you to eat and to drink!"

"Invite him!" whispered Jachka into my ear.

The man's voice betrayed his inebriate condition, but also something else—the cry of the death-stricken animal. I flatter myself to possess the dramatic instinct. Many years ago I used to be prompter in a provincial theater. Of course, I did not hesitate to extend the invitation.

We three walked abreast. After a short silence, our guest asked:

"Do you know who I am? I am a tax administrator. My name is Gontcharoff Nicolai Dimitrievitch. Do you know now who I am? I have a wife at the house and also two sons, and I love them all. My wife has flowers, pictures and books. It is cozy and warm in my house. If all which belongs to me were in your possession, you would not have to worry about anything for years to come. You are pigs and—vagabonds. But I am not a drunkard, although I admit that my legs are not very steady at the present moment. I am drunk simply because I feel stifled. You do not understand me, of course. You cannot. I have a bleeding wound—and that's my disease."

I listened to him with a good deal of interest. Whenever I see a tall, strong man, I invariably believe that he must be unhappy. For life is not for that kind of man. He is too strong and healthy. Life is the proper thing for the weak, the puny, the sickly, the miserable, the bad. And you know that the frogs, the bloodsuckers and other little things of that sort cannot live in clear water. The big man fascinated me.

When we reached our hole, our landlady was much affrighted. She thought we had taken our guest with us for the purpose of robbing, or perhaps, killing him. We promptly reassured her, however, with statements that our intentions were not criminal. We could not do anything with such a powerful fellow. He could have squeezed the life out of us and our landlady without experiencing as much as a rise in blood temperature.

We sat down at the table. He had taken off his overcoat, coat and waistcoat. Looking at us in a searching way, he said: "You are evidently thieves. You lied in telling me a while ago you were beggars. You are too young to beg. And, then, you have thievish eyes. However, I do not care what you are or what you are doing. I can see that you are not ashamed to live, while I am. And I have run away from my house, because I was ashamed."

When he uttered these words, I formed the conclusion that he was suffering from an attack of St. Vitus dance. You know there is such a disease.

(Continued on Page 35.)



HOTEL GREEN

PASADENA, CAL.

Hotel Green is the largest, finest and only absolutely fireproof Resort Hotel in California conducted on both European and American plans. Rates, $1.50 and up European; $4.00 and up, American. Finest golf links in California.



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Ideally situated for accessibility. Wonderful waters that cure. The hotel is heated by hot water from the springs themselves. The climate is perfect—bright, warm days and cool nights. Hotel conducted on European plan. Special attention given to Schott-Nauheim baths which have a world-wide reputation in diseases of the heart and certain forms of nephritis. Stage leaves Stewart Hotel, San Bernardino, at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. Rates, hotel, $1.00 day up.

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CASA LOMA HOTEL

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Ideal winter home at Reasonable Rates. Golf Club on foothills. Well equipped Garage livery. Fishing and Shooting. Detailed information upon application to

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LEVY'S CAFE

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The Cafe Bristol Grill Room

Is headquarters for men who demand and appreciate the best there is to eat and drink. Popular prices always. Entire basement H. W. Hellman Building, Fourth and Spring streets.



HOTEL WENTWORTH

OAK KNOLL, PASADENA, CAL.

Absolutely **Fire Proof**, and out in the country. Opens January 19, 1907. M. C. WENTWORTH, Manager.

The Annals of Pickeye

(Continued from Page 8.)

exploit the poems. But I trust the specimens that appear in these sketches will awaken the world to a sense of what it is losing by their suppression.

The day of the advent of the "Trumpet" was a red-letter one in the annals of Pickeye.

We who have grubbed all our lives behind the scenes, and know how tawdry and squalid everything is there, can appreciate the halo that surrounds the "press" in the sight of the uninitiated only by the plaudits from the auditorium.

When the long procession of armed men who had captured the handful of printing material from Ragtown returned to Pickeye, the triumphal nature of their entrance would have caused one unacquainted with the facts to suppose they were escorting the ark of the covenant, or that a palladium dropped direct from heaven was being exultantly borne to their citadel.

The outfit was housed in a cabin tendered me by the municipality, and then the entire population gave itself up to an afternoon and night of celebration and rejoicing. There was marching, with a brass band; there were bonfires and salutes and speeches, and so much noise generally that you might have fancied the "Trumpet" had become animated and was blowing itself to death.

So grand a demonstration naturally inspired me, and I resolved they should see that the mountain hadn't labored to bring forth only a mouse.

It took me ten days to get things to rights and issue the first number.

I met with unexpected literary assistance at the very outset. One day I was busy at work when an overgrown boy, or a retarded young man, came shambling diffidently into the office. He wore a gray flannel shirt, canvas trousers and heavy boots. His hair was long and tow-hued, and his inexpressive face was covered with a fuzzy growth of a yet more colorless shade. He was as out-and-out a Nazarite as I ever saw.

"I write poetry, Mr. Editor," he said modestly, "and I thought you might like some of it for your paper."

"Indeed I should, if it's the right sort. Have you any samples with you?"

"Only a few lines I've wrote about your paper coming to town."

"Will you let me see them, please?"

He fished out of his shirt-pocket a folded piece of wrapping-paper and handed it to me. The gem was this:

ON THE COMING OF THE PRESS TO PICKEYE

Two things there be which make a State
Or mining camp supremely great:
The orator who talks to men,
The scribe who does it with his pen.

This town has had since it was young
A superfluity of tongue,
But it was short on literature
Till now we've got the simon pure.

Pickeye stands pat and waits the dare
Of fate behind her bully pair,
And if the times keep up their rush
She'll maybe pull a royal flush.

Byron Hot Springs

AMERICA'S GREATEST SPA

The waters cure rheumatism—the environment is perfect—the hotel comfortable and supplied with an unexcelled table.

See Southern Pacific Information Bureau, Ferry Building; Peck Judah Co., Midway Building, Cor. Market and Fourth Sts., or address Manager at hotel.



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Golf, Tally-Ho, Fishing, Surf Bathing
Shooting and the Best Hotel in the State

MORGAN ROSS, Manager, Coronado, Calif.

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DEL MONTE OFFERS

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel Del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a home-like place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address **GEORGE P. SNELL, Manager, Del Monte, California.**

A PERMANENT HOME

SOLARI'S GRILL

C. M. SOLARI, Prop.

Formerly of The Palace Hotel

911 Ellis Street, Near Van Ness Avenue

"Capital!" I cried; "just the kind of poetry I want. What name shall I put to it?"

"My full name is Charles Augustus Dinkey," replied the youth, his dull countenance suddenly becoming transfigured by pleasure, "but I think it would look more poetical to sign it C. Augustus Dinkey. And, if it's all the same to you, I'd like to have 'The Foothill Bard' follow it. Sounds kind of pretty, don't it?"

"Your taste is admirable, Mr. Dinkey. Everything shall be as you wish."

Thus came about the acquaintance and life-long friendship between me and that gifted genius, the young Foothill Bard.

Expectation had been wrought to a high pitch, and the day the paper was to appear the streets in the neighborhood of the office were crowded.

It is the custom of journalists to complain that the public isn't responsive—or, as they phrase it, that they hear no echoes from their work. They should have lived in Pickeye.

For an hour or more I sold papers at fifty cents a copy as fast as I could turn them off the press. Then explanation began to interfere with presswork.

"See here, young fellow," said a flushed citizen, "do you think it the square thing, after what we've done for you, to speak of Pickeye as 'reeking with slums?' "

"It's only a reference to the condition of the back streets," I replied.

"Well, don't you refer to our streets, d'ye hear? If they don't suit you, there's a trail leading straight out of town which maybe will."

I had no opportunity to make a rejoinder, for another citizen, equally flushed, was flourishing a copy of the paper in my face and shouting:

"What do you mean by giving such a send-off to French Bar? Have we brought your picayune thumb-sheet here to make us play second fiddle to every wickiup settlement within a hundred miles?"

"It was intended only as a pleasant allusion to a neighboring camp," I answered.

"Well, just a few more 'pleasant allusions' of that kind, young man, and you'll land in a neighboring camp, if you land at all."

Again I was deprived of the chance of retorting. A yet more frenzied man was shaking his fist at me and exclaiming:

"How dare you try to make fun of me, you featherless gosling?"

"I assure you that I haven't, for I don't know you."

"You'll get acquainted with me almighty quick, if you don't apologize."

"What is wrong, pray?"

"You say here that Gooseberry Sam's girl has barred kissing until he shucks his prickles."

"That's just a skit to lighten up the columns—a mere fancy."

"But that's my name, you pin-feathered snipe; and if you ever use it again you'll find that my prickles haven't been shucked."

My materialized fancy was crowded aside by a new arrival, whose eyes fairly glared.

"You infernal smooth-faced ghoul! to traduce the memory of my old friend Jim Bangs!"

"In what way?"

"You say a whisky bottle was found beside his body."

"Well, wasn't that the fact?"

"Yes; but you could have suppressed it, couldn't you? It isn't necessary to tell every fact you know.

The Little Palace Hotel

corner of

Post and Leavenworth Sts.

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The same excellence in cuisine and service that obtained in the Old Palace is duplicated in the new "Little Palace."

JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager

1780 THE LEADER FOR 125 YEARS *1905*

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Chocolate & Cocoa

It is a perfect food, highly nourishing, easily digested, fitted to repair wasted strength, preserve health and prolong life.

A new and handsomely illustrated Recipe Book sent free.

WALTER BAKER & CO., LTD.

Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

45 Highest Awards in Europe and America

J. PORCHER

.. HATTER ..

NEWEST SHAPES ALL NEW GOODS

715 and 717 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE, SAN FRANCISCO.

There's more than forty thousand whisky bottles up around Jim's cabin, but I'd like to see the jack-legged editor who dare state that fact in his paper."

The friend of the late Mr. Bangs gave place to an individual dressed in black, whose quiet demeanor inspired me with an expectation of clerical approval.

"My name is Cross," he said, in a low and pleasant tone. "I see myself mentioned here as a gambler."

"Isn't the statement true?"

"It is true, but it isn't agreeable. We of the sporting fraternity pride ourselves on being gentlemen. I request you to bear that in mind. I have never descended to kindergarten work yet, and I should hate number eleven to be a chicken."

A gentleman of the same fraternity succeeded Mr. Cross, but he wasn't as polite in his tone and manner.

"See here, young chap," he said, "why are you so fresh as to apply the term 'outcast' and other opprobrious epithets to Gentle Annie?"

"What other language could fitly describe her outrageous conduct on the street?"

"I observe you have a dictionary there, my young under-graduate friend. You will find in it the word 'lady,' and many others with which to gracefully and respectfully qualify it. I advise you to study your dictionary well. Annie is a friend of mine."

The thing was getting to be very monotonous and tiresome. A lull, however, encouraged me to hope that the remaining contents of the paper were blameless. But it was only a respite. In rushed a pompous person, just swelling with indignation.

"Curse your impudence, you little whiffet!' he exploded, "don't you know how to treat a man with common decency?"

"I try to treat every one respectfully. How have I offended you?"

"You've put only 'captain' to my name, while you've bemajored and be-coloneled and be-generaled almost every other man in the camp."

"What is your title? I'll make a note of it."

"I haven't any title. But when you're giving me one I want it to be as big as anybody else's—and don't you forget it."

"Thank you; I won't."

My mis-titled friend was hardly gone before a plethoric citizen came stamping in, steaming with rage.

"Now this thing has got to stop right here, my fine lad," he puffed, "or this town will be too hot for your comfort!"

"What thing? I asked, almost desperate.

"This booming the Northern Mines. You've given them a boost that may put them on top of us for the rest of our days."

"I only spoke of a reported rich strike in Shasta County."

"Don't speak of them at all, or only to write them down. We're not going to stand it. If you can't crow for your own section, we'll see that you light out of it."

A small man came bolting in next. He was red-faced and red-haired, but the most fiery thing about him was the blaze in his eyes.

"Ye puny little blackguard, what d'ye mean by putting me name 'michael mcCarty,' without big m's?"

"I ran out of sorts; I hadn't any capital m's left."

"Ye'll run out of something else if ye ever do it again. The next time ye print me name, if ye haven't big m's, carve 'em out of wood, or I'll carve 'em out of yer heart."

"I'll do so, I assure you, Mr. McCarty."

"It's yerself who'll need insuring if ye don't."

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It was a relief to see the portly form of one of Pickeye's most substantial citizens enter. I thought that at last I was about to hear something commendatory. But his cool exterior concealed more hot stuff than I could have imagined possible.

"You've made a pestiferous little jackanapes of yourself," he blurted out. "If there's anything strong in Pickeye it's the Whig sentiment, and you've butted in with an indorsement of McDougall for governor."

"I simply state that he will probably be the next Democratic nominee for that office."

"Just keep on making such statements, my pretty stripling, and see where you'll bring up. We didn't fetch your tuppenny sheet here to have it betray our political interests. If we find we've brought a wooden-horse within our gates, it won't take long to dump it into the river."

The irate Whig had scarce crossed the sill when an equally prominent Democrat tore in.

"How came you to make such an ass of yourself as to cast your lot with the Whigs?" he demanded.

"What do you mean?"

"Mean? Why, this article about Clay."

"There's nothing political in that; it's only an anecdote concerning him."

"Well, a few more such anecdotes will cook your goose. If Pickeye is one thing more than another, she's intensely Democratic. The "Trumpet" was brought from Ragtown by Democrats. If we find that we've warmed a viper in our bosoms, it won't take us long to scotch it."

I had just seated myself wearily on a candle-box, sighing "O that Grouchy or night would come!" when a tall, weather-seasoned stranger entered. He looked around and around, as if in search of some particular object. At length he approached me and asked;

"Is the editor in?"

"Yes; I am he."

The stranger stood and gazed at me so long that I thought he had forgotten his purpose. I was about to recall it to him, when he said:

"I mean the responsible editor, the fighter."

"Well, I'm not much of a fighter," I answered, "but I'm the only editor there is."

There was another protracted inspection of me. Then the stranger said, very deliberately:

"That being so, we may as well proceed to business. I happened to be in town today and see in your paper an account of the killing of Dooney Sullivan down at Split Rock, in which you indulge in some moralizing about the homicide and cast some aspersions on his slayer. Now, I happen to be the man who killed Dooney Sullivan, and I take issue with your account."

"Were there any misstatements?" I asked, shaking in my boots.

"No, none worth mentioning. You got the facts about straight. What I object to is the general view you take of the affair. The coroner's jury down at Split Rock were disposed to take a similar view, but I supplied them with a verdict which by a little persuasion they were kind enough to render: 'Came to his death by a just dispensation of providence.' I should like you to say the same thing in the next number of your paper, if you please."

"With the greatest pleasure. I'm only too glad to correct any mistakes I may have made."

"Thank you. It is so easy to do business with reasonable people. I never have any trouble with them. Dooney Sullivan's failing was that he wasn't reasonable. Good day, sir."

My nerves were incapable of standing any more jolts. I closed the office and devoted the rest of the afternoon to writing out a set of rules which ever afterwards remained posted over the nail-keg that served me for a desk:

THE "TRUMPET'S" ELEVEN COMMANDMENTS.

1. Don't try to be funny.
2. Say only pleasant things of Pickeye.
3. Say nothing pleasant of any other camp.
4. Don't speak of a live man except to praise him.
5. Don't speak of a dead one till you know if he left any friends.
6. Give a man the biggest title you can without it appearing too raw.
7. Always allude to gamblers as "gentlemen of the sporting fraternity."
8. Always speak of their companions as "among the leading ladies of the town."
9. Abuse and belittle the Northern Mines ad lib., but always exalt the Southern ones.
10. Don't ever moralize or censure; ascribe everything that happens to the will of providence.
11. Eschew politics, further than to declare that, whichever party is in, the "Trumpet" stands for Pickeye.

Possibly larger and more modern journals may have had to steer their course by similar charts. I am not qualified to say as to that. I only know how it was in Pickeye.

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The Guest

(Continued from Page 29.)

He resumed: "In my house, everything is on a grand scale. And I tell you it is disgusting to live on a grand scale. Everything has its place, it is either immovable or not expected to be moved. All this costly furniture in my house has taken root in the boards of the floor, and in the soul of my life. These wooden things have driven their roots into our lives, and I cannot live any more except in their company. You comprehend? In the course of time, one becomes a piece of wood oneself. One grows accustomed to furniture, takes tender care of it, pities it—oh, to the devil with it! Once upon a time, in my youth, I lived happily in the company of a table, a chair and a bed. Today, I own hundreds of pieces of furniture. And they demand that good, bright people use them. But no such come to my house."

After pouring down his throat a large quantity of whisky, he resumed: "It is only the strictly honorable people that visit us. Do you know what they are? They are old cows and asses which have been brought us on the sweet grass of Russian literature. In their society, I feel oppressed, stifled, bored. I know all that they can talk of, and the poor things cannot possibly contrive to make themselves more interesting and less honorable. They are merely huge stones, with stony hearts and stony words, which drop from their mouths like stones. I hate them, but I cannot chase them away, and that's the reason why I fear them so much. I love solitude. I never talk much. The greatest desert I know of is a crowded salon. These people simply come to my house to use my furniture. And I cannot throw my furniture out of the window. My wife loves furniture. She has become a piece of furniture herself."

He broke out in a boisterous laughter. Jachka, whom all this talk appeared to have annoyed and bored, took advantage of the interruption by asking:

"But, your Honor, why don't you simply break your furniture on your wife's back?"

"Imbecile!" That's all he replied to Jachka's words. And then he added: "Oh, God! How badly I feel. Tomorrow she will have a reception, and I am not at all inclined to attend it. I cannot; no, I cannot!"

"You might stay with us," slyly suggested Jachka.

"With you! It is disgusting here. But listen to me, you swinish fellows! We go to a hotel, tomorrow, and there we shall continue to drink. Is this satisfactory? Certainly, it must be. I am tired of this honorable life. But you do not understand."

I told him that I understood him perfectly. "Who are you?" he demanded of me.

I replied: "I also used to be an honorable man, years ago. I also have tasted of the joys of a tranquil, peaceable life. And I also felt myself repulsed by the littlenesses, the imbecilities of this sort of existence. I felt bored, like you, and finally I commenced to drink, and now I am a vagabond and a pickpocket."

Our guest looked at me attentively for a minute or so, without saying a word. His thick, red lips trembled, evidently from disgust and contempt.

"Et omnia mea mecum porto," I added.

"But what is this," he at last asked, without withdrawing his eyes from my face.

"A man," I replied; "every canaille is a man."

"Hum," he said, "quite an intelligent fellow."

"We men are not without knowledge and learning," interposed Jachka. "We, too, know how to behave ourselves. You should ally yourself with us."

"I, with you?"

"Yes, of course, tomorrow we shall take pleasure in giving you all necessary information regarding us and our life."

At these words, Dimitrievitch rose and made preparations to leave.

"Where do you want to go?" I asked.

"Where?" He looked at me with terror in his big eyes, and added: "I wish to go home."

I did not say anything further. For every animal Nature has prepared the right kind of stable, and there it may growl and kick, but it will stay. It is the only stable fit for it. Ha, ha, ha!

A FITTING FINALE TO A GOOD DINNER



A FITTING FINALE TO A GOOD DINNER

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Letters

Early Days In Washington

Either Margaret Bayard Smith was an astonishingly discreet correspondent or her descendants have displayed a tactful restraint which should be taken as a model by others who compile memoirs from the letters and diaries left by those who have preceded them. "The First Forty Years of Washington Society" is a sizable volume compiled from the letters of Mrs. Smith, chiefly to her own sisters and those of her husband, and though she was in a position to know all that went on and could hardly have avoided knowing the details of all the scandals and gossip of the National capital during the first half of the nineteenth century, there is not one word which any of the descendants of the participators in the early history can take exception to. Samuel Harrison Smith, her husband, went to Washington in 1800, shortly after the establishment of the seat of government there. He established the "National Intelligencer," which he conducted for a number of years, after which he served in various capacities under government. Mrs. Smith was in her day a woman of some literary pretentions, a contributor to Godey's, the Southern Literary Messenger, and other periodicals, and she published quite a number of novels. Though the object of this compilation of letters is to show the social life of the period, history is not lacking, and there are some graphic pictures of the invasion of the British troops and marines in 1814, the flight of the inhabitants, the fear that the negroes would rise when the time was ripe for their insurrection, the dismay with which the Americans saw their untried militia retreat, and the gloomy forebodings that the site would be abandoned, to the impoverishment of those who had invested their money in business or property and must now leave it. But the disheartenment with which the Washingtonians saw the Capitol, the White House and other public monuments put to the torch was hardly greater than the mental depression which weighed down the spirits of the defeated when Andrew Jackson succeeded John Quincy Adams, and every member of the retiring cabinet was sick, as much from disappointment and chagrin as from any other cause. Mrs. Smith describes the first inaugural ball, and the many receptions and drawing rooms, besides all the private entertainments, under the different administrations, from Madison to Van Buren. She entertained most of the celebrities herself, and one very amusing incident is the conversation which she held with a caterer, when she was to give a simple dinner for Harriet Martineau. "Henry" was insistent that everything should be in the latest of style, and upheld as a model a dinner over which he had presided during the same week, where there were thirty dishes of meat, besides all the other accessories. He confessed, however, that this was a very grand dinner, to "the great English lady," and that despite all the ostentation, he had taken particular note that Miss Martineau had taken nothing but a "bit of turkey and a mite of ham." What is far more interesting than the descriptions of the grand doings is the simple little details of how life was lived, when Mrs. Clay came in of a morning with her sewing, to spend an hour, how they returned from informal visits with heads of lettuce, bunches of radishes and other garden products, or a loaf of fresh baked bread, a bottle of yeast, or some other housewifely gift tucked away in the carriage, and how the social leaders were invited to inspect new kitchen contrivances; and the informal evening gatherings, when the ladies sewed, the men played chess and the young people chatted together, and ten o'clock was late. We have drifted far from the simplicity of life, when a whole week of parties was postponed or abandoned because of the death of a child, though even then the burden of official calls was beginning to be felt, and the "young diplomatiques" to draw their skirts

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close. The writer continually deplores the impossibility of making friends in a society which is virtually renewed every few years and where the tenure was so uncertain. Of especial interest will be found the references to Mr. Owen of Lanark, one of the early Socialistic reformers, who seems to have anticipated all the vagaries of the present age, from that of education as a universal panacea and preventive of everything from poverty to death, and even Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons' theory of trial marriages with divorce by mutual consent. Mrs. Smith was a genuine hero worshipper, and her enthusiasm for Thomas Jefferson and for William H. Crawford, once a favorite presidential candidate, now entirely forgotten, are especially marked. Illustrations are reproductions of portraits and of contemporary prints. The admirable index and the profusion of brief footnotes makes the volume an extremely satisfactory reference book, as there are few of the contemporary great ones who are not at least mentioned. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Garden Book

At last we have a real "Garden Book of California," not the sentimental musings of some impractical enthusiast who merely looks at flowers, but the advice of a real gardener applicable by those who know a spade from a rake, and who love to don thick shoes and old skirts and weed and dig and plant for the pleasure of it. There is a vast difference between sentimentalizing over roses and waging a hand-to-hand warfare against scale and slugs and mealy bugs, and a different kind and degree of pleasure derived from passively looking on a well-kept garden and going down to the soil and making things grow. Though especially concerned with Southern California, the garden lore of Belle Sumner Angier is universally applicable, as, for instance, that of purchasing the seeds and plants of Pacific Coast florists in preference to those of Eastern nurserymen. Few Californians who have passed their lives in this State are able to conceive that what we regard as hardly worth the space they occupy are frequently highly prized additions to northern and New England gardens, or that the extreme care which it is necessary to lavish upon geraniums and heliotrope in order to keep them alive through the winter would, in our climate, be akin to killing the cat with care. Despite the alacrity with which gardeners will hasten to agree with the author on the subject of depending on slips and cuttings home-raised, there will be few who will not wish to keep a secluded corner in which to experiment for themselves. As to beautifying roadsides, fence corners and unoccupied lots, though, the farming population and the owners might have objections to the propagation of "weeds." There is no reason why everyone in this State should not have some sort of a garden, even if it be only a hardy vine, a row of hollyhocks, or a calla, for plants actually need an astonishing amount of discouragement before they decide not to grow. One falls in heartily with the comments on the tendency of people, where land is so cheap, who, despite their wealth, will content themselves with little city lots, and plant them with inappropriate trees. Something might be added to that in the shape of condemnation for our wealthy suburbanites who build great stone walls and iron gates heavy enough to defend a castle, in front of their flimsy frame houses with grass plats scarcely larger than a bedspread. But gardening cannot be learned from books, though the gardener can never have too many of them. A patch of ground, a trowel, in lieu of anything else, and a nickel's worth of seed will teach more than all the treatises. There seems to be a natural connection between the garden and literature. Most of the writers of note are notable gardeners too, and many notable books on gardening have been written by them. "The Garden Book of California" will prove a welcome addition and a new departure as well. Published by the Paul Elder Company.

—The Bookworm.

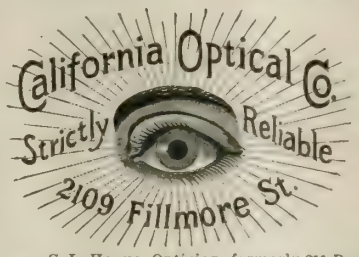
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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of Harold F. Descalso, Walter I. Descalso, Blanche A. Descalso and Marguerite M. Descalso.

MINORS.

Old Number 33916 New Number 840.

Department No. 10.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE.

Julia Descalso, as guardian of the persons and estates of the above named Walter I. Descalso, Blanche A. Descalso and Marguerite M. Descalso, minors, having filed herein her petition, duly verified, that this Court grant an order for the sale of certain real estate belonging to said last named minors (which real estate is more particularly described in said petition) for the purposes in said petition set forth, and it appearing to the Court from said petition that it is necessary and would be beneficial to said minors that said real estate should be sold.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED AND DIRECTED that the next of kin of said minors, and all persons interested in said estates of said minors, be and appear before the above named Superior Court, at the Courtroom of Department No. Ten (10) thereof, in the TEMPLE ISRAEL, on the northeast corner of California and Webster Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 28th day of January, 1907, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day and date, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted for the sale of the real estate of said Walter I. Descalso, Blanche A. Descalso and Marguerite M. Descalso, minors, which real estate is described in said petition, either at public or private sale, as prayed for in said petition; and

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, this 17th day of December, 1906.

FRANK H. KERRIGAN,
Judge of Said Superior Court,
Department No. Ten (10.)

Endorsed.
Filed December 17, 1906.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

FRANK McGOWAN,
ELMER WESTLAKE,
Attorneys for Guardian,
206 Haight Street,
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SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Department No. 10, No. 5390.

JAMES F. STRODE, Plaintiff,
vs.
LILLIAN STRODE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, SEND GREETING TO LILLIAN STRODE, DEFENDANT.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any further relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2d day of January, A. D. 1907.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

E. L. THOMAS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1437 Fillmore Street, San Francisco.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of RAY DOWNEY, An Incompetent Person.

No. 2548.
Department No. 10.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

HELEN D. UMBSEN, guardian of the estate of Ray Downey, an incompetent person, having presented to the Court and filed herein her verified petition for the sale of certain real estate belonging to the said incompetent person, setting forth the condition of the estate of the said incompetent person, and the facts and circumstances on which the petition is founded, tending to show the necessity or expediency of a sale thereof, and it appearing to the Court from the said petition that it is necessary and would be beneficial to the said incompetent person that the said real estate described in said petition should be sold.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of the said incompetent person and all persons interested in his estate, appear before the Court on Tuesday, the twelfth day of February, 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m. at the courtroom of Department No. 10 of the above-named Court, in the building on the northeast corner of California and Webster Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of the said real estate.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three (3) successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

DATED: January 9, 1907.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of Said Superior Court.

Endorsed. Filed January 9, 1907.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk.

BISHOP & HOEFLER,
Attorneys for Guardian,
894 Fulton St., San Francisco, Cal.

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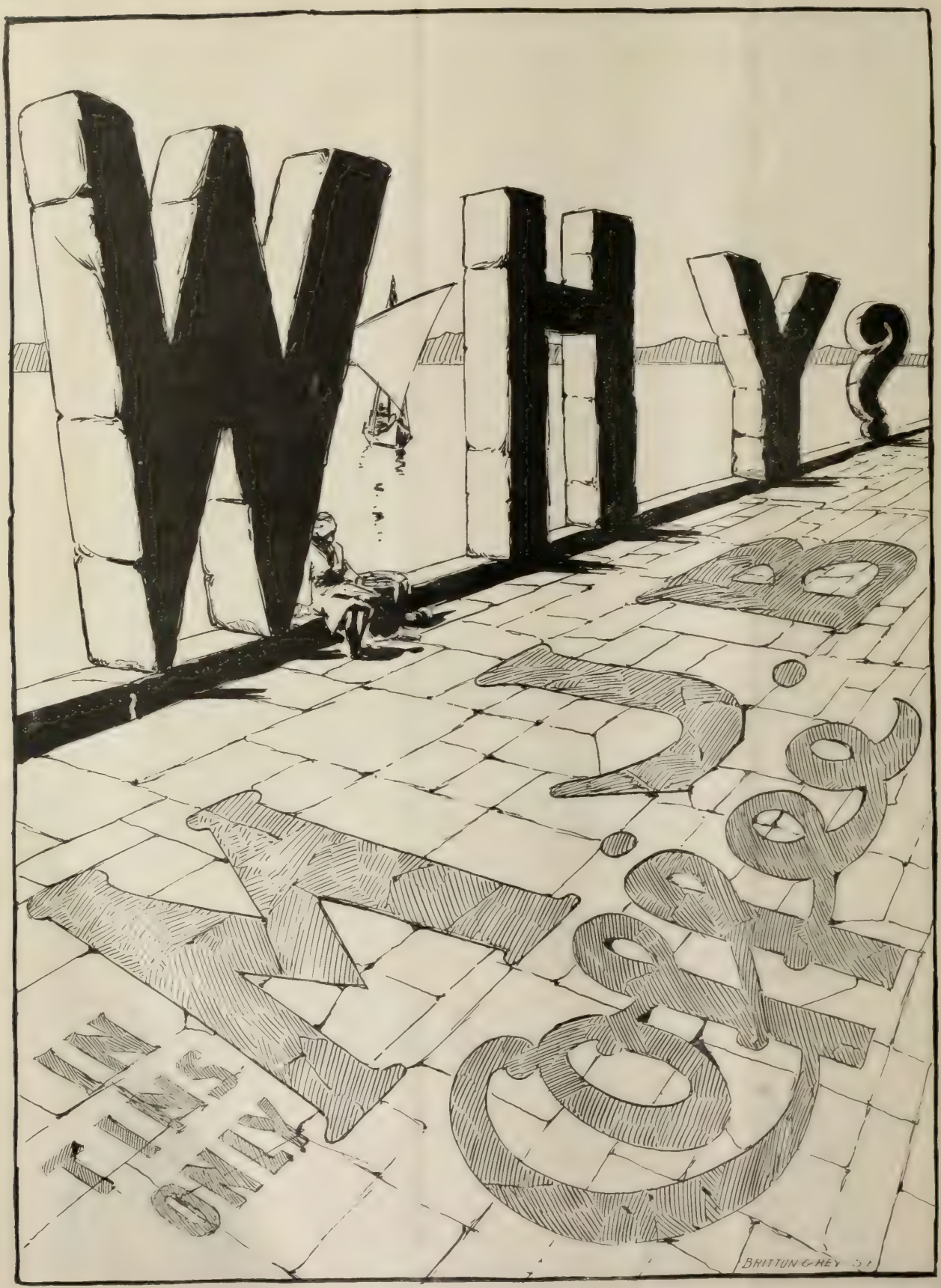
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